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THE
SOUTHERN
MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.

JANUARY TO JULY, 1873.

✓
BALTIMORE:
TURNBULL BROTHERS.

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THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1873.

GRAYRUE HALL.

I.—THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.

PASSENGERS in the steamboats that ply on certain routes down the Bay see Grayrue Hall, but from that point of view know about as much of it as the traveller in Damascus knows of the palaces he passes by their blank outside. The position of Grayrue Hall, just inside the curve of Coverly Point, makes it a conspicuous landmark, but few who behold it can refrain from exclaiming: What a bleak, desolate looking place! That indeed is its aspect, especially when the waters outside are dark with storm and rain, when the sky droops low, and the flying clouds scud over the waters like black-winged gulls. But I have seen the water-view of the venerable mansion when it was really charming. The wealth of color of the bay itself under a bright sun was relieved and heightened by the sombre bricks of the old house, by the black murmurous grove of pines that covered one flank, and the dark cedar thickets that protected the other flank. Then, with white-sailed oyster-boats dotting the wide expanse of waters, a larger vessel or two in the distance forging slowly towards the city, and an occasional passing steamboat, one fancied that a merry group of children or young folks on the lawn in front of Grayrue Hall was all that was needed to make it look pleasant and lively. Children and young folks however did not much frequent Grayrue Hall, it must be confessed; and if you had landed near the lawn, the only thing of life you would have been likely to encounter outside the house-front would have been the gaunt old hound Major.

who belonged to the house, and who would have risen slowly on his rheumatic limbs to meet you from some sunny corner where the wind could not come. The wind blew much and searchingly at Grayrue Hall, and Major knew all about it.

You came in sight of the Hall immediately after rounding Coverly Point, the forest of tall pines upon which extended to within a stone's throw of the Hall. Then there was an open space, cleared to afford a water-view to the inhabitants of the Hall; beyond that, a long thicket of low cedars, stretching for a mile along shore. Let us land, if you please, leaving our boat here at the decayed wharf of planks laid upon mouldy piles. We climb by wooden steps up the bank—it is but twenty feet—and find ourselves upon a broad, well-shorn slope of treeless lawn. The grass is dry, and stained with the moisture and saltiness brought from the bay by the long northerly gales. A gravelled walk, straight and prim, and bordered with large oyster shells, leads to the house, less than a hundred and fifty yards away. It is a silent, solitary walk, much shadowed by the solemn pines that are always murmuring yonder. Let us approach the house. Is it a house, or a prison? A broad expanse of brick wall—dark brown bricks, greened and salt-stained, as if some of the spray had stuck to them from every storm that had beaten against the wall for the last two hundred years—a wall broken only by a door and windows—the latter close-shuttered—and pinched up in the centre above its second-story into the dismal semblance of a cocked-hat. So, you saw no roof—nothing but wall, and a black lightning-rod reaching into the air above each corner.

Two broad stone steps, rudely carved by hand and as rudely gnawed by weather, until they looked like neglected tombstones in a forgotten churchyard, and a broad door of oak, and you came into Grayrue Hall by a wide hall-way, lofty, stone-paved, dark and echoing. Through this and through the house you passed until you found yourself on the south front, on a wide brilliant veranda. Then, a change of scene as rapid and as vivid as the transformation scenes in which the stage delights. A garden lies before you, bewilderingly beautiful. Green, sloping terraces decked with masses of bloom; vine-clambered bowers, roses in arches and festoons, plants of tropic¹ habit, plants from green-houses, all nestled here and flourished in the shelter of the house, the fine forest and the cedar thickets. You went down terrace after terrace by paths that wound pleasantly along among flowers and fruit trees where the birds sung and the bees hummed incessantly, until you saw the gleam of lake-like waters, and came, you scarcely knew how, to a clump of hollies, a strip of clean pebbles, and a shady mirror-like cove, whereon a fairy sort of skiff rode daintily.

The garden is not unoccupied, either. Beneath the hollies, seated on a rustic bench, against which he leans rather wearily, while the book open upon his knee lies unread, is a gentleman of possibly forty-five years, with the white stock of a clergyman about his slim throat. A very white-faced gentleman he is, a palpable invalid, languid and feeble. The blue veins stand out on his bleached diaphanous hands, and his nostrils work with his quick yet languid breathing. Standing up, he would be a very tall man, but his black waistcoat and trowsers

fit his person very loosely, and the rather luxurious dressing-gown he wears cannot conceal his emaciated frame. There are lines of thought and of pain in his face, especially across his tall white forehead, which is far too steep for its breadth. There is an anxious, entreating sort of look in his great liquid blue eyes, and a sweet pathos in the smile that lingers about his lips as the fragrance lingers about a fading flower. His hair and eyebrows and the slight beard under his chin, all reddish in hue, are streaked and stained with gray, until you fancy a resemblance between them and the front of weather-beaten old Grayrue Hall.

By his side, and partly facing him, which the curve of the bench permitted, sat a lady charming as the morning, beautiful as the garden, and rich and gorgeous as the scarlet geraniums which bloomed there so profusely. She was dark-haired, with hazel eyes deep, dark and tender; yet she was not a brunette, for her complexion was clear and pure as the innermost petals of the tea-rose, pink tinted, creamy, yet lustrous as pearls. A woman just ripe and before any of the spring bloom had been brushed off her by the touch of time's wing in flight — a woman all aglow with health and color — graceful and gracious, refined, exquisite. Her face was piquant as well as lovely; she was by no means a rustic beauty, though there were two or three dainty freckles upon her nose, and she laughed out frank and free as the ripples athwart the cove when the zephyrs played there. She adorned the simple white dress she wore, the little gipsy hat, the cunning slippers on her dainty feet, the make-believe apron on her lap. She sat there and fed the invalid with large ripe strawberries, which she took from a basket in her lap, stemmed them with her lithe fingers, dipped them in a cup of sugar and put them within his lips — like a young mother-bird.

"See, I am the pelican that feeds her young with blood from her own bosom!" she gaily cried, holding up her fingers red with the juice of the berries.

"And I am the cormorant devouring your young life," he answered, turning away from the last berry.

"A cormorant surfeited with strawberries! That flies in the face of natural history, Bartram," she answered, merrily laughing, so that he was fain to smile in return. "You are better," she said, seeing this; "I knew that you would recover as soon as you got to Grayrue Hall. Dear old Grayrue! the memories of my childhood have never gone astray from you, and now, if you restore my husband —"

"I am recovering," he said, "I must recover. My work is to do, and I cannot leave it for others to do."

A slight shade of vexation flitted across her forehead as she said very quickly, "But you must not talk of work, Bartram. Nobody ever works at Grayrue Hall. It is the place for play, and dreaming, and fancies that fatten the soul as rich food the body —"

"But you say my work is a dream, Campanula — so this is the proper place to fetch it to."

"Not now — not yet, love," she answered quickly; "I dread the frightful fever. Get well first — get strong first. A bargain with you: when you can lift me into the boat yonder, and row me out the

cove and back a good mile without panting, you shall to work again, and I will help you. What say you, Bartram — is it a bargain?"

"I say that you are always my good angel, and that I always counted on your aid when I begun my work. I will think about it, love; but I am impatient, and strength comes so slowly."

He took up the book from his knee and would have read, but she caught it gently from his hand. "Greek!" she said, reproachfully, "that is not right, Bartram!"

"Nay," he answered mildly, putting his hand upon hers, "it is only Saint John's Gospel, my child; that will not hurt me."

And so they sat thus a minute or two, the book prisoned between their two clasped hands, while she leaned towards him, love, solicitude, pride brimming over in her soft tender eyes, his eyes introverted and lapsing into silent depths where she came not, smiles on both their faces, yet how unlike those smiles! So they sat, a tender loving couple, mated for time if not for eternity — so they sat, the Reverend Bartram Yarrow, and his wife Isabel, whom he called Campanula.

Soft steps along the winding pebbly way, and a barefoot servant stood before them, an old, wrinkled Indian, straight as an arrow, but thin and grave, with his long hair far down the back of his neck and on the shoulders of the gray jacket he wore.

"Quamash!" said Mrs. Yarrow, sitting up as he came near.

"Madam, the doctor."

Mrs. Yarrow looked at her husband. "Yes, let him come here," he said. "Send him this way, good Quamash," said Campanula. The Indian retired, and Mrs. Yarrow rose, hung the basket in a tree, smoothed her apron, took a step or two, and plucked a flower from a rose-bush near by.

"You are never easy when he comes, love; why is that?"

She laughed — an excited little laugh — and said, "I don't know — perhaps I do not like him — perhaps I am uneasy as to what he will report of you —"

"I like him, though, Campanula; he is very wise, very kind, very thoughtful."

"Oh," she retorted, "wise as a serpent! But then, serpents — hush! here he comes."

There was a heavy tread along the gravelled walk, a dog barked fiercely, then a little Italian greyhound bounded close to Mrs. Yarrow's side, bristles up and tail tucked in, while a large portly man about as old as Mr. Yarrow came towards them, crunching the pebbles beneath his broad polished boots, and flourishing a riding-whip in a way that drove the dog furious with fright and rage. He was a very well-kept man, this doctor (his abominable name was Dr. Anacharsis Hornbeam), florid, strong, impressive, with his large red cheeks close shaven and only a tuft of tawny beard on his chin. His eyes were steely gray or blue, too small, but very keen and resolute; his mouth was firm, yet not pleasant; his forehead low but square, and his fleshiness was not redundant nor flabby, but firm, healthy-looking. A well-packed man, combative, determined, disputatious, audacious, yet secretive — so he seemed.

"Be quiet, Fido," said Mrs. Yarrow to the dog.

"The dog don't like me," said Dr. Hornbeam, "because I don't like dogs. They know more of us than we of them, by a longshot." He took in the group with a glance, saw and understood Mrs. Yarrow's stained fingers, frowned, then smiled effusively, seated himself alongside Mr. Yarrow, and taking the clergyman's limp thin hand in his own, where it lay like an oyster on a round of mottled beef, he felt the pulse carefully. "That is well," said he at last, "improving graciously. But who could help it, with so good a nurse, who comprehends the uses of air and fruit. Only, madam," said he, "let me recommend cream with strawberries. There is a very pretty romance in eating them thus, *al fresco*, but believe my experience when I tell you that good rich cream puts more iron in the blood than whole volumes of soft imaginings."

Mrs. Yarrow's lip curled a little. "It was convenience only, doctor, not romance, I assure you. Bartram would have lost his appetite by going to the house, and old Quamash is not waiter enough to carry picnic-baskets about."

"I am improving then, you think, doctor?" asked the invalid, with an appearance of eagerness that contrasted vividly enough with his former listlessness. "I will soon be well enough to get to my work?"

"That depends upon what sort of work you propose to do, Mr. Yarrow," answered Dr. Hornbeam, eyeing his patient with curious intentness, while at the same time he carelessly resumed control of the wrist and pulse, as if he were not aware what he did. The wife saw it all. "You can row your boat, or dig in the garden, or gallop the country round, just as soon as you feel the power in you to do it. As for preaching sermons, you must wait several months yet. As for writing sermons, I see the student's pucker about your brow; so such tasks must remain in the *Index Expurgatorius* at least a year. As for the reveries upon Aelia Laelia and the apocalyptic trances done up in crabbed Greek and Latin, which gentlemen of your cloth are apt to indulge in, never again, with a doctor's consent. Let theology alone, if you don't want to make an apothecary shop of yourself."

Mr. Yarrow shook his head sorrowfully. "I scarcely expect to preach again," he said; "that was not the work I—"

Mrs. Yarrow interrupted him. "I thought you had forbidden Mr. Yarrow to speak of his work, doctor!" said she hastily, and it seemed nervously.

"On the contrary, let him speak of it rather than nurse it so fretfully in his thoughts as I see he does. Tell me of this work, Mr. Yarrow; I am curious to know all about it." He still retained hold of Mr. Yarrow's hand and pulse.

"I am sure you will not speak of it, Bartram," said his wife eagerly, almost imploringly. "It is something the doctor, the world at large, may not appreciate, may not understand—"

Mr. Yarrow, showing strange excitement, retorted, "You are wrong! It is not a secret, it is not a discovery; it is an intuition, an instinct, an act of grace that I will proclaim on the house-tops and annunciate from the high places, that all—"

Mrs. Yarrow started forward, put her hand hurriedly upon his unoccupied arm, and cried entreatingly, "Dear, dear! you will excite yourself! Forbear! Oh, doctor, make him forbear!"

Dr. Hornbeam sat quietly holding his patient's pulse, but not long. Mr. Yarrow got to his feet and stood swaying and trembling before his wife, a wild, baleful, ominous light quivering and flickering in his eyes, and his pale lips getting blue.

"Woman!" he cried, "woman, how dare you tempt me thus to betray my holy mission! Apage!"

And instantly, with a strange circling sweep of his long, thin arms, and a low gurgling moan, the unhappy man fell, prone to the ground, face downward, struggled an instant, then was quiet.

"I knew it!" cried the wife, kneeling by his side. "He has fainted! Fetch water, doctor!"

"Stop!" said Doctor Hornbeam; "this is epilepsy. Let me have him." He lifted the invalid up, raised his head upon his own knees, untied the cravat, and looked searchingly into the pallid, sunken face.

"Do not be alarmed, madam; he will soon revive. I had better carry him to the house—he is not heavy," continued the doctor, and he lifted the invalid up in his arms as one might lift a bolster.

"Let me summon Quamash," said Mrs. Yarrow.

"There is no need," answered Dr. Hornbeam, "if you will only whip off that—that dog," for Fido was barking furiously at his heels.

Before they had gone many steps Mr. Yarrow opened his eyes and revived sufficiently to walk with confused steps, and leaning on his wife and the doctor, to the house and to his chamber, where the doctor, after again feeling his pulse and giving some simple directions, left him, saying to Mrs. Yarrow in a low voice as he went out the door, "As soon as he sleeps, leave him to Quamash. I want to speak with you."

"Wait in the morning room then, doctor," she answered.

II.—THE MORNING ROOM.

THE brilliant veranda at Grayrue Hall, with its clustering masses of geraniums, fuchsias and other flowers, had two open windows of the morning room abutting upon it. Through one of these Dr. Hornbeam entered. It was a handsome room, furnished with great taste and very richly. Larger than such apartments usually are in country houses, a piano, a harp, a large organ, several pictures, and plenty of comfortable furniture deprived it of the barn-like appearance such rooms commonly have. Upon one side an open door revealed what must have been Mrs. Yarrow's own boudoir, from which came the voices of many cage-birds singing cheerily. Another open door showed a room garnished with books, desk, papers, etc., the retreat of the reverend gentleman most probably.

Dr. Hornbeam seated himself in a large covered chair and knit his brows in deep thought. Presently the Indian Quamash entered, drew a small table near the doctor, and placed on it a flagon of claret, glasses, ice and cake. He was silently withdrawing when the doctor stopped him with a gesture.

"Does Mr. Yarrow have many of these—these fainting spells, Quamash, do you know?"

"Did Mrs. Yarrow tell you to ask me?" said the Indian.

"No; why ask that?"

"Neither did she bid me to tell you, sir," said Quamash, as he left the room in his grave, noiseless way.

The doctor laughed, poured himself out a goblet full of wine which he drank off, despising the ice, filled and drank again; then filling the glass a third time, sat and nibbled a morsel of cake.

"Deep water! deep water!" he muttered.

The birds in the adjacent room sang out more loudly than ever, and Mrs. Yarrow entered. Dr. Hornbeam rose.

"You look pale," he said. "Perhaps you had better take a sip or two of this wine," and he offered to pour for her.

"None, if you please," she answered, and seated herself opposite to him, with some light knitting-work to occupy her fingers. "Mr. Yarrow is quietly asleep now," she added.

"He has had several of these attacks, I believe?" asked the doctor.

"Yes; he has fainted several times since he was so ill," she said.

Dr. Hornbeam resumed his seat, took up the glass of wine, looked into it, sipped a mouthful, put the glass down again.

"Mrs. Yarrow, I must have your perfect confidence if I am to restore your husband to health. You are aware as well as I am that there is no time to spare. Just now you prevented him from telling me what it is that oppresses his mind. I have been aware that there was something of the sort ever since my first visit. You will do well to tell me yourself what you did not seem to think it was safe to let him talk about. One must have no secrets from the doctor."

Mrs. Yarrow flushed and paled alternately under the doctor's searching gaze. "There is no secret, sir, none," she said. "My husband, as you must have noticed, since you have seen him daily for a fortnight, is a man with an exalted opinion of his sacred office, and a most poignant sense of duty. He has not regained his strength since the severe attack of brain-fever of which he told you. He is impatient at feeling himself restrained from his sphere of usefulness, and, as you must have seen, is hypochondriacal and nervous. That is all."

"So!" said the doctor; "that is all!"

"That is all," responded Mrs. Yarrow.

Again the doctor looked into the glass of claret, and sipped it, and put it down. Then he raised his eyes to Mrs. Yarrow's, and saw that she was watching him.

"Do you know that you are the handsomest woman I ever saw, Mrs. Yarrow!" said he, gazing at her with admiration so undisguised that it bordered upon impudence. At least that was what Mrs. Yarrow took it for, as she rose "like a queen" (so the romances phrase it), and darting a look at him, cried:

"Sir! you have surely forgotten yourself!"

Instantly dismissing the offensive manner he had assumed, he said with a certain sort of dignity, "Not at all, Mrs. Yarrow. Be seated, and hear me out. I say, I see that you are handsome, and I am told that you are very rich—"

"Mr. Yarrow is rich," she answered, still standing, and putting emphasis upon the "Mr. Yarrow."

"Ah," he answered carelessly, "I understood that the money was yours, and that he was only a poor parson when you married him."

"I do not understand the purport of this cross-questioning, Doctor Hornbeam," said she, "and I think you had better discontinue it."

"No, I think not," answered he, decisively, "and I believe you will agree with me presently."

She looked puzzled, like one who knows there is a ruse, yet cannot decide on which side to suspect it.

"Do you love him?" asked the doctor, pointing towards the ceiling with his thumb, then instantly adding, "but of course you do! Nothing but love could have forced a woman like you to marry such a monk!"

Instantly all the woman was up in arms. She forgot the coarse insinuation of the remark in the slur upon her husband, and her whole frame glowed with resentment. She drew her breath hard. "Doctor Hornbeam!" she said, "this is three times you have insulted me within ten minutes! Fortunately for you my husband is not within hearing, or he would soon show you whether he is more monk than man. You will oblige me by leaving the house and not returning again. I will employ another physician."

"And yet," said he, as if he had not heard a word she said, "and yet, loving him as you do, worshipping him as you do, sacrificing yourself and your fortune for him as you do, you are determined to make an incurable madman of him in less than three months, sooner than put me in possession of the knowledge I need in order to cure him."

She sank into a chair, and quivered with emotion, covering her face with her hands, and sobbing, almost gasping.

The doctor looked at her as she sat there, no longer defiant, but indeed quite vanquished before him. A peculiar smile flitted across his face for a moment, then suddenly vanished, and he spoke again in firm, grave tones, yet kindly withal.

"Mrs. Yarrow," said he, "there are cases in our profession when cruelty is kindness. Yours is one of them. You have been pursuing an entirely wrong course, under entirely mistaken ideas, and the result would have been lamentably fatal had I not suspected what you so resolutely sought to conceal, and had I not had the courage to wring the secret from you at all hazards. You do not thank me now, thinking me a brute, but you will by-and-bye."

"I will thank you now, doctor," she murmured, without looking up, "if you will only give me assurance that it is not too late."

"I do not think it is too late," he rejoined; "and I believe I have made a clever diagnosis of the case too. Stop: tell me if my conjectures are right now, so that I may judge whether I am able to guess deeper in the matter. I know that your husband, a fervent, devoted pastor, broke himself down by overwork in pulpit and in study. He had a terrible brain-fever that brought him down to the very jaws of death. When he had got better, and was able to get about again, you noticed — here I begin my conjectural diagnosis — that — all was not exactly right — there was something — a disturbance — a —"

"Yes, yes," she whispered.

"You thought time and strength would rectify this. In your pride for him, your devotion to him, in your secret heart of love —"

"Say my folly and selfish pride," she murmured.

"I will say no such thing, Mrs. Yarrow. In your beautiful sheltering love you were minded to have him away privily, where this — this aberration would not be noticed — would be hidden away among the secret sorrows of your own heart. You brought him here, to this property of your own, with only Quamash to help you care for him, and here you hoped that good air, and exercise, and rest, and placid meditation, would work the cure —"

"Yes! yes! And I was all wrong! all wrong!"

"You were all wrong, certainly, but beautifully wrong, and it is not too late to bring things right again. My further conjecture is that this aberration, this mental warp, takes the form of some sort of hallucination, that impairs the judgment on certain points, but leaves the balance of the mind unclouded and the spirit quite serene?"

"You are precisely right. Oh why did I not confide in you sooner?"

"There is time enough, my dear madam — time enough. The mistake you made was in fancying that hallucinations are likely to cure themselves with the ordinary tonics of air, exercise and rest. Something more is needed. Hallucination is the herald that madness sends to announce its coming. If you do not send him back, with a peremptory message, madness is sure to come."

"Oh, doctor! doctor! Anything but that!"

"You are right, madam — anything but that!" He rose, and took his hat and gloves. "I can cure Mr. Yarrow," said he, "if you will trust me."

"Trust you! I bless you! I will be grateful to you as long as I live!" And she put her warm hand in his, and looked into his eyes with her own eyes swimming, and showed him there all the impulses and regrets and longings and fears and hopes of her tumultuous heart.

"Be cheerful," he said; "I must ride now, but I will return to-morrow and begin your husband's cure. Let him rest to-day in bed. Good morning." And he departed, drawing on his gloves.

Mrs. Yarrow stood looking after him by one of the windows that opened upon the veranda.

"He is going to cure my husband, Quamash!" said she to the old Indian, who came into the room to remove the glasses.

"Not trust um, madam; bad man! White in um eye!" said Quamash.

"I care not if he is thrice a villain," said Mrs. Yarrow, "so that he restores Bartram."

Meantime, Doctor Anacharsis Hornbeam, as he was going through the garden-gate, turned to Fido barking at his heels, and, with a smile of strange exultation, said: "You dog! When your lovely mistress with the melting eyes is mine — entirely mine — I shall wring your neck for you, you whelp!"

III.—THE BOAT ON THE COVE.

"I WOULD prefer you should not go with us this morning," said Dr. Hornbeam to Mrs. Yarrow the next morning, as Mr. Yarrow, escorted by Quamash, upon whose arm he leaned, slowly walked down the garden towards the boat in the cove.

"At least you will be very cautious," said Mrs. Yarrow.

She stood by the hollies and watched the two as they embarked. She yearned after her husband, felt she ought to be with him, felt as if the burly doctor might estrange him from her, felt ashamed of being envious, and turning, saw Quamash watching the boat likewise.

"It is a pleasant day for rowing, Quamash," she said.

"Huh!" he replied, "pleasant days not make um float lighter. Bad man! bad man!" and he returned discontentedly towards the house. Evidently the Indian did not like the doctor, and in his original unredeemed state would have deemed the killing of such a man not a murder, but an act of grace and a service to humanity. How much finer things our instincts are than our reflections! If Dr. Hornbeam had been inclined towards politics, his fellow-citizens in civilised life would have eagerly sent him to Congress.

Meantime he handled the light sculls like a Whitehall boatman to the manner born. The dainty little boat—half skiff, half yawl—shot forward gladly, as all things animate and inanimate do when a master's hand impels them. The water gurgled under her prow and flowed in bubbles past. Mr. Yarrow sat limp and helpless in the boat's stern, watching with wonder and admiration the swelling muscles of Dr. Hornbeam's arms, the dome-like spread of his massive chest, the easy sweat upon his florid brow, the solid grip of his hands, the willing service of the boat.

"How strong you are, doctor!" he said. "Oh, if I could only drive the boat along as you do!"

"Try it," said Dr. Hornbeam, rising, crossing aft, and helping the rather astonished Mr. Yarrow to take his place at the oars and bench. "Pull!" he cried; but there was palpably no pull in the clergyman's arms. He lifted the oars indeed, and feebly dabbled their blades half-a-dozen times in the water, but a stout cat-fish would have drawn the boat against his rowing. His face flushed vividly, the sweat stood out all over it; he looked like a man fatigued well nigh to death, as he finally let go of the oars and gasped and panted for breath.

"That will do bravely," said the imperturbable Hornbeam, as he helped the feeble man back to his seat, which was easy as a rocking-chair, and recovered the oars. "You are stronger than I thought you were. A few minutes of such work every day, and you will soon be able to row a mile and back."

"Do you think so?" gasped Mr. Yarrow.

"Of course I do," responded Hornbeam. "Here, take a sip of this; it will invigorate you." He whipped a small silver flask out of his pocket, with a cordial-cup attached, which he poured full of dark clear liquid. "This is some brandy imported by my grandfather—mild as olive-oil. It will do you good."

Mr. Yarrow swallowed the subtle spirits like a man used to receive medicines from the hands of others.

"It glows in my stomach like a genial flame," said he.

"Ay, there's no mistake about its fire," thought Dr. Hornbeam, and plying the oars, with a dozen master-strokes he brought the boat out from the shadowy, silent, placid cove to the broad waters gladly rippling in the sunshine. It was not too warm for pleasure, and the scene was exquisite in life, light and color. The sunshine was alive over the whole surface of the waters save where the shadows lay of the boat and its occupants; there, through diaphanous olive depths, you saw the cool green oozes waving and the great blue channel-crabs seeking their food. Now and then, with a swift flash and a spatter of diamond sprays, a family of little fishes leaped out into the air for joy. A dozen ducks sat near at hand, silently buoyed by the ripples as they eyed the boat with eyes like elves, or dived with ridiculous suddenness, or came up happy to oil their feathers and make their never-ending toilettes. A kingfisher, issuing from his nest-burrow in the bank near by, came clattering out with a sound like a watchman's rattle, smote the water with a great splash, and flapped out again with his fish in his beak. An oyster-boat slowly worked about beyond the cove, and two or three miles away, on a schooner, the hands hoisted the mainsail by creaky blocks and slowly worked up the anchor by the windlass, preparing to sail away.

"All at work — all employed!" murmured the clergyman, taking in all the varied features of the scene, "'and I the sole unbusy thing'—",

"Don't quote Coleridge," interrupted the doctor; "it is not wholesome stuff."

Mr. Yarrow's cheek was glowing, his eye had waked up with a peculiar lambent light, and there was a strange, eager sort of excitement in his voice and manner as he said:—

"My work! doctor! my work! I am losing precious time! When shall I get at my work?"

"You have not yet told me what your work is, Mr. Yarrow," said the doctor, coolly.

"What! I thought my wife had — did she not —"

"She told me nothing, but insinuated that if you found me worthy of confidence you would share with me the — the secret, whatever it is. I promise you not to steal it from you."

How enthusiasm dampens off before this matter-of-fact tone that Dr. Hornbeam knew so well how to assume! Mr. Yarrow, just now glowing, palpitating with eagerness and passionate impulse, began to stammer and hesitate, like a schoolboy called upon to speak his exhibition piece in private. At last he asked:

"Do you believe that a man can have a mission, Dr. Hornbeam?"

"I am such an arrant skeptic, Mr. Yarrow, that I believe in — everything!"

"Heaven has been very kind to me, sir, in spite of all my recreancy and weakness. I am especially charged with the completion of the most momentous task ever laid upon a mortal."

"If a man ever had a mission, Mr. Yarrow, you ought to be that person, or my knowledge of men goes for nothing!"

"You say so!" cried Mr. Yarrow, triumphantly. "That is just what my Campanula says also. It must be right. Do you know you confirm me strangely, Dr. Hornbeam? I never doubted the reality of the mission, but I must confess I have often felt like Jonah, and willing to flee away rather than accept the burthen. But that is a weakness of the spirit that comes from sympathy with the weakness of the flesh. You confirm my purposes strangely, sir, and give me new courage. You are a man of the world, Dr. Hornbeam, and must look at these matters from a different standpoint from me; yet you confirm me in my mission. You must help me to compass it, for I am panting to do so."

"I don't think you'll find me a very serviceable spiritual adviser, Mr. Yarrow," said Dr. Hornbeam, with a short laugh.

"Yes, but"—cried Mr. Yarrow, "yes, but there is a discovery to be made, and you can help me materially."

"Oh, there is a discovery to be made! May I inquire of what sort this discovery is to be?"

"The medium—the conductor—the intermediary—that still remains to be determined, doctor; and upon that point I am free to admit my prayers have not been answered, or have been so obscurely answered that I cannot interpret them."

"The medium—the conductor of what, Mr. Yarrow?"

"The Aither, of course!"

"The Aither?"

"Yes; the Purifying Aither, the atmosphere of the saints, the breath of divinity."

"Oh!" Dr. Hornbeam spun the boat round with a stroke or two of one oar. "And what is this Aither to do when you have fetched it down, Mr. Yarrow?"

"It is to reform the world! It is to furnish a new motive power for all our moral machinery, and supply our spiritual natures with an entirely new atmosphere."

"Suppose they can't breathe in it, and are asphyxiated—how then, Mr. Yarrow?"

"You should not make a joke of sacred things, Dr. Hornbeam!"

"That is a fact, sir," said Hornbeam; "and I perceive this has gotten beyond a joke. What you want is to find out a means, if I understand you, of conducting this—this Aither—"

"From heaven to my own spirit! Yes; that is it. That discovery is all that is needed; all the rest is revealed to me. Yonder above us it floats, ready to be summoned. Here in this empty heart is its receptacle prepared. Give me to bring it down, and this spirit shall rain blessed influences upon a perverted and unhappy earth until it shall become blessed also! That is my work, my mission! I have come into it by authority. I dedicate myself to it. I shall become the servant of man, to lead him with purified garments to the Master's feet. Help me, and share my blessing with me!"

Mr. Yarrow was standing up in the boat, his eyes full of rapture, his hands lifted, his voice impressive. The doctor touched his oars again and tumbled this rather weak-kneed prophet limply back in his seat. After a few heavy strokes the doctor said:—

"Have you ever studied chemistry, Mr. Yarrow?"

"Chemistry! What has chemistry to do with spiritual concerns?"

"I'll answer that when you tell me what the body has got to do with the soul. There they are nevertheless, and we'll take the facts and leave the problem out. I think if you will study up some chemical subjects that I will suggest to you, you will discover that there is a greater intimacy between spiritual and material things than you fancy; or rather, a greater difficulty than you would suppose in determining the precise point of departure—where the material ends, and where the spiritual begins. The Chemistry of the Future can scarcely be kept out of Heaven itself."

"That sounds like blasphemy, Dr. Hornbeam."

"But it is mere rude fact, Mr. Yarrow. I have seen moral thunderbolts rive physical oaks, and I've seen physical lightning flash in upon the innermost private resorts of the soul—but there is no need to speak of such things to you. You know all the cosmogonies, all the codes and theologies, and you know nothing, because you don't know chemistry."

"Will you teach me?"

"You shall begin to learn it to-morrow, Mr. Yarrow, and I will insure you this: if there be an Aither and a mission for it on earth, and a missionary, it shall not fall to the ground for lack of a good conductor. Chemistry will work the miracle, if it be to be done."

And he bent himself to the oars and rowed the invalid back to the hollies. There his wife waited to receive him, and found him already stronger and better, and thanked the doctor for it with her eyes and her voice.

And the doctor, speaking low to her as they returned to the house, said:—

"I have the secret. I will cure him; but it will cost you half your fortune before it is done."

"It is all his," she answered, simply, "and may all go. It will be nothing without him."

IV.—THE ISOLATED CHAMBER.

WE must now take a leap forward in our story from the season of strawberries to the season that succeeds the last of the peaches. Autumn wears its orange and crimson uniform all around, but scarcely seems to have yet invaded Grayrue Hall. The pines and cedars outside are green as ever, and the garden is as brilliant as before with roses and asters, and flowers that have their season of bloom as the gardener wills. The boat swings at her mooring in the cove, and the hollies are gray-green as ever.

There are changes within the old mansion, however. The carpenters have been there, and have fitted up a large room in the upper story in the most remarkable fashion. It resembles the "battery rooms" of modern telegraphic establishments in some respects; in some it would put you in mind of the work-room of a mediæval alchemist. Wires traverse it in all directions as intricately as the

filaments of a spider's web ; costly and elaborate apparatus of brass, steel, glass, crowd the tables and cases ; there are shelves loaded with jars, bottles, boxes ; furnaces and retorts cumber the floor ; books fill interstices everywhere. Dr. Hornbeam calls it the isolated chamber, and with reason, for he never finds Mrs. Yarrow there, and Quamash could scarcely be tempted into it with the promise of uncounted gold. Only Mr. Yarrow and the doctor are known to frequent it.

Here, however, Mr. Yarrow constantly leads laborious days, and here every morning Dr. Hornbeam may be found in the company of his patient and his pupil ; for Dr. Hornbeam has gotten to come to Grayrue Hall as regularly as breakfast-time comes to a day-laborer. They are both here now.

The doctor is one of those stout, oaken-framed persons who do not change in less than a generation except to grow stouter and ruddier and more solid, and after that perhaps to wither and shrink a little, like grindstone-apples that never mellow until the frosts have bitten all the life out of their tenderer kindred. Mr. Yarrow is greatly changed, however. His pallid looks have yielded to sunburn ; his thin cheek is filled out ; his clothes fit him ; there is nerve in his grasp and muscle in his tread. Palpably he has made improvement under the doctor's strange regimen. There is a bad pucker about his brows, however, and a look of anxiety, of solicitude, of keen concentrated pursuit about his eyes. His nether lip, too, droops strangely, except when he gathers it up and comes out of his abstraction, which is not often.

He is seated at a desk, in a leathern easy-chair, and Doctor Hornbeam occupies a chair by his side. The desk is full of papers, some of which they seem to have been discussing.

"All discovery means mere simplification of process, doctor," said Mr. Yarrow. "Man invents nothing."

"He finds no new truths out, I do believe."

"That is so. He merely co-ordinates anew the half dozen truths which he inherits — intuitions that are his by gift from his Lord above him — all discovery is better and simpler arrangement of these simple elements."

"Scribe, the dramatist, tells us that there are only seven different situations possible on the stage. Yet we have some hundreds of thousands of plays, and perhaps one in a thousand is original. It is all combination."

"I know nothing of the stage, doctor —"

"Of course not — I was merely illustrating your position. A truth to-day may seem a lie to-morrow, and next day rise up a more profound and comprehensive truth than ever. It is but the old truth all the same."

"That is it ! that is it ! We change, God never changes ! His laws are fixed — we oscillate about them from pole to pole, from positive to negative, like that needle."

"*Varium et semper mutabile !* And so, miracles —"

"Are always — are God's law ! Only our powers of perceiving, of comprehending, of receiving them, change, vary, flicker or flare up, as the case may be."

"Exactly. But how does that apply to your discovery?"

"In this way, my friend: miracle is constant, cannot be otherwise, since God's providence, which is God's interference, is constant. So the power of prayer is constant. But, man's receptivity is the variable function in the problem. That variability we call progress — it does not matter for the name. Now the point to which man's oscillations have just now brought him — the stage in his present progress — is one that makes him demand to have everything developed by a scientific process, adapted to scientific requirements, adjusted to scientific tests. The disagreement between man and religion to-day proceeds from the fact that man is scientific and cannot comprehend things unless they are scientifically put, while religion is dogmatic and will not deal with man except dogmatically."

"But what are you going to do about it? Do you propose to reconstruct religion?"

"How you talk! Reconstruct a truth — a divine constant! Oh no! The thing to be done is simply to reconstruct man's relation to religion, and put what was before on a dogmatic or a sentimental basis, on firm ground again and a scientific basis."

"But, what relation has this to the Aither and your great discovery of the methods of controlling it?"

"You will not hear me out. When I came to this work, I took a purely sentimental view of it, and, as you know, sought to develop within myself a personal receptiveness of the Aither, of which and of the force of which I was dimly conscious. That would have been to make myself the prophet and the High Priest of a new cultus. I have learned better and have adopted other views. I will not monopolise the profits of any nostrum, but will bless the whole race with a universal medicine, which each man, ignorant or cultivated, may equally administer to himself. This I learned from you, when you turned me from mere morbid introspection to sound and wholesome science."

"And you propose to become a scientific Spiritualist?"

"O horror of follies! No! Spiritism is so far well-founded, that Spiritists have in some sort a communication with the Aither and derive a measure of inspiration from it. But the relation of Spiritism to the Divine is like the relation of Paganism with the Divine. The Spiritist is drunken with lees of the wine rejected and washed out from the gutters of the Temple of Truth —"

"It's the same old alcohol in both, however," muttered the doctor.

"But my process will leave no lees, but give the refined and purified distilled spirit, unadulterate, and wholesome —"

"Will it be wholesome, do you think, Mr. Yarrow?" asked this unconscionable doctor. "The purest drugs are the subtlest poisons, my pharmacology teaches."

"Will it hurt man to quaff the divine — to have Truth at first hand — to know his Maker face to face, as in the days before the Fall?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "*Quién sabe?*" he said. "I always thought that nothing but what happened could have resulted from Semele's rashness, and that she had nobody to blame but herself. Curiosity may be quite as fatal as it is impertinent."

"Curiosity! But this thing does not mean curiosity. It means reform."

"Go on, then. After all, science is but applied curiosity."

"You are totally wrong. Science is clarified truth—"

"Boiled down, labelled, put in bottles, and shelved for use, eh, like yonder sirups! You are right, then. But don't let me interrupt you. I am listening curiously—or scientifically—or religiously—if that will suit you better."

"Oh ay," said Mr. Yarrow, softly, and laying his hand a moment upon the doctor's. "You have given me science and the road to truth. You shall accept from me religion in return. I have that in process that will rend this rough husk asunder and reveal the red ripe pomegranate-heart within."

The doctor laughed a great boisterous not unembarrassed laugh. "I thought the invitation was but to those that are weary and heavy laden. I carry something of a load," he said, smiting his stomach; "but I swear I do not feel the burthen and am not aweary under it."

"By-and-bye," said Mr. Yarrow, "by-and-bye that will come too, my friend."

"Well, we won't play the dead march while there is still breath in the fellow. You promised to explain your invention to me."

"And all this is but the preface to it, I agree. But a new science must begin with definitions. Now, we have referred to the Spiritists, and the measure of truth to which they grovelling attain. Take another example: the Prayer-machines of the Buddhists, which, by certain turnings of a crank, register a certain number of vows and wishes. Do you think those prayers are answered?"

The doctor shrugged his massive shoulders again. There was a singular force and elasticity in this gesture of his. "As much as any, perhaps," he said; "that is, if they are prayers at all."

"They are prayers, my friend."

"Faith, it seems to me your religion is liberalised of late to the point of heterodoxy."

"Not at all. I am merely approaching the subject of the scientific rapport between man and faith—such a form of relation having become necessary to restore the equilibrium between the two."

"Very well. Let me see what you are coming to. Hang me if I am not completely in the dark."

"We are all in the dark, Doctor Hornbeam, and our universal petition should reach no farther than the prayer of Ajax. Science is incredulous—science must have light! Science ignores the sentimental and the dogmatic miracle. Science must have the scientific miracle. Science demonstrates and pins its faith to the fact that God's laws are eternal and immutable. Let us develop and demonstrate another of these laws, and out of it and the new radiance it casts abroad, establish man's scientific relation with the Divine. Now, the Aither! I named that without knowing what it is. I defined its purposes while ignorant of its qualities. I did not even know, what I now know, that man's spiritual kingdom was fully as capable of being scientifically extended and developed as his intellectual kingdom. What a blindness that was, to suppose that man's

growth in physical and mental power was indefinite, while his growth in moral power was circumscribed and could not be carried further! New mediums in Nature, but not new mediums with God! Getting our full stature in the material, yet abiding infants in the spiritual! It is folly! It is madness!"

"So it is; but like most manias, supposed to be incurable."

"My friend, the skeptic is always lame, because he will not cast his crutch away through fear. Why should not the current of Aither tingle along the filaments of Emotion, and produce moral effects, just as certainly as the current of electricity tingles along our nerves and produces physical effects?"

"Oh, you have me there! I know no reason for it—unless the reason be the same that prevents me from stepping out of the window yonder and walking away to Orion, to see what he is made of."

"You could do that, could you not, if you could take the first step or two on the new medium, as Peter walked on the water easily, when he had made up his mind he could do it?"

"Certainly. *C'est le premier pas qui coûte.*"

"Well, I have taken the first step. All the rest are easy."

"You have established a communication with the Aither?" said Dr. Hornbeam, curiously eyeing his patient as an entomologist might inspect a new moth. There was not a gleam of pity in his hard and self-satisfied countenance, though perplexity struggled there with curiosity.

"I have developed a process for scientifically invoking the Spirit of Prayer," said Mr. Yarrow, reverently.

"And can you explain that process to me?"

"It is strangely simple, Doctor."

"Science dotes upon simplicity."

"Faith goes above works, in this as in all things." He rose, and brought from a table a small machine, like an electrometer of some delicate kind. He connected this with certain wires that traversed the ceiling.

"These wires, as you know," he said, "communicate with the air without, and transmit to us whatever currents of electricity may be induced without. You see that the instrument marks a degree of disturbance. Very well—I break the connection, insulate the instrument, discharge the electric fluid into this Leyden vial—what remains? The instrument is still charged, but with a new fluid, which I have purified by separating the electric fluid from it. What is that fluid? You shall see."

He pushed aside a small slide in the bottom of the machine, and rested the machine upon his head, with the part thus opened in immediate contact with his scalp. Instantly a glow of rapture lighted up his countenance and he seemed transfigured before the Doctor's astonished eyes, like a person in the ecstatic trance of clairvoyance. His breath came soft and childlike; his lips moved as if syllabing rhythmic fancies; his eyes were upturned; his whole attitude that of a man absorbed and enraptured in the critical emotions of religious enthusiasm. Presently, his features sank again, his eyes fell and filled with tears, his hands ceased their waving gestures, he removed the instrument from his head, and sat down like one exhausted.

Doctor Hornbeam tried to take his hand and feel his pulse, but Mr. Yarrow waved him away. "Not that," said he almost fretfully. "That is all right, I am not exhausted, but I fail, I fail! There is ecstasy supreme—sublime visions—realised faith—but I cannot retain it—I cannot find how to make the spirit tarry long enough."

He sighed, Oh so wearily!

"That will come, too, presently," said Doctor Hornbeam.

"I believe it!" returned Mr. Yarrow, with intense fervor. "I feel sure that I will be able to perfect the process. I have an experiment even now in view, but lack the means to carry it out."

"Tell me: perhaps I can help you out."

"I have read that, in Central America, at certain seasons, the maidens are used to go early in the morning after mass, and bow their heads into the mystic cup of that wonderful flower *El Espiritu Santo*, and from it derive new faith and strange inspirations—I think, if I had a blossom of that flower, I could perhaps—"

"I can get you one, Mr. Yarrow. One of my friends, the wife of Captain Holcombe, of the navy, has one in her green-house. It should be in bloom now, and I think she will give me a flower or bud."

Mr. Yarrow grasped the doctor's hand fervently. "You are a friend indeed!" he cried.

He went to a case and took from it a small ebony box.

"Here is a receptacle which I designed for the sacred treasure, if I could find it. The flower, laid in here, will carry safely, while this vase below, filled with etherised ammonia, will preserve its freshness and fragrance indefinitely."

The doctor put the box in his pocket and rose to go.

"You must take some rest now," he said. "I will see you again in a day or two, and probably fetch the flower."

He shook hands with Mr. Yarrow and left the room.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

TRUTH AND MAN.

HE spoke in high and sounding phrase
Of truth and nobleness and fame,
Of honor far beyond all praise,
Which seeks not for itself a name.

He told of deeds which far outran
The glory of these latter times,
Of virtue such as never man
Beholds in these degenerate climes.

In tones which rang throughout the world,
He fired the hearts and minds of men,
And sharp defiance forth he hurled
At doubt and error—till his pen

Seemed tipped with fire to scorch the wrong
And through the darkness scatter light—
Like an avenging angel, long
He stood, this champion of the right.

All warmed them at this generous heat,
And loftier thoughts filled every breast;
The clouds of error and deceit
Dispersed, while in a radiance blest

The sun of a new day arose,
A day of pure and high desire;
Men with a willing spirit chose
All that the true and good admire.

At last some hand once rudely raised
The veil, which o'er the teacher's life
Was closely drawn, and those who gazed
Started as if an unseen knife

Had struck their throats, for he who spoke
With soul-lit, heaven-inspired face,
Concealed beneath a formal cloak
Naught but corruption and disgrace.

The wicked laughed in joy to view
This seeming righteousness unveiled:
No longer faint and cold and few,
The enemies of Truth prevailed.

The land had sunk in deepest night,
And man become less god than brute,
And error with its chilling blight
Had soon destroyed all noble fruit;

But one arose whose eye saw more
Than the mere semblance which belied
The hidden treasure, and before
The multitude he loudly cried:—

"Ye see him false whom once ye thought
The mirror of a holy state,
But think not therefore that ye ought
His teachings as himself to hate.

"Behold this lute which in my hand
I hold, and strike its tuneful strings,
The music rises sweet and grand,
And soaring as if on wings

"Of some melodious spirit borne,
Who seeks his home in Paradise,
Leaving behind the lands that mourn
For those whose sunshine never dies.

"But whence this spirit-moving power?
In what divine home does it rest?
Deep in the heart of some bright flower
Grown by the rivers of the blest?

"Nay! from this piece of man's own skill,
This mass of twisted cord and bone,
Of wood and metal, comes the thrill
And echo of its glorious tone.

"Nay! if I dash it to the ground,
And shattered at your feet it lie,
The memory of its vanished sound
And former sweetness does not die.

"The music issues from its strings,
But not untouched—'tis not its own.
What then inspires the song it sings?
It is the Master's hand alone!

"Read ye this lesson and be wise—
This warning was not vainly sent—
The man whom now ye so despise
Was but God's tool, his instrument;

"The wisdom was not of his own
With which he taught you pure desires:
Let this be also to you known,
'Truth is not overcome of liars.'"

COLONEL BYRD'S JOURNAL.

IN *Appletons'* for November 4, 1871, Mr. John Esten Cooke devoted the greater part of an article on "Some Old Virginia Houses," to the mansion and estate of Westover, and specially to their owner, Colonel William Byrd. Laying the *Journal* aside after perusal, I turned to my copy of the "History of the Line," and re-enjoyed the Colonel's racy recount of the haps and mishaps consequent on the running of the dividing line between Virginia and North Carolina. Part of the work under notice was printed at Petersburg, Va., in the year 1841, under the title of the "Westover MSS.," but in 1866 the entire manuscript was printed at the instance of Hon. Thos. H. Wynne, of Richmond; it being found that besides the non-publication of articles contained in the volume with the History of the Line, the text of that history had been altered either by accident or design in the reprint of 1841. The present edition, of which only two hundred copies were printed, is a beautiful quarto, printed on toned water-lined paper; was issued from the press of Joel Munsell, "*Aldi discipulus Albaniensis*," and contains, besides the "History of the Line," and its appendices, "A Journey to the Land of Eden," "A Progress to the Mines," "The Proceedings of the Commissioners appointed to Lay out the Bounds of the Northern Neck," etc., "An Essay on Bulk Tobacco," and "Miscellaneous Papers."

The History of the Line opens with a sketch of the settlement of the country, "shewing how the other British Colonies have, one after another, been carved out of Virginia;" and in relation to the difficulties which led to the organisation of a Royal Commission to survey the boundary between Virginia and North Carolina, says: "Both the French and Spaniards had, in the Name of their Respective Monarchs, long ago taken Possession of that Part of the Northern Continent that now goes by the Name of North Carolina; but finding it Produced neither Gold nor Silver, as they greedily expected, and meeting such returns from the Indians as their own Cruelty and Treachery deserved, they totally abandoned it. In this deserted Condition that country lay for the Space of 90 Years, till King Charles the 2d, finding it a DERELICT, granted it away to the Earl of Clarendon and others, by His Royal Charter, dated March the 24th, 1663. The Boundary of that Grant towards Virginia was a due West Line from Luck-Island, (the same as Colleton Island,) lying in 36 degrees N. Latitude, quite to the South Sea."

This, however, left a strip of land about thirty miles wide between the inhabited parts of Virginia and Carolina, for which Lord Clarendon obtained a patent, dated June 30, 1665, wherein the boundary was said "To run from the North End of Corotuck-Inlet, due West to Weyanoke Creek, lying within or about the Degree of Thirty-Six and Thirty Minutes of Northern Latitude, and from thence West, in a direct Line, as far as the South-Sea."

After the lapse of a half a century the situation of the line again became a matter of dispute. Weyanoke Creek had lost its name, and its position was not known. "Some Ancient Persons in Virginia affirm'd it was the same with Wicocon, and others again in Carolina were as Positive it was Nottoway River." But as there was a difference of fifteen miles between these streams, it was agreed between the governments of the two colonies, that until the matter was settled no lands should be granted in the territory in controversy. The Colonel claims that "Virginia observed this Agreement punctually, but I am sorry I cant say the Same of North-Carolina. The great Officers of that Province were loath to lose the Fees accruing from the Grants of Land, and so private Interest got the better of Public Spirit; and I wish that were the only Place in the World where such politicks are fashionable."

Commissioners were appointed to determine the dividing line, but no settlement was accomplished. According to the report of the Virginia Commissioners, their Carolina colleagues raised objections to every movement, and found fault with everything, from the date on which the survey was to commence to the quadrant to be used in the work. The Virginia side of the matter is stated in a report submitted to Her Majesty Queen Anne on the 1st of March, 1710. For sixteen years thereafter no action seems to have been taken; but in 1726 a proposition for the settlement of the dispute, signed by Governor Eden, of Carolina, and Colonel Spotswood, Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia, was laid before King George I. It provided "That from the mouth of Corotuck River or Inlet, & setting the Compass on the North Shoar, thereof a due West Line be run and fairly mark'd, & if it happen to cut Chowan River, between the mouths of Nottoway River and Wicocon Creek, then shall the same direct Course be continued towards the Mountains, and be ever deem'd the Sole dividing line between Virginia & Carolina.

"That if the said West Line cuts Chowan River to the Southward of Wicocon Creek, then from point of Intersection the Bounds shall be allow'd to continue up the middle of the said Chowan River to the middle of the Entrance into the said Wicocon Creek, and from thence a due West Line shall divide the said two Governments.

"That if a due West Line shall be found to pass through Islands or to cut out small Slips of Land, which might much more conveniently be included in one Province or the other by Natural Water Bounds, In such Cases the Persons appointed for runing the Line shall have power to settle Natural Bounds, provided the Commissioners of both Sides agree thereto, and that all such Variations from the West Line, be particularly Noted in the Maps or Plats, which they shall return, to be put upon the Records of both Governments."

This proposition was approved by His Majesty on March 28, 1727, and in accordance therewith Lieutenant-Governor Gooch, of Virginia, appointed William Byrd, Richard Fitzwilliam, and William Dandridge to represent that colony, whilst the Governor of North Carolina commissioned Christopher Gate, the Chief-Justice, John Lovick, the Secretary, Edward Mosely, Surveyor-General, and William Little, the Attorney-General of the colony, to represent the Lords Proprie-

tors of that province.* With the appointment of these Commissioners the Journal fairly opens. They agreed to meet at Corotuck on the 5th of March, 1728, and after providing the necessary equipments and provisions for the Virginia party, which numbered twenty, on the 27th of February Colonel Byrd and the company started for the rendezvous. The second night they stopped at the house of "Widdow Allen," whom the Colonel compliments with having "copied Solomon's complete housewife exactly." Messrs. Dandridge and Fitzwilliam joined them at Norfolk, and the party was complete. The Journal here notes the situation of the town, its advantages and disadvantages, and its trade, which being chiefly with the West Indies, the Colonel denounces as contributing "much towards debauching the Country by importing abundance of Rum, which, like Ginn in Great Britain, breaks the Constitution, Vitiates the Morals, and ruins the Industry of most of the Poor people of this Country."

At Norfolk they spent three days endeavoring to get guides, but failed; and provided only with a rough map of the route, drawn by a "borderer," they started on the morning of the 4th of March. At noon they arrived at Prescot Landing, on the Northwest River, where "we hardly allowed ourselves leisure to eat, which in truth we had the less Stomach to, by reason the dinner was served up by the Landlord, whose Nose stood on such Ticklish Terms that it was in Danger of falling into the Dish." Taking "2 Periaugas," they proceeded down the river, and the next morning shaped their course for Corotuck Inlet, passing on their way a New England sloop, the sight of which draws forth the remark that "The Trade hither is engrosst by the Saints of New England, who carry off a great deal of Tobacco, without troubling themselves with paying that Impertinent Duty of a Penny a Pound." At noon they arrived at the rendezvous, and shortly after were joined by two of the Carolina Commissioners, the remainder "paying too much regard to a Proverb — fashionable in their Country — not to make more hast than good Speed."

Whilst waiting the arrival of their brother Commissioners they proceeded to take the bearings of the coast, and the Colonel's quick eye notes everything; shrubs and shells even attract his attention. Nor is he oblivious of the capacity both for business and enjoyment

* Two days after their appointment the Virginia Commissioners despatched a long communication to their Carolina colleagues, informing them that they thought it "very proper to acquaint you in what manner we intend to come provided, that so you being appointed in the same station, may if you please, do the same honour to your Country. We shall bring with us about twenty men furnished with provisions for thirty days; we shall have with us a tent and mirquees for the convenience of ourselves and our servants. We bring as much wine and rum as will enable us and our men to drink every night to the good success of the following day; and because we understand there are gentiles on the frontiers, who never had an opportunity of being baptized, we shall have a chynlin with us to make them christians. For this purpose we intend to rest in our camp every Sunday that there may be leisure for so good a work. And whoever in that neighborhood is desirous of novelty may come and hear a good sermon. Of this you will please to give notice, that the charitable intentions of this government may meet with the happier success."

But they got a Roland for their Oliver. In their reply the Carolina Commissioners observe, "We are at a loss gentlemen whether to thank you for the particulars you give of your tent stores and the manner you design to meet us. Had you been silent about it we had not wanted an excuse for not meeting you in the same manner; but now you force us to expose the nakedness of our country, and to tell you we cannot possibly meet you in the manner our great respect to you would make us glad to do, whom we are not emulous of outdoing unless in care and diligence in the affair we come to meet you about. So all we answer to that article is, that we will endeavor to provide as well as the circumstances of things will admit us; and what we may want in necessities will we hope be made up in the spiritual comfort we expect from your chaplain, of whom we shall give notice as you desire to all lovers of novelty, and doubt not of a great many boundary christians."

of the Carolinians, for before retiring for the night behind a pile of cedar-brush, he has observed that "The Commissioners of the Neighbouring Colony came better provided for the Belly than the Business. They brought not above two men along with them that would put their Hands to anything but the Kettle and the Frying-Pan. These spent so much of their Industry that way, that they had as little Spirit as Inclination for Work."

The next day the laggards made their appearance. Upon reading the commissions, that of the Virginians was excepted to by the Carolinians. Its language was, they thought, too strong, in commanding the Virginia Commissioners to run the line whether accompanied by the Carolina Commissioners or not. After that squabble was over, they entered into a dispute as to the proper place of commencement. Finally this point was settled, and on the morning of the 7th the surveyors began to run the line, but on taking to the boats found that owing to the difficult navigation of the Sound it was almost as hard to keep the channel as to keep their tempers.

By the 12th they arrived at the Northwest River, on the border of the Dismal Swamp, and the next day a portion of the party which had been left behind came up; preparations were then made for traversing that "terra incognita," of which those living on its borders knew nothing either as regards its size or the route of crossing.

Colonel Byrd and two of the Commissioners accompanied the surveying party half-a-mile into the swamp, and then "Recommending Vigor and Constancy to their Fellow-Travellers," returned to Mr. Wilson's and spent the night, entertained by that worthy man with wondrous stories of the dangers of the Great Dismal, one of which is embalmed in the Journal. A poor fellow wandered into the swamp and was speedily lost. For days he endeavored to extricate himself, but without avail. At last, when nearly famished, he bethought him of "a Secrett his Countrymen make use of to Pilot themselves in a Dark day.

"He took a fat Louse out of his Collar, and expos'd it to the open day on a Piece of White Paper, which he brought along with him for his Journal. The poor Insect having no Eye-lids turn'd himself about till he found the Darkest Part of the Heavens, and so made the best of his way towards the North. By this Direction he Steer'd himself Safe out, and gave such a frightful account of the Monsters he saw, and the Distresses he underwent, that no mortall Since has been hardy enough to go upon the like dangerous Discovery."

With much concern for the safety of the surveying party, the Commissioners started to skirt the swamp and meet them when they emerged; passing in their way a Quaker meeting-house which had on it an attempt at a steeple, of which the Journalist remarks: "I must own I expected no such Piece of Foppery from a Sect of so much outside Simplicity."

On the 22d, after a nine days' sojourn in the swamp, the surveyors and party made their appearance, looking "very thin, and as ragged as the Gibeonite Ambassadors did in the days of Yore." They had surveyed about ten miles, when their provisions having given out, they made the best of their way toward dry land. On the 25th, having

rested and been furnished with necessaries, they retraced their steps to finish the line through the swamp, the Commissioners spending their time making observations on the country. The Journal notes the barrenness of the land, the difference between the pines of Carolina and Virginia, the manner of building houses and fences, and the laziness of the people. They visited Edenton, where "There may be 40 or 50 Houses, most of them Small and built without Expense. A Citizen here is counted Extravagant, if he has Ambition enough to aspire to a Brick-chimney. Justice herself is but indifferently Lodged, the Court-House having much the Air of a Common Tobacco-House. I believe this is the only Metropolis in the Christian or Mahometan World, where there is neither Church, Chappel, Mosque, Synagogue, or any other Place of Publick Worship of any Sect or Religion whatsoever."

The surveyors finished the line through the Dismal on the 28th, and started westward next day. In a few days they reached the mouth of the Notoway River, which they determined to be in $36^{\circ} 30\frac{1}{2}'$ north latitude, just half a minute farther north than a previous surveyor-general of Carolina had made it. On the 3d of April they came to the Meheren River, a stream so crooked that in less than three miles the line crossed it three times. Here they determined to suspend their labors, "Because the Spring was now pretty forward, and the Rattle Snakes began to crawl out of their Winter-Quarters, and might grow dangerous, both to the Men and their Horses."

After making a "Correct and Elegant Map of the Line, from Corotuck Inlet to the place where they left off," copies of which were delivered to and subscribed by the Commissioners of both colonies, and ascertaining that the distance surveyed was a little over 73 miles, they fixed on the 10th of September as the day for renewing the survey, and then Colonel Byrd's party started homeward, visiting on their way an Indian village, where they were hospitably entertained according to the custom of the natives. As usual, we find notes on their manners and habits, with the intimation that the young women would have been more attractive "but that the whole Winters Soil was so crusted on the Skins of those dark Angels, that it requir'd a very Strong Appetite to approach them." Procuring corn for the horses, and giving in return rum, they proceeded homeward, arriving safely after an absence of six weeks.

Upon consideration, it was deemed advisable, on account of the danger from snakes, to postpone the day of starting again till the 20th of September. Three days previous to that time the Virginia Commissioners set out, and on arriving at the rendezvous, found "three of the Carolina-Commissioners had taken Possession of the House, having come thither by water from Edenton. By the Great Quantity of Provisions these Gentlemen brought, and the few men they had to eat them, we were afraid they intended to Carry the Line to the South sea." The fourth Commissioner arrived on the 20th, and the surveying party was started forward well provided with decoctions for use in case any were bitten by snakes. On the 25th the killing of a small rattlesnake is mentioned, and on the 26th two more were despatched, whereat the Colonel rejoices that their journey was delayed

till the large snakes had generally taken up their winter quarters. On the 29th they crossed the Roanoke River about twenty miles above the great falls, and thirty-six below the junction of the Dun and Staunton. All the way along they had been waylaid by parents who brought their children for baptism, and the records of these interruptions are so frequent that the chaplain seems to have had his hands full of that work. Having been detained at this day's camp for half a day by one of these ceremonies, they were conducted "a nearer way, by a famous Woodsman, call'd Epaphroditus Bainton." During the day a large snake with eleven rattles was killed, and in his maw was found a gray squirrel with head entirely digested, though the body was intact. The next day being Sunday, the usual halt was made and divine service performed, after which the chaplain baptised five children. In the afternoon the Carolina Commissioners, who a few days previous had remained at Pigeon Roast Creek to wait for their provisions, came up. On the 1st of October they had a white frost, and the Colonel expresses his delight on account of its healthful properties. They now began to find plenty of game; had already killed a bear, a panther, a wild-cat. and several deer. They arrived at Sugar-Tree Creek on the 4th, and on the next day crossed the Hicootomy, or Turkey Buzzard river, four times. During the day the Carolina Commissioners announced to their Virginia colleagues their intention of returning home, as they thought the line had already been run as far as needful. Protests were of no avail, and in the determination to return they were joined by Mr. Fitzwilliam, one of the Virginia Commissioners, whose reasons for this step the Colonel sarcastically gives as "that neither the General Court might lose so able a Judge, nor himself a double Salary, not despairing in the least but he shou'd have the whole pay of Commissioner into the Bargain, tho' he did not half the Work." The following day, though Sunday, was spent in "making the Plats of so much of the Line as we had run this last Campaign. Our pious Friends of Carolina assisted in this work with some Seeming Scruple, pretending it was a Violation of the Sabbath. which we were the more Surpriz'd at, because it happened to be the first Qualm of Conscience they had ever been troubled with dureing the whole journey. They had made no Bones of Staying from Prayers to hammer out an unnecessary Protest, tho' Divine Service was no Sooner over, but an unusual Fit of Godliness made them fancy that finishing the plats, which was now a matter of necessity, was a prophanation of the Day."

The next day, taking leave of the home-goers, the party again started forward, crossed the Hico for the fifth time, and camped for the night at Buffalo Creek, where "the Bushes were so intolerably thick that we were obliged to cover the Bread Baggs with our Deer Skins, otherwise the Joke of one of the Indians must have happen'd to us in good Earnest, that in a few days We must cut up our House to make Bags for the Bread, and so be forc't to expose our Backs in compliment to our Bellys."

The departing Commissioners had faithfully stuck by them so long as their good liquor lasted, and now they "had no other Drink but what Adam drank in Paradise, tho' to our comfort we found the

Water excellent, by the help of which we perceiv'd our Appetites to Mend, our Slumbers to Sweeten, and the Stream of Life to run cool and peaceably in our Veins, and if ever we dreamt of Women they were kind."

Resuming their journey, they found it hard work to push through the undergrowth, and made it a great labor to protect their faces and eyes. At night they were entertained with the yells of wolves, which, attracted by the garbage from the game killed every day, gathered around them.

On the 9th, striking more open ground, they made better progress, but did not have their usual good fortune in killing game, so that the men called the camp Bread and Water Camp. The Journal of this date records the flight of a flock of cranes southward, and the discovery of good limestone and blue slate. Early in the morning of the 10th a fat doe was killed, and the party enjoyed a feast before breaking camp and taking the route. To season the repast a reproof was administered to one of the men, who happened to wish himself at home, and "not a man amongst us after that pretended so much as to wish himself in Paradise." During the day they came to the south branch of the Roanoke (the Dan river), and on viewing the stream, the sand of whose bottom and banks was covered with a shining substance, they imagined they had discovered gold and were rich men. "But we soon found our Selves mistaken, and our Gold Dust dwindled into small Flakes of isinglass. However, tho' this did not make the River so rich as we cou'd wish, yet it made it exceedingly Beautiful." Two miles and a half beyond the river they came to Cane Creek, where, as at the Dan, they had to cut their way through before crossing. The next day they crossed the Dan again, and ascending a hill, caught the first glimpse of the mountains.

On the 12th they were so entangled with bushes and vines that they only made five miles' progress, on their way killing a bear which was feasting on the grapes. The following day they made the usual Sabbath day's halt, and the Colonel seems to have employed his leisure in ascertaining from Bearskin — one of their Indian guides — his ideas of the religion of his tribe. They are entered at length on the Journal, and contained "the three Great Articles of Natural Religion: The Belief of a God; The Moral Distinction betwixt Good and Evil; and the Expectation of Rewards and Punishments in Another World."

Monday the 14th was rainy, which prevented their progress, but did not deter the gunners from shooting three fat deer and a number of turkeys, with which they returned to camp and merrily kept the pot going till morning. Colonel Byrd and his colleagues took advantage of the halt to repair their torn clothes, and to get ready for the start which was made at noon on the 15th. That day they crossed the Dan twice within a mile and a half, and on going into camp for the night all enjoyed the beautiful prospect which opened before them from the top of a near hill. Two days afterward they crossed the Dan for the last time, the river then bending southward, and from that time till the 26th of October nothing of special note occurred. One day with plenty, the next half famished, they worked their way

onward till they reached what some of the men supposed was the head of Deep River — others however contending that it was a branch of the Irvin.

At this camp they determined to proceed no further westward ; the route was growing very mountainous, their bread was getting scanty, their horses had nearly given out, and they were fearful of being overtaken by snowstorms, which would not only have intercepted their progress, but have swollen the rivers between them and home. "The first of these Misfortunes would starve all our Horses, and the Other ourselves, by cutting off our Retreat, and obliging us to Winter in those Desolate Woods.

"These considerations determined us to Stop short here and push our Adventures no farther. The last Tree we markt was a Red Oak, growing on the Bank of the River ; and to make the Place more remarkable, we blaz'd all the Trees around it."

They calculated the distance from Corotuck Inlet to where they left off, 241 miles 230 poles, of which they had run 72 miles and 302 poles after the Carolina Commissioners returned home. Whilst encamped here Mr. Dandridge bruised his foot, which brought on an attack of the gout, and threatened to very seriously delay their return home. He however recovered sufficiently to be able to march on the 30th, and in the interval the men hunted and feasted on the spoils, and the Commissioners discussed the route of return. They wanted to cross over to the head of the James River and follow it homeward, but on reflection abandoned the design, as it was a mountainous route, and the farther north they went the more danger there was of snow, so they concluded to follow the line back. "We knew the worst of that Course, and were sure of a beaten path all the way, while we were totally ignorant what Difficulties and Dangers the other Course might be attended with. So Prudence got the better for once of Curiosity, and the Itch for new Discoveries gave Place to Self-preservation."

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 30th of October they set their faces homeward, turning at every eminence to obtain a view of the mountains. The day was His Majesty's birthday, and they loyally drank his health in excellent water, not for the sake of the drink but for the sake of the toast.

On the following morning one of the horses was found to have straggled away during the night, and was not recovered till noon ; but before night, "Tho' as merciful as we were to our poor Beasts, another of 'em tired by the way, & was left behind for the Wolves & Panthers to feast upon." By the evening of the 3d of November they reached the Irvin, but found it so high that they could not cross till the following day, when they also crossed the Dan. Here they abandoned another horse, the fourth that had given out, and were forced to walk as much as possible. On the 6th striking the Dan again, they skirted one of its bends, and tired as they were, had to stop to admire the view. They camped for the night on Sable Creek, and with true colonising enthusiasm the Colonel dilates on the richness of the land between that stream and the Irvin. He says: "I question not but there are 30,000 Acres at least, lying Altogether, as

fertile as the lands were said to be about Babylon, which yielded, if Herodotus tells us right, an Increase of no less than 2 or 300 for one ;" and he peoples the land with a thousand inhabitants who, by grazing or cultivation of vineyards, white mulberry trees whereon to raise silkworms, hemp, flax and cotton, orchards of peaches and apples, groves of orange, lemon and olive trees, would raise "in short everything to supply either the want or wantonness of man."

The 7th was consumed in traversing eight miles, and the Co'onel kept up his spirits by chewing a root of ginseng, which made him trip away as nimbly in his jack-boots as younger men could in their shoes. Expatiating on the virtues of this wonderful plant, he affirms "that it gives an uncommon Warmth and Vigour to the Blood, and frisks the Spirits, beyond any other Cordial. It cheers the Heart even of a Man that has a bad Wife, and makes him look down with great Composure on the crosses of the World. It helps the Memory and would quicken even Helvetian dulness. 'Tis friendly to the Lungs, much more than Scolding itself. In one Word, it will make a Man live a great while, and very well while he does live. And what is more, it will even make Old Age amiable, by rendering it lively, chearful, and good humor'd."

Crossing the Dan twice on the 8th, they congratulated themselves that they were now safely over all the rivers that could impede them, and with no ill-fortune pursued their way home, arriving at Colonel Bolling's plantation, within hearing of the Appomattock Falls, on the 20th, and from a primitive course of life began to relapse into luxury. The succeeding day they proceeded to Colonel Mumford's, who had greatly befriended them by ordering his overseers at his Roanoke and other plantations to care for them. With their arrival at this mansion closes up the History of the Dividing Line, and we close up our article by transcribing Colonel Byrd's words:

"Thus ended our Second Expedition, in which we extended the Line within the Shadow of the Chariky Mountains, where we were oblig'd to Set up our Pillars like Hercules, and return Home.

"Nor can we by any Means reproach Ourselves of having put the Crown to any exorbitant Expense in this difficult affair, the whole Charge, from Beginning to End, amounting to no more than One Thousand Pounds. But let no one concern'd in this painful Expedition, complain of the scantiness of his Pay, so long as His Majesty has been Graciously pleas'd to add to our Reward the HONOUR of his ROYAL approbation, and to declare, notwithstanding the Desertion of the CAROLINA COMMISSIONERS, that the Line by us run shall hereafter Stand as the true Boundary betwixt the GOVERNMENTS OF VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA."

EDWIN PARKE.

COM. PREBLE'S "INFERNAL."

DURING the war waged by the United States against the Bashaw of Tripoli in 1804, after several vigorous attacks, some of which were successful, had been made upon his flotilla before the port of his capital, the Tripolitans became so much intimidated that they no longer ventured outside the haven. Commodore Preble therefore conceived a plan for making an assault upon their shipping inside the harbor. He resolved to send in a fire-ship, or "infernal," which he had long contemplated, which was to be exploded among the Tripolitan vessels, by which Com. Preble not only hoped to destroy the enemy's shipping, but he trusted would shatter the Bashaw's castle, in which some of the American prisoners were confined, and otherwise damage the capital city of Tripoli.

The ketch *Intrepid*, which had rendered such signal service on the recent burning of the *Philadelphia*, was brought into requisition for this dangerous enterprise. A small apartment was planked up in her hold, just forward of her mainmast, and in this receptacle about one hundred barrels of powder in bulk, estimated at 15,000 pounds, were poured. Communicating with this room was a tube that led aft to another apartment, which was filled with combustible material. On the deck, directly over the magazine, were deposited fifty thirteen-and-a-half-inch and one hundred nine-inch shells, with a great quantity of shot and pieces of iron and kentledge. A train was then run through the tube from the magazine to the after-room, and fusees, calculated to burn fifteen minutes, were connected with it in the proper way. The burning of the light-wood and splinters in the forward room, it was supposed, would keep the Tripolitans from boarding the vessel, for fear she was a fire-ship.

Lieut. Richard Somers, of the schooner *Nautilus*, volunteered for the expedition; and he, with Lieuts. Wadsworth and Israel, was engaged several days in preparing this floating mine.

It was determined that the *Intrepid* should enter the port the first dark night, proceed as far as possible into the galley mole — the inner harbor — there to start a fire in the splinter-room, when her people were to retreat to the American squadron in swift rowing boats.

The enterprise was indeed dangerous. The adventurers had to enter a passage but 200 or 300 yards wide, on a dark night, in a slow sailing vessel, near to and under the guns of several batteries, which would only be prevented from firing upon them by mistaking their vessel for one that was endeavoring to run the American blockade. As they advanced they would be enfiladed by the galleys and gun-boats of the enemy, whilst a cannonade alone upon a vessel filled with powder would be dangerous of itself, as the concussion of a cannon-ball with a nail or any other piece of iron might strike fire and ignite the powder. Once successful in the main objects of the expedition, the retreat had its dangers; whilst capping the whole,

Cooper remarks, the enterprise was "one in which no quarter could be expected."

But few were needed to make up the *Intrepid's* complement. Several officers volunteered for this service. One of them, Lieut. Wadsworth of the *Constitution*, was taken as second in command. Lieut. Jos. Israel was a volunteer, whose services however were refused, as the Commodore did not believe his assistance was necessary. Two swift rowing boats, one the *Constitution's*, pulling six oars, and the other the *Siren's*, pulling four, were selected to bring the party off after the train had been fired. The crew of the *Nautilus* was informed of the project, and every man volunteered to go. Of them the following four were selected:—James Simms, Thomas Tompline, James Harris, and Wm. Keith, all rated as seamen. It is believed the following six, from the *Constitution*, were selected by Lieut. Wadsworth: Wm. Harrison, Robt. Clark, Hugh McCormick, Jacob Williams, Peter Penner, and Isaac W. Downs. All these were seamen also.

A number of interviews took place between Com. Preble and Lieut. Somers during the preparations for the enterprise. On one of these occasions the Commodore burnt a port-fire to ascertain its time of explosion. When consumed, he inquired of Lieut. Somers if he thought the boats could get away from the reach of shells during the brief period it was burning. "I think we can, sir," replied Somers. Com. Preble fixed his eye closely upon the young officer a moment, and then asked, should he lessen the time or make the port-fire shorter. "I ask for no port fire at all, sir," Somers answered quietly, but firmly. After this interview Somers declared his intention not to be captured. All the circumstances connected with the enterprise tended to strengthen this determination on the part of the two young officers who were to take the *Intrepid* in. Com. Preble feeling it to be a duty, pointed out to Lieut. Somers the importance of not permitting so large a quantity of powder to fall into the hands of the Tripolitans, who were supposed to be in want of ammunition, whilst an exaggerated idea of the horrors of Tripolitan captivity had gained credence in the American squadron. Somers and Wadsworth were both calm and quiet persons—men whose simple declaration to perform any act was the guaranty of its execution, if accomplishment were possible, and the mere publication of their intentions seems to have made a profound impression upon their comrades.

One or two efforts were made to get into the harbor, but they failed, owing to light winds. Certain movements being noticed that made Lieut. Somers believe the *Intrepid* was suspected, he determined to enter the harbor upon the night of the 4th of September. The appointed day arrived. Before leaving his vessel, the *Nautilus*, Lieut. Somers explained to the four men he had chosen from it, the dangerous nature of the expedition upon which they were bound. He informed them he desired no man to go in with him who did not prefer death to capture; such, he said, was his own determination, and he wanted all who accompanied him to be of the same mind. Three cheers from the boat's crew was the reply that he received, and, it is reported, each man separately asked to be the one to apply the match to the train! Such was the spirit of the infant marine.

Somers took leave of his fellow-officers, the four seamen doing the same, shaking their hands, and giving vent to their feelings in premonitions of approaching doom. This was done in good faith, and yet with cheerfulness. No enterprise, however dangerous, had been undertaken in the squadron that started upon its mission with so many forebodings of impending evil. The four seamen from the *Nautilus* disposed of their effects orally to their associates, "like those who are about to die with disease."

It would appear the *Constitution's* boat did not reach the *Intrepid* until dusk. When that crew was mustered, Lieut. Israel was found among the party. It is asserted he secreted himself in the boat to take part in the expedition, while on the other hand it is affirmed he came with a final order from Com. Preble to Lieut. Somers.

Lieuts. Stewart and Decatur, with others of Somers' friends, visited him aboard of the *Intrepid* before he weighed anchor. These three were about the same age, had all been instructed in seamanship together, and had been "intimately associated in the service during the last six years." Stewart and Decatur knew the dangers that attended the expedition, and they felt a deep concern for the fate of their friend. Somers was grave but tranquil. Conversing for a while, he took from his finger a ring, which he broke into three pieces; to his two friends he gave each a piece, and retained one part for himself.

As night closed in, three gunboats were observed just within the western passage of the harbor, through which the *Intrepid* had to pass. Decatur warned his friend to take care that they did not board him. Somers replied that the enemy had become so shy, he thought it more likely that they would cut and run rather than advance to meet him.

At eight o'clock the night was far enough advanced to cover the movement, when the *Intrepid* weighed anchor. The stars shone overhead, but upon the water there hung a haze that rendered objects uncertain—favorable circumstances for the enterprise, for while it would prevent the character of the *Intrepid* being easily made out, there was light enough to enable the ketch to steer clear of the rocks. The *Argus*, *Vixen*, and *Nautilus* stood in with the *Intrepid*, all sailing with a light but fair easterly wind.

The last man to leave the *Intrepid* was Lieut. Washington Reed. It was near nine o'clock when he did. At that hour "all was propitious. The most perfect order reigned in the ketch. The good-byes between the officers were serious and affectionate; Somers was calm but cheerful, while the common men seemed in high spirits."

The *Vixen* and the *Argus* stopped a little distance from the rocks, to attack the enemy's galleys or gunboats should they attempt to follow Lieut. Somers out upon his retreat. The *Nautilus* lessened her sail and advanced with the *Intrepid* as close in as was thought safe, with the special duty of bringing off the two boats in the retreat.

Midshipman Ridgely, of the *Nautilus*, directed by Lieut. Reed, fastened his eye through a night-glass upon the *Intrepid*. This young officer was, probably, the last person in the American fleet who saw the *Intrepid*. To the last, it is thought, the ketch was advancing, though distance and darkness render the fact uncertain.

Ordered by Com. Preble, the *Siren* had followed the other vessels

in toward the harbor, keeping, however, more in the offing than they. In almost breathless silence, every eye was fixed upon the western entrance and the inner harbor. A brief time passed, when the slowly booming cannon of the enemy's nearest batteries told them that the *Intrepid* had been discovered. It was now near ten o'clock. Capt. Stewart and Lieut. Carrol were in the *Siren's* gangway, with their eyes riveted upon the point where the *Intrepid* was known to be, when the Lieutenant exclaimed, "Look, see the light!" At that moment a light, moving and waving, as though a lantern were carried hurriedly along the deck of a vessel, was observed; then it sunk from sight. A half-minute may have passed, when suddenly the harbor shone with meridian brilliancy; the firmament flamed with a fiery glow that paled the overhanging stars; earth, sea, and heaven were shaken in an awful convulsion; a burning mast, with its sails, and a broken hull shot upward in the air; a city rocked, turrets trembled; whilst bursting shells mingled their shrieks with the cries of the terrified Tripolitans. Darkness and silence, as profound as the tomb itself, succeeded.

The fact that the *Intrepid* had exploded before she reached her destination, and before the splinter-room had been lighted, gave just grounds to apprehend the worst; but it was hard to believe that they with whom they had only a brief while before parted from in full life and spirits, had so suddenly come to so fearful a death.

The explosion and its horrid accompaniments lasted less than a minute. Every eye was now engaged to perceive an expected signal, but in vain. The *Nautilus* displayed her lights to guide the retreating boats to her side, and throughout the dreary hours of that mournful night every ear and every eye was painfully strained to catch some sound or sight of the returning adventurers. Officers and crew bent over the hammock-cloths, anxiously looking toward the scene of explosion, whilst others suspended themselves from the sides of the ship, with lanterns levelled to the surface of the water, in the hope that the glancing beams would the quicker discover the objects of their earnest search. In the silence and darkness of that dismal night the eager watchers were easily deceived, and often imagined that they beheld the forms of approaching boats and glancing oars, or heard the distant jar of the thumping oar in the creaking row-lock. The deepest sound that broke the silence of the gloomy hours or pierced its dismal darkness, was the *Constitution's* booming gun that, measuredly fired, moaned the requiem of the heroic braves who were never to return to their comrades again, or the fiery flash of the shooting rocket that fitly emblematised the fate of the unfortunate *Intrepid*.

Morning dawned, and hope became despair. The *Argus*, *Vixen*, and *Nautilus* had hovered around the entrance of the harbor until sunrise, when they had a fair view of the fort. Not a vestige of the ketch or boats was to be seen; but Com. Preble in his official letter states that one of the enemy's largest boats was missing, and three others were observed very much shattered and damaged, which the Tripolitans were hauling on shore; whilst Capt. Bainbridge, then a prisoner in the Bashaw's castle in Tripoli, says in his journal in speaking of this enterprise, "which unfortunate scheme did no damage whatever to the Tripolitans; nor did it even appear to leave them in confusion."

The Bashaw of Tripoli, desirous of finding out how many Americans had been killed in the explosion, offered a dollar for every body that was discovered. By the 6th, two days after the disaster, all the bodies were brought in. In the bottom of the *Intrepid*, which had drifted among the rocks, were found two bodies; in the *Constitution's* boat, which had drifted ashore, one body was discovered; on the southern shore six corpses had drifted, and the remaining four were found afloat in the harbor.

The two bodies found in the bottom of the ketch, and the four discovered floating in the harbor, were seen by Capt. Bainbridge. He says they were so much disfigured it was impossible to recognise any feature known to us, or even to distinguish an officer from a seaman.

Mr. Cowdery, a surgeon's mate of the late frigate *Philadelphia*, who on account of his useful professional services was allowed many privileges in the city, observed more than Capt. Bainbridge. He saw all thirteen of the bodies. He was enabled to select, by the fragments of clothes found upon them and by their delicate hands, the three officers; and he was most probably right, since the Americans in Tripoli did not know how many officers were in the *Intrepid*.

The ten seamen were buried on the shore out of the city, near the walls. The three officers were entombed in one grave, on a plain a short distance to the south and east of the Bashaw's castle. Small stones were placed at the four corners of the last grave to designate its place; but these were soon after removed by the Turks, who would not permit what they deemed a Christian monument "disfigure their land." Several of the American officers imprisoned in Tripoli were allowed the consolation of paying the last sad offices to the heroic dead.

A monument to their memory, erected by their brother officers, stands in the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.

To conjecture alone the historian is left, regarding the cause of explosion of the *Intrepid*. A number of theories have been advanced: one that a cannon-ball may have passed through her and struck fire upon a bolt, spike, or even a nail; another, that it was caused by a hot shot; still another, by an accident on the *Intrepid* itself; also, that she grounded and was blown up to escape capture; lastly, it is stated the *Intrepid* was surrounded by two Tripolitan corsairs of a hundred men each, and to prevent being taken, the powder in her was ignited.

This last, saving the presence of the two gunboats, for which we have no official authority, but which may be readily believed, since three gunboats were seen at the western entrance of the harbor before the *Intrepid* went in, and the Tripolitans' early discovery of the ketch, is the most reasonable hypothesis. It is known Somers and all his men did not intend to be taken. Discovered, surrounded, outnumbered, what would Somers do? Just what he said he would. The circumstances bear out the supposition. The hurrying, moving, waving light along the deck of a vessel where it was known the *Intrepid* was, then sinking below, suggests the idea of a swift messenger to the splinter-room; darkness for a half-minute after the disappearance below of the light — time enough to execute the order — then the awful explosion.

The aroused suspicions of the Tripolitans and the early discovery

of the ketch's approach, fasten upon this enterprise the thought that probably due secrecy and precaution were not observed in the expedition.

Richard Somers was but twenty-five years of age when, however much we may question the morality of an expedition that has in it a provisional suicide, he so heroically gave up his life in the service of his country. He was possessed of a respectable property, and one that increased in value, all of which he willed to an only sister.

Somers was mild, affectionate and exceedingly chivalrous. So tenacious was he of this last point, in support of his ideas of chivalry he fought three duels in one day, almost all in succession; having been wounded in the two previous ones, he fought the last seated on the ground, held up by his friend Stephen Decatur.

The character of Lieutenant Somers gave promise of a brilliant future. Congress passed a resolution of condolence with the friends of the officers who died in the *Intrepid*. Several small vessels were named after its commander, and Com. Perry named a schooner in honor of him, which was on the lake on the 10th of September when he defeated the British squadron. A beautiful brig was also called after Somers. Around the name of Somers, which became talismanic in the American navy, there clings, and perhaps will ever cling, a solemn and interesting mystery.

E. S. RILEY, JR.

UNCLE JOHNNY.

UNCLE JOHNNY was one of the early characters of California. He was not fitted to adorn the *salons* of a highly cultured civilisation. He was "somewhat rough in his language," as a bystander mildly put it once — when excited, and his look and manners were not of a kind to place him very high in the public estimation as a man of refinement. By those who saw him only in his daily costume — his leather breeches, his flannel shirt, with bowie-knife stuck in his immense boots, two revolvers strapped to his person — and heard him swear, he would have seemed a veritable type of the border ruffian. He was a little more than six feet in height — iron-gray hair — straight as an arrow — had a kindly smile when not angry — always for a woman or a child — and was ready to undergo any amount of fatigue or fighting for a friend. He was not a communicative man; and for many years after we first met I knew but little of his history. It had been an eventful one. Born in Maine, he had spent his early days

there. His early education had been gained in the immense forests that then abounded in those regions. Books he had never seen until after the age of twenty. At that age his world had grown too narrow for him ; and with twelve dollars in his pocket and a bundle of clothes, he had gone out into the world, "lord of himself." It was 1818 when he started from the home of his youth, and when in 1851 we met, he had been on the very outskirts of civilisation for thirty-three years. Any one who knows aught of the early history of our western world, knows what that means—a life of hardship, exposure, and adventure that is hardly known even in our wildest regions now. The wave had borne him onward and onward in its very front ; and if there was anything he hated, it was, to use his own words, to live "whar they wear store-clothes and biled shirts"—meaning by the former anything but a hunting-shirt and breeches, and by the latter a white shirt of any description whatever. His rifle was his constant companion—his friend ; he cherished it and an old Queen Anne piece with an affection that was wonderful. He was an enthusiastic hunter. His contests with the wild animals of our continent, and his conflicts with the Indians, when narrated by him, excited my youthful and restless disposition, and it became almost a mania with me to accompany him on some hunting excursion. The old man always dissuaded me. His life had been a severe one—I had all the future before me, and he said, "Doc., you think it mighty purty now, but it's no playing like a quail-hunt. I want to chuck myself down somewhar and be easy." His idea of settling himself down was to go into a camp of rough miners and hunters, "whar thar are wimmen-kind and little uns." Even then it must be within a few hours of hunting grounds. There was a very tender spot in his heart for children. A bright-eyed but tattered and dirty little fellow, the son of his host, had a stronger hold of him than any one else, and the boys of the camp looked on the gigantic old man, with his tales of adventure and his kindly words though rough, with almost idolatry.

One morning bright and early, long before our usual time of rising, there came a loud knock at the door of my office. In those days we built our houses in the California mines of skakes, a rude kind of shingle, and not a very efficient protection against the wind and rain. On opening the door, there stood Uncle Johnny. "I'm off," said he, pointing to a couple of horses standing near, and well packed with flour, hams, beans, coffee, sugar, salt, pepper, and cooking utensils, namely a coffee-pot and frying pan, the whole surmounted with blankets. His rifle was on his shoulder, and his Queen Anne hung loosely to the pack-saddle of one of the horses. The old man was determined to throw the refusal to go on myself. He knew a hunter's life was not one adapted to improve the future chances of one's advancement. He had a very exalted opinion of my skill as a physician, derived from a fancied success of mine in relieving a very severe attack of croup in one of his favorites, and he felt I might become infatuated with the wild life of a hunter, and destroy my future prospects ; so he wished to go in such a way that it would be easier for us both to part without talking it over ; for strange to say, a very great friendship had sprung up between us. "I am going with you," I replied ; and

without more words, went to my bed, turned down the clothes, and commenced to bundle up my blankets. Uncle Johnny said never a word until, seeing from my movements I was determined to go, his eyes fairly gleamed with joy. When I started for the stable to get my horse, he merely said, "Wal, if you *will* go, I'll wait till to-morrer," and proceeding to unpack his own animals, put his camping materials in my office. My arrangements did not take long. Under Uncle Johnny's directions, clothes suitable for a long hunt, material, or "traps," as he designated them, were purchased, and at the first dawn of the next day we started on a hunt which proved to be of thirteen months' duration, during the most of the time of which we were alone, never within the settlements of even a semi-civilisation.

The morning was in the spring of 1850. The rains had just about ceased, and we knew for eight or nine months there would be no more rain. There was an exhilaration in the air and in the sense of freedom from all restraints that memory brings back as yesterday. The hillsides were green with an advanced vegetation; the plateaus carpeted with millions of most brilliant wild flowers; the gulches we passed were filled with busy miners at work with their rockers and Long Toms (a name given to short sluices), for the more advanced stages of the art of mining were then unthought of. The point of departure was from Kelsey's in El Dorado County, and following the trail that leads to the South Fork of the American river, we descended the steep mountains, soon reached the opposite shore, and were on our way to Placerville, then called Hangtown, from its many executions, both with and without law, which had taken place in its neighborhood in the days when every community did that which was right in its own eyes. But the object of my sketch is not to portray the incidents of a hunter's life. In the early days of the Golden State game was very abundant, the country very wild; Indians with no friendly feeling swarmed in every direction, and there was hardly a day that was not attended with some wild, often thrilling adventure. My object is simply to illustrate a character often found among wild bordermen, reared amid the depressing influences of poverty and comparative ignorance, spending a life of hardship and adventure, learning only from experience those truths and virtues which adorn the noblest lives, yet possessing them to a rich degree, mingled with vices which have given bordermen an obnoxious name, and made them types in the minds of many of all that is vicious and evil. Uncle Johnny's character was one not uncommon among the roughest men in our borders. The West has known such men for many years; they have come from all parts of our own country, aye, of the world. They sink their peculiarities, however, very rapidly, and when once known, are easily recognised. He was no angel. Quick to resent an insult or an injury, his "weepins," as his pistol and knife were called, were always ready for use. He loved a game of poker, and was not indifferent to "the ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." He would win the last dollar a poor fellow would put on a card, but he would give his own last cent to relieve any man's wants. Simple-minded in many things as a child, all scientific truth that did not square with the "evidence of the senses" was to him a subject of ridicule. That the

earth was round, that it turned on its axis, were demonstrably untrue; for "Why," he said, "didn't we drop off and go somewhere else at night?" He thought any man who could believe the stars were suns, or the sun a star to other worlds, was a credulous fool. In fact, his connection with civilisation had not impressed him with the truthfulness and sincerity of those who had enjoyed its advantages. He had seen enough to know that moral courage was not one of the most prominent virtues of a cultured life. He scorned a lie as he did a "varmint"; yet he had learned that men of great pretensions to advantages he had never possessed were not so scrupulous. During my whole acquaintance with him I never saw anything that savored of radical impurity in his nature. When he was excited he would swear with an energy that would fairly frighten me. I once expostulated with him about it, saying, "if there was a God. it was wicked; and if not, very foolish," and I never heard more than a forcible expletive from his lips afterwards. He knew very little indeed about Christian truth; less than I imagined possible, before I had mingled more with bordermen, in this land of Bibles and Christian teaching and preaching. He rather thought some of its professors were half-lunatics; and it was years before he was able, if he ever was able, to get over the fact that men who professed to be governed by the teachings of the Bible (we had a Bible a former Sunday School teacher had given me, which he loved to have me read to him, for *he had never heard it before*) would still lie and cheat and do "mean things." He had not found all truth or honesty or unworldly sincerity cardinal virtues with those whom he met. With him, as with thousands, Christianity was wounded in the house of its friends; yet there was a deep reverence for the Creator as seen in his works that was at times sublime. Brave and generous to a fault, he would as soon have cut off his right arm as have wronged a fellow-man. These traits I learned by degrees, and though at first it was his roving wild life, the dangers he had passed, the life of incident he had led, that attracted me, yet I ended with loving him as a noble specimen of manhood.

After leaving Hangtown we pursued our journey northeastward, over the route which afterward became the great thoroughfare between California and Nevada. One day, having reached the pass near the summit — afterward the scene of the achievement of one of the most wonderful efforts of uneducated engineering skill: the old Kingsbury grade — we ascended a peak, which I learned was one of the old hunter's favorite resting-places, selected probably from the extensive range of observation for hunting purposes. We both stood entranced at the prospect. There were peaks above us, near and at a distance, crowned with snow, and surrounded by that peculiar halo which in the morning and evening always fringes a snow-covered peak, and waved backward and forward flashing a thousand changes of color in its frequent vibrations. Far off in the distance, with outlines sharply defined against the afternoon sky, were range after range of mountains — the bright green of isolated spots contrasting with the bare rock or dark green of the mountain sides. Below, dark and deep gorges clad with the sombre-looking redwoods. Here and there starting out from the long vistas, valleys of lovely green; and then,

one, two, three — aye, in fifteen different spots, differing in size and color, lake after lake appeared glistening like precious stones in this beautiful setting, gleaming in the light of the westering sun in purple, crimson, white, and emerald beauty, with indescribable radiance. The old man looked silently upon a scene which had often met his vision, and reverently taking off his hat, exclaimed: "Wal, Doc, I never git here without feelin' thar is a God — I don't keer what they say." The grand scene impressed him with a grand truth.

In all the arts of the hunter he was certainly an adept — never at a loss, and never lost. The ease with which, lying flat on his stomach, he would work himself over a bare place in a valley toward a tree or bush or stump, in order to get near his game, was marvelous. His sight for a trail was as keen as an Indian's, and his knowledge of the haunts and habits of game showed the length of time he had spent in his vocation had not been lost. Many hours he spent in teaching me how to use a rifle. At the beginning of this hunt I was exceedingly anxious to kill a deer; so loading his Queen Anne with buck-shot — for a rifle was useless in my hands then — he directed me one day, as the evening was drawing rapidly on, to walk up a dry stream to a certain point where he thought a deer might be found. Following his directions, just as an angle was turned in the bed of the stream, there stood, not forty paces away, a magnificent buck, his broad antlers spread to the sky, his proud head erect, and every limb braced and poised as if at the point of running. I had expected an attack of "buck ague" at my first shot at such game, but it did not come until long after that. Now my nerves were firm, and I was as cool as while I write of it. Just as the buck was seen, the crack of Uncle Johnny's rifle was heard near me, and my buck giving a sudden whirl exposed his breast to me prepared to run. In an instant the gun was at my shoulder — old Queen Anne blazed away, and with a bound high in the air the animal fell. With a shout of triumph — now all excitement, and fairly trembling at the result of the shot — I rushed towards him; but when I was within ten paces, the wounded and infuriated beast sprang to his feet, and lowered his antlers for an attack. My blood curdled as memories of the cautions Uncle Johnny had given, and tales he had told of fearful struggles with wounded deer, wherein strong men had met with a fearful death, came to my mind. There was something more than mere warnings needed to teach me discretion in this as in many other things; and there I stood in the face of what seemed certain death, heard the pant of the enraged beast, saw the red glare of his angry eyes and the toss of his antlered head. For an instant my heart sickened. A thousand memories seemed centred in that moment. Home, friends, wrongs I had done, all rose with vivid distinctness before me. I could not have believed so much of life and thought could have been compressed into a moment. Far less time did it take than to write a few words of this sketch. Gathering up my courage, with my gun clubbed, I prepared to meet the attack. Just as the deer rose to spring, there was a rush between it and myself, a dark body interposed, a knife gleamed before my eyes, and there the noble old hunter stood, pale as death, with dilated nostrils and quivering

lips. The buck sprang—it was only upward—there were not strength and vitality enough left to carry him forward, and with a snort of rage and defiance he fell dead. I expected Uncle Johnny to get on the rampage at such heedlessness; but the only remark he made, as he stepped forward and cut the animal's throat, was: "My bye, I thought you was a goner." At another time on the same hunt I have known him to travel miles out of his way to return some money paid him erroneously by a trader. Thus was presented often some such trait in this child of the forest and struggle. Brave, truthful, sincere, honest, self-sacrificing, and reverent: what more is required to make up the noblest specimen of manhood? Yet out of the woods he was almost an outlaw in the estimation of those who know him by the tales of bordermen we hear.

One incident of our hunt illustrates one of the causes which produce this impression. It also gives us an idea of the feeling which has produced so much hostility between the white man and the Indian, and which must be recognised in any attempt of our Government to cope with its Indian difficulties. In our travels after leaving the Sierras, our steps had been directed first southwestwardly, and then to the northwest again. We crossed over the valleys of the San Joaquin and Sacramento Rivers, then vast unoccupied plains, abounding with elk, deer, and antelopes, and swarming with geese and ducks and all manner of small game; now, occupied by the farmer and stock-raiser, cultivated, the home of plenty, from which the game has been entirely driven. Thence we passed up the Russian River Valley, one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys of that famed State, with a climate unexcelled and a productiveness unequalled. Then into the coast range, filled with bear and Indians, with the latter of whom we often had what the old man called "scrimmages." Of all the Indians of California the Klamath Indians are the noblest-looking, the finest formed and the best fighters. They numbered then nearly a thousand warriors, grand fellows, always on the war-path. In the year 1871, only twenty-one years after, I travelled over the same country with a friend, and the Klamath Indians had nearly disappeared. Their men were all old and infirm; their women simply hideous. They went about in bands of fifteen or twenty. There were no children with whom the glory of the tribe was to be in the future. Victims of the whites' cupidity and lust, they are being swept away.

One day after we had reached their territory we were lying under a tree, when suddenly the old man sprang to his feet, levelled his rifle, and was just in the act of firing, when I threw out the old Queen Anne, throwing his rifle up, and its contents were discharged in the air. "What on airth did you do that for?" thundered out Uncle Johnny in an exasperated tone of voice.

"Why, would you kill a helpless woman and child?" was my reply, in an equally indignant tone of voice, for I was horror-struck as I saw that unerring rifle aimed at an Indian squaw and her infant.

"Why, them was Injins!" said he, in a tone of amazement.

"But you don't war with and kill women and children, do you, if they are Indians?"

"Women and children! Call them varmints women and children!" and he seemed really amazed.

"Yes! women and children; human beings just like you and myself, only with a darker skin, and more ignorant, trained to defend themselves when attacked."

"Why, Doc., them's worse than bars or wolves! When you find a nest of young bars or wolves, don't you kill the she-uns and every mother's cub? 'Cause you know they will grow up varmints, and have other varmints."

"But they are not varmints, nor wolves, nor bears. They have the same sense of right and justice as ourselves. They have the same resentments. If they are wronged they will retaliate. You would yourself; and why should we treat them worse than we would other human beings?"

"Wal, Doc., aint it the natur of a bar or a wolf to fight when it's attacked? It only has a hairy skin; and because it's his natur to fight, do you spar it? No; why these Ingins do more harm in one year than all the bars and wild beasts in a thousand. Ennyhow, you know what would become of us if they catched us."

"That is true, Uncle Johnny; but we have come upon their territory. We have taken their homes. You know what enormities have been committed upon them; how every feeling has been violated; how they have been dishonored, cheated, ill-used, and then murdered for retaliating."

"All true, Doc., but they have got up their fight. *They kill us every time they can.* They are full of revenge; and we must sweep them away to have peace at all now."

"So, you think because we have injured them, and they have retaliated and are embittered still, we must punish them for the bitterness we have ourselves created?"

"Wal, Doc., mebby you're right; but still what are we to do if the Ingins come now? What will you do?"

"Just what I have done since I have been with you—fight in self-defence; but, with God's help, will never wantonly injure them."

"Wal, Doc., I hev allers thought it my dooty to my fellars and the children that are to come after me to do all I can to stop all such carryins on."

Whatever may be the logical strength of Uncle Johnny's doctrine, it is the established reasoning of most bordermen. There seems to be an undying antipathy between the two races which cannot be easily overcome. Bad white men are the cause of all the difficulties. The Indians, as a general rule, are not hostile at first. In my own experience I am forced to believe the Indians are seldom, if ever, the aggressors. It needs some overt act on the part of the whites to call out their antagonism, and they are capable of and often do exhibit acts of the highest moral heroism. Gratitude on the part of one of them saved my own life once, at a time when a deadly war was raging between the Humboldt Indians and the whites; and my own experiences have often been corroborated by others. Our Indian policy has been a curse to the red man, and to the whites too. Not so much as a policy as that the men who act as agents, and others, in

dealing with the Indians have shamefully violated their engagements, have falsified instruments of agreement between them, by inserting clauses that the Indians never intended should be there, and then calling on Government to interfere against the treaty-breaking Indians. We need a policy which shall protect the Indians as well as the white man, by taking them as minors under its guardianship, not allowing any contract to be valid except it be under the supervision of Government, and punishing severely any act of wrong and injustice done to the Indians on their own testimony. The general character of the Indians will compare favorably for veracity with those who bring charges against them.

Our hunt ended after thirteen months' duration. The life of a hunter is one of peril and exposure; but to one who has a leaning towards a vagabond life, it is delightful. Most men have a taste for the nomadic life in their nature; some very largely. Many a hunt, many a trout-fishing, many days in the woods and on the plains have I spent during the last twenty-one years with Uncle Johnny; and though our lives have been as a general thing very far apart, yet the friendly feeling that first hunt engendered has never worn away. Twenty-one years! I am getting along myself. Uncle Johnny is seventy-four, as erect as ever, as gray as a badger. We have met almost yearly; met as the ships meet on the great waste of waters, exchanged greetings, renewed memories, bade each other God-speed, and then drifted away, each on his own errands of life and duty. Last fall duty called me to my old home in Baltimore. He heard it from my lips, and suddenly remembered he once had a home in the forests of Maine — fifty-four years since he saw it, since he had seen the familiar faces of his childhood days. His prudence had saved something in his later years — not much; but he thought he could spend it and the remainder of his days near his early home.

We came over the continent together. He felt the changes the iron horse had wrought on the plains almost as keenly as an Indian, and often felt like returning to his home in the Sierras. We arrived at New York on Friday. Walking up Broadway from the Battery the next day, we passed Old Trinity Church, and determined our Sunday should be passed there. When the services commenced, as the sweet pure voices of the boy-choir were heard, subdued at first, Uncle Johnny's tall form was stretched to its utmost capacity as he strove to discover whence the sound proceeded. As the white-robed procession marched in, and their voices swelled out in louder strains in the beautiful processional hymn, he seemed deeply moved. His side-face was wet with falling tears. Soon his handkerchief was in requisition, and an unwonted sound broke on the ears of the worshippers there. The old man sat down; placing his head on the pew before him, his whole frame seemed convulsed with sobs. Those around noticed, but with respect, his deep emotion. The preacher's subject was the Fatherhood of God. The old man listened with rapt attention, but his whole heart seemed full when the boys sang. We walked from the church in silence for some distance. The old man took me by the coat. His voice was tremulous with emotion. "Doc, don't you think we will sing like that when we git up thar?" pointing upward.

"I hope so, Uncle Johnny." Another silence. We were to dine together and separate—he for Maine, I for Baltimore. His last words as we parted were, "Doc, I hain't killed nary Injin sense that big hunt except when I had to in a squar fight, nor nary Injin wimmen and children—human beins at all; nor I ain't swore sense you told me the old man up thar didn't like it. I'm glad I cum arter all. I'm glad I hearn them children sing. I'm glad I hearn that preacher chap say God is our Father. I'm glad I'm going to see the folks. I'm glad you wurn't an old hunter. God bless yu, old Doc."

"God bless you too, Uncle Johnny," and we shook hands and parted.

B. R.

BALDE'S DIRGE ON THE DEATH OF THE EMPRESS
LEOPOLDINA.

(CHOREA MORTUALIS SIVE LESSUS.)

JACOB BALDE was born in Alsace in 1603, entered the order of the Jesuits in 1624, and died in 1668. His Latin poetry is very highly thought of in Germany, and has been enthusiastically praised by such critics as Herder and A. W. Schlegel. The dirge which follows was written to celebrate the death of the Empress Leopoldina, wife of Ferdinand the Third, who died in child-birth at Vienna, after one year's marriage, Aug. 7th, 1649. "The great commonplaces of death," says Archbishop Trench, "which if always old are yet always new, have seldom clothed themselves in grander form, or found a more solemn utterance, than they do in this sublime poem."

I cannot hope that I have more than very imperfectly succeeded in reproducing this magnificent lyric in the English verses which I offer below. The poem is the most difficult one to translate that I have ever met with. But its charm was too tempting to be resisted; and if my version shall give to English readers some conception, however inadequate, of its remarkable beauty, my end will be fully attained.

The allusion in the twenty-second verse is to the recent Swedish invasion of Germany. "Only four years before, the smoke of the Swedish watch-fires had been visible from the ramparts of Vienna."

G. H. S.

EHEU, quid homines sumus?
Vanescimus sicuti fumus;
Vana, vana terrigenum sors,
Cuncta dissipat improba mors.

Alas, what are we! what are men!
We flee as a vapor! Ah then,
Vain, vain is the Earth-children's fate,
Evil death snatches all soon or late.

Extincta est Leopoldina,
Frustra clamata Lucina;
Lacrymosa puerperae mors,
Miseranda mulierum sors!

Departed is Leopoldina,
Frustrate all the toil of Lucina.
Ah sad death of travail in vain!
Ah sad doom of motherhood's pain!

Cum falcibus ageret aestas,
Est et haec succisa majestas;
Ah, aristae purpureae sors!
Sicne dira te messuit mors?

Scythes came ere the summer was done,
Reaping in this majestical one.
Ah fate of the purple-fringed corn
Into death's dire harvest outborne!

Quo more vulgaris urtica,
Jacet haec quoque regia spica ;
Suo condidit horreo mors,
Brevi posuit angulo sors.

Ut bulla defluxit aquosa,
Subsedit, ut vespere rosa ;
Brevis omnis est flosculi sors,
Rapit ungue celerrima mors.

Quam manibus osseis tangit,
Crystallinam phialam frangit ;
O inepta et rustica mors !
O caduca juvenulae sors !

Ubi nunc decor ille genarum ?
Ubi formæ miraculum rarum ?
Bina lumina subruit mors,
Coeca tenebras intulit sors.

Ubi corporis bella figura !
Ubi lactis ostrique mixtura !
Lac effudit in cespitem sors,
Texit ostrum sandapila mors.

Ubi rubra coralla sunt oris !
Ubi retia, crines amoris !
Parcae rapuit forcem sors,
Scidit ista caesariem mors.

Ubi cervix et manus eburna !
Heu funebri jacent in urna !
Atra nives imminuit sors,
Colla pressit tam candida mors.

Quæ pulcrior fuit Aurorâ,
Hanc, Caesaris aula, deplora ;
Vana species, lubrica sors,
Tetra facies, pallida mors.

Quæ vides has cunque choreas,
Augebis et ipsa mox eas ;
Subitam movet aleam sors,
Certa rotat hastilia mors.

Huc prompta volensque ducetur,
Capillis invita trahetur ;
Ducet inevitabilis sors,
Trahet inexorabilis mors.

Quod es fuimus : sumus, quod eris ;
Praecessimus, tuque sequeris ;
Volat antè levissima sors,
Premit arcu vestigia mors.

As the nettle which no men regard
Even so falls the royal spikenard ;
Death gathers them into his garner,
Fate lays them in one narrow corner.

As a bubble that vanishes quite
She has gone,—as a rose in the night ;
Brief, brief is the lot of the flower,
Too quickly doth swift death devour.

When in hands hard and bony he taketh
The crystalline phial, it breaketh ;
O stolid discourteous death !
O Youth with thy too fleeting breath !

Where now is her cheeks' color warm ?
Where the miracle rare of her form ?
Death quenches her eyes' gentle light,
Blind fate plunges all into night.

Where too is her body's fair grace !
Where milk did with purple embrace !
Fate has emptied the milk on the ground,
And the purple Death's pall wraps
around.

Her coralline lips where are they ?
And her hair in Love's net put away ?
With the scissors of Destiny, death
Has clipped her fair locks at a breath.

Her neck like pure ivory turned,
And her hands in the grave lie inurned !
For black fate the snow melts away,
And death clasps that white neck for aye.

More beautiful far than Aurora,
O great House of Cæsar ! deplore her ;
Ah slippery fate, fleeting grace,
Ah pale death's too terrible face !

O thou who these griefs dost survey,
Thine own tears shall swell them some day.
Ah, a swift sudden die doth fate cast,
With a sure dart death strikes at the last.

Here come all, some as to a glad trysting,
Some dragged by the hair still resisting ;
For fate inescapable draws,
And death opes insatiable jaws.

We are what thou wast and shalt be,
But a little do we precede thee ;
The gentlest life first flies away,
With bent bow death tracks us for aye.

Nihil interest pauper an dives,
Non amplius utique vives ;
Simul impulit clepsydræ sors,
Vitæ stamina lacerat mors.

Habere nil juvat argentum,
Nil regna præterendere centum ;
Sceptra sarculis abigit sors,
Ridet albis hæc dentibus mors.

Nihil interest turpis an pulcra,
Exspectant utramque sepulcra ;
Legit lappas et lilia sors,
Violasque cum carduis mors.

Nec interest vilis an culta,
Trilustris an major adultâ ;
Vere namque novissimo sors,
Populatur et hyemæ mors.

Linquenda est aula cum casâ,
Colligite singuli vasa ;
Jubet ire promiscua sors,
Ire cogit indomita mors.

Ex mille remanet non unus,
Mox omnes habebitis funus ;
Ite, ite, quo convocat sors,
Imus, imus, hoc imperat mors.

Ergo vale, O Leopoldina,
Nunc umbra, sed olim regina ;
Vale, tibi nil nocuit sors,
Vale, vale, nam profuit mors.

Bella super et Suecica castra,
Nubesque levaris, et astra ;
Penetrare quo nequeat sors,
Multo minus attonita mors.

Inde mundi despiciens molem,
Lunam pede calcas et solem ;
Dulce sonat ex æthere vox,
Hyemis transiit, occidit nox.

Surge, veni ; quid, sponsa moraris,
Veni, digna coelestibus aris ;
Imber abiit, moestaque crux,
Lucet, io, perpetua Lux.

Naught avails to be wealthy or poor,
For neither shall life last the more ;
Still fate doth the water-clock guide,
Still death's fangs are fixed in life's side.

Not with silver shall freedom be bought,
A hundred proud thrones avail nought ;
Fate's spade human sceptres lays low,
With white teeth death scoffs as they go.

Not beauty nor plainness can save,
For both waits the same narrow grave ;
Both the burr and the lily must die,
With the thorn shall the violet lie.

Neither culture nor roughness avails,
Youth and age both at once he assails ;
When spring blushes first then comes
fate,
And death ere the winter is late.

Forth from hall and from hut must we fare,
Make ready your travelling gear ;
Fate sounds one promiscuous knell,
Imperious death doth compel.

From a thousand remaineth not one,
Soon for all is the last office done ;
Pass, pass whither fate beckons all !
We go, ah, we go, at death's call.

Farewell then, O Leopoldina,
Now a shade, whom we once called Regina.
Farewell ! fate hath wrought no annoy,
Farewell ! death to thee was but joy.

Far above the camp-fires of Sweden,
Thou hast flown, past the stars, into Eden !
Where fate never, never can come,
Far less death, with fear stricken dumb.

Thence beholding the earth underspread,
On the moon and the sun thou shalt tread ;
The sweet voice sounds on evermore,
The long night of winter is o'er.

Arise, come O Spouse ! wherefore falter's
Thy heart, fit for heavenly altars ?
The tear and the sad cross are past,
Eternity's Light breaks at last !

A FACT OF HISTORY.

I HAVE read with profound interest the able papers on the Relations of the Federal Government to the States which appeared in THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE for September and November—the first over the signature of “Justinian,” and the second bearing the name of B. J. Sage, of New Orleans. Both of these writers have unquestionably been careful students of the Constitution and its history; and each brings to the subject a power of analysis and clearness of comprehension most gratifying to those who, like myself, have bestowed upon it no inconsiderable thought and attention. Neither time nor present inclination would permit me to enter as deeply into the discussion of these great historical and political questions as their merits deserve; and were it otherwise, I should approach them with great deference in the presence of such abler expounders. There is one point, however, wherein they are at direct issue, on which I can throw some most convincing light; and to this only at the present moment I purpose to address myself.

At page 595 of the November SOUTHERN MAGAZINE, Mr. Sage says, under the caption of “Conditional Acceptance”:

“‘Justinian’ is not less unfortunate in saying that New York, Virginia, and Rhode Island expressly annexed to their ratifications the condition that they ‘reserved to themselves the right to reassume the powers delegated whenever they should be perverted to the injury of the people’; and in saying that, as this condition is ‘a part of the contract itself,’ the right of secession is an essential component part of the Constitution.

“I think this involves both a misquotation and a misstatement. With due deference to ‘Justinian,’ I think it can be successfully controverted that the three States used these words, or that they ‘expressly annexed’ them as a condition. At all events, I beg leave to opine that the ratifications were *unconditional and absolute, and were at the time understood so to be.*”

There has been much controversy upon this point, very much advanced on each side by different writers in support of the different theories; but I have been unable to find, with one exception, any convincing historical record. No impartial student will deny that by far the ablest and most exhaustive treatise on the subject is “The History of the Origin, Formation, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States,” by George Ticknor Curtis, of Massachusetts. Twenty years ago the author of this splendid work—born and living in a State proverbial for its intolerance—wrote these memorable words as the closing paragraphs of its Preface:

“I have sought to write as an American. For it is, I trust, impossible to study the history of the Constitution, which has made us what we are, by making us one nation, without feeling, how unworthy of the subject, how unworthy of the dignity of History, would *be*

any attempt to claim more than their just share of merit and renown for names and places endeared to us by local feeling or traditionary attachment. Historical writing that is not just, that is not impartial, that is not fearless,—looking beyond the interests of neighborhood, the claims of party, or the solicitations of pride,—is worse than useless to mankind.”

This is the spirit which pervades the whole of Mr. Curtis' work, and as a natural consequence, the Constitutional student will find it not only strictly accurate in the main but intensely interesting. Singularly enough, however, he touches lightly upon the point at variance between 'Justinian' and Mr. Sage, and, although doubtless having access to the Acts of Ratification of the States referred to, omits, in one instance at least, in summarising their substance, the very words on which the whole question turns. The theory of the ratification of the Constitution by Virginia and New York was a *virtual* adoption, so as not to defeat the Union; with the recommendation of certain subsequent amendments, which by implication were to be considered the condition of their ratification: Madison and others holding to the opinion that a conditional ratification would not make the States so ratifying members of the new Union—that the Constitution required an adoption *in toto*, and that *any condition* would vitiate the ratification of any State. If this theory was a sound one, it is open to serious controversy whether one State at least—Virginia—ever was a member of the Union. Pending the action of the conventions of Virginia, New Hampshire and New York, Hamilton, the leader of the Federal party in the latter State, had arranged a system of horse expresses between Richmond, Concord and New York, believing that the decisions of the other States would influence the convention of his own. It was by one of his messengers that the ratification referred to in the following reached New York, whence it very probably was transmitted by sailing vessel to Boston.

I have now before me a copy of "The Boston Gazette and Country Journal" for July 14, 1788, from which, among its New York items of news, I extract the following:—

"NEW YORK, *July 2d*, 1788.—Ratification of the New Constitution by the Convention of Virginia, on Wednesday last, by a majority of 10—88 for it, 78 against it.

"We, the delegates of the people of Virginia, duly elected in pursuance of a recommendation of the General Assembly, and now met in Convention, having fully and fairly investigated and discussed the proceedings of the Federal Convention, and being prepared as well as the most mature deliberation will enable us to decide thereon, DO, in the name and on behalf of THE PEOPLE OF VIRGINIA, declare and make known, that the powers granted under the Constitution being derived from the *people* of the United States, *may be resumed by THEM whensoever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression*, and that every power not granted thereby, remains with them and at their will: That therefore no right of any denomination can be cancelled, abridged, restrained or modified by the Congress, by the Senate or House of Representatives acting in any capacity, by the President, or any department or officer of the United States, except in those in-

stances where power is given by the Constitution for those purposes : That among other essential rights, the liberty of conscience and of the press cannot be cancelled, abridged, restrained or modified by any authority of the United States.

"With these impressions, with a solemn appeal to the Searcher of hearts for the purity of our intentions, and under the conviction that whatsoever imperfections may exist in the Constitution ought rather to be examined in the mode prescribed therein, than to bring the Union into danger by a delay with a hope of obtaining amendments previous to the ratification : We the said delegates, in the name and in behalf of the people of Virginia, do by these presents assent to and ratify the Constitution recommended on the 17th day of September, 1788, by the Federal Convention, for the government of the United States ; hereby announcing to all those whom it may concern that the said Constitution is binding upon the said people according to an authentick copy hereto annexed in the words following :—

[Here followed a copy of the Constitution.]

"Done in Convention, etc., etc.

"EDMUND PENDLETON, *President*.

"*Attest* : JOHN BECKLEY, *Sec'y*."

This is unquestionably an exact transcript of the Act of Ratification by the State of Virginia. If the very first declaration in it does not *reserve* the right of secession, then I am at a loss to understand the English language. Stripped of its verbiage, the clause simply reads—

"We the delegates of Virginia do, in the name of the people of Virginia, declare that the powers of the Constitution (being derived from the people of the States united thereby) may be resumed by THEM (the people of Virginia) whenever the same shall be perverted to their injury and oppression."

The Federal party of 1788, the Consolidationists, barely succeeded in securing the ratification of the Constitution. The popular feeling was in the main opposed to it. The great State of New York preferred her own independence, and nothing but the transcendant genius and skilful tactics of the indefatigable Hamilton eventually carried her convention in favor of ratification by the miserable majority of two. Mr. Curtis deservedly awards the highest honor to Virginia, both in the framing of the Constitution and the subsequent Bill of Rights and amendments, as well as for her influence in securing the ultimate ratification and the consequent establishment of the Union. The following extract from the same venerable paper before referred to, gives a graphic description of the labors of the Virginia Convention and the feeling prevalent at the time :—

"Extract from the Richmond, Virginia, paper of June 25th, 1788, the day on which the Constitution was ratified in their convention :—

"The committee of the whole convention got through the new plan of government on Monday last, and the debates have been since on the mode on which they should conclude this important business.

"Two plans are now before the committee : one for ratifying the proposed plan of government, and annexing to the ratification certain reservations and declarations which ought not to be exercised by the

Federal Government ; the other in the form of a conditional ratification, which is, that previous to receiving the plan, amendments be recommended to the government for their further consideration. These are principally a bill of rights and certain amendments relative to the proposed plan. The calm, cool and deliberate manner in which this important subject has been investigated, will be a lasting monument of national gratitude to those venerable statesmen who have so eminently distinguished themselves in forming this new plan of government.

"Posterity will with gratitude view the services of this convention ; and with extacy and admiration they will contemplate in the records of time the magnanimity and disinterested patriotism which has been so eminently distinguished on this occasion.

"A crowded audience have viewed with an awful reverence the distinguished order which has been observed during the debate ; and whatever may be the ultimate decision of this grand assembly, we have no doubt but the minority will accede to it, with their usual love for their country, that harmony and good-will will pervade the State, and the virtues of the majority will be echoed with applause throughout succeeding generations."

I think from the Act of Ratification, the text of which I have been enabled to give in full, that the State of Virginia at least accepted the Constitution conditionally, reserving to herself the right of secession. In a legal point of view, had that question been left to proper arbitrament, and could she have been enabled to prove the acts of injury and oppression provided for by her Act of Ratification, she would unquestionably have obtained a verdict in her favor. She, however, in concert with all of our Southern States, chose to put the question to test by "wager of battle." We all know what has been the verdict ; and I put it as a corollary worthy of profound consideration, whether that test has not forever settled the question. I hold that the results of the war, the results of the last Presidential election, the prevailing majority of sentiment throughout the whole country, are all in favor of the perpetuity of the Union. This being conceded, the only profit to be derived from further discussion of the Constitution as affecting the rights of the States is in their relation to the General Government. and in the elucidation of those reserved rights which the people of the States seem so little to understand. I wish it to be acknowledged simply as a historical fact that one State at least reserved to herself the right of secession. With this one exception I hold that there is no right guaranteed by the Constitution, expressed or implied, or reserved to the States or to the people, but what by persistent effort, and calm, dispassionate discussion can be eventually obtained and permanently maintained within the Union.

APPLETON OAKSMITH.

HOMER.

WHAT would not any one of the great nations of the present day give if it could claim Homer as its native poet? What would France, or Germany, or Russia, which have no epic worthy of the name, not exchange for such a possession forever? And would Italy hesitate to give Dante, Tasso and Ariosto, all three, for Homer; Spain, Cervantes, Lope de Vega and Calderon; Portugal, Camöens, and whatever else she may possess? And England? Chaucer, Shakespeare and Milton would be hard to resign; but if the decision were left to her present Minister, backed by the majority of her educated men, we tremble to think that the author of *Juventus Mundi*, with the almost unanimous approval of his learned constituents, would be tempted to decide as Omar did in an analogous case. The mass of the people would not be likely to miss either of the three, even in the speeches of their orators in or out of Parliament, since these would never think of quoting one of their own poets lest they should stand convicted of the want of an academical education and a due familiarity with Virgil and Horace. The theatre would never notice the absence of the great dramatist as long as it had Tom Taylor and Reade's dramatised novels and Boucicault's translations from the French. The only danger would be a small riot among the editors, commentators and correctors of the myriad-minded, who would be thrown out of employment and reduced to great distress, and under the lead of some desperate International might be stirred up to such a pitch of ignorant rage and vandalism as to throw down prostrate and tear up the whole of *Juventus Mundi*, and set hostile fire to its pages:

“κατὰ πρῆνές Βαλέειν Ἡράκλειο μέλαθρον
αἰθαλόεν, πρῆσαι δὲ πυρὸς ὀπίσσω θύρετρα.”—[*Il.* II., 414-415.]

The Premier is, however, a statesman of infinite resource and great plausibility of speech, and would doubtless be fully capable of meeting such a crisis. He would invite the attention of the more quarrelsome and dogmatic to the Wolfian theory, and the boundless field of controversy which it opens without the least danger of ever being decided. The more earnest, plodding and obstinate, to whom an utter dearth of facts is the greatest stimulus to research and the liveliest encouragement to success in the discovery of truth, he would with his usual sophistry point to the discredit thrown upon the story of the destruction of the Alexandrian library by that eminently wise historian Gibbon (who by the way devoted the last years of his life to the study of Homeric questions), as a strong ground for presuming that it was never destroyed at all, and that the library and all its contents, including that precious copy of Homer made under the supervision of Aristarchus, with notes, comments and conjectures in his own hand in the margin, still exists, buried under the sands of twelve centuries thrown up by the Mediterranean; and that it is perhaps

reserved for them, the said commentators, etc., with the aid of a small government appropriation which he will procure for them, and transportation free to this rich field of exploration, to bring to light not only Homer in all his integrity, but the lost books of Livy, the plays of Menander, and the complete odes of Sappho. And so he would send them off to thaw their frozen brains under the genial sun of Africa, and with their departure all opposition would sink down and disappear; Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Milton, sacked and shotted and without a friend to mourn them, would be dropped into the sea of oblivion, and Homer's monument and bust, with a suitable inscription in Greek, would replace theirs in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. And would filial America protest against this action of the dear old mother-country? How could she, with wise Ulysses in name who is also Achilles in fame, on the throne? Would he not send a cable-despatch as copious and eloquent as any of his speeches, approving the swop, and never know but what it was a horse-trade?

But this is all idle speculation upon an impossible hypothesis, for Homer, whether one man or several, is all Greek as far as language is concerned; and this circumstance would make the English or any other claim even more doubtful than an American genealogy. Leaving the seven Greek cities of Asia Minor and the *Ægean Archipelago* then to contend for the honor of his birth, all that other nations can do is to edit and translate him. In the first of these tasks perhaps little remains to be done, and nothing need be said regarding it; the latter has never been satisfactorily accomplished, and a few suggestions may be therefore admissible. Of the two, translation so-called is by far the easiest, since to edit Homer even as well as Owens one must be able to construe the original, while to translate him it is not necessary to know the Greek alphabet; for if there is any obscurity in the literal prose version so accessible in these days, the poetical translator can write anything and call it a free translation. If any should presume to prefer the meaning of the original to his original fancies, it is easy enough to affect a gentlemanly superiority to such slavish drudges and narrow-minded word-catchers. Such poor grubs, he might argue, wedded to the dry literal meaning, could not be expected to appreciate or even understand a translation which aimed to catch and transfuse the spirit of the original and did not concern itself about mere barren words. Finally he might challenge his critics (this is a favorite resource of poets) to produce a translation without the fault of his which should not have a greater fault — default of readers. Let us suppose such a challenge thrown out, and that one of these grubs accepted it, and actually had the hardihood to undertake a translation upon his own principles, viz. of rendering the exact sense with some faint echo of the sound, or what he is pleased to call the music of the original, with the view of giving the merely English reader such, or something like such, an impression as that derived from the perusal of the poet in his own language: what measure or style of verse would he be likely to adopt to accomplish this effect? We may presume without hesitation, in the first place, that he would set aside rhymed iambics as wholly unsuited to any purpose of representing Homer, as being in fact the very anti-

podes of every form of ancient classic verse, and at war with every true effect of poetry in any language. How, he would ask, could the ever-changing flow and ever-varying effects of the hexameter find the slightest echo in the absolute monotony of iambic verse, with no other effect; or in which every other effect is swallowed up and drowned but a coincidence of sound at the end of each couplet, and that not rising above the rank of a pun, forever repeated and forever expected, till the ear tinkles with a din of empty echoes and the fancy is drugged into a hopeless stupor? With such a contempt for the childish trick of rhyme, it is not likely he would be captivated by the droning procession and turgid eloquence of the Spenserian stanza, while he would certainly reject and spurn with scorn the ballad-measure affected by some. We at least would rather hear a dry wheel grate on an axle than one of these same metre ballad-mongers. Having thus summarily disposed of rhymed measures, the question would be reduced to a choice between our heroic blank verse and some form of dactylic metre. Seeing that the former, since Milton, has rarely attained to anything better than high-flown prose, and as rarely attempted or even seemed conscious of those admirable effects in which he so successfully imitated his great prototypes Homer and Virgil, while the attempts to render Homer in that measure have not achieved any very brilliant success, and instead of shaking the empire of Pope's bombastic rhymes have rather tended to confirm it, he would dread to follow where so many had fallen, and would choose any path, however rugged, that had some promise of novelty rather than this beaten road of tame simplicity; and so taking a final leave of iambs, rhymed and rhymeless, he would come at last to consider the possibility of some form of dactylic verse as being the measure of the original, and consequently the best calculated upon every sound principle of translation to reflect the real spirit, by rendering not only the sense but the very tone and movement of the original. The question with him would then be, what form of dactylic verse is possible in English? The hexameter would have to be rejected; not for the very shallow reasons alleged by Lord Derby in the preface to his *Iliad*, a translation as little resembling Homer as his speeches were like Demosthenes', that it is repugnant to the genius of our language, that it violates every rule of prosody, and that it was ridiculed by Canning. He whose highest conception of verse was a rhymed couplet, and whose highest achievement was to echo a passage in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, ought not to be an infallible authority upon versification. As to its violating every rule of prosody, we would ask, what prosody? English? We would like to hear what rule of English prosody it violates. Greek and Latin? What one of our verses, trochaic, iambic, anapaestic, does not do the same? It is not repugnant to the genius of our language, for we have any quantity of English dactylic verse which no one ever thought of discarding and few would be willing to lose. No, the hexameter does not suit our language for the same reason that the iambic trimeter or Alexandrine does not: because the verse is too long for a monosyllabic language like ours. When we consider that it takes from twelve to eighteen words in English to make a hexameter, while from five to nine suffice in Greek, and that as much thought can be comprised in one

line in English as in one and a-half and sometimes two in Greek, we are led to conclude *a priori* that this excessive length tends greatly to promote one of the besetting sins of our language, that of wordiness and redundancy—or if this fault be avoided, to break up and arrest the flow of the verse with sudden transitions. And experience abundantly proves the truth of this conclusion, English hexameters being as a rule abrupt and disjointed in sense, or diffused in paraphrase and pestered with intolerable verbiage. Length then being the head and front of the hexameter's offending, our supposed translator would naturally ask, why not shorten the verse, diminish the number of feet, and reduce it to, say a pentameter?—a suggestion sanctioned by the example of all our other measures, every one of which has been curtailed one or more poetic feet in transferring it to our language from the ancient. The iambic pentameter is itself an instance, being derived from the iambic trimeter of the classic drama, of which an English sample exists in the Alexandrine, used as an appendage in the Spenserian stanza and heroic rhyme; and Chapman's Homer is a specimen of its employment consecutively. Convinced of the feasibility of the suggestion by this analogy, our translator tries the experiment of the dactylic pentameter; and at once carried away and transported out of himself by the brilliancy of his discovery, he rushes forth from his garret or the public bath, whichever you choose, partly like Archimedes and partly like Petronius Arbiter's Eumolpus, shouting *Eureka!* and chanting in rhapsodical strain the first verses of the Iliad:—

“Sing, O goddess, the wráth of Achíles Pelídes
Direful, the cause of a myriad wóes to th’ Achæáns,
Mány brave spírits of héroes to Hádes despáching,
And themselves máking the rávin of dógs and of év’ry
Bird of prey—but Zeus’ wíll was béing accómplished;
Fróm what time now the twó first quárrelled and sévered
Rúler of mén Atrídes ánd great Achíles.”

At the threshold he is met by Ellis doctus, the translator of Catullus, who is greatly shocked at the licentious violation of all his cherished rules for dactylic and other classic metres. “Your first verse,” he will say, “contains at least three capital faults: the last syllable of goddess is long by position, and the last syllable of Achilles and first of Pelides are long by nature, and you have made them all short.” “Very true,” answers Eumolpus; “but you must first show that such a thing as quantity is known to English prosody, and is recognised in other kinds of English verse, before your objection can be admitted as valid in the case of dactylic verse.” Having silenced the learned with this argument, Eumolpus proceeds to rhapsodise the mob:—

“To him, praying thus, hearkened Phoebus Apollo;
Wroth in his heart, he went down the peaks of Olympus,
Having his bow on his shoulders and well-covered quiver.
Clanged then his arrows his shoulders upon as wrathful
He himself moved, and like night was his aspect advancing;
Then at a distance he sat from the ships, and an arrow
Sent, and great was the clang of the bow made of silver.
First upon mules and swift-footed dogs fell his anger,
Then at themselves despatching a keen dart, smote them,
And without ceasing the funeral pyres burned thickly.”

And here Eumolpus stops to explain and set forth the merits of his translation. "Observe," says he, "how I have rendered the effects of the original, and even surpassed it, in this passage, particularly that beauty so much admired and cultivated by the ancients — the echo of the sound to the sense. Do you not hear the rattle of the arrows, together with the jarring sound of the quiver upon his shoulders as he moves, in —

‘Clanged then his árrows his shóuldérs upón’?

‘Clanged then’ are the arrows; ‘upon,’ with the accent strong and sharp on the last syllable, is the jarring concussion of the quiver upon the shoulders of the god. And do you not also catch the whizz of the arrow in ‘sent’ at the beginning of the line?” At this point in his discourse a stone whistled by the ear of Eumolpus; many others followed and rattled about the portico. He took the hint, and cowering, fled down the street with all the speed that his feet would carry him, pursued by the shouts and missiles of his offended auditors. In the hurry of his flight a few stray leaves of his voluminous manuscript escaped from his bosom and fell to the ground. I picked them up, and will conclude this article with his rendering of the combat of the gods in the twentieth book of the *Iliad* :—

“Só these bóth aroúsing the blést gods committed
And with themselvés broke fórt in dire conténtion !
Dréadfully thúndered the fáther of mén and of góds both
Fróm above, bút from benéath did Poséidôn sháke the
Bóundless éarth and precipitous tóps of the móuntains ;
Fóuntainy Ida from fée to the highest peaks trémbled ;
With it the Trójans’ city and shíps of the Acháians.
Féar seized the king of th’ inférnal tríbes, Aidóneus,
Whó from his thróne leaped, crying out lest from abóve, earth
Éarth-shaking Poséidon should bréak through, disclósing
Hís dread abódes to the gáze of both mén and immórtals
Hórrible, dísmal, ánd which the góds abhor éven !”

R. D. WINDES.

A GROUP OF POETS.

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

WHEN the beauty of a sonnet extorted from Sainte-Beuve the inquiry why its author had not written it in Greek and let it be placed among the *Erotica* of the Anthology, it is fair to think the

critic had conceived a high expectation. Of this expectation CHARLES BAUDELAIRE was the object. In periods very rich in literature — Alexandrian, Victorian, Elizabethan, or Periclean — by a very common process the larger fames throw over the smaller undue eclipse, and evoke a one-sidedness of view which in more than one instance has run into some permanent plastic antipathy or neglect. Precisely as Egyptian superstition proscribed free study of the human frame, and for centuries, as a result, repeated its crude shapeless goddesses and gods, so the proscription which such men as Shakspeare or Lamartine exercised over minor contemporaries, by the very glory of their gift left the public taste crude and unresponsive to other phases of art. We cannot catch the weaker lustres of heaven when heaven is filled from east to west by one great presence. But to be true to our age and to the many-sidedness which through broadened civilisation and higher culture has expanded the thin but noble material of antique thought, we must cast an eye on subordinate growths, and strive through them to attain an unbroken circle of thought.

No literature offers more numerous instances of neglect than the French. When the national life leapt up into some passionate individuality, it was forgotten that this very height was conditioned by individualities lower indeed, by artists less intense, but not a whit less exponents of contemporary thought. When Lamartine in 1820 stood at the door of Firmin-Didot with his *Méditations Poétiques* under his arm — those cries of a loving and tender adolescence — the mighty shadow of Chateaubriand lay over the fields; *René*, *Atala*, were in all hearts; the literary posterity of *Werther* and *La Nouvelle Héloïse* had multiplied like an evil progeny of Iocasta; and the graceful young Greek face of André Chénier had been forced to withdraw into the mists of French terrorism. There appeared to be no place for the author of *Jocelyn*, however melodious his appeal might be. It resembled the summons of foolish virgins whose lamps were without oil, and who had no right to disturb the supreme possession within. So when the sweetness of Lamartine's verse had wrought a channel for itself, more artfully and more disintegratingly than the keenest acid, into the intellectual associations of the Restoration, it was found that this lordly tree shed a twilight which menaced with blight the whole poetical growth of France. Careful observers, however — reverent gleaners — could detect many a rich talent that had noiselessly developed under the shadow of the preponderant one. There were Casimir Delavigne, Alfred de Musset, Alfred de Vigny, three lovely singers, not to mention others — three nightingales (to resort to the favorite metaphor of the Minnesänger), who were singing songs of delicate sweetness and tenderness while all the world was breathlessly absorbed in the great autocrat; who sang just because they could not help it, from the pure rapture which the singing gave their own sympathetic souls, whether the world listened or not. Now we can never think of a Catullus and his band as writing their marvellous little bits of sensuality or grace without a compliment, a *plaudite*, which the antique world exacted of even unwilling audiences. But in *Moïse*, in *Eloa*, in *Rolla*, in *Les Sept Messéniennes*, who can help fancying the wings of the poet's own heart fluttering in rapture at his own performance, the hands of his

own spirit clapping in glee over the wonderful beauty it had called into being? In the anthologies, Brunck's *Analecta* for example, we have remnants of song so sweet, honey from such undoubted Hyblas, that we almost reproach the great poets of antiquity for being so great and so completely extinguishing these delicate fires by the light of their own pitiless genius. No doubt Greece had Alfred de Mussets and André Chéniers enough if we had but record of them. And it is precisely to these minor poets, to these ripples rather than rivers, who feed a national life, to whom we look most diligently for interpretation of their epoch, for translation of national sentiment into current tongues, for clear discs on which lie figured the subtlest phases of contemporary life.

Among the poets who were born, grew up and died, who in birth, life and death were embraced by the generous amplitude of days accorded to Lamartine, was the poet whose name heads this paper. Of intellectual type most unique, the characterisation of the man, the mind, and the literary fate demands an analysis more exact than is usually allotted the personality of the poet. Our age has grown indifferent to the pose in which Victor Hugo places his thought, to the odd acrobatic feats which his imagination, like an actor on the trapeze of the Cirque des Champs Elysées, periodically rehearses; but with the queer, cold, ghostly music of the Poet of Evil, with this Manichean in art, it will be a long time before the world feels itself on intimate terms. It would be difficult for the most searching criticism to define the salient angle of this nature, or rather, just the environment which compressed an originally fair poetic nature into the masque in which the world sees it. Baudelaire's circumstances were good. He was born in wealth and respectability, he was surrounded by appreciative and powerful friends, he had had rare advantages of travel; yet nothing could erase from his nature the deep underscoring of incurable malady. The melancholy which had come with Jean-Jacques, and which had flowed in a dark, sullen stream through De Staël, Chateaubriand, St. Pierre, Sénancour, was bequeathed to him, only intensified, embittered, pessimistic. The three mystical sisters of De Quincey, the *Mater Lacrymarum*, the *Mater Suspiriorum* and the *Mater Tenebrarum*, had been the fairy godmothers who presided at his birth and enriched him with their fatal gifts. To these was added the *Mater Malorum*, the Mother of Evil, a sinister Israfel of the sweet lute. The entire literature of France of his time is impregnated with sighs, wet with tears, rent with the divine wound of grief, imbued with the eloquence which the idea that everything is in decline communicates; there is a voluptuous sadness, such as melts through poetry when the poets have become a mere luxury of a complicated and spiritual civilisation. In Baudelaire this sadness, this sweet reverie, took an acrid turn, and resulted in a nausea at the very evil which he commemorates more frequently than any other theme. Not that he was misanthropic; it is a simple impossibility for him to see good in anything. Not that he saw good and misinterpreted it to the purposes of malice; with him it was the old legend of color to the blind. It was his destiny (the saddest of all) not to technicalise a vague perversity and label it "original sin," as the theologians have

done, but simply to open his eyes, and open them on evil alone. It was with him a mathematical result, a dominant mental state, a coloring inherent, not adherent. In him was exhibited as a young man that remarkable quality which often displays itself in elderly painters—an organic defect in the vision which makes them see things differently from other people, and differently from themselves at earlier stages—a persistent yellow or blue hanging like gauze between them and nature, and spreading, unknown to themselves, a jaundice over their artistic activity.

It was towards the year 1849 that Baudelaire first became known—known, that is, to a small knot of celebrated men whose acquaintance was fame. In a quarter of Paris not specially remote there was an old hôtel which, although not famous then, has become so since. It was here—Hôtel Pimodan—in one of those quaint but gorgeous salons of the purest Louis XIV style, with its nymphs and satyrs, its vast chimney-piece, its fauteuils and sofas rich with pictorial tapestry, its great rococo clock, its Frenchified mythological imprint everywhere, delicious to the heart of Watteau's *marquis* and *marquises*, that the Hashisch-club met, rendered so notable since by the charming articles of Gautier in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. Here were assembled famous men and women—women who had sat as models for immortal marbles, women who had given to Ary Scheffer the exquisite suggestion of his *Mignon*—poets, critics, artists, testing the mysterious drug, and providing for themselves while under its influence a rarer aesthetic séance by the luxury of the surroundings. It was the *Cénacle* in its exaltation. Among these choice spirits Baudelaire was at first known only as a morbidly eccentric dreamer, propounding, as Gautier says, with the utmost naturalness theories whose Satanic damnableness chilled the blood and shook even the bold visionaries of Hashisch. His manner was curiously impressive, insisting, pertinacious; to his syllables a strange emphasis clung; every other word was an enclitic doubling the accent, more sharply accentuating the lines, freighted not only with unusual thought but with all the supernumeraries of it, voice, gesture, the rhetoric of tone. There were sacred letters in his words—letters which were scarcely breathed above a whisper for the awe or the passion that lay coiled within them. It was further remarked that their was an exotic savor, an Oriental peculiarity or other about him which gave to all he said a yet more un-European expression. Baudelaire travelled much in the Indian seas; he had visited the isle which St. Pierre has made illustrious; and like all really great Frenchmen who have travelled—like Joinville, Froissart, Chateaubriand, De Tocqueville—he brought back with him the haunting *genius loci*, an abiding home-sickness for the lands he had visited. This lurked about him like an indefinable perfume, restless, penetrating, cancelling, so to speak, his letters of naturalisation, producing in him moral expatriation. He brooded continually over the land of the sun, the richness of vegetation that is the malady of the East, the fantastic scenery, the great languorous sea, the perfumes of the flowers that create swoon and vertigo, the graceful half-naked Hindoo women with their voluptuousness, their fire and their indolence. Constantly through his saddest as through his sunniest poems the beautiful exotic life, the

deathful jungles of the Orient croon mysteriously up. So on antique pedestals whereon dance or writhe or supplicate antique gladiators or gods, there are garlands of smiling child-faces in relief, flowers, or Cupids, or acanthus-leaves as a sort of aesthetic indemnification. So in the old masters wreaths of cherub-countenances stir in legions round some episode of martyrdom or triumph, as if to shadow forth the pity of genius in the beauty of little children. This gave him, in whatever company he might be, an air of isolation, an abstraction which, in the incessant flash and eagerness, rivalry and vivacity in French social life, at times made him a bore and a dead-weight. So in his early academic examinations he had never been noted for quickness or brilliancy, for his nature had little of that sparkling *jetteness* which we commonly attribute to all the literary grand-children of Voltaire; but his friends saw in the unequalled flame of his eye a warmth and a resource which were invisible to others. He was tranquilly ripening to the harvest, slowly imbibing like yellowing wheat just the mellowness and soundness which will fit it afterward for the king's granaries. He is described as of marked personal beauty, neat to finicalness in attire and habit, a genuine Mahomedan in his love of water, and inclined to dandyism — like Lord Byron — by the rigorous call of a nature craving all the riches of sensuous forms. No nature perhaps was ever more fully imbued with artificiality, or was ever in more perfect discord with the great figures of the Pagan past; save in a few exquisite lines he openly disclaimed all allegiance to them. He admired them as he would have admired figures cloven from the eternal marble, but he infinitely preferred their manifold progeny as it developed in the Byzantine and late Roman era. He could even delight curiously in the Mediæval Latin, in the old hymnologies, in the crude and multiple diction of Apuleius and Petronius rather than in the music of the Virgilian and Ciceronian period. It is this radical modernness indeed that singles him out from the classical brotherhood by whom he was surrounded; from the essentially pagan genius — pagan by sympathy, imagery, subject — of Chénier; from the exquisite Attic suavity of Sainte-Beuve; from the statuesque classical form of Casimir Delavigne; from everything which one would think pre-arranged to paganise a substance so plastic as a poet's brain. For on all sides — in history, criticism, philosophy, belles-lettres — there were streams of influence bearing directly on him and deriving their most frequent inspiration from the shores of the Ægean. There was the great critic of the *Revue des deux Mondes*; there was the great philologist who courts and dallies with Homer as with a lover, M. Littré; there was Renan with his queer Oriental instincts; there were the Institut and the Académie Française, the very Areopagus of classicism; there were personal friends like Gautier, Boissard, de Banville, full of the reading of the ancients: but none of these could check that inordinate passion for the literature of decadence which had stamped its signet on the mind of Baudelaire. There is even pathos in the tenacity with which he clung to the corrupt and luxurious literatures of the latest form of Greek thought or Latin philosophy, as if the language of the great models were too thin a medium to convey the abounding thought of a modern. He utters

himself boldly on this point. "Does it not appear to the reader," says he, "as to me, that the language of the latest Latin decadence—the supreme sigh of a strong man already transformed and prepared for the spiritual life—is singularly proper for expressing passion such as the poetic modern world has conceived and felt it? The words, taken in a new sense, reveal the charming maladroitness of the Northern barbarian on his knees before Roman beauty." Thus by ingenious quibbling even he made haste to acknowledge no debt to the ancients, and to break the golden bowl of classical tradition.

The book by which Baudelaire is best known is his translation of the tales and poems of Edgar Poe, translations so skilfully inwrought into the current phraseology and idiom of French thought that the works of the American writer seem new works in their foreign garb. Poe has even been claimed as a "talent" peculiarly French; but should we grant what the Germans claim from us—Hawthorne, Longfellow, Emerson—together with what the French, we should have little left that is distinctively American. It is not too much to say that Baudelaire owes to Poe a good moiety of his inspiration. Whole fields of thought, entire phrases, the phylacteries which Poe wore as his proudest claim to originality, the secret subsoil that underlies and makes peculiar all which has been regarded as most intensely Baudelairean, came over the seas from the keen-witted American contemporary. It is somewhat singular that M. Gautier, in his notice on M. Baudelaire's life, prefixed to the Lévy edition, quotes with approbation, as characteristically his friend's, whole pages that teem with Poe's grotesque theories. Poe's Essay on the Poetic Principle has furnished Baudelaire with the idea that is ever-recurrent with him: that the *will* is the supreme literary agent; that the destiny of poetry is neither didactic nor exegetical truth, but like virtue it is its own highest consummation. In common with Baudelaire, this was the theory of Balzac. As with Poe, so with Baudelaire there are mysterious ideal women—all moonshine and melancholy—flitting across the vision; lovely, wan apparitions, ideally sweet, perplexingly vague, gifted with strange magnetic eyes that fix themselves on the reader and exercise over him a weird spell. There is a hush, too, in his style as if the ear were listening for mysterious footfalls in the night, and all that accompaniment of indefinable pomp, muffled music, vapory splendor, torturing anxiety that gather at the threshold of Poe's stories and escort the reader into their mazes. To the lines "To Helen" may, it is thought, be traced the mystic fondness that Baudelaire has for describing *eyes*, eyes that peer out like gargoyles at the most unexpected points coupled with epithets most quaint. There are other oddities which, like the monkish devices in old manuscripts, signalise the individuality of the writer, if they do not mark certain *nervous* idiosyncrasies of his. M. Gautier notices, among other curious traits, the predilection which his friend had for cats—their velvety ways, the sphinx-like attitude they assume in repose, the strange perfume that seems to emanate from them, the ready sympathy they show sedentary folk, the gentle elegance of their demeanor, and the sinister night-side to their lives when with mysterious cries they seem to enter into communion with the supernatural. He had addressed many beautiful

lines to them, "Chat séraphique, chat étrange, En qui tout est comme en un ange, Aussi subtil qu'harmonieux." Among a people so selfish and so exclusive in their views of art, it cannot be doubted that the wonderful fictions of Poe, when once they had been insinuated through the clever translations of Baudelaire, caused a sensation. The hit was decided. It is curious thus to track an influence that steals over the Atlantic and makes itself at home in a consciousness so void of all Germanic taint.

If Baudelaire is read by the general public chiefly as the editor of an alien author, there is a more special circle to whom he has commended himself by his compositions in verse. Sainte-Beuve, in divining the motive that prompted Baudelaire to choose such fantastic and horrible themes, represented the poet as soliloquising thus:—"I will find poetry, and find it where nobody else had thought of gathering or uttering it." This was on the dung-hill, the gibbet, in the haunts of degradation, in people at whom society had hurled its malediction, in sympathetic horror, poison, serpents, the burial of a cursed poet, the prayer of a pagan, the love of lying, in dim Parisian wanderings and dreams, in condemned women, wine, death, exotic perfume, the albatross, the anterior life, the Madonna of the pierced heart, in idealised spleen, morbid self-search, wistful evening light, tears, blood, ennui, pain. It would be hard to find a quainter repository of titles, a more unique treatment, a greater faultlessness of rhythm, a daintier coying with debatable grounds between positive immorality and the noble missionary instinct of the poet to regenerate and to cleanse. After describing with appalling minuteness a heap of rottenness which he had observed in one of his walks, he lets fall upon it a ray of celestial light; it is heaven opening upon the Jews that stoned Stephen. The reader is satisfied; for in all this impurity there is a kernel of sweetness, a nucleus of fine indignation for what he sees. The book opens with a benediction and closes with a curse; and never book had stranger entitlement: *Flowers of Evil*. The parts into which it is divided bear out the singularity of this general appellation: *Spleen and Ideal*, *Parisian Pictures*, *Wine*, *Flowers of Evil*, *Revolt*, *Death*. The book is the last blossom of an intellectual movement, into the very marrow of which has distilled the poison of melancholy with cruel sundering force. The author sees nothing good but the devil. The refined diabolism of some of his expressions would lead us to think that the spirit of the Semitic race had taken possession of him with all its voluptuous badness. For the devil was always a genial spirit until the fierceness of a Southern fancy stripped him of his powder and ribbons. Among the pieces coming under the caption *Spleen and Ideal* are many fine, many tender, and many powerful ones. In the great sobbing Alexandrines in which many of these weep out their bitterness and grief, we recognise a device to convey both by form and meaning the burdened sense of what was in the writer. He seldom indulges in short jubilant lyric forms, for he is seldom gay, and what gaiety he has is content with the plaintive roll of octosyllabic measures. It is a sort of sonnet that he prefers. He shared Poe's whim in regard to succinctness in poetical work. There are no long poems in the volume. In the opening piece he has this weird stanza:

Sur l'oreiller du mal c'est Satan Trismégiste
Qui berce longuement notre esprit enchanté,
Et le riche métal de notre volonté
Est tout vaporisé par ce savant chimiste.

He compares the poet to the albatross, the prince of the clouds, that haunts the tempest and smiles at the archer, but when exiled amid derision to the earth, his giant wings hinder him from moving. There are perfumes, he says, fresh as children's flesh, sweet as haut-boys, green as meadows; others having within them infinite things like amber, musk, incense, singing the rapture of the heart and the senses. Then there is a most lovely cluster of lines, full of Hybla and Hymettus, which sing the beauty of youth:

A la sainte jeunesse, à l'air simple, au doux front,
A l'œil limpide et clair ainsi qu'une eau courante,
Et qui va repandant sur tout, insouciant
Comme l'azur du ciel, les oiseaux et les fleurs,
Ses parfums, ses chansons et ses douces chaleurs!

There is in these lines an unction like a bath of nard and rose-water. In the piece "*L'Ennemi*" we hear the muffled tread of Manfred, and through him, of Faust. In "*La Vie Antérieure*" breaks forth India in all her royal charm, the voluptuous calm, the deep blue skies, the lazy radiance of the sea, the naked slaves macerated with spices, fanning the poet with fans of palm, and striving as their only solicitude to fathom the pain gnawing, like the worm in the over-ripe fruit, at his heart. Then the vast savage sea as it struggles with the human will, attracts his attention, both limitless, both untamable, both beautiful. He writes of "*Don Juan on the Styx*," a noble tragic irony pervading the poem, like a sneer in bronze. To use an image already employed: it resembles the king in the Arabian Nights who was changed to marble to the waist while his shoulders bled still under the torture of his enemy. This strangely solemn poem is half marble, but it bleeds at the heart. He confesses farther on that Lady Macbeth—"a dream of *Æschylus* budding at the North"—is his ideal, or one of the sublime monumental women of Michael Angelo. In "*La Masque*," a poem that has the sly, languorous glance of the serpent in it, he sees a blasphemy on art, for he stands before a statue representing a woman "of divine form, promising happiness," but terminating in a bicephalous monster; the one a masque—a "thievish ornament, a face lit up with grimace exquisite"; the other a beautiful weeping female. He then invokes Beauty, "fairy of the velvet eyes, rhythm, perfume, only queen." "*Parfum Exotique*" carries him with shut eyes to "an idle isle where nature yields strange trees and savory fruits," while "perfume of green tamarinds fills the nostrils, trembles on the air," mingled with the song of mazziness. "As other spirits float on music, mine floats on perfume," he adds in "*La Chevelure*," a poem of strange Eastern grace; the lock of hair, he says, "transports him to the Orient," "contains a dazzling dream of sails and gondoliers, of masts and pennants," "an infinite rocking of balmy idleness," "blue hair, pavilion of outstretched darkness." The oil of coco, gourd, and musk breathe through these palpitating lines. From "*Sed Non Satiata*" we get more than a hint at a passion

Baudelaire conceived early in life for a "*Sorcière au flanc d'ébène, enfant des noirs minuits.*" Addressing one of his myth-like women he says, "her eyes are like polished minerals ; in this heart symbolic, strange, where all is steel, and gold, and light, and diamonds, shines ever like a useless star the frozen majesty of childless womanhood." He is "certain that the tomb will understand the poet," and in some very sweet verses, invoking "the mother of *souvenirs*, mistress of mistresses," he says, "Methought I breathed the perfume of her blood." "Let my deep heart feed full upon a lie, and swooning on thine eyes as into dreams, dream long beneath the shadow of thy lids." There is in "*Confession*" a Tennysonian richness of tint : the moon is shining ; Paris is asleep ; two lovers are walking together ; suddenly from the voice of the beloved, "clear and joyous as a trump at sparkling morn," breaks a plaintive cry, "a note fantastic, that nothing here below is certain, no building on strong hearts, both love and beauty go." "*Harmonie du Soir*" is the soul of impalpable music going forth as the purpling dusk spreads over the world. Who but Baudelaire ever thought of "pleasures sharper than ice or iron," "confidences sobbed at the confessional of the heart," "rhymes of crystal," "a dais of empurpled trees and palms, where idleness rains upon the eyes," "a tear iris'd like a piece of opal" ; "the gold-be-sprinkled eyes of cats," "thy floating dreams are full of humming-birds," "love, the grain of musk that lies unseen within Eternity" ; "eyes through which flies and filters something sweet as Night," "the ceaseless plaint that sobs within the fountain," "the metal throats of clocks speak every language" ; "the sun that fills both brain and hive with honey," "rocks where holy Anthony saw surge like lava naked breasts, purple with temptations" ; "making a honey of grief," "vague glances white as twilight flash from upturn'd eyes," "the childless prostitute that looks death in the face like new-born children,—hateless, without remorse" ; "'tis Death that mounts in riot to the brain and gives us heart to march till eventide" ? It is only after repeated reading that the whole force of this eccentric genius dawns upon the reader. At first the preponderant emotion is surprise, horror, repugnance ; the gauze of allegory is between you and the author ; the leaves conceal the fruit ; there is but vague relish for the metaphysical environment ; the ideal hovers in starry faintness before the eye. But at the second reading all clears up, the autumn mists roll away, the violet depths unveil in all their serenity. It is then only that Baudelaire becomes a favorite ; you must toil for it ; but the reward is sweet. You have become conscious of a new set of emotions ; Baudelaire has found his poetry ; the wager is won. After studying such pieces as "*Tristesse de la Lune*," "*Le Cygne*," "*L'Invitation au Voyage*," "*La Madonne*," "*Un Voyage à Cythère*," "*Les Vins*," we come to the conclusion that no greater beauty lies within the compass of the entire French language. Every mood of this extraordinary artist, doubtless, does not please ; but there is a serene sweetness beyond the horror that he paints, a blossom beside the reptile, a tender music through all the discord. Like Iphigenia, the poet is mysteriously stolen away before the sacrifice is finished, before he has uttered words that cannot be recalled ; there is always a

white stag at the last to redeem our wounded sense, to claim the "maker" in triumph.

Tennyson, Longfellow, Bryant, Poe, Heine, were favorite authors with Baudelaire. "Thanatopsis," "A Vision of Fair Women," have found echoes in the "Flowers of Evil." Our author also translated De Quincey's "Opium-eater," and wrote a book called "Artificial Paradises." His "Little Poems in Prose" have become celebrated as exquisite little statuettes or bits of fifteenth century carving. They are in the manner of Aloysius Brand. In summing up his literary career, it would be well to remember that Charles Baudelaire was neither an iconoclast nor a mourner over the beauty of pagan types. He was the child and the servant of his age, innocently sensuous, brilliantly new, faithful in his work.

J. A. H.

ETIENNE.*

BY EDMOND ABOUT.

[Translated for The Southern Magazine.]

ETIENNE, it must be premised, was neither his Christian nor his family name. Perhaps he had affixed that modest pseudonym to a vaudeville, blquette, or series of short spiteful newspaper articles—some sin of his youth. This vague piece of information I received from him personally, after having accepted the task which I now perform.

"I have but a short time to live," he said, "and am unwilling that my memory here on earth should remain a mystery. A few pages of explanation are due to those who have envied my good fortune or blamed my conduct; and those too must be warned who might be induced to follow my example."

On my observing that he was not the only one concerned in this narrative, and that the disclosure of his name would be certain to point out the authors of all his misery, he replied: "Do not use my name then; write the history of famous James, celebrated Peter, or of Etienne. Yes, I did bear the last name for a month or two. My friends will recognise me quickly enough, and you know that the opinion of the crowd impresses me little. Scandal must be avoided;

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Turnbull Brothers, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

but if you ever had any esteem and friendship for me, let the experience which is the cause of my death not be lost to the world."

A fortnight after this conversation he died, leaving behind him no written will. The following narrative may therefore be regarded as the testament of this highly gifted and generous man.

I.

My earliest intercourse with Etienne dates from the second Saturday in January, 185—. I made his acquaintance at the table of poor Alfred Tattet, who adored poetry and painting, and who has won substantial immortality through a dedication from Musset. At that hospitable board fame was respired in large draughts. Judge of the emotions which must have agitated a poor literary recruit like me upon hearing the most illustrious names in every branch of art announced one after the other! My eyes and ears were no longer my own; I devoured each face, I drank in each word; I had the air of a Bœotian rustic admitted by mistake to a banquet of the gods.

Of all the celebrated men, Etienne (since we have agreed to call him so) struck me immediately upon my entrance. I was not attracted, but fascinated. Looking at present for the causes of this first impression, I find only one: it was because he represented the type of the brilliant writer such as we picture him *a priori*. He was tall, dark, slender, and of martial appearance. His beard, which no razor had ever touched, and his rather long hair, hung down loosely, but not negligently, in a state of orderly disorder. His toilet could have passed for a masterpiece, so coquettishly were the laws governing our every-day dress evaded. The cut of his coat, the tie of his white cravat, the shape of his vest—what else shall I name?—everything, down to his watch-chain, was original, pleasing, and calculated to show his person to the greatest advantage; not one detail seemed left to accident or to the tailor's decision. Yet nothing called to mind the extravagant oddities of 1830. It would have been impossible to say in what respect this costume offended against the reigning passion. There was a studied elegance without affectation, a comfort without disregard for decency, and a pungent boasting without swagger about this gentlemanly dandyism which dazzled me.

Etienne was then between thirty and forty years of age; the reader will easily understand the reserve which prohibits me from giving the precise number. His parents, good people of the middle class, being in more than comfortable circumstances, almost rich, had sent him to college, and after he had gone brilliantly through the course, he boldly entered the field of letters. His début was most successful; encouragement was showered upon his young head, and from no mean quarters. Balzac declared that he had ideas, Stendhal that he reasoned accurately, and Mérimée that he wrote well. The great poets of the age exchanged verses with him; Sainte-Beuve devoted a scholarly study to him, David d'Angers executed his bust, and M. Ingres sketched his portrait in crayon. When I had the honor to make his acquaintance, people had begun to ask why he did not aspire to a seat in the Academy.

He had written from twenty-five to thirty volumes, poetry, miscellanies, criticisms, tales, and especially novels. More fortunate than Balzac, he had succeeded four or five times in the drama; but it was the general opinion that he had not yet developed his powers to their fullest extent. Old Provost, of the Comédie Française, a very genial and keen-witted man, used to say: "M. Etienne has a 'Marriage of Figaro' in his pocket"; and a noted bookseller, who had published the greater part of his works, often asked him: "When are you going to begin *the* novel of the nineteenth century? It is a task for which you are eminently fitted." Shrugging his shoulders, he would reply: "Wait till I have sown my wild oats; I don't know either what I am doing nor how I am living. My shoulders are carrying a fermenting-tub. Who can tell whether the contents, when drawn off, will be slop or good wine?"

He had wasted much of his talent and his whole patrimony. Rumor, which in those days rarely found its way into print, but addressed the ear, declared that his debts amounted to a hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand francs, though he lived in sumptuous apartments, all littered up with fine paintings and furniture that could never be got at when wanted. His literary work, of which he was still the proprietor, but turned to poor account financially, was of a very mixed character; for nine or ten volumes worthy of living, there were many which he might have dispensed with writing, and which he had written without knowing why, in a kind of somnambulistic way. Sometimes the fever of production would nail him to his table, and he would strike off five or six volumes at a heat; sometimes he took pleasure in playing the rich man, living upon an income no longer his; then again, when his creditors became importunate, he would take his resolution like an honest fellow and yoke himself to some task as thankless as it was lucrative, taking care to conceal his name. These irregularities in his labor, finances and conduct, some duels, some successes among women of a questionable character, finally the reputation of being a perfect gallant, strengthened his rare personal charms. He had brilliant eyes, and his manly voice, husky at moments, was one of the most sympathetic I ever heard.

Moreover, he was a capital fellow and a jolly companion. He drank his wine pure and in bumpers, according to the old French custom; but abstained from coffee, spirits, and tobacco, and in nothing went beyond due bounds. He continued a gentleman even in his most uproarious bursts of merriment, and even his words never got tipsy, though they sometimes revelled.

The only thing which perplexed me that evening was seeing him expend the best part of his *verve* in attacks upon the noble career of letters, which I was so proud of having just then entered. According to him, the literary profession was the last of all. To accept so wretched a lot one should be without an uncle in the cobbler's craft or a godfather in the excise. "Not only are our brother writers, great and small, that is to say, every one who has either the talent or the presumption to wield a pen, hostile to us, but so is the public itself and the unlettered people, who cannot pardon our being superior to them. No matter what we do we get blamed. If I

write much, people say I make a business of literature and call me a penny-a-liner ; if I write little, they declare that I am at my wit's end and have nothing more to say ; if I write neither much nor little, they imagine that I am husbanding my small stock. Each success renders the next one harder, for the public grows more exacting in proportion as we give a higher idea of our powers ; the least little stumble, and they instantly exclaim at the four corners of the earth that we are old, broken-kneed horses, unable to get up again. We are foolishly expected to produce a masterpiece each time ; yet how many masterpieces have Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Ariosto, Tasso, Rabelais, Montaigne, Cervantes, Defoe, La Fontaine, La Bruyère, Le Sage, given us ? One apiece, two at the very highest. To create a masterpiece, gentlemen, is to throw one's whole being into a single work. Supposing I were to commit this piece of imprudence to-day, I should die of starvation the next year. Will the public provide me with an income ? Prove, if you can, to that tasteless glutton that quality is of greater value than quantity ! We are galley-slaves, condemned to ceaseless labor, even when we have nothing new to say ; we are obliged to chew our thoughts incessantly, to give an entirely new coloring to former impressions, to repeat over and over again, till we reach the ripest old age, the three or four original ideas that we happened on in our youth ! Oh ! if mankind would but lose the stupid habit of reading, or if some honest usurer of Versailles or Château-Thierry would just set me down in his last will for twelve thousand livres per annum, as I'm alive I would make a vow to touch neither pen nor paper till doomsday ! What a fine life it would be ! How soft the sunlight, how pretty the Parisians themselves would seem to me, had I the right to say while getting into my slippers in the morning : Not one line to trace to-day ! ”

He continued in this strain for a long time, with a fire which it is not in my power to give, but which somewhat amazed me. Doubtless my neighbor divined what I felt, for he whispered in my ear : “ Don't mind his words ; he is always so when he works for bread, and the poor fellow has been doing nothing else for the last six months.”

This revelation aroused in me a contempt for the nineteenth century. Such a man wanting bread ! The writer of so many excellent works compelled to live from hand to mouth ! His keen appetite, which had at first delighted me, now made me feel sad ; if he dines so heartily, thought I, it is, perhaps, because he has not breakfasted. But an hour after the repast, when the guests, assembled in the drawing-room, were crowding round the card-table, I saw him draw from his pocket a handful of gold, some bank-notes, and some small change. He fought against the strongest, staked large sums, broke the bank, lost all he had without showing the least chagrin, then rewon his money and a hundred louis besides, without manifesting any satisfaction. He was the man to have kept up this fighting till morning, nor did I find time pass slowly in looking at him ; but the lady of the house made us all leave half-an-hour after midnight.

Before separating, the guests exchanged many shakes of the hand upon the pavement of the Rue Grange-Batelière. I could not refrain from speaking to M. Etienne, and expressing the great admira-

tion I felt for his talents and my personal sympathy. He took my arm, and, as he drew me along toward the Rue Drouot, replied with surprising familiarity: "You have been very good. You have listened, you have been attentive, and have not touched a card. I have not read your literary trifles — is it possible for one of our horrible craft to read? — but it appears you are doing well and commanding the respect of the language. I'd rather see you at something else; you are still young enough to learn chair-making: however, man does not choose his own destiny. Come to see me, and if I can serve you —"

This almost paternal kindness from a man who was my senior by not fifteen years emboldened me, and I took courage to ask him for a letter of introduction to the editor of a well-known Review. "You are unlucky," he said, with charming familiarity. "We are at war with each other, and have been for several years; but no matter, you shall have the letter."

"But if you are his enemy —"

"He will understand that I am so no longer upon seeing me ask a favor of him. Devil take me, though, if I remember a single word of our quarrel."

"Is it possible that writers of the first rank fall out and make up their differences in this way?"

"Wait till you are something, and you will see. But here I am leading you along without knowing whether our way is the same. Where are you going?"

"Home to bed."

"Indeed? When it is scarcely an hour past midnight? Haven't you more youth than that in you? As for me, I don't care to sleep, as I have to deliver an article before ten this morning. I'm going to the Bal de l'Opéra, you must go too; we shall sup with the leading ladies, you must go home with me, and I will sign your passport to the Review while you watch the sun rise. I really want it so. Come on!"

I followed him unresistingly; this demon of a man had me so completely in his power that I was no longer my own master. Neither of us had tickets, but he entered boldly and said to the men at the box-ticket office: "Have you a box for me?" They hastened to show the way, and installed us in as fine a box as we could wish. "Retain your check," said Etienne to me, "in case you should lose me. We meet here again at half-past two. Till then you are at full liberty to stay or go; consider yourself at home." This said he left me, and I began to look around the hall, satisfied that discretion forbade my following him.

Some time after, having ventured out into the lobby, I saw him standing against a column, right near the green-room. Five or six masked figures vied with each other in provoking him, and he answered them all at one time with admirable ease and dignity. The men gathered round him to listen, and the petty journalists, who called him their dear master, picked up the crumbs of his wit. It was the first time I had witnessed a like scene, and I was vastly astonished when, pulling out his watch, he called me with a wink of his

eye: sure enough, it was half-past two, and it seemed to me we had just come!

He drew me away in the direction of the *Café Anglais*, and upon my observing that neither of us was hungry, he said: "What of that? People do not sup to satisfy hunger, they sup for amusement. We shall have Prince Guéloutine, Hautepierre, vice-president of the Jockey Club, and Opporto, the drollest of money-brokers, besides five anonymous bayaderes, whom I have picked up in the dark, but who are neither bad-looking nor stupid."

"How do you know?"

"First, because I have talked with them, and secondly, because their eyes are well-shaped. A mask conceals but little from him who knows how to see: two eyes faultlessly set in their sockets indicate a young and, almost always, handsome woman. This law was revealed to me by an Armenian of Constantinople, and I have verified it a hundred times in ten years at the *Bal de l'Opéra*."

The event proved that he was not much mistaken. When we were all together in the large parlor which he had engaged, the maskers removed their dominos, and even the least handsome of the five was amiable enough. Etienne did them the honors with an elegant foppishness which showed his great superiority, disdaining to pay attentions to any of them, yet too refined to let them see a feeling which we divined. He had evidently invited these inferior beings only to enliven the meal with, and to make a study of manners; but the habit of speaking, of acting, of being prominent, was so strong with him that he unconsciously took the lead in conversation, and dazzled us all by a perfect pyrotechnic display of genius. Paradoxes sparkled upon his lips, felicitous jests went off like shots; sometimes a noble and poetical idea would soar like a rocket to the sky, and descend in gross Rabelaisian mirth. With this amusement he pleased himself till six o'clock, when, suddenly remembering that he had work to do, he went out to settle the bill. The fat money-broker was drunk, the vice-president of the Club had gone to sleep, the Russian prince, flaming like a lighthouse, laid his rubles and serfs at the feet of a chorus-singer of Bobino; as for myself, my head ached and I felt a sore need of breathing in the open air again.

Etienne, always cool and affable, saw his company into coaches with the fine manners and noble airs of a lord of the castle, whispering a pleasant word to the men, slipping money to the women. "You," he said to me, "will come with me for your letter."

And now we tramped, side by side, to the middle of the *Chaussée d'Antin*. I could not refrain from saying to him: "So, my poor master, you wish to emigrate to a better world? The life you are leading is a continual suicide; the greatest physical or moral strength would succumb to it in six months." He had himself enjoined upon me to be thus familiar with him, and I obeyed, though not without some embarrassment.

Smiling, he replied: "Is it not? I have been saying the same thing to myself every day for ten years and more; but what am I to do? I have no choice; man must follow his destiny to the end. Would you believe that, sincerely speaking, I would rather plant

beets in a country town, with a sweet little wife and half a dozen urchins around me? But planting beets is a luxury my means will not permit me to indulge in for a long time. Thus far I have sown nothing but debts, and, according to all appearances, I shall reap the sheriff and his officers shortly. My person is mortgaged, I no longer work for myself; the citizen who should entrust his daughter's happiness to me would instantly be appointed chief lunatic in the Charenton asylum."

"Yet we see many citizens, who have grown rich, throwing away their daughters and millions upon petty viscounts, over head and ears in debt. Your name has a hundred times the lustre of these, for which so high a price is paid. Who would hesitate between a nobleman by accident and a prince of literature?"

"There will be no hesitation, I reply; the lordling, genuine or counterfeit, will always be chosen without need of the ballot. The worst of these fellows is quoted at a higher figure in the matrimonial market than the best of us."

"But if the men have prejudices, the women have none, and there are many independent ones. They know you, they have read you, they have spent delightful hours over your books, they owe to you many a reverie; and these charms of their admired author, this fascinating power, which, exerted at a distance, has won you so many successes in the world, might be just as likely —"

"Tush, tush, my boy! My successes! In the first place, I do not go into society ten times a year, and, when that does happen, I do not relish being stared at like a strange animal, and steal away as soon as possible. It is true, I have met with something like adventures; there are some creatures, with a mania for collecting, who gather into a private album every man who has gained a little renown. I have received well-written confessions, and have answered them, expending in these epistolary labors the matter for five or six novels; but every time circumstances have obliged me to stand face to face with one of these loving correspondents, I found her old and ugly enough to put the Russian army to flight, and I consider myself lucky, you must know, in having got rid of them before it was too late. But here we are at my hut."

A very precise man-servant, who had passed the night in his white cravat upon a bench in the hall, opened the door before the bell rang. In the twinkling of an eye Etienne's boots, coat, and vest were off, and he was enveloped in the ample folds of a dressing-gown of some texture of Oriental silk. Twenty wax-candles were lighted as by magic in his study, a perfect bazaar, fantastically decorated with curiosities of every age and country. I had hardly begun inspecting its wonders when he cried: "Let that rubbish alone, and look at the only valuable piece of furniture I have!" At the same time he held out to me a bulky copy-book, or, more properly speaking, half a ream of stitched paper in a red cover, upon which was written in large characters: *Jean Moreau*.

"What is that?" I asked in astonishment.

"My masterpiece."

"Unpublished, certainly; for this is the first I hear —"

"Better than unpublished. Open it and judge for yourself."

"Blank paper!"

"All has yet to be done, the title and plan only are finished; looking carefully, you would find the summaries in detail of twenty chapters. What you have there, my dear fellow, is the skeleton of something beautiful, which may never perhaps be endued with life. Every half century yields the matter for a work as perfect, brilliant, and profound as the *Gil Blas* of Le Sage. Jean Moreau, should it see the light, will be to me my *Gil Blas*. Some have begged me, others defied me, to construct this monument—a double reason to undertake it. I am accumulating materials, my head is cumbered with them, like a workshop in disorder; but the first stone, laid seven years ago, will perhaps wait forever for the second."

"Why?"

"Because I must live. Masterpieces, my dear fellow, give only the publishers a living; as for us, they kill us. Nothing so profitable as those trumpery articles, like the one I am going to write presently. They pledge neither the talent nor the reputation of the author, and fetch ten louis, cash on delivery. Among other useful and disagreeable things I scribble the theatrical reviews for an opposition journal. Do you know that this has been a poor week? Not the least little bit of drama or comedy; nothing but a silly fairy spectacle, 'The Enchanted Sunflower' (which, besides, I did not see), by five or six gentlemen, the cleverest and most cultivated of whom would scarcely make an acceptable porter. I am going to write twelve columns upon this rhapsodical show."

"How comes it you were not at the first performance? I was there."

"It is enough to have to give an account of such abominations; if I had to see them too, I should tender my resignation. But I have been thinking that, since you witnessed the affair, you might write my *feuilleton* for me."

"I write an article for you?"

"I do not see what objection there is, and should find it greatly to my advantage."

"And you would sign your name to my prose?"

"Without any scruples; this alimentary literature is of no consequence. I will engage that, of the six authors of the piece, five never wrote a solitary word."

"But the public knows your style."

"The public is no more a judge of style than of wines or paintings; it judges all things by the label. Come now, sit down and go to work, and try to have finished by the time I return from my bath. Good-bye!"

I must confess I felt more like going to bed. The hour seemed to me ill-chosen for executing variations upon the theme of "The Enchanted Sunflower"; but I was a young soldier, which means that I was ready to overcome fatigue and fear in giving proofs of ability to my chief. I launched boldly into the task, and, as inexperience and temerity are often favored, I had finished before nine o'clock, when Etienne reappeared.

"We are through, are we?" he said, stretching himself out upon a rug of white bear-skin. "Read, I am listening."

His kind interjections proved to me that I had succeeded. He interrupted my reading with: "Good! very good! quite like a Minister's speech in the columns of the *Moniteur*," and praised the last paragraph, protesting that he had never in his life met with so much cleverness. He only regretted that I had not begun with a few general reflections upon the beautiful fairy art, of which later effort has made something mean and contemptible. "Here, you see, are men who have perfect freedom, possessing the means and full discretionary powers; the past, present, and future, the true, the false, the pathetic, the comical, are their domain; they are abundantly provided with whatever charms the eye and ear, illuminating effects, decorations, machinery, women, costumes, stage-glitter, dancing, and music; they are freed, as a privilege, from all the rules of the dramatic art, and in return for so many concessions we ask of them to transport us for four or five hours to a world a little less flat than ours. What do they do? They drag us into vulgarities more filthy than the gutter of the Rue Mouffetard."

While thus speaking he had put a pen into my hand, and I wrote as he dictated. Having exhausted his subject, he dwelt upon Shakspeare and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; he explained how prose should alternate with verse in the fairy drama, according as the poet rises to the skies or brushes the ground. Four lines upon the conception and senile plot of "*The Enchanted Sunflower*" brought him, without any other transition, to a magnificent landscape by Thierry, illustrating the first act. He translated this piece of decorative art into words. It was a winter scene. With graceful touches he depicted winter in the forest and its familiar sounds; the mist-capped mountain, the branches covered with hoar-frost, the dense, deep, full silence weighing upon the country, the wreath of bluish smoke rising perpendicular from the forester's lodge, the robin redbreast tapping at the windows, the famished roe standing against the trees and cropping the sombre foliage of the ivy. Apropos of the ballet, which claimed to be ancient, he enlarged gaily, with as much taste as knowledge, and without a shadow of pedantry, upon the dance of the ancient and modern Greeks. A political couplet, of which I quoted the pith, furnished him with an occasion to deal some blows at song poetry and the literature which is made to order. He wound up with a description, truly excellent, in which, on pretence of painting the antics of a modern clown, he used a style more motley, disjointed, stiff, supple, humorous, and saucy than ever was that of any English clown. I was struck with wonder and mortified, for of my poor article there remained not a single word; but Etienne continued to thank me, as if I had really done all his work.

He rang the bell. The servant entered to receive the manuscript, and gave him some letters.

The first one that he opened caused him to exclaim: "Zounds! here is one quite to the purpose. It is impossible to enter better into the situation. The letter is from a woman, my dear fellow, and from a woman of the world, at least she says so. Barring a few va-

riations, it comes under class number seven ; for I have classified these sentimental lucubrations. She is a widow, she is rich and comes of a good family, but she takes care not to hint whether she is young or old, ugly or pretty ; alas ! I too easily fathom the causes of her discreteness on that point. She has read my novels, seen my picture, deplored my little trouble, and gently censured my aberrations ; but she does not say whether she wants to get married, see a little fun, or wheedle half a dozen autographs from good M. Etienne. I know these tricks. You come too late, my dear madame ; I don't swallow that bait any longer."

He threw the letter into the basket, then, suddenly bethinking himself, he took it out again and handed it to me, saying : "Study it, my boy, and profit, if you are capable of doing so. Perhaps you may one day receive some birds of the same feather, and that is why I advise you to become acquainted with class number seven."

Whilst he was disposing of the rest of his correspondence I read the following :—

"By the salvation of your immortal soul, Monsieur Etienne, I adjure you not to judge too hastily the imprudent woman who tremblingly traces these few lines. My mind and heart belong to you since the day when God gave me back my freedom ; till then I had prohibited myself from thinking of you, I had even ceased to read your dear books, though to me a source of such great pleasure that I could not forgive myself for doing so. During these last eighteen months I have had the boldness to make inquiries concerning you, prudently, so as not to alarm those whose watching of me is as arbitrary as it is obtrusive. I know your face, and so well, that it would be easy for me to point you out at the first glance in a crowd of a thousand persons. Will you pardon the indiscreet but tender curiosity which has traced your real embarrassments and the generous follies to which they are due ? My dearest wish would be to lead you back to a happy and regular life if you favored me with your confidence. The fortune which I enjoy is more than sufficient for two persons only half reasonable ; and as for affection, I have treasures to give. Heaven owes me my share of happiness, and God knows that I have fairly earned it ; but I wish to hold it only from you. If you have formed another attachment, or if I displease you at first sight, I shall soon end by taking the veil, as the family have counseled me to do ; but how are we to know whether we have been created for each other ? After mature reflection, not being able to ask advice of any one, this is what I have hit upon. Attend the eleven o'clock mass at the little church of the Trinity, Rue de Clichy, on Sunday. I shall be there early and take a seat, if possible, on the right. You will recognise me by my dark-blue velvet dress and bonnet, with a black feather ; my complexion is fair. A man can come and go during divine service without attracting much notice. Go up the right aisle until you have caught sight of me, return without making any sign, and yield yourself to your reflections, then, a few moments after the Lord's Prayer, come back the same way, and if I have pleased you draw your handkerchief across your

forehead. But, whatever may be your opinion of my humble person, do not wait for me when the service is over, do not offer me the holy water, take care not to salute me or follow me, even at a distance. I am always accompanied and rigorously watched. Wait till I can write to you, and till I find a means of receiving your letters or your visits without the risk of exposure. It is not you whom I distrust, God forbid! And the proof of it is, Monsieur Etienne, that I sign this letter, which puts my honor and peace at your mercy.

“HORTENSE BERSAC, née DE GARENNES.”

The first twenty lines were perfectly legible; but the end, written in much greater haste and with rather pale ink, was not so easily deciphered. The bluish-white letter-paper resembled that which they give to travellers in hotels of the second-class; the left upper corner, doubtless stamped with some name, had been torn away. There was no envelope; the letter, folded in the old style, sealed with a wafer, and without a postage-stamp, was addressed to M. Etienne, in care of M. Bondidier, publisher.

“Well,” he asked, in his most sportive tone, “what do you say?”

“I say, my dear friend, that the future author of *Jean Moreau* has lacked discernment for the first time in his life. That letter is from a young and pretty widow, living in one of the provinces, rich, devout, and in nowise stupid, who has come to Paris expressly to ask your hand.”

“Pshaw! I would like to know where you got your information. Come now, you wise Saadi, and demonstrate to me that I am a dunce.”

“In the first place, then, Madame Bersac is young; her writing plainly says so.”

“A woman’s handwriting, like her shoulders, has the privilege of remaining young when all else has grown old.”

“Granted. But a woman who is not sure of her youth and beauty does not at once show herself as she is; she begins by exchanging five or six letters, in order to wheedle her judge and prepossess him in her favor.”

“Now that is a little better reasoning. Go on. You have no need of proving that she is devout and lives in a province. A widow? Her signature tells me that. Rich? She pretends to be, I would fain believe it, and it matters little to me; but where the deuce do you see that she contemplates marriage, and that her ambition may not stop half-way?”

“The proof that she wishes to marry you, my dear Etienne, is her not saying so. She simply says that she loves you and that she wishes to secure your happiness; for she is one of those who understand none but honorable love, none but lawful happiness. Every line of her letter breathes uprightness and sincerity.”

“Then why this shuffling, this mystery and distrust? From whom does she use concealment? Who is the man accompanying and watching her? He has an absolute right to her, this gentleman! Will you tell me for what reasons this chaste provincial, who is not afraid to sign her name to a billet-doux, forbids me to salute her in the street? She certainly is less free than she says.”

"If you would have me refute you by facts, I will not undertake to do so, Madame Bersac not having honored me with her confidence ; but I can give you a very plausible hypothesis, if you will be content with it. This young woman is carefully guarded by the family of her late husband. In whose interest? I do not know, but we may divine by looking closely. Observe that she called herself Mademoiselle de Garennes, which means that she belonged to the petty nobility of her province ; she thought it a disparagement to marry old Bersac, in proof of which she signs her maiden name after the other. Why do I say *old* Bersac? She herself authorises me to do so ; for she writes : 'Heaven owes me my share of happiness, and God knows that I have fairly earned it.' Bersac, then, was seventy years old, and I congratulate you upon the fact. Now, did you ever hear of a well-born young lady, with a good dowry, marrying a man of that age? This young and pretty Hortense, then, had nothing. But she tells you that she is rich ; consequently her fortune comes from her husband. Bersac, to the great chagrin of his heirs, has settled a handsome fortune upon his wife, as was proper. Do you comprehend now who is the family counseling her to enter a convent? It is not Hortense's family, but that of the deceased ; she informs us herself, as we may see. '*The* family,' she says, and not '*my* family.' These people would be only too happy to be rid of her, because the whole or a part of her jointure would then revert to the collateral relations. I am not able to divine all ; but I see clearly that they want her property, and that they are keeping an eye upon her, for fear she might fly off at a tangent by marrying. She wished to go to Paris ; the Bersacs have accompanied her thither and taken rooms at a hotel of their choice, among people of whom they think themselves sure. She had to conceal herself to write this letter, and they did not even allow her time to finish it at one sitting ; that ink is ten days old and this not older than twenty-four hours. The absence of the postage-stamp shows us that the letter, concealed in the lining of a muff perhaps, was secretly thrown into a box. Is the matter clear enough, doubting Thomas?"

"That would be saying much ; but I see a glimmer of probability."

"It depends only upon you, skeptic, to stand face to face with the truth. It wants ten minutes of eleven, and fair Hortense, accompanied by all the Bersacs, is now on her way to the church of the Trinity."

"Zounds!" he said, "I will satisfy my mind. I do not believe it, you know ; you will bear me witness that I have not been a dupe for one moment. Bersac! a name occurring in comedy! We shall find nobody at the place of appointment, unless, indeed, it be some old russet, yellow with the winds of forty-five autumns. But never mind! we shall have a good laugh. You will accompany me to the mass ; if this letter should not contribute to my happiness, it will at least serve to benefit you. We shall afterwards breakfast at the eating-house on the corner, quite near, whose illustrious proprietor asks twenty-five francs for a wretched duck, saying to you in a sublime tone : 'The lowest price in the city, Monsieur!' Do you know, my boy, that the world is a merry theatre, and that you can see more comical pieces there than at the Odéon? But you are yawning, you unbeliever!"

"Yes, I am sleepy."

"There you are ; one night of pleasure and study makes you sick ! Come, young man ! Be strong ; follow the example of your senior. Perhaps the wheel of my destiny, good or bad, is taking a turn at this moment. *Rouge or noir* ? The game must be played, and I am not more agitated than if only a florin were at stake !"

He was not agitated, I dare say, but he was nervous ; and every time he passed a certain mirror in the style of Louis XIV., he unconsciously adjusted some part of his dress. I see him still, leaning back in his arm-chair *à la Voltaire*, whilst his valet, upon his knees, put on his boots ; I see him walking the pavement of the Chaussée d'Antin with great strides, his foot delicate as that of any Parisienne, his leg like that of a mountaineer ! And I could paint him entering the rickety church, swept away two or three years ago by ruthless hands. He had on iron-gray pantaloons and vest, and a well-fitting blue frock-coat, which set off his figure without inconveniencing him. A small piece of red ribbon was in his button-hole, his overcoat was thrown over his left arm, and his right hand held his hat. I shall add that he wore a turn-down collar, a long cravat, Swedish gloves, and not a particle of jewelry. Nothing more simple and *bourgeois* than this morning attire, and yet I swear to you that Francis I. and Henry VIII., meeting upon the Field of the Cloth of Gold, had not a loftier air combined.

He stood motionless and collected for some minutes, then, resolutely entering the little aisle on the right, he walked up the entire length of the church. He then faced about and slowly returned, casting his eyes over the crowd, like a man commissioned with numbering the blue bonnets. When he rejoined me, I had no need of questioning him ; his face expressed ill-humor and scorn. "I was sure of it," he said. "Come, let us have breakfast."

"You saw nobody ?"

"Nobody ; positively."

"Then I appeal. You did not look properly."

"Go and look for yourself !"

He did not need to entreat me to make the trial again, and I had no difficulty in finding Madame Bersac. She was in the middle of the first row of seats, dressed as she had previously announced to us, and I may add that the blue velvet became her exceedingly well. Her personal appearance was most appetising, if I may be allowed to use the word. Her roundish face had the color and solidity of a Sèvres biscuit, and her figure all the daintiness belonging to a Clodian beauty. The contrast between her golden hair, her brown eyebrows, and black eyes was lovely. Her hand, too strictly gloved, after the fashion of the provinces, was small, and her teeth were beautiful. This is all I was able to note during a cursory and unfavorable examination, as an officer makes a survey under the fire from a citadel. The young widow, whose age her greatest enemy would not have estimated to be more than twenty-six years, was seated between two fantastic dragons in human shape, who had escaped, it seemed to me, from some one or other of Toepffer's stories. Picture to yourself an undersized man of seventy-five years, withered, shrunk, and faded as a flower in an herbarium ; and an old virago,

with something of a beard, frightful-looking and monstrously fat. It was impossible to see such a pair without thinking of those spider couples, of which the female devours her mate after marriage. The greatest harmony seemed, however, to exist between these monsters; they watched by turns, following the mass in their books: as soon as the man lowered his eyes the woman would raise her head, and when the woman resumed her prayers he would resume his watching.

I hastily rejoined Etienne and rendered him an account of what I had seen, not concealing my admiration for the beautiful and touching victim. At the first words that I spoke his skepticism, his dandyism, and his freezing looks gave place to sincere emotion; he grew pale and leaned upon me for support. I could not prevail upon him to await the moment fixed for his going back to the front of the church; he darted away like an arrow, upset several chairs, elbowed some worshippers, and returned with a radiant face, his hat in his left hand and his handkerchief in his right. "You are right," he said, "she is simply charming. We love each other, I shall marry her, and I shall invite you; but let us go out, I need air." His imagination was so greatly heated that but for me he would have forgotten to put on his overcoat at a temperature of thirty or forty degrees. We left, and during a full quarter of an hour he unheedingly shuffled about in the black and sticky dust which is the snow of Paris. For my part I forgot to freeze, though nothing chills your blood like a sleepless night; I felt a strange rapture in listening to the nonsense of this great child.

We saw the congregation come out and disperse in various directions. Hortense left the church upon the arm of the withered old man and flanked by the giantess; all three entered the Rue de Tivoli. The young woman did not see us, or, if she perceived Etienne, she did not show it; but her two companions, relieving each other, turned backed a number of times, the one looking ahead whilst the other guarded the rear. Etienne burned with a desire to follow them; I restrained him by proving that he would risk compromising all parties, and so we wended our way to breakfast.

Happy man! With what an appetite he devoured time and space, not slighting the chicken *à la Marengo*! The obstacles, the rivalry, the plots of the Bersac family disappeared before him like the mutton-chops; he tasted both the Musigny wine and the happiness of being loved like a true connoisseur. He ate a dozen or fifteen splendid crabs, making quite as many projects more than splendid. It was a double pleasure to see and hear him. He furnished his house, discussed the liveries, stocked the stables, galloped upon his favorite horse in the side-alleys of the Bois de Boulogne, and designed costumes for Hortense such as princesses have not; he would open his drawing-rooms to the *élite* of talent, while the great lords might stand waiting at his door. All at once he plunged into the very depths of the country, and began one of those idyls which youths dream at eighteen years, gathering violets by the bushel and raising triumphal arches of corn-flowers.

Le loup se forge une félicité
Qui le fait pleurer de tendresse.*

* The wolf conjures up a bliss which makes him weep with tender emotion.

The world wearied him ; he would be all to his wife, in order to have her all to himself. If he found her a little unpolished still (nothing more excusable, poor thing !), he would remould her with his own hands. "It is not a more difficult task, after all, than to create a perfect heroine, as we do every day in our novels. I have fashioned more than twenty women, true as life, to please the public ; I would now fashion the best and most charming for my own use. Zounds ! every one for himself. Is it not quite just and natural for a poor romancer to enjoy the luxury of a romance for once in his life ?"

I intimated that his air-castle lacked one important thing.

"What is that ?"

"The study."

"My dear friend," he replied, in a graver tone, "you know what I have been able to produce amidst the hubbub of Paris. Boulevards, cards, women, boon companions, creditors, theatres, suppers, duels, newspapers, letters,—they have still left me the time to write two or three *genuine* books. You saw this morning that, even with two bottles of champagne in my head, I can improvise merrily enough. Judge from this what I shall be able to do when quiet, security, happiness, and honorable love shall have given me back to myself thoroughly regenerated ! I shall produce masterpieces."

"*Jean Moreau* ?"

"*Jean Moreau* first, and a hundred others afterwards. What is an 18mo volume ? Seven or eight thousand lines of print. I can dictate five hundred in less than two hours, as you have seen ; one day of a free and happy man's life represents ten working hours at the lowest count, that is five thousand lines. At this rate I should produce a volume every two days, one hundred and eighty in a year, with plenty of time for rest. If this large number frightens you, reduce it to a half, a fourth, a tenth ; there will still remain eighteen volumes per annum. Give me thirty years to live, and I shall have at least five hundred and forty volumes upon the shelf. If I die in my prime, fifteen years hence, I shall still leave the booksellers a more imposing stock than that of Voltaire. We know why the writers of our age are all barren, or nearly so : it is because they waste nine-tenths of their time and ink in soliciting favors from a figurante, indulgence from the tailor, and delays from the bailiff. A million lines are daily lost in Paris, to the detriment of the provinces and posterity. Take all the men of talent, I know fully two hundred and fifty, marry them to women like Hortense, give to each two hundred louis per month, and the ages of Pericles, Augustus, and Louis XIV. will be but as a day in midsummer compared with ours !"

He continued in this strain till two o'clock of the afternoon, and then he sent me home to bed without the promised letter of introduction. I, young and careless, did not awake before nine o'clock the next day.

LUCAS CRANACH.

ON October 31, 1872, the good people of Weimar celebrated the fourth centenary of the birth of Lucas Cranach, the painter of the Reformation. From a brief sketch of the life of this friend of Luther, which recently appeared in commemoration of that day, written by Pastor German, a descendant of Cranach, we make a few interesting extracts, and endeavor to weave them into something like a connected narrative.

We possess no exact information of the time of Cranach's birth, nor of the struggles through which he finally emerged the first religious portrait-painter of his time. He was born about 1472, at Kronach, in the former Franconian bishopric of Bamberg. Nor do we know his parentage; only so much seems to be certain, that his family-name was "Sunder," or even "Sünder," a name still extant in Franconia. As Lucas Cranach always wrote his name with C and not with K, and often simply signed himself "Master Lucas, Maler," the erroneous supposition arose that his family-name was Maler, Moler, or Müller, while the word "Maler" meant simply his profession, painter. He himself assumed, as was then often, and is even yet sometimes done, the name of the place of his nativity, Kronach, changing it into Cranach; his most usual signature being "Lukas Cranach, Maler zu Wittenberg." The name Cranach is likewise given to him in the letters-patent of nobility issued by the Elector Frederick the Wise in 1508 at Nuremberg; in which also his coat-of-arms is prescribed, consisting of a winged dragon holding in his mouth a ring set with a ruby; by which his and his son's pictures may readily be recognised, both having been in the habit of affixing this coat-of-arms to their works.

His first teacher was his own father. This is assured by a Latin memoir written by the tutor of his son's children, Matthew Gunderam, a native of Kronach, and in 1556 deposited with other documents in the ball supporting the vane on the top of the church of Wittenberg; in which memoir it is stated that "he was taught his art by his father." The first works which directed the attention of the Saxon princes to Cranach, are said to have been a pair of antlers and a deer, which he painted for Cobourg Castle, in so masterly a manner that both hunters and dogs were deceived by them. This faithful, life-like imitation of nature, to which he devoted his powers by preference, is the distinguishing characteristic of his works; hence it is that his portraits are valued above all others of that time for their historic truthfulness. If we wish, for example, to obtain at one glance a life-like representation of the great coryphæus of the Reformation, we need only contemplate his master-work, the altar-piece in the church at Weimar; where Luther, surrounded by Melancthon, Frederick the Wise, and others, life-sized figures, looks down upon us; and if we are not mistaken, the painter, too, has depicted himself

upon this canvas. But a higher flight of genius Cranach never attained; he is below his countryman Albrecht Dürer, and much below his Italian and Dutch contemporaries, in point of imaginative creativeness.

We know not when Lucas Cranach first became acquainted with the Elector of Saxony, Frederick the Wise, nor when he painted the above-mentioned pictures for Cobourg Castle. But that he was already known favorably beyond Germany at an early period in life, we may assume from the fact that one of his paintings is still extant at the Sciarra Gallery of Rome, which bears the date 1504, and which is said to be a fine work of art; as also from this, that after having become the court-painter of the Elector, he maintained an interesting correspondence with the mother of King Francis I. of France, in which he offers to barter his pictures for ancient relics in her possession. The pictures thus obtained by the king's mother are still here and there to be met with in the State-Galleries of France. He seems to have led, up to 1505, a sort of Bohemian life, with no assured place of residence. In that year we see him permanently established at Wittenberg, however; as appears from an entry in the Electoral accounts: "50 Mfl. Meister Lukas von Wittenberg, dem Maler uff Bereth"—50 Misnia florins to Master Lucas, of Wittenberg, the painter, by order. The honorable position of court-painter was held by Cranach with three successive Saxon Electors, Frederick the Wise; his brother, John the Constant; and Frederick's son, John Frederick the Magnanimous. An anecdote we may here relate in reference to his picture of Countess Catharine, daughter of Henry, Count of Henneberg, the ancestress of Frederick the Wise. When the Elector commissioned him to paint this picture, he pleasantly said to the painter: "Er möge ihm doch ja diese Hennebergische Henne recht wohl malen, als welche dem Hause Sachsen ein gar schönes Ei gelegt habe"—"Paint me well this Henneberg hen, since she has laid so pretty an egg in the nest of our Saxon house;" from her the powerful lordship of Henneberg came to the Saxon country; *Henneberg* means "Hen on the Hill," and the coat-of-arms of the Henneberg Counts was a black hen on a hill—still to be seen in the present Saxon coat-of-arms; this will explain the Elector's little pleasantry.

The esteem in which Cranach was held by the Princes was shown him by the burghers of Wittenberg likewise. In the year 1519 the town-council made him their chamberlain, and in 1537 he was elected to the burgomastership, which he filled for seven years, after which he voluntarily relinquished it. His townsman, Dr. Martinus Luther, seems to have had an unwonted sway and influence over his Wittenbergers, as appears from the following circumstance. Bread being at one time very scarce at Wittenberg, and the poor suffering greatly, Luther gave to the town authorities a heavy rasping in the person of Dr. Cruciger, the chairman of the board of town-councillors. Master Lucas was deputed by them to pacify the irascible old gentleman, and succeeded perfectly; which may show the degree of influence the painter had with the reformer. However intimate Luther became with him later, it is nevertheless a noteworthy fact, and one which still further bears testimony to the reformer's hardihood, that Cranach,

the bold and enthusiastic painter, at first entertained many doubts and misgivings in regard to the propriety of the course of Luther, a person who dared to make opposition to the Pope and the received tenets of religious belief. But this hesitancy and these doubts once overcome, no friend was ever truer than Cranach was to Luther and the cause of the Reformation; this friendship ripened into great and lasting intimacy. Cranach became Luther's ambassador, it is said, when he wished to marry Catharine of Bora; and on the day when Luther's engagement and wedding were both celebrated at the same time, 13th June, 1525, this very memorable act in church-history was witnessed but by Lucas Cranach, Bugenhagen, and the *Doctor Juris Appelles*. Cranach painted Luther several times, likewise his wife, whom Luther used to call his "herzliebe Käthe," and sometimes in jest his "gnädige Frau von Zulsdorf," from a domain which the Elector had presented Luther. Once when Cranach showed him a new picture of his wife, he said: "Now I shall paint a man upon this canvas, and send both pictures to the Concilium, with the request that the assembled holy fathers tell me which they prefer, the decent state of matrimony or the indecent unmarried state of the ecclesiastics. Ah, how drear and deserted the world would be without this gracious ordinance of God!" When Cranach, in 1536, received the distressing news of the death of his eldest son, John Lucas, which occurred at Bologna on the evening of the 9th October, and when the stricken parents overwhelmed themselves with self-accusations that they had sent their son to Italy, where he was to have completed his artistic studies, Luther, upon hearing the news, went to Cranach's house to console him. "Dear Master Luka," he said, "be gentle; God means to break your headstrong will; for He loves to test us where pain smites keenest, to kill the old Adam within us."

When Luther went on his celebrated trip to Worms, it was Lucas who was commissioned by the town-council of Wittenberg to supply him with what he might need for the journey. On his return he wrote to Cranach, which letter we gave in a former article of this Magazine. It seems, too, that at Wartburg Castle, Cranach's counsel was frequently requested in the translation of the Bible. Thus Luther writes on one occasion to Spalatin: "When I translated the Bible, Master Lukas aided me by counsel and kind offices; he sent to me from the Saxon court many a precious stone to look at, that I might find the true meanings of biblical expressions, by closely studying the ever-varying play of light and color of these stones; particularly when I translated the 21st chapter of the Revelation." With Melanchthon, Master Cranach lived likewise in intimate relations. A letter of Melanchthon is extant in which he requests of the Prince of Anhalt some favor for Cranach's son-in-law, George Dasche, or Tassius.

But the chief interest of Cranach's life is his touching devotion and adherence to the fate of the unfortunate son of Elector Frederick the Wise, John Frederick the Magnanimous, a man whose history would well deserve more extended notice. It is known that Duke Maurice of Saxony, the head of the younger or Albertine branch of the Saxon house, eager for the possessions of the elder, the Ernestine branch,

had brought about serious dissensions between the two ; and to obtain possession of his cousin's lands, he even concluded a treaty with the arch enemy of his house, the Emperor Charles V., which looked to the accomplishment of his purposes. The Emperor had promised to him, in case they should be successful in killing off the Protestant hydra, the Electorate of Saxony. After some ephemeral successes on the part of the assailed prince, John Frederick was totally defeated in the battle of Mühlberg (April 24, 1547) on the Elbe river, and himself taken prisoner. Luther did not live to behold this terrible blow to his magnanimous benefactor ; he had died a few months before. A court-martial of which the bloody Duke Alba was president, condemned the Elector to death. It is said that when the sentence was announced to him in his prison-cell, he was playing chess with the Duke of Brunswick, likewise a prisoner. They stopped their game to hear it ; when it had been read,—“*Fergamus*—let us go on with the game,” said the unmoved Elector. It must, however, be stated that the Emperor seems never to have intended to carry this sentence into execution. A more tangible fruit was within his grasp ; and aided by the frightened spouse of the Elector, John Frederick was finally prevailed upon to sign the humiliating treaty by which he renounced the Electorate in favor of Maurice. At this sad time Cranach hastened to the side of his master at Augsburg, and while pursuing his calling of painter, never left him until his captivity was ended by the sudden and unexpected defection of the new Elector Maurice. This came to pass in September, 1552. In the following year Cranach died in the house of his daughter at Weimar, 16th of October, 1553. His sorely tried friend and benefactor, Elector John Frederick the Magnanimous, followed him the year after, 3d of March, 1554. Cranach lies buried in the churchyard of the garrison church at Weimar, nearly opposite the grave of the gallant Lieut. General von Schmitten, who fell at Jena in 1806 ; and we believe that the ashes of John Frederick the Magnanimous rest in the same classic city.

F. S.

PAT THE DITCHER.

A WONDER is Pat,
As he trudges along
With his old slouched hat
Through the world's busy throng,
Nor caring, nor fearing,
But hero-like bearing
The butt-end of labor and lash-end of wrong.

I saw him one day
With his shovel and spade
And his pipe, march away
To his ditch in the glade,
While out of that socket
That men call a pocket
His bottle's neck shone like the smile of a maid.

His coarse overshirt
Was tattered and torn,
His pants full of dirt,
And his shoes they were worn;
But his shovel was gleaming,
And his broad features beaming
As bright as the broad open beam of the morn.

Ah! rough thou wert, Pat,
O'er thy mission of toil:
But ah! what is that
To the man who must toil?
No heart has beat ever
More gentle and clever
Than beats in thy bosom, thou son of the soil!

As he passed to his ditch
Down in the wet moor,
A man proud and rich
Called Pat by his door,
And bid o'er his neighbor
For honest Pat's labor —
“When I've finished my ditch,” answered Pat; “not before.

"My promise I gave,
And my honor is bound;
I am not, Sir, a knave
Tho' I delve in the ground.
My word, when I speak it,
I would scorn, Sir, to break it;
Truth's penny is better than Error's best pound!"

The nabob drove down
On the way that Pat trode,
And passed with a frown
By a wretch on the road;
A wretch with want dying,
An infant was crying
In her arms, and she seemed broken down with her load.

Pat drew anon near;
He heard the babe cry,
And a big Irish tear
Rolled down from his eye.
He tried to conceal it,
But his heart would reveal it
As the tale of the fallen was told with a sigh.

He gave her advice;
But this was not all,
For his tools in a trice
From his grasp he let fall,
And deep from that socket
That men call a pocket
He drew forth his bottle, his purse, and his all.

And he shook the seed dime
From his old "seedy" purse,
That he'd kept since the time
That he play'd with his nurse;
'Twas his last and his only,
And Pat loved it fondly,
For he'd kept it through hunger, through tatters, and worse.

Through many a bout,
Through pain and through gloom,
Through dirt, darkness, doubt,
Dikes, ditches and doom,
In life's every station,
From nation to nation
He had cherished that seed of a fortune to bloom.

"Here, take it," he said,
 "Last night I had more,
 But the ground was my bed,
 And this morn I was poor.
 I delve for my living,
 But wasting and giving
 Soon hurries me back to my ditch in the moor."

He turned him apart
 When he'd told her all that ;
 His big Irish heart
 Felt as large as his hat,
 As it throb'd and it fluttered
 With delight never uttered
 Save when it was told in the bosom of Pat.

He delved the week thro'
 And he made the dirt fly,
 And his ditch longer grew
 As his bottle grew dry ;
 The task was diminished
 Till at last it was finished,
 And his pay was in hand and his holiday nigh.

O Saturday eve !
 It is Patrick's delight,
 For it comes to relieve
 His fatigue with a fight,
 For buffets and bruising
 And whiskey's ill-using
 Is the cream that Pat skims from his day of respite.

Hark ! a fight ; but not his,
 Yet he enters with zest,
 And bears his broad phiz
 For the weak and oppress'd.

* * * * *

The fight is all over,
 And night with its cover
 Hides penniless Pat as he *grounds* him to rest.

And thus with his spade
 And his bottle he goes
 Through the light and the shade,
 'Mid his friends and his foes,
 Making and spending,
 Breaking and mending,
 Now healing a heart, and now bruising a nose.

At last the gray hairs
 You behold on his brow,
And the old ditcher wears
 Some deep traces now,
For life has rough used him,
And men have abused him,
And the ground to his shovel is harder somehow.

He is on his last ditch —
 He is delving alone ;
He has made others rich
 With his sinew and bone ;
But now as he bends him
In toil none befriends him,
For, the strength that abode in his good arm is gone.

* * * * * * *

His hoary old head
 Is as white as the snow ;
He toils now for bread,
 For his wages are low ;
Life's vices and pleasures,
Its baubles and treasures,
No longer are honest Pat's heritage now.

No kind hand to give
 Him a holiday's rest,
He must toil if he'd live,
 Tho' sick and distressed ;
He's not e'en a bottle
To cheer his old throttle,
And bring back a moment of youth to his breast.

* * * * * * *

He has toiled the long day,
 But his labor seems dead ;
His work will not pay
 For his supper and bed,
And a fever is o'er him —
Ah ! who will restore him ?
What gentle hand pillow the old ditcher's head ?

Lo ! pale twilight comes
 With the charm of a witch,
O'er the hearths and the homes
 Of the low and the rich ;
But over the meadow
There comes a dark shadow,
And the old ditcher sleeps his last sleep in his ditch.

A FEW RECOLLECTIONS OF OSCAR M. LIEBER.

A YOUNG scholar of whom Humboldt spoke warmly, whose life was devoted to science, and who died in defence of the liberties of the South, ought not to pass wholly from the memory of the Southern people. His noble death came too soon for him to leave his mark upon the age in any abiding record of his scientific and scholarly attainments; but he left many friends who can testify to his possessing powers which would have given him a high place among our thinkers and writers, had he lived to put them in operation. His personal qualities were such that it is with pride and pleasure that I undertake to trace out even this slight sketch of my intercourse with him, deeply regretting that the lapse of time and the many gaps which war and the waste succeeding war have made in the circle of friends he once loved, keep me from paying a worthier tribute to his memory.

Oscar Montgomery Lieber, one of the sons of Professor Francis Lieber, and mortally wounded at the battle of Eltham's Landing or Barhamsville while fighting in that cause which his father was one of the bitterest in opposing, was a man of rare qualities and scholarly attainments. He was lost to the country in that memorable action, in which Hood's gallant brigade of Texans, supported by the Hampton Legion, drove through many miles of dense woods to the edge of York River a heavy column of the enemy just debarked from their boats, and sent by McClellan towards Barhamsville with the design of cutting off Gen. Joe Johnston's retreat, whilst he fought him lower down, at Williamsburg, with his main army.

The success of the troops under Hood and Hampton, and the complete rout of the enemy through the country along the West Point road, saved the Southern army, and enabled Gen. Johnston to prosecute his retreat without molestation in flank or front.

Skirmishing with the company of which he was a private, the Washington Light Infantry Volunteers, of Charleston, in advance of the line, Lieber fell in this action with a ball through his shoulder just above the left lung. He was driven in an ambulance through the far-extended ranks of the retreating army, over the roughest of roads a distance of twenty-eight miles to White Point, the nearest station on the York River Railroad. He suffered greatly on this route from the frequent jolting of the vehicle, the drive being taken through much of the way at night, and the roads being in a frightful condition from recent rains and the passage of many wagon-trains over them. I have still a vivid recollection of that terrible drive, for I was at his request detailed to accompany him, and the groans which the sudden jolts of the wretched vehicle extorted from my friend were a bitter sound to my ear.

Arrived at Richmond, he was taken to one of the Georgia hospitals, whence he was removed in a few days, through the kindness of Gen.

Wigfall, to the house of Mr. Warwick, a wealthy gentleman of the city, where every attention was paid to his comfort and well-being, and the best of surgical attendance procured. I left him to return to my command; and, falling into the hands of the enemy shortly after at the close of the battle of Seven Pines, I heard nothing of his fate until my return from Fort Delaware. My friends in the Legion then told me all they knew. He died at the house of the kind family who had taken him home to nurse and care for his needs, in the month of June, 1861, after a few weeks of painful suspense on the part of his friends. He was a sincere and fervent Christian, and met death with calm resignation.

I wish to gather here such reminiscences of my intercourse with him in military life, as after the lapse of so many years I shall be able to recall. My association with him was close and constant during the last year of his life, and always of the pleasantest nature. He served, without any recognised grade, as a topographical engineer with Gen. Beauregard before, during, and immediately after the first battle of Manassas. Shortly after that first great meeting of the contending races, he attached himself as a private to Company A of the Hampton Legion, infantry arm. Here commenced my acquaintance with him. I had seen him frequently before in Columbia, while I was a student in the South Carolina College, but had never been introduced to him. From the days of the wet encampment at Berrysville, however, we knew each other well. As we were in the same mess and frequently in the same tent, the near intimacy which is generated by the soldier's life soon sprang up between us. From the first I recognised in him a loyal devotion to South Carolina, a full appreciation and understanding of the principles for which we were contending, a high strain of honor and manliness, and a brave resoluteness of character, which drew me greatly towards him. Added to this were his high mental culture, his large experience of life and manners gathered from foreign travel and foreign university life as well as from intercourse with the best society of his beloved State, his true instincts, and the gentle nature concealed under what at first sight seemed a somewhat grim and unsocial exterior.

The gravity and phlegm of manner which he derived from his German blood, and the somewhat crusty tone which his bachelor habits had superinduced upon his normal temperament, were likely to repel those who did not know him well, and lead to the conviction that his nature was altogether ungenial. But this was by no means the case. As one grew to know him better, and the reserve of first acquaintance began to wear off, it was easy to detect the good qualities hitherto latent in him. Humorous and even jocose utterances soon fell from his lips; and he warmed into the thoroughly genial and delightful companion, the memory of whose sayings and of whose rather comical features in moments of merriment is associated for me with many of the picturesque scenes and eventful occasions of that memorable winter on the Potomac and long spring campaign thence to the Rappahannock, from the Rappahannock to Yorktown, and from Yorktown up to the fatal woods of the West Point road.

During a large portion of this time he assisted Gen. Hampton greatly with his topographical knowledge and skill, though he still remained in the ranks of the Legion, being detached from time to time as his engineering services were required. I believe the General — then Colonel by rank, but commanding a brigade — valued his services highly, and had a high esteem and some affection for him personally.

His acquaintance with literature and with all the mooted questions of science and politics was large, and I derived much pleasure from discussing such matters with him on many a cold, snow-stormy night of that long first winter of the war. I remember, however, puzzling him once and checking him in the very heat of argument, on the march from Yorktown, by a pretended citation from Izaak Walton, bearing directly against the point he was maintaining, until he noticed the amused look in my eyes and saw that I was quizzing him. But he took such jokes very good-naturedly.

Besides his experiences in Europe (which included a student's share in a Berlin revolution) he had been among the Esquimaux upon the occasion of a scientific cruise in the Northern waters, and had seen a great deal of the Catawba Indians in the settlement occupied by the remnant of that tribe now extant among us. These last he had encountered in the prosecution of his duties as State Geologist of South Carolina. There were also relations of his mother's (whom he dearly loved and of whom he often spoke to me in terms of fond affection) in Cuba, with whom he kept up a regular correspondence. All these associations had furnished him with a large fund of varied information and with many themes of interest, so that when he found himself in a communicative mood he had much to tell which was very pleasant to listen to, and he told it well. Apple-brandy and coffee were more abundant in those days than they became at a subsequent period, and when these pleasant stimulants were on the rude board which our camp-economy supplied, with the sympathetic pipe well-stored and a circle of friends around, many and many a good time we had that comes back to me now tenderly remembered, because restoring in vision not a few staunch comrades I can never see again in this life, and one or two still living but not met with for many years. But these last doubtless remember as well as I how rich such occasions were with the table-talk of this genial companion. He was delightful by the fireside, cheerful and unselfish on the march, brave and cool in action, hopeful for his country, and faithful to her in life and death. His views were always large and liberal, his prejudices confined to trifling matters in which they could do no harm, his eccentricities leaning to the side of neatness and fastidious delicacy about meat, drink and clothing — only such as seemed eccentricities to us rough soldiers, careless of rigid practices in a life which we regarded as only temporary, and which in the spirit of frolic youth we looked upon at first as a sort of romantic emancipation from the conventionalities of gentility.

His contributions to literature and science it is not easy to collect at this time, as many of them made their appearance in ephemeral publications which time and the accidents of war have scattered. Even those who knew him best in the earlier years of his manhood

would perhaps find it difficult to identify them if they were found. His geological reports are, I believe, considered valuable by scientific men; my impression is that Dr. Joseph Le Conte, the distinguished scientist, once told me that Lieber's work in that department was well done, and that his reports would always be useful. In the *Courant*, a weekly which flourished for a short time in Columbia, he published several articles, one of which, *Morphology of a Plum-pudding*, was intended as a burlesque on the tendency of science at the present day to adapt its processes of reasoning to social problems, and convert an analogy, which should be employed simply as illustrative, into a serious argument. Had his writings been commensurate in quantity with the fulness and extent of his thought and the largeness of his learning and experience, he would have left a literary name behind him of which the South might well have been proud.

C. W. H.

MANHOOD.

IT costs us a sigh of regret to give forth a long-cherished thought. Then the world has it: we have lost it. No more shall we turn it over in heart and brain, and color and change and dignify. It has gone from us forever. It leaves a vacancy. It was a companion to us. While we had it we were conscious of a sleeping value—we had something to tell; losing it, we are lonely. Be still: it is doing its work. Each man is a world within himself, but he must trade and barter and exchange with his neighbor. Tell me your thought; I will tell you mine, and there shall be mutual benefit. Must I give up nothing, that mankind shall profit by my life? Who are we that we shall clasp our hands to our brows and say, They are feverish; we are overworked; we must rest? There is no rest save in work. Work is rest. The ploughboy sleeps sounder than the epicure. We should know that there is nothing we have in these hearts of ours but our neighbor is entitled to claim. I am here, therefore I have a right to be here. He made me; He wants me. There is a purpose in everything. An ant climbing a wall can save a Prince, and a spider's web is Mohammed's Gibraltar.

Behind each existing fact there are numberless possibilities of cause. Who shall say this is right or that is wrong? There is no right, no wrong, save as parts of a whole. I do think there is no truth without its essence of error, no error without its scintilla of truth. The sugar has a slight taste of the vile bone-dust. Let us think deeply and act

cautiously, for to-day's belief is built upon the wreck of yesterday's heresy ; and the outlaw of to-day was the hero of a breathing-space gone. Nothing abides. First opinions are oftentimes black with error, and go down in the light of fuller knowledge. We are ashamed of our grandfathers' belief in witches, ghosts, and goblins. It is said there is a trick in each man's talk ; when caught, you have his whole thought. Poe felt sure you had a man's calibre by his autograph. We are not sure — and yet a careful reader shall tell you by ear which is Shakspeare, Tennyson, or Scott. That sentence you quote, why label Plato, or Bacon, or Milton? You can't deceive us. 'Tis a trick in the expression, if followed to the corner, shall show you the man hidden behind it. And I would that it should be ever so. Give me a little of the man's character stamped on the idea. I respect the man. His moral force heaped on the word shall be weight to bear me down and shame me into his path. Am I crooked and warped and dwarfed? Let me find his heart, backed by his life, in his thought and word, and behold ! I straightway begin to grow erect and happy.

It is an open question which are the masters, men or ants ; but I see Rome begin to quicken when the she-wolf gives suck to a babe. I see her tremble when the young Hannibal swears upon his sword, and it takes Peter the Hermit to bring Saladin and Cœur-de-Lion to the same battlefield. When Warwick goes down, all is lost. Verily, "What a piece of work is man ! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties ! In form and moving, how express and admirable ! In action how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a God !" Yet I would have you know that the stolid, phlegmatic men are made of poor timber. Too slow, too nerveless. They burn slowly, stubbornly — crack, snap, they are broken and done. Give me a man who is keenly and passionately alive ; full to bursting with bounding, nervous vitality ; burning with that fierce energy which sends the wounded tiger leaping into mid-air and flings him on his foe, more fatal in death than in life. I do not rely much upon negative men. Pent fire is dangerous.

Men are so restless. We could almost believe in a Spirit of Unrest. They cannot work and wait. They are ever anxious to cut away a gap in the clay, that some historian may point and say, "This was *his* place. He is a link. He lived. He died. Go visit his grave." I am ashamed that men should gasp so, and be troubled after a line of mention in a printed book. A horse or a dog may win so much. Men smile so complacently when their names come forth heading large contributions to puny societies, and are trumpeted up and down as founders of this or that insignificant sect. They should know that one good life justifies the beauty of human existence, and leads more men to the tabernacle than a thousand such Christians. Girards, Peabodys, Corcorans, and Shaws, are the veriest of angel-visits. Men define immortality so strangely: one burns a temple, another leaps full harnessed into a chasm, and yet another teaches us how to talk under the Atlantic ; and all these are immortal. I had rather beg like Homer than stab like Brutus ; and yet when our day comes we tremble, and whisper to our elbow-companion whether we shall stab or burn or write, for we are full of perplexity.

I am myself and you are yourself. It is nerve that weds us to our own, and helps us to avow contentment. We have a sharp law for counterfeiters, and a bank-clerk has ingenuity in detecting the spurious coin or note. Why have we no law to brand counterfeit men? I would throw my pen away lest I write a parody or plagiarise. We pat the imitator on the back and tell him he mimics well. We should prefer cultivating our own weeds to stealing another's flowers; yet men try hard to catch the same twang for a conversation, and court the same fancies as well as dress. Sheep go in flocks. The lion crouches alone in the jungle. Jackdaws hover together in myriads, and chatter like mad. The eagle sits alone on his crag, and the albatross dips his wing in the midmost billow of the ocean, and each sweeps upward voiceless in his own dignified loneliness. Still, it is better to be a good jackdaw than a bad eagle, for even geese can sometimes save a city.

We are all just a mite cowardly. We elbow our way down street, not quite sure but we are trespassers. This last thought I put here goes down timidly. I make a half-bow of apology to something within which seems almost to ask, Is that your own? I am ever saying to myself deprecatingly, Yes, yes, I admit it: it is not all mine: I borrowed this piece here and that yonder. We are ever turning half around, abashed, to see if some one is not deriding our best deeds. I once heard of a man who ran a pin into his foot at the age of twenty, and at eighty it worked out at his knee. That was his pin! After all those sixty years who was to claim it? I shall not tremble so when I set down my idea. Perhaps it has been in the heart so long, no owner will rise up in judgment to claim it. Let us take heart. It may be the chance thought we drop is the long-sought key which shall unlock all of life to some mere laborer. It is said that in a far country, when the traveller eats fruit, he buries a seed by the wayside. Each pass-way becomes a grand avenue of shade, under which a stranger can rest. Be firm, hopeful, and active. Record your thought: it may shelter a soul, and among the shadows where men struggle with evil, it may aid a sinking brother in saying, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

There are more men than ideas, and I thank God that in this life we shall look neither to the right nor to the left, before nor behind. We shall strike our little tent here in the meridian of this day, and stand up and do our work. I shall not take an observation to find in what quarter is the moon. The seed I shall sow to-day shall bring forth fruit in its kind when the harvest shall come. Enough for me to know this. It is for me to dig my place, choose my seed, winnow and plant. He shall water; He shall watch; He shall keep. To-morrow is not mine. I must be a man to-day, and need not fear the morrow. I am well told that I shall have nothing to do with consistency; and in my heart I thank my instructor. I shall work to-day, and affirm or deny to-morrow as my best of life shall demand. There be whom I shall please, and there be whom you shall please. Do you put on brown or blue or red, as your case shall need, while I shall put on black or purple or white, and we shall both be applauded. We map out our lives, and then we check and pull and dwarf and tug our

steps into the path we plan. We should open our hearts and read what is written therein ; then look up and live. Why should we fret over our epitaphs before disease has laid its hand upon us? If I am a valuable fraction in the sum, I shall help to balance the final count, and be sure a shaft will go over me and my name be set down. I would not have you curl your lips and sneer when we quote that the world owes us, and we will claim our own with usury. 'Tis not seemly we should come in boisterously like Orlando, sword in hand. If we serve faithfully and hopefully, our reward shall be forthcoming. There is no court in which the good world pleads bankruptcy. Did you ever hear of her neglecting her yeomen? You shall not tell me the laurel is oftener twined on the gravestone than the head. It comes — enough! Work, wait, hope ; then lie down and be glorified. Be sure your memory shall be drowned in nectar, though we drench you here with wormwood. Richter is scoffed out of a two-penny publisher's office, and straightway we find a great nation pluming itself on his citizenship. Hold your judgment ; be silent ; observe. The butterfly shakes off the grub, and bebies of children chase it. Do something worthy that shall burnish your name, and what boots it us whether you live in a garret or palace? we will come down from our equipage, inch up to you hat in hand, and say, Do not forget us : we played side by side with you in the long-gone time ; and you shall not say I know you not, because we gave you no cup of water when you were athirst ; how should we know your place the while, there are so many men?

I think more of Dickens than Scott, because his story is the necessary outcropping from the character he draws. In him the petty little plot does not puff itself and force each man and woman into existence, to dance around or under it and help to bear its ponderous weight along. It should be said of us, They lived ; see the consequences. The husbandman digs about the roots of his tree, cuts away the dead buds and branches, and lo ! the leaves are green and the fruit luscious. Let him not trouble himself about the kind of fruit ; it is his to tend his tree, and he shall not come away empty-handed. I shall admire Hercules for searing the severed heads of the Hydra ; but for me I shall not despond or grow weary because of this or that bad thought, wicked impulse, failure or disappointment. I shall rise to manhood "on the stepping-stones of my dead self." If I do love my work, it shall go well with me, and I shall not tire. Constant labor gives splendid physique. It was a suggestive custom which dubbed a knight with a stroke of the sword. Let us feel our danger, and if we be men, our eyes shall burn.

I would that our lives were not measured by clocks, but by the good strokes we make. Should this eye offend me, let me pluck it out, and settling back into my bettered life, say, Here, begin the count just here ; this is an epoch. And then I should play the lordly conqueror, and throw my former puny self into the scale to make good the balance, and laugh at the taunting magnanimity of a Brennus.

When I rise I had rather go hither and thither, up and down, like a badly balanced kite, than hitch myself to somebody's balloon and be

hoisted up. 'Tis not well to pluck the half-blown rose to-day and rudely press its tender petals open. Patience. To-morrow you shall see it in its full beauty.

In my heart of hearts I respect and look up to that man who is mailed in a well-grounded faith in himself, who delights in opposition for opposition's sake, and would not, in this body, live in a world where there was no sin to fight; who, fixed and firm in himself, does not need to grasp the horn of the altar to steady him when he stands, but proud in his consciousness of rectitude and faithful obedience to all higher law, shall not need to sprinkle his door-post with blood ere he lay his hand on the strong right-arm of the Destroying Angel and demand his absolution. Carlyle may crack my head with his cranky words, but I shall go down on my knees beside him and do homage to his heroes. It would amuse as well as astound us sometimes, when we are in a corner thanking God we are not as other men are, if we could step around the square where other men are thanking God they are not as we are. It is mine to love what I have; what I have not, to use all due diligence to get, and what I cannot get, not to weep for. Let me think all good things are not bestowed upon one. I never saw one man with five acute senses — a dim eye, a bad ear, and so on, and yet he may have a crown. Milton was blind when he paid his entrance-fee to Westminster Abbey. Samson at the temple pillar is infinitely more powerful in his pathos of chained majesty than Samson with the jaw-bone of an ass among Philistines.

How proud I am to meet a man who can pick me out from my every-day self and place me on his own high character, and talk to me as if it were my perch! Verily I am better than I thought myself. How suggestive he is, and how my brain stirs and my tongue moves! I am a new man. 'Tis a test, this association of ours. I meet a man. He is steel, I am flint. A flash, and lo! I am brilliantly alive for a moment. Let us understand each other. Let us be frank and free and truthful. Let us enter into solemn compact to deal honestly with each other forevermore. What a new and high life we should then lead! I shall feel you, and you me, however removed we be. Lonely no more. Companionship through time. My life, my aim, my thought, would be buoyed up by your existence. I could wish we knew what we are to each other. Do you put on armor? then I box myself in mail. Pistol for pistol, knife for knife, sword for sword. What a strife we have! I must meet my antagonist in the same trim he meets me, else I shall fail and fall. Do you suspect me? Then to me you violate every commandment, and henceforth are an uncaught outlaw. Don't look askance at me. 'Tis not every man would betray for thirty pieces of silver. Come out from your corner. Love the sunshine. Why should you groan and wither and frown? There is more of joy than sorrow in this life. You can do your work more acceptably on a sofa than in a tub. I shall always think it was sheer affectation that shaved Demosthenes and sent him to a cellar. A man may smile, and smile, and be full of wisdom still. We are so fearful of being passed. We would be noticed. What a way we have of squeezing our street number into the corner of our cards, fearing lest our place shall be forgotten. Be steadfast. The best men are

least seen. I had rather be a newsman and cry my papers, than a bouqueted dandy on a street corner. Let us sing while we pull up the weeds. There is no oblivion, no death. Let men weigh well each side of every subject before falling in with any creed or party; shake from brain and heart each prejudice that has webbed itself around them, and never denying the softening and refining influence of the heart's deep emotion, yet look alone for their guidance to a sound and well-balanced reason. Then what deep works of influence on age and race shall they leave behind them! Not the nation's train or the glowworm's trail, which quiver and flash and die, but the line carved in adamant—the life which shall revivify the memory of Sesostris, and stud the wayside with monuments of worthy deeds. Prejudice is stronger than reason, and to go astray is easy. When shall men burst upward through the crust of error which holds them down, and live proud and liberal lives? Men should not look into the life of this or that good man, and then into their own, shouting with exultation, "They are alike, they are alike, and we are also good!" Does the palm-tree grow in Siberia, or the fir-tree in the waste sands of Africa? And yet the growth of each is the beautiful perfection of vegetal life. You shall open ears, eyes, and heart to every elevating and ennobling word and deed. Grapple fast to you that stray longing for a higher life, but run yourselves into no mould. Maintain both form and proportion, and wait the unfolding of your own growth. You shall know the lime-rock by the lichen which cloaks its savage face, but the marble is bare in its stony stubbornness. God made each, and said, "It is good." We know not what we are. We see a landscape, a tree, a flower, an attitude, a man, anything, and straightway there runs through us a sensation of troubled wonder where we saw them before. A flash. Quick. It comes and goes, but in that moment we are dragged headlong with amazement through aeons of years, annoyed with a shadowy distrust that this we call the soul is playing us false and has been where it likes not to tell us. Are they dreams, are they visions, are they presciences? We know not. How bold was Schelling when he said that man has been what he is through all eternity, and did not become so in time. Life is full of mysteries. But let the mind assert itself. Now life becomes sacred. Vanish, ye superstitions and annoyances! Shake yourselves from us, and fall around like dead leaves from the wind-shaken tree in autumn! No blanched cheek, no restless, weary eye, no pallid lip, no cowering frame! Bold, braced, calm. The man rises, smiles, conquers. Now life becomes dignified. The very rush and din of battle ring upward like sacred music. For out of the strife comes the full measure of moral and intellectual manhood. Out of the flush of fever and the bounding pulse of disease comes perfect and peaceful health. Those centuries, standing so full of hidden meaning behind us, and taunting us with their half-whisperings, why should they awe us? They are our picture-books, upon which are photographed the features of the past. How shall we read, when we know not yet the signs she uses? We shall not hold them above our heads, leaning upward and backward to them. We shall nail them under our feet, and upon them reach up to the fulfillment of the future. We shall not blindfold our-

selves, walking here and there in search of the stone or the flower. We shall not shut ourselves up in a stolid, rock-like self-command and bless the stoics. We shall not hold up murders, arsons, crimes, and wail and say, "All is vanity of vanities." We shall see the undraped soul, the good and the bad, the stone and the flower; and blending all, make harmony out of the very discord. Let us live.

To-day's sorrow is but the pioneer of to-morrow's joy. Tantalus shall yet drink his fill, Prometheus roam unbound, and Sisyphus sit smiling on the conquered stone. There are no foundations. Roots are but branches, and have their very essence in the dead leaves of a forgotten and petrified growth. How we feel in front of us, that we shall not stumble on the little fabrics upbuilt around us, and disturb and unsettle. What have we to do with caution? Things are woven of cobwebs, and universality is evanescent. We shall not fall. There is no precipice. What a way we have of twisting and warping and pantomiming, saying, "This is the proper angle. Now the light falls aptly. How we shine! How we reflect!" Oh, brother, do you forget that the eyes of the well-painted portrait, let the light be where it may, seem ever to look into your face? You do not need to turn the prism, its reflection falls forever as it lies. Human nature is exalted; and though it stand out cumbered with weeds, the skilled hand shall uncover and find beneath the few flowers which no time or neglect can dim, but which live on and lend fragrance and vitality to all moral and intellectual manhood.

We sigh so for companionship, and are fearful of loneliness. What is man that he should hold out his hand and plead with his fellows, "Oh, brothers, come to us, we are so weary of our oneness, and our hearts are numb and filled with ashes"? Let be. The great life overlaps all mankind and pierces infinity. It should not fret because there is no warm hand or tender glad greeting. You shall not spare this body or count its ease. Though you shatter it, rack it, crush it, until it groan and writhe with pain and fatigue, 'tis well, so you shall lift upon its ruins the mind exalted to all the fulness and richness of unmeasured intellectual enlightenment. It has been well said, "Ye shall seek no satisfaction upon earth." Live under the call of your higher, better faculties; and though you walk in loneliness, yet that ye seek not shall come in a fourfold abundant harvest, because the work you do has merit in itself. Pascal said, "I shall die alone." Zimmermann said, "I am dying, leave me alone." You say, "Let us live while we live, for to-morrow we die." There is no death; death is birth. Death is your friend, you shall not fear him. I could go down upon the green turf of the grave, and fling my hands amongst its unurned bones; for out of death shall brightly bloom the life of the soul. Death is a reality; the grave a verity: at least these are ours, they cannot dodge us. Do we live? We know not. This we call existence may be a mockery, and each day's work may leave its blot upon the soul's exalted life, like the deep-eaten scar of an ulcer; but in the hot being of the body comes the painless, upsoaring, healthy repose of the soul. Death and birth are twin laws of being. And the proudest work of mankind is that lofty and enduring power which walks us unblenched though blindfolded over the test of gleaming

ploughshares, so filled are we with the consciousness within. Let us live. Let us make our lives full, rich, grand, sonorous, ringing through age after age; for even the toad, it is said, has a jewel in its head; and life is what we make it.

MORTIMER F. TAYLOR.

NOËL

MY friend Winter was a man of many oddities. Whatever whim or caprice seized upon his fancy quite mastered him for the time, and he would lay aside everything else to gratify the freak of the moment. Being an unmarried man, and having no one to check him in these passing fancies, he was able to indulge himself on all such occasions, where the great obstacle of an empty pocket did not intervene. As his means were more than sufficient for a man whose extravagances always resulted from peculiarities of individual taste, and not from any propensity to display, this difficulty did not often occur.

Once, towards the close of December, he took a fancy to celebrate the Christmas holidays in some less hackneyed way than that in which we, his personal friends, were all forced to commemorate the joyful event which tradition has assigned to that time of the year.

His idea was to go to New Orleans, and see if he could find there in some quaint nook any traces of the old ceremonies which belonged to mediæval life. Knowing how many old customs, handed down through many generations, were still kept up in the French and Spanish families of the city, he felt confident that such an inveterate antiquarian as he was would, by a sort of instinct, stumble upon some place in which there were vestiges of the ancient ways; and he trusted to his powers of address to procure him an admission at least to the view of these solemn ceremonies.

He was wonderfully favored by fortune in attaining his wish, and yet in the simplest way imaginable.

He went, on reaching the city, to the Restaurant Antoine, his usual place of stay. It was an excellent place for his purposes, furnishing admirable dishes in the best French style at any time he chose to call for them, and affording him also a sufficiently comfortable room for sleeping. Besides, it is in the French quarter of the city, and so he was enabled to have easy access to all those quaint, old-fashioned, and foreign aspects of New Orleans which he so greatly enjoyed.

He spent several days, as was his habit on every visit to the city, in roaming about through the neighboring streets, and those strange alleys in which the upper galleries and balconies on the opposite sides jutting over approach one another so closely as almost to allow the clasping of hands across. In these wanderings he remarked many usages which he had before known of as only to be observed in some of the most conservative parts of western and southern Europe.

On Christmas eve a little adventure happened to him which put him in possession of exactly what he wanted, and bore yet greater fruits besides. He had retired early, and was aroused perhaps about half an hour after he had fallen asleep by a considerable disturbance just outside his door. Listening, he soon discovered that a party newly arrived had been assigned the room opposite, and that, when they were ready to retire, the key brought up by the domestic had failed to open the door. There had ensued a good deal of running to and fro; the mistress of the establishment had come up to remedy the difficulty; the attendants were hurrying in different directions with flaring candles, seeking for the right key; but all to no purpose.

Whilst he was meditating whether he should offer the key of his own room, a little afraid at the same time of startling the party, whom he perceived by their voices to be ladies, he had leisure to get out of bed and take a peep from behind the gauze curtain which covered his window opening on the passage between the rooms. He had a full view of the group, and saw with a throb of delight, which he used to declare afterwards must have been instinct, that the future occupants of the room were an elderly lady of good style and pleasing face, though somewhat inclined to *embonpoint*, and a young lady of very attractive features and elegant form, whose decided likeness in the face to the other at once assured him that she must be her daughter. There was a Spanish softness about her eyes, veiled as they were with her long lashes, and a stateliness of mien, not haughty, but simply graceful and lady-like, which still more piqued his curiosity, and caused him to long to make her acquaintance. This revelation of the loveliness of one at least of the persons in trouble, decided him at once, though he had only wavered because of a doubt whether the kindness proffered would not be unwelcome as coming from a gentleman unknown, and certainly not in a presentable state.

But at the moment when he was making up his mind, the whole party began to retreat towards the staircase, as if they had come to the conclusion that they must find some other room; and this withdrawal relieved him from the scruple of propriety which had kept him back hitherto.

Hastening to the door of his room, he opened it just far enough to admit his arm, and, taking out the key, he offered it to the retreating group, calling out in such French as he could muster at the moment (for he never was sure of his spoken French), "*Prouvez ce clef-ci, mes-dames, je vous prie.*" The idea was caught at in an instant, and, several voices crying "*Merci, monsieur,*" the key was taken from him by one of the domestics, and he had the pleasure presently of hearing the refractory door unlocked, and the newly arrived ladies ushered in, amid much lively chattering of French and some sweet laughter of relief, which he of course attributed to the fair unknown.

He did not get to sleep again for some time, and it is to be supposed that the incident, slight as it was, had gathered such importance in his mind from the undoubted charms of the lady he had been so fortunate as to assist, that he was kept awake by a multitude of romantic fancies and wild anticipations of something remarkable springing from this trifling occurrence.

For once romance had its course, and castles in the air proved to be built of durable material and to rise from a firm foundation. The next morning he happened to enter the dining *salon* at the very moment when Madame and her daughter were about to seat themselves at their breakfast-table. The elder lady seemed to have already made inquiry, and to have ascertained who had done the kindness of last night, for she came forward at once and thanked him with a profusion of thanks for her daughter and herself, at the same time inviting him to join them at her table. This is the Day of Glad Tidings, said she in substance, and we must all be sociable and fraternal, and especially to one who has shown such courtesy to ladies and friendliness to strangers as to make it evident that he is a gentleman. Her graceful way of saying this, though Winter's merely book-acquaintance with French made it a little difficult for him to catch all she said, put him entirely at his ease; and he gladly sat down beside them.

The old lady's talk, which flowed on in an unintermitting stream, though with a chirpy freshness and geniality about it which made it pleasant to listen to, apprised him of much he wanted to know. He learned that the young lady's name was Félicie Lepetit-Rey, that the family was of mixed French and Spanish lineage and highly respectable, that mother and daughter made it a settled custom, as their forefathers had done, of coming into the city every year to hold the Christmas festival with their nearest kindred there, that they usually stopped at the St. Louis Hotel just opposite, but had found it crowded to overflowing on this occasion, and had accordingly come to the Restaurant Antoine, and that the feast of the day was observed in a peculiar manner by their family, more according to ancient Spanish usages than French.

Here was just what Winter wanted and had come expressly to the city to find; but he was conscious by this time of being infinitely better pleased with being in the society of the lovely Felicie, who sat not altogether silent, but putting in a few words modestly and sweetly every time her mother appealed to her in the midst of her monologue. Winter thought it the most melodious voice he had ever heard.

Madame Lepetit-Rey invited him to join them in the evening, when the preparations for the family festival would be complete, and accompany them to the house of her uncle, Señor Juan Garcia-Mora, at which the various members of the family were to assemble, give glory to God, and enjoy themselves. Winter gladly accepted the invitation, and congratulated himself on the bewitching look with which Mademoiselle Félicie seconded her mother's request for his escort. He flattered himself that there was something even appealing in it, and began to fancy that here perhaps was a case of love at first sight on both sides; for it was a peculiar characteristic of Win-

ter's that the older he grew the more romantic he seemed to become. He was now in a strange state of exhilaration for a bachelor of so many years' standing ; and when the ladies left the table he put on his hat and sauntered out with a sensation of having found a merry Christmas indeed. He roamed about the French part of the city full of pleasant dreams, and more in love with the old-fashioned look of almost every object before his eyes than ever.

I shall not trouble the reader, who is perhaps very reasonable and may at this moment be thinking of the next investment he has in view, or wondering why dinner is so late, with all the disjointed and almost ejaculatory thoughts of my friend as he wandered to and fro, the ecstatic reveries he indulged in, the sense of something elevating and delicious in his heart, the number of times he said to himself that *Félicie* was a beautiful, beautiful name, the very few ideas that made him happy with perpetual recurrence, the utter forgetfulness of all his yesterday's plans, which proved how one theme absorbed all his thoughts, the cool indifference with which he even saw a stranger buy the *Cyrano de Bergerac* in the old-book store of Exchange Alley, which he had intended to bargain for to-day, the feverish eagerness with which he longed for the evening to come, and the rest of his monomania.

We have all had some experience in these matters, and we all know how impossible it is to describe that peculiar transport, and that when it is put into words it *will* somehow sound silly. But it is all very real the moment we put ourselves into dreamland and revive the past, or fall into the same state and realise it as a present possession.

So that without any set description the reader may understand that Winter was wholly given up to thoughts that end either in marriage or grievous disappointment, and was certainly longing for the coming of evening.

It came at last, however long it seemed to his eager mind to be in coming, and Madame Lepetit-Rey sent to inform him that they were ready. The house of Señor Garcia-Mora was not very far away ; and when they entered it, the scene which struck Winter's eyes, under a blaze of light from chandeliers above and wax-tapers set about in every direction, was so new and strange to him that for a moment even the all-absorbing sense of *Félicie's* loveliness gave way to an impulse of curiosity and delight.

The guests were gathered in the hall, and the door of the principal room in the house had just been thrown open to reveal the scene of what the Spainards call *El Nacimiento*, for the time of the Adoration and of the peculiar glory of the Virgin's maternity is selected to express most strikingly the Peace on Earth and Good Will toward Men which the feast of our Saviour's Birth is intended to commemorate.

In a cradle of delicate silver-work lay a waxen image of the Infant Jesus. Over it were bending an aged man with flowing beard, and a lovely woman, who were enacting the parts of St. Joseph and the Virgin Mother. Through a door at the opposite end of the room came at this moment three persons richly dressed, who represented Gaspar, Balthasar, and Melchior, the three Magi, one very old, the next in

middle age, and the other a young man in the bloom of life. They were each differently habited, but all wore gilt crowns on their heads, and bore gifts in glittering baskets, with which they knelt at the feet of the Infant Saviour. Already kneeling on the other side were three who were arrayed as shepherds, and one of these held in his arms a little lamb, while the others carried crooks. The whole room was magnificently draped so as to present the aspect of an apartment in an Oriental palace; and a silver star shone over the doorway, through which the Kings of the East had entered with their gifts, certain lights being arranged so as to cause it to reflect them intensely. An altar, shining with precious stones, used temporarily to adorn it, stood near the form of the Virgin, and around it in graceful confusion were countless flowers and wreaths, while delicious perfumes were exhaled from the scented waters which in tiny jets flowed from all parts of the altar.

The tableau was beautiful and very effective. Just as the Eastern Kings knelt with their offerings, and the angel-forms hovering above softly moved their wings by means of some appliance of the machinery which poised them there, a chant of thanksgiving burst from the lips of those assembled without; and, still singing, all passed into the room, the ladies entering first, led by the priest who was officiating, and heaped fresh flowers at the feet of all the personages in this silent drama. When the chant ceased, and while the people knelt, the priest who had entered at their head offered up a solemn prayer in the Latin tongue, and then gave his benediction to all present.

This ended the ceremonial part of the festival, all other rites pertaining to the day having been before performed in their churches by the different members of the assemblage.

Both old and young now betook themselves to unrestrained enjoyment of the occasion, and the ordinary pastimes which are proper to Christmas rejoicings ensued. Over these we need not linger, nor is it at all necessary that I should stop to descant on the splendor of the ladies' dresses and the rich variety of costume which it was thought befitted this great festival, and the costly jewels which enriched the eye of the beholder as each lady swept by in rustling silk or satin to welcome the stranger who had come to share their festivity. It is enough to say that Winter was introduced to many new friends, whom he warmly greeted with a secret consciousness that they were all sure to be congenial from some mysterious virtue which their kinship with *Mademoiselle Félicie* imparted; and that he thoroughly enjoyed the evening, being very kindly entertained by all, and having many opportunities for intimate conversation with the lady upon whom his affections were now so ardently fixed.

He remained in New Orleans a month longer, and somehow it happened that the *Lepetit-Rey* family made the same stay in the city. Seeing them daily and escorting them to the opera and theatre and other places of amusement, it is to be presumed that he lost no time in striving to win over to his view of the mode in which their intercourse was to continue for life both mother and daughter.

How he managed the siege and what were the forms of investment which brought both fortresses to capitulate, is a story very well known

to me ; but I have no notion of repeating it. Enough to say, that just one month after his sudden departure on what we all termed a wild-goose chase, Winter returned to Baton Rouge with a lovely bride, whom I in common with the rest of his friends greatly admire ; and that the lady whom he became acquainted with in New Orleans, after a fashion so contrary to ordinary etiquette, as Mademoiselle Félicie Lepetit-Rey, is now Mrs. Winter.

* * *

A STORY OF NINE TRAVELLERS.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LITTLE JUBA AND MR. CHUBB. THE PARTING.

WATT CHUBB sat by the stove in the bar-room at Suffolk smoking, drinking from a large tumbler on a little table by him, and dozing by turns. His little Ethiopian bar-tender had long since curled up under the blanket, and was now snoring so vociferously as frequently to disturb Watt's naps, causing him to give the little sleeper sundry wholesome reminders, which only produced convulsive sounds more hideous than the regular snore ; these were followed by a sharp whetting of his teeth together, a grunt or two, and then a temporary lull, giving Watt sufficient time to take another sip from the glass and go off into another nap.

The last gossiping sponge had toasted his feet at the bar-room fire, taken his "night-cap" and departed, and a quiet brooded over the place, only disturbed by such sounds as may be heard in any lowland village, when Watt was suddenly aroused by the sound of horses' feet, a tramp on the porch, and a heavy knock at the door.

"Who comes there?" he called out in a gruff, drowsy tone, at the same time rising and walking toward the door.

He was answered by a deep guttural voice, which asked : "Is dis whar Mr. Chubb live?"

"Yes. Who are you, and what do you want with Mr. Chubb?" Watt questioned, as he now leaned against the door and held it until he should be satisfied as to who the new visitor might be.

"My name is Little Juba, Sah, and I brings a paper from Massa Flint ; and I got de hosses too, Sah."

At this announcement Watt opened the door, and as the light revealed the giant form of Little Juba just ready to enter, he involuntarily started back, and retreated toward the stove as Juba advanced,

holding in his hand the note he had brought. Still keeping at a good distance, and on the opposite side of the stove from his visitor, Watt began a series of questions by asking: "What did you say your name was?"

"Little Juba, Sah."

"Little what?"

"Juba, Juba, Sah."

"Little Juba! And where did you say you lived?"

"In de Dizmil, at Wild Cat Hollow, Sah."

"And you have a note from Mr. Flint?" reaching timidly across the stove to take it from Juba's huge black hand.

"Ezackly, Sah; dis is de paper, and de hosses are at de door."

"Sure you brought this from Mr. Flint?" and Watt turned the crumpled paper over in his hand before attempting to read it, while he surveyed a little suspiciously the uncivilised-looking creature before him.

"Sartin, Sah. You read him and see, and you takes de hosses — ain't dat enough? Don't look so skeerd, I ain't gwyne to hurt you, Massa Chubb, ef I does live in de swamp."

Thus rebuked for his cowardice, Watt walked toward the candle and carefully read Flint's note; then waking up the little darkey, he dispatched him with a lantern to show Juba where to put the horses, and during their absence addressed himself to the task of answering the note and counting out of a buckskin bag, in sovereigns, the amount of money he had agreed with Flint to send.

Chubb's answer was quite in character with the man; the heavy scrawling hand looking not unlike the irregular, ragged lines of a cedar-brush fence as he spread the paper out on the counter before him, and with a blunt-pointed quill-pen traced his homely thoughts. When completed it read as follows:—

"SUFFOLK, VA., *Friday Night.*

"DEAR HARD:—You have my hearneest sympathy, being in so mournful a place as that blarsted narsty swamp. The natives must be poor company, hand betwixt them hand the hallegaters I should be fearful of being killed alive hand heaten whole. I send by the himmense savage you call Little Juba £40, which is as understood. The Harvest Moon will sail from Norfolk on Tuesday of next week, bound for ome. It is a staunch craft, and the captain is a hold friend of your humble servant's: go in this vessel by hall means. I send along with this a little tender piece for dear Debby. Tell her Watt is reformed, and opes to come back hand claim her in a year's time. Don't say anything more about them laces, I ain't hacquainted with the harticle any more, but remain your loving friend,

"WATT CHUBB."

The piece of foolscap on which this was written Watt now folded carefully in letter shape, and inclosed within it the little billet directed with much irregular precision to Miss Debora Flint. It was evident that the billet had given him more trouble in its composition than the effort we have recorded above; for during its progress his face be-

came flushed until his plump cheeks were ablaze, his tongue took regular turns in plumping out first one cheek then the other, while the perspiration stood in great drops on his brow, as if the thermometer had suddenly climbed up into the nineties. At last striking his heavy fist down upon the counter, he exclaimed: "Done, by Jove! and a sweet little job I made of it! Won't Debby be glad to get it, too! Now this" (taking up the packet, which he had already sealed, and gazing admiringly at it) "is writ in the style of a clerk, 'andsome, quite 'andsome, h'and as plain as print. Debby won't know how I got to be such a scribe, h'and she'll wonder 'mazingly. 'That F is quirked beautiful, h'and that H can't be surpassed in the United Kingdom, while the little letters is raked in between rather scientific. Oh, don't I wish I was going 'ome, too, 'stead of writing, though! For never mind how well a fellow tells his girl his feelings on paper, it's no more like the real thing than a note of 'and is like real sterling; it's as tame as kissing her picture or her shadow on the wall." He was here interrupted in his soliloquy by the return of Little Juba, who had stabled the horses, and now stood near the stove, with his coon-skin cap carelessly thrown on the floor near him, while he quietly awaited commands. Turning toward him Watt now asked: "Are you going back 'ome to-night, Juba?"

"Yars, Sah," was the quick response.

"Not going to rest before you start, h'and 'aving to walk all the way back, too?"

"Dat is small matter, Sah; dem hosses travel slower comin' den I will goin'. I'll be dere afo' day-dawn. You sildem see a hoss dat will keep up wid me."

Watt gazed in wonder at the ponderous frame of the half-clad African, then stepping behind the counter selected his largest tumbler, which he poured half-full of whiskey, and then proceeded to mix a spicy dram, the fragrance of which filled the room. Juba watched the proceeding attentively from its beginning, and when at last Watt walked towards him with the tumbler, its smoking contents caused him to grin from ear to ear; but when he comprehended that it was intended for him, that he was expected to drink it all, he executed a number of marvellous contortions of body, bowed his head, scraped his feet, and retreating as Watt advanced, closed his exhibition of politeness by stumbling backwards over the little ebony bar-tender and rolling over on the floor.

"Bless de gracious! you gwine to kill me?" grumbled little Sambo, as he crawled out from beneath Juba, who, astonished and confused at his fall, quickly arose and answered:

"No, chile, I not gwine to hurt you."

"'Case you done did it, dat's all," muttered Sambo, as he crawled around to the other side of the stove, rubbing his head. "Nuver seed sweeten' dram befo', and had to turn fool ove' it, you wild nigger you!"

Here Watt commanded the peace, saying authoritatively: "Come, Sambo, be quiet, h'and go to sleep; it was a h'accident, h'and no one ever 'eard of your 'ead being so h'easily 'urt before. Here, Juba, drink to my 'ealth, this bumper will do you good."

Juba quickly obeyed the invitation, giving a grin of intense satisfaction as the last drop passed his lips, then turning towards Chubb, said with a low bow :

“Dis year lucky, grow in station,
Next year wife and big plantation ;
Nuver hungry, nuver dry,
Long time live befo’ you die.

Dem’s my wishes, Massa Chubb, and now I tells you good-night, for de way is dark, and dey wants to see me at de Hollow bad enough, for Massa Flint he gettin’ powerful restless.” Another low bow, a scrape of his right foot against the floor, and Juba vanished from the doorway as suddenly as he had made his appearance there an hour before, and with stealthy cat-like strides was soon far out on the road to the Swamp.

“Praise de Lord he’s gone !” growled little Sambo from beneath his blanket.

“Did you h’ever see him before, Sambo?” asked Watt, rather amused at the thankful mood of the urchin.

“No, Sir, and hopes I never may again. He’s one of dem wild niggers out’en de Swamp, and I’d as soon see de debble any day,” was the ready response.

“Well, Sambo, don’t say h’anything about ’is being here, there’s a good lad. Here’s five cents for you now, h’and you can go to sleep.”

Sambo quickly picked up the coin that Chubb had tossed him, slyly thrust it between his teeth that he might test its value by a mode which he considered infallible, and approving it genuine, said, “Thankee, Sir,” as he stuck it edgewise into a crack in the floor until he should wake in the morning.

True to his promise, Little Juba reached Wild-Cat Hollow before dawn ; Hardy Flint and Armero meeting him at the door, and both anxiously inquiring as he came in, “What news?”

Juba answered by handing Flint the packet containing the letters ; then leading the way, he brought them into the best room, where he soon kindled a bright light-wood fire ; then handing over the money which he had brought tied in the corner of his red cotton handkerchief, he stood intently watching Flint as he read what Watt had written, listening too to catch any remark he might make.

Hardy read the letter carefully, then turning to Armero, said quickly : “Next Tuesday, Carlos !”

“Next Tuesday what? You speak as if I knew your thoughts, man.”

“Oh, I had forgotten you did not read this. Chubb says ‘The Harvest Moon’ sails next Tuesday for home ; he knows the captain, and advises our sailing in her ; he sends the £40 for the horses, and also incloses a bit of a love-letter to my sister Debby. The poor fellow isn’t cured of that fancy by going away from home, as I hoped he would be.”

“I didn’t know you had a sister, Flint.”

“Very few people do. Debby is a lady if her brother is — an adventurer ; and she has but little idea how my money has been earned

She knows I'm wild, reckless, and rough, but her soft gentle heart trusts me ; and never shall she know, so help me God, that her brother has blotted the name. Carlos, I should have been dead or banished long ago but for that bright pure child ; she is the only connecting link between me and the little good there is in the world."

"You are lucky to have even one link, Hardy. My old father was the devil's own ; my mother I never knew ; and I have grown up like a stinging nettle : at war with everything and everybody I touch. Had I ever known a bright pure woman, I might have been a better man. I must know that sister of yours, old fellow."

"God take her first ! Such as *she* should never know such as *we*. What you might have been is one thing, Carlos ; what you are is quite another."

Here Carlos curled his lip and laughed in a way peculiarly his own : it was the old scornful chuckle that Flint had learned to know well. And he spoke with some sharpness as he said, "That old devilish laugh—have done with it, Carlos. Pray tell me what amuses you now?"

"I am truly amused, and the question also puzzles me : how Miss Debby Flint ever came to know so proper a gentleman as Mr. Watt Chubb?"

"Carlos, you are probing an old wound ; for once be a man, and respect my feelings. How Watt ever knew Debby is more than I ever knew ; and I tell you now she has about as much idea of marrying him as she has of taking a trip to the North Pole. The poor fellow loves her, but such a marriage would be a genuine case of 'Beauty and the Beast.' She has never seen him a dozen times in her life, and will laugh at *this*" (tossing up the billet and catching it again) "as a good joke. Poor Watt ! he's a good-hearted fellow ; we are under many obligations to him, and I feel sorry for him, but Debby marry him ? No, never ! he is only presuming upon his knowledge of my friendship for him. But enough of private matters, Carlos ; we must leave here to-morrow, make our way to Norfolk, and get ready to ship on board of 'The Harvest Moon.' Do you agree?"

"Yes, I have nothing better to suggest ; but before we leave the subject we were discussing, let me say I beg your pardon for speaking lightly of a pure woman, and that woman your sister ; I had as soon speak roughly of an angel as a pure woman. Never did I crave pardon of any creature on earth until now, but I hope you will forgive me, Hardy."

Flint said "yes" in a tone intended to be particularly gruff, and brushing his coat-sleeve quickly across his eyes, walked rapidly out of the room.

Once more as day dawned did the three stand under the old beech-tree by the side of the road, and on this occasion Little Juba stood with them. They were now parting from old Juba for the last time, and the old man wept as he held them by the hand, and with his dim eyes gazed into their faces, repeating in solemn broken tones, "Nuver no mo ! nuver no mo ! farwell !" Their sojourn with him had brought up happy memories : when, unstained by crime, he had dwelt in association with the white man on the old plantation. After their

departure he would again be left in his old age to the sad monotony of swamp life, with only the companionship of his decrepid wife and Little Juba.

How soon Flint and Armero were to be separated they did not then know, but the old man's grief at the parting touched even their rough natures, and tinged them with gloom as they slowly walked away; nor could they resist a last look at his bent form, as, with both hands shading his eyes, he gazed after them, and continued to exclaim, "Farwell!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REVIEWS.

Gareth and Lynette. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

THIS poem, which completes the *Idylls of the King*, has its place in the series immediately after "The Coming of Arthur." Consequently the action falls in the period when the King's reign was assured by the overthrow of the domestic foes who disputed his legitimacy in what Mr. Tennyson rather oddly calls "the Barons' war," and by the defeat of the Roman invaders. At this time his sway was most absolute and his beneficent activity at its height, before he had lost his wise counsellor Merlin, or the domestic treason of Lancelot and the Queen had begun to sap his security and blight his plans, or the vain quest of the Grail cost him the best and truest of his knights. As we have attempted to show in an earlier paper that each of these *Idylls* represents a distinct "moment" of the epos, here we have the moment of culmination, the brief period of plenilune.

Gareth, the hero, is the son of Arthur's sister, Bellicent, a spirited youth, fired with ambition to join the goodly company of knights, but kept at home by the timidity and affection of his mother, who can not bear to part with her youngest and favorite son. Finally, unable longer to resist his importunity, she gives him leave to enter the King's service, on condition that he will conceal his name and birth, seek employment as a kitchen-drudge, and continue in his menial servitude for a year.

Gareth accepts at once, disguises himself and goes to Camelot, where he obtains employment in the King's kitchen under the rather tyrannous rule of Kay the seneschal, who disliked him, and

"Would hustle and harry him, and labor him
Beyond his comrade of the hearth, and set
To turn the broach, draw water, or hew wood,
Or grosser tasks; and Gareth bowed himself
With all obedience to the King, and wrought
All kind of service with a noble ease
That graced the lowliest act in doing it."

By the time a month is over, Bellicent repenting of her severe condition, lets the King know who Gareth is, and releases her son from his promise. At the youth's eager solicitation, Arthur makes him a knight in secret, and promises him the first adventure that shall offer.

The first adventure offers in this wise: a damsel named Lynette comes before the King and asks the aid of Lancelot to deliver her sister Lyonors, the Lady of Castle Perilous, who is held besieged in her own castle by four brothers, lawless knights, who call themselves, by a sort of allegory, the Morning-Star, the Noon-Sun, the Evening-Star, and Night or Death, who keep the passes against all comers. Gareth at once rises, and naming himself the King's "Kitchen-Knave," demands the adventure, which is granted him, to the immense astonishment and disgust of Lynette, who gives the King a piece of her mind then and there, and goes off in high dudgeon, scolding to herself. Gareth arms and follows, soon overtakes her, and announces himself her champion.

"She thereat as one
That smells a foul-fleshed argaric in the holt
And deems it carrion of some woodland thing,
Or shrew, or weasel, nipt her slender nose
With petulant thumb and finger, shrilling, 'Hence!
Avoid! thou smellst all of kitchen-grease.'"

As she misses her way in the forest, however, and passes through a region beset with caitiffs, she is privately not at all sorry to have a stout young escort at her heels; but she vents her spleen and mortification by a running fire of sneers and abusive epithets, ringing all possible changes on "kitchen-knave," "broach-turner," "dish-washer," "scullion," and repeating her elegant sarcasm about smelling the kitchen-grease.

By the way Gareth has a tilt with his old master Kay, whom he overthrows, rescues a rather important Baron from a set of outlaws who were about to drown him, encounters the three allegorical brothers and vanquishes them, has a passage of arms with Lancelot (neither knowing the other) by whom he is overthrown, and finally brings to the ground the fourth allegorical brother, who, notwithstanding his formidable appearance, and the popular report that he is "a huge man-beast of boundless savagery," proves to be but a blooming boy, disguised as a frightful scarecrow.

And here we may pause to consider the view of those critics who fancy they see in this quest of Gareth a sort of romantic Pilgrim's Progress, in which the hero is the militant Christian, who, in his passage through life, has to combat successively the fiery passions of youth, the pride and self-confidence of manhood, and the inveterate habits of age, typified by the tough old knight, whose close-fitting raiment of hardened skins was even harder to cleave than his rusty

armor (that is, in age it is not the immediate impulses to evil that are so hard to resist, but the inveteracy of habit). These vanquished, when the hero encounters Death, reputed more fierce and stronger than all the others, the terror of all men, he not only proves no formidable antagonist, but even a gracious visitor.

That this view of the adventure is ingenious, it can not be denied ; but we do not believe it to be the poet's meaning. Such an allegory were far too solemn to be presented by such slight puppets as the foolish knights, the light-headed Gareth, and the petulant, sharp-tongued Lynette. The mode of handling is too light and trivial ; and if this were what it meant, the poet would not have made the ending a mere outburst of earthly jollification :

“—Lady Lyonors and her house, with dance
And revel and song, made merry over Death,
As being after all their foolish fears
And horrors only proven a blooming boy.
So large mirth lived, and Gareth won the quest.”

It is true that when Christian enters the Celestial City, he is welcomed with sound of trumpets, harp-music, and melodious shouts, but this is the solemn joy of angels, not dancing, feasting, mirth, and revelry. Tennyson could never strike so false a key. Again, the inward or ethical meaning of these poems, as we have endeavored to show in our previous notice, is perfectly clear, and it is not possible that the poet would confuse it by introducing an allegory in an allegory, a parable in a parable, like the ivory puzzle-balls the Chinese carve. Even if this were possible, the poet would never have used the comparison (where Gareth fights against the Evening-Star, who leaps up again as often as stricken down)—

“he seemed as one
That all in later, sadder age begins
To war against ill uses of a life,
But these from all his life arise, and cry
‘Thou hast made us lords and canst not put us down !’”

—thus comparing the allegory back again with the thing typified. It is as if Bunyan in describing Christian's passage through the gloomy valley where he is beset by Apollyon and the fiends, had added : “It fared with him much as it fares with the believer who at times passes through a season of doubt and gloom, wherein he is beset by temptations and fears and brought nigh to despair.” We know Mr. Tennyson to be a consummate artist ; and though we look upon this poem — for reasons presently to be given — as the least artistic of the series — we can not imagine him capable of so great a blunder.

But to come back to the story. The sharp-tongued Lynette, as we have said, rails at Gareth and “beknaves” him, coarsely enough, all the way ; but when, beyond her expectations, he has overthrown the first knight, she grows somewhat less shrewish, and even admits that while he was fighting she did not smell the kitchen-grease quite so strongly. When he vanquishes the second, she concedes that, knave and scullion though he be, he is rather good-looking ; but when he has overthrown the tough old Evening-Star, she apologises, admitting

that if not a knight, he is worthy to be one, and is "the kingliest of all the kitchen-knives." Nay, after each passage at arms she sings a little love-song, but takes care to warn Gareth that he is not to presume that he is the person alluded to. To all which he replies with unruffled courtesy, calling her attention to the fact that knight or knave, he would seem to be knight enough for her purposes. Finally, when the adventure is achieved, and the lady rescued, we are told that Gareth wedded either Lyonors or Lynette, but chroniclers are not agreed as to which it was.

This is the bald outline of *Gareth and Lynette*, and we must say that whether considered as an isolated poem, or as part of an organic whole, it is not equal to its predecessors. Being the only one of these Idylls which gives a view of Arthur's reign in the plenitude of its splendor and power, we certainly have a right to expect an action of more importance, both in itself and in its consequences, than the raising the siege of an unknown castle, and the deliverance of an unknown lady from the restraint of three arrogant but not ruffianly knights. In truth this is no moment of the epos at all; it has no connection with the march of events, and no results follow. Had the adventure never happened, we can not see that the course of subsequent events would have been in the least changed. In this respect it differs from all the rest of the series. We might call it an episode; but an episode has no place in the plan that Mr. Tennyson has adopted.

Even considered as an episode, or as an isolated poem, it is, in our opinion, equally open to objections. The adventure is not only unmomentous as regards the whole epic action, but is unimportant in itself. It is nothing more than what we might imagine was of daily occurrence at a court to which, at this time, perpetually —

"suppliants crying came
With noise of ravage wrought by beast and man,
And evermore a knight would ride away."

The separate incidents of the poem share in this want of connection and result. The nameless Baron whom Gareth rescues by the way, gives them food and a night's lodging, but nothing comes of it. Now even in the novel, which is a far looser form of art than the epos, it would be an absurd piece of inconsequence for the hero to rescue a powerful noble, the king's friend, from a terrible death, and nothing further result than a single invitation to dinner. So with the encounter with Lancelot, which is equally without results. Finally we have the unsatisfactory conclusion that the hero marries either Lyonors, whom we have only seen as a figure waving a pair of white hands at a distant window, and who therefore has had no chance to enlist our sympathy, or Lynette, who has certainly not displayed herself in an attractive light.

This brings us to an examination of the personages. The hero of each of the other idylls has a distinct, well-marked character, influencing and influenced by the events in which he figures, in a special way, so that the action becomes highly dramatic. No one of them, placed in another's circumstances, would have acted like that other:

Tristan would not have acted like Lancelot, and neither like Geraint. But Gareth has no such dramatic individuality; he is impatient to distinguish himself, light-heartedly undertakes the first adventure that offers, is courteous to the reviling Lynette, and fights bravely when he meets his enemy, just as we must suppose any other young, high-spirited knight at the court would have done, according to the measure of his strength. Lynette is, to be sure, individual enough, and plenty of room is given to the display of her character, but it is not at all to her advantage or to that of the poem. The fact is, that though of "high lineage," with brow of may-blossom, cheek of apple-blossom, and a "tip-tilted" nose, Lynette is no lady. Of none of the heroines, even the bad ones, of the previous poems can this be said. The worst of them, Ettarre, though sensual, faithless, and haughty, when not in her worst mood is a noble and stately lady. Lynette's manners are those of a pert housemaid, who can not curb her tongue even in the presence of the King, but who finds unspeakable delight in taunting an inferior. Even Ettarre, we may be sure, however she might heap scorn on her too simply constant wooer, would have thought shame to rail at a kitchen-knave who was obeying the King's command. If Gareth wedded Lynette, we wish him joy of his bargain, and pity his household.

If our criticism has been somewhat minute, it is because these poems mark an epoch in English literature, and because Mr. Tennyson has taught us to look for nothing but the most finished and artistic work from his hand. The work of an inferior craftsman we should not inspect so narrowly; but as coming from one who has given us such noble and perfect work as *Elaine*, *The Passing of Arthur*, and *The Holy Grail*, we must feel *Gareth*, notwithstanding the beautiful passages it contains, to be a disappointment.

And now, the Arthurian cycle of legend having been completed, so far as Mr. Tennyson proposes to complete it, it may not be out of place to inquire a little into its origin. If we go further back than the stories of the early romancers, we find its roots struck into the early Celtic or Druidical mythology.

The two primitive deities of this cultus bore the names of Hu and Ceridwen. Hu, the male, is the active power of nature; Ceridwen, the female, is the fecundity of nature. Hu is the Lord of Heaven: under the name of Cadwaladr he is the orderer of battles; under that of Uther Pendragon, he is the psychopompos, the marshal of departed spirits, Lord of the under-world. Under the name of Aeddon, Hu died yearly and was buried; in which is plain to be seen an allegory of the winter-death of nature—the same allegory that we have in the Syrian Adonis, and the Teutonic Balder. This death and burial of Hu were represented in the Druidical mysteries. Ceridwen was the Lady of the Waters and of the Earth. Her caldron, or basin, of which much was said in the Druidical or bardic lays, was the earth, which, like a basin or caldron, contains the sea. She was also called Eigr (Ygerne) and Morgana, or Lady of the Sea. To this day the mirage upon the sea is called in the south of Europe *Fatu Morgana*, or the fairy Morgana. To the car of Ceridwen the dragon was yoked, as to that of Ceres, being the universal type of the Chthonian powers.

Now Arthur was the son of Uther Pendragon, that is of Hu, and of Ygraine, that is of Ceridwen: in other words, he is the son of Heaven and Earth. And yet there was a mystery about his birth, and his parentage was disputed. So Arthur represents Man, whose origin is a mystery, whom yet the wise know to be of heavenly origin, who, under the deities and helped by them, imposes his will upon nature, and brings the order produced by special volition, out of the order produced by general law. As the myth assumed a more concrete form, Arthur became a king whose mission was to bring order into a distracted land, root out anarchy, correct abuses, and repel invasion. He is the builder of cities, the patron of bards, and is under the especial protection of the Fairy Morgana, that is, his mother, the Lady of the Waters. He comes from the sea, and goes away over the waters to the mystic island valley of Avillion—the Island of Apples—to be healed of his wound, or to die and rise again like his father Hu. That is, that as in nature nothing abides and yet all endures, the sun and the stars fulfil their allotted courses, the seasons pass and still return, so the work of man, however wisely wrought and beneficent, must submit to the law of change. Arthur must die, his Round Table be dissolved, his order overthrown, and his kingdom dismembered; and yet he can not die, since order must ever grow anew from disorder, but lives and will come again, the same and yet not the same, “but thrice as fair.” The poet has given the key-note of the myth in the words of the wounded king,—

“The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself, in many ways.”

Indeed he does not quite know if he goes at all, since the old order still retains life in the thoughts and memories of men, ere it is new-born in the new. Possibly also—but this is mere speculation—as in the old mysteries there were several grades of initiation, with doctrines more and more esoteric, the more advanced epoptae of Druidism may have been taught to see, in the myth of Arthur, the doctrine of the immortality of the soul.

Christianity was early introduced into Britain, and at a time when the Church was still the subject of persecution, and its first disseminators followed a different course from that which was afterwards pursued in the conversion of the Teutonic peoples. It may have been that they found the Britons more fervent and more tenacious in their faith than were the latter. At all events, their plan seems to have been to present the new faith with as strong a resemblance to the old as possible, that the transition might not be too abrupt; and to leave as much Druidism, for the time being, as they thought safe. So while the missionaries to the Teutons taught them to look upon Freia, the goddess of love, marriage, and fruitfulness, as a demon either tempting or openly malignant, and Friday, her sacred day—hitherto held most auspicious for all undertakings, but especially for marriage—as a day of blackest ill-omen, for marriage above all, so that on this day Friday is an unlucky day in all Teutonic countries; and the superstition has even mixed itself with the law, so that even now criminals are hanged on Friday because the early

Christian missionaries found the worship of the beauteous Freia hard to root out — the monks that labored among the Britons gave a Christian interpretation to the May-day festivities, and sanctioned the respect paid to the trefoil or shamrock (venerable to the Druids because it typified the three orders of the priesthood, and bore a pale crescent-moon on its leaves), by adopting it as a symbol of the Trinity ; and to this day the orthodox Paddy wears it in his hat on the festival of his patron saint, little thinking he is observing a rite taught ages before St. Patrick was born, by the Druids in the oak-forests of Kildare, or on the holy islands of Kerry.

And thus they dealt with Arthur, the darling hero of legend and story. In their hands he became a Christian prince of fervent piety, the founder of abbeys and monasteries, and the scourge of the heathen. Slowly the transformation went on, point by point. For the mystic caldron of Ceridwen, was substituted the Holy Grail, and in its honor Arthur founded a Round Table of Christian knights, twelve in number, originally, representing the twelve Apostles. This was the new shape the Bardic order had assumed in the Christian form of the legend, but it was none the less Ceridwen's caldron — the Earth.*

On the other hand, as Christianity grew ever stronger and stronger, there sprang up a reaction against it in the form of the later Druidism, preserved in the Bardic songs attributed to Merlin, Taliessin, and others, in which we find Christian and Druidic mysteries mingled in wild confusion, and dangerous doctrines veiled under dark and riddling sayings. Especially do they abound in predictions, carefully shrouded in ambiguous phrase and obscurest metaphor, but looking to the time when the new shall be done away with and the old return, and Arthur, their own Arthur, healed of his long wound, come in triumph back from mystic Avalon, and Guinivere, the faithless spouse, repent and be forgiven, and joined once more to her rightful lord.

Arthur, therefore, as man, can never have the concrete personality that belongs to the individual, though he is greater and nobler than any. In truth he includes them all, and the knights are but separate functions of Arthur. Their adventures have more interest than his, as personal actions, and yet the true importance is only in their relation to Arthur and his destiny. So long as their wills are subordinate to his, they prosper and win glory ; when they are arrayed against their King he falls and they fall with him, being impotent to stand alone.

Thus, notwithstanding the dissenting opinion of some thoughtful critics, we hold that the comprehensive though somewhat colorless character of Arthur is of right not only the central figure but the hero of the piece, and not any of the unsymmetrical characters that surround him — not Lancelot, who is Passion, nor Gawain, who is Worldliness, nor Percivale, who is Asceticism, nor the phantom-like Galahad, who is Mysticism, nor even Merlin, who is Wisdom. Take in proof an instance where this has been done — take the fine poem of *Tristan and Ysolde*, who are Youthful Love, which here is Lord of All. It is beautiful, affecting, but it is but a single phase of humanity — one

* "But now the whole Round Table is dissolved,
Which was an image of this mighty world."

scene in the great drama, one book of the great epos. "Love will still be Lord of All," is, and must be, the motto of some natures ; but it can not and should not be the motto of man. He must himself be Lord of All, and even Love must be his minister, as Arthur leaves Guinevere at Almesbury, and goes with a firm purpose to his last battle.

W. H. B.

Exposé d'un Système de Legislation Criminelle pour l'Etat de la Louisiane et pour les Etats Unis d'Amérique. Par Edward Livingston. Précédé d'une Préface par M. Charles Lucas, Membre de l'Institut, etc., et d'une notice historique par M. Mignet, Secrétaire perpétuel de l'Académie des sciences, morales, et politiques. Paris : Guillaumin et Cie, 1872. (From F. W. Christern, foreign bookseller and importer, New York.)

THE appearance of the above edition without a corresponding reprint in this country of the Philadelphia edition of 1833, illustrates perhaps as well as aught else could alike the foreign estimation of the author as a jurisconsult and the neglect of his own countrymen. M. Lucas who, at the request of Mr. Livingston's daughter, Mrs. Barton, has written the preface to these volumes, informs us than an American edition with a preface prepared by the presiding officer of the Supreme Court of the United States would appear in the course of the past year 1872. It is to be hoped that the design has not been abandoned : it has certainly not been executed.

Although born in the State of New York, the scene of Mr. Livingston's legal and legislative labors was in the city of New Orleans and the State of Louisiana. He removed to that country in his fortieth year, immediately after its cession by France in 1803. His success at the bar was immediate, and the great powers of his mind were soon called into requisition to mould into one system, adapted to the process of trial by jury, the confused mass of Roman civil-law precepts, local French customs, and Spanish edicts which constituted the local law, and to incorporate therein some of the wisest provisions of English enactments. Messieurs Moreau Lislet and Derbigny were associated with him in this labor. Both were scholars, and one of them an eminent lawyer ; yet, by common consent, the main merit of the compilation has been justly attributed to Livingston. Indeed it has been his rare good fortune to unite the suffrages of the philosophic jurist, the practical lawyer, and the law-abiding citizen. Scholars have pronounced his code the best adaptation of the principles of Roman jurisprudence* to the wants of modern society ; and the inhabitants of the country for which it was framed, both French and English, hailed it at the time of its adoption as superior to the systems to which they had respectively been accustomed, and have since found little occasion to make any change in its provisions.

**Cambridge Essays*, 1856, p. 17.

The system of criminal legislation which forms the subject of this notice, met—at least in this country—with a different fate. It was undertaken in 1820, in pursuance of an act of the Legislature of Louisiana, and a preliminary report was presented by Mr. Livingston to that body in 1822. Two thousand copies were printed, one-half in either language, and he was urged to prosecute the work in accordance with the plan he had submitted. The accidental destruction by fire of his manuscript in New York delayed for some years the completion of his final report, and when submitted to the Legislature it was rejected. The opposition turned mainly upon the proposed abolition of capital punishment; and M. Magureau, a gentleman of a high order of eloquence and much local reputation, whose influence secured its defeat, is said not to have been above the promptings of professional jealousy. The system for the District of Columbia and for the Federal Government, presented by him in the Senate in 1831, met with a like fate. They were collected into one work and printed in Philadelphia in 1833.

The system comprises four codes: on Crimes and Punishments; Procedure; Reform and Discipline of Prisons, and Evidence. To each of these there is an introduction or elaborate essay enforcing the author's reasons for the changes which he has proposed. These constitute the gist of the work, and are all that the present French edition contains in full. Those which relate to the State of Louisiana were originally submitted by him in French, and are therefore given in his own words. The translation into French of that which relates to the Federal Government has been revised by M. d'Avesac de Costera Macaya, a nephew of Mr. Livingston. In this country there is as yet no place for the thinker whose thoughts fail of instant practical application; but it is interesting to note the influence which, according to M. Lucas, this work has exercised abroad. The preliminary report of 1822 was the signal for discussion in Europe. Prizes were offered at Geneva and at Paris for the best essay on the subject of capital punishment, and Rossi, De Sismondi, Guizot, the Duke de Broglie, and the Baron de Staël took part in the discussion. The completed work has been, it is said, adopted *in toto* by the Republic of Guatemala, and constitutes the basis of the criminal legislation of the Empire of Brazil. Its prominent features have, with some natural modifications, entered into the composition of the penal codes of many of the nations of Europe. M. Lucas is himself so zealous an advocate of the abolition of capital punishment that one is naturally tempted to distrust his judgment upon what to others may seem the most important and practical portions of Mr. Livingston's work, especially those relating to Criminal Procedure and Criminal Evidence. From 1864 to 1870 the movement in favor of the abolition of capital punishment was very active in Europe. It obtained in the Canton of Geneva, the Principality of Roumania, the Kingdom of Portugal, in Saxony, Anhalt, Bremen, and Oldenburg. On the formation of the North-German Confederation a penal code was proposed adopting many of the modifications which obtained in the last-named countries, but reserving the penalty of death in certain cases. A motion was submitted to strike out the clauses providing

for capital punishment, which was carried in the North-German Parliament. Prince, then Count, von Bismarck quitted his retreat at Varzin to press upon that assembly the adoption of the code in its entirety, and at his instance the motion was withdrawn.* This action seems to have aroused the ire of M. Lucas. It is a question upon which we will not enter. All thinking men will agree with Mr. Livingston that the penalty of death can only be justified when inflicted in self-defence either on behalf of society or of the individual man. But so long as men commit crime, can society in the interest of its own self-preservation avoid a resort in certain cases to the last argument of which mankind are capable? This is one among the many problems which are now agitating the civilised world, and of which the Premier whose action we have just cited has said: "It is not by argument or by discussion that the questions of the day are to be solved, but by iron and fire." A pregnant phrase, which teaches that the world's solution of them will be itself the most signal confession that they are not to be solved by human reason.

JOS. BLYTH ALLSTON.

The Minnesinger of Germany. By A. E. Kroeger. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

IN the long struggle between the Empire and the Papacy, the contest whether the Latin or the Teuton was to be the master of the world, which has lasted a thousand years, and in which Kaiser William but continues, in modified form, the policy of Kaiser Otto, there is no more brilliant period than that during which the House of Swabia, or the Hohenstauffen, occupied the Imperial throne.

It was under these sovereigns that the great parties of Guelf and Ghibelline, whose struggles for supremacy shook all Italy, first arose. It was at this time that the great Lombard League of Italian cities was formed, and the contest between Pope and Emperor fiercest. The crusades filled all Europe with enthusiasm. The arts sprang into new life; and in especial that of architecture, under the great cathedral-builders, reached a splendor of development which it is not likely the world will ever again see. All life seemed to be crowded with fierce activities, with passionate desires, with eager hopes, which sought expression in all directions.

We might have expected that in a time of so much mental activity, and so much artistic productiveness, a vigorous and characteristic literature would arise; but what one would not expect, was the direction that literature took. Instead of martial songs, of patriotic ballads, or of political satires, the new outburst of poetical genius drew its inspiration chiefly from romantic lore, from passionate devotion, or from the beauties of nature. The poetry of the time is the poetry of happy youth, first awakening to the consciousness that woman is lovely, and that the world is fair, and half intoxicate with the new beauty and sweetness.

This gush of poetry is what is called the Minnesong, the first really national poetry of Germany (except the two ancient epics), and of it

**Weekly London Times*, May 29th, 1870; *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Juin 1, 1870, Chronique de la quinzaine.

Mr. Kroegeer gives in the volume before us a most interesting account, profusely illustrated by translations. And we can not here do better than to quote his own words from the introductory chapter:—

“In the middle of the twelfth century,—or about 1150,—this first period of German literature may be said to have begun. Under the Hohenstauffen dynasty the Swabian form of the German language had become the language of all cultured men, and by its mellow sound was indeed peculiarly adapted to the requirements of poetry. The opening of the Orient, through the Crusaders on the one hand, and the spreading of the tales of King Arthur’s Round Table, intermingled with those of Charlemagne, on the other, had roused over all Germany a spirit of poetry, to which the language was now fully adapted to give expression. Knights, princes, and kings—the most exposed to this spirit of romance—were seized with it, and studied the intricacies of rhythm or rhyme with the same energy they devoted to their pursuits of war. Duke Leopold of Austria, Landgrave Herrmann of Thüringen, Margrave Henry of Meissen, Duke Henry of Breslau, Duke John of Brabant, King Wenzel of Bohemia, King Conrad, and the Emperor Henry, are among those, some of whose poems have been preserved. Even the great Frederic Barbarossa (Red-beard)—whom tradition reports still sleeping in the Kyffhäuser cave, his head on his hand, and his beard grown all round the table of stone, where he awaits the coming of the new glory of united Germany,—even he, and his perhaps still greater successor, Frederic II., often, after the day of battle or hunting, struck the lyre in their tents or castles, and poured forth those sweet songs of love that made soldiers, servants, and knights gather to listen. When it is considered that these Minnesinger, these warblers of love, were for the greater part unable to read or write,—even Wolfram von Eschenbach could not read or write, and Ulrich von Lichtenstein had to carry a letter from his sweetheart for weeks in his pocket before he found some one to read it for him; that we, therefore, owe almost all our knowledge of their songs to tradition, and that, nevertheless, songs from over one hundred and sixty Minnesinger within that one century have been preserved to us,—the extraordinary development of poetical art in that century may be imagined. Most of these Minnesinger were knights, and called *Sirs*; some of them, however, citizens, whose distinctive appellation was *Master*. It is *Sir* (Herr) Walther von der Vogelweide; and *Master* (Meister) Gottfried von Strassburg. These singers led a life most strange and romantic. At a time when cities had as yet barely come into existence in Germany, and the castles of the lords were the chief gathering-places of the vast floating population of the crusading times, these Minnesinger, with little or nothing besides their sword, fiddle, or harp, and some bit of love-ribbon or the like from their sweetheart, wandered from village to village and castle to castle, everywhere welcomed with gladness, and receiving their expected remuneration with the proud unconcern of strolling vagabonds. Throngs gathered to hear their songs, retained them in memory, and transmitted them to the succeeding generation. One of the chief resorts of the Minnesinger was the castle of Landgrave Herrmann of Thüringen, who was to that century what the Duke of Weimar was to

the age of Goethe and Schiller, and whose Castle Wartburg was thus the home of song and literary development long before it became famous as the place where Luther translated the Bible, and by doing so gave rise to a new German language, more vigorous and extensive than that of the Minnesinger, but less fragrant with sensuous beauty and grace. Worthily, therefore, is Landgrave Herrmann celebrated in the poetry of his numerous guests, as above all hosts the most hospitable and generous. For these singing knights felt no more delicacy in chronicling the good things they received from their patrons than in immortalising the meanness of those who let them depart without gifts of clothing, food, and money. Yet their lady-loves' names they never mentioned; the tender delicacy observed by Don Quixote, the last of the famous race, was the rule that governed all. Like him, most of them had their Sancho Panza in the shape of a youth to whom alone they intrusted their secret. The chief occupation of those sweet youths was to commit to memory the verses which their masters composed for their mistresses, and, if unable to write, kept repeating to their Singerlein till he had every word and tone in mind. For he must learn not only the song itself, but also the melody of it. Then this living letter would be dispatched to the beauteous Dulcinea, who would listen attentively with due German sentimentality, and having had it sung to her until she could again repeat it perhaps to others, would give the young starved Singerlein a glass of wine and piece of bread, and mayhap other luxuries for himself and his master. It is thus chiefly through oral tradition that there has been preserved to us the immense labors of a century which the noble Swiss knight, Rüdiger of Manesse, and his son, first undertook to collect and fix into manuscript; thus, under the editorship of Johann Hadloub, one of the last of the Minnesinger, arranging that famous Manessian collection which now forms one of the treasures of the Parisian library, and which, through Bodmer, first became known again to German literature. The life of Walther von der Vogelweide, as sketched in another chapter, will represent in some measure the average life of the nobler knight-minstrel in the earlier part of the Minnesong period; whilst the life of Ulrich von Lichtenstein, also sketched herein, will illustrate the more extravagant form of knight-minstrely, and show how little Cervantes had need to exaggerate in his immortal Don Quixote."

The wandering minstrel with his lay of love, is a familiar feature in the early literature of all countries; but what is peculiar about these compositions is that instead of being simple and familiar forms, they are constructed in the most singularly complex and elaborate artistic fashion. Every stanza of a Minnesong must have a triple formation, "a strophe, antistrophe, and epode." Every song must have its own special form of stanza, no poet being allowed to use the same form for two poems, nor to employ the form invented by another. Thus it comes that in the fragments still left of this literature more than twelve hundred different strophe-forms are preserved. But so far from feeling these rules onerous, out of the mere wantonness of genius they created ingenious difficulties and mastered them in play: they intertwine the rhymes until the strophe, or even the whole poem is a com-

plex braid of musical consonances ; they handle the rhythmical structure, increasing or diminishing its volume, as a composer handles the instruments of an orchestra. It seems as if they had caught the feeling of the Cathedral-builders, and while revelling in infinite multiplicity of ornament, intricacy of structure, had found out how to bring a massive effect from the whole. "We have Minnesongs," says our author, "wherein every word of every line rhymes with the other, while the lines again rhyme in the usual way amongst themselves ; poems wherein the last word of the line is rhymed by the first of the next line ; poems wherein the last word of the strophe rhymes with its first word ; poems built in strophes of twenty and more rhymes ; poems of grammatical rhymes, in the most various possibilities ; poems of word-playing rhymes, etc. ; and in most cases the fundamental rhythmical beauty reigns supreme and makes the ornamentation seem natural outgrowth."

The difficulty of rendering in a translation these various effects, is so great that we wonder at the courage of the translator in attempting to grapple with them at all. This however he has done with extreme fidelity, not merely reproducing each line in number of syllables and accents, but rendering rhyme for rhyme and pause for pause, and even contriving to preserve in his version the tinge of quaint simplicity that is one of their most pleasing characteristics.

A graceful specimen of one of the less complex forms of the Minnesong, is this by Jacob von Warte :

"You shall hear songs sweetly pealing
Everywhere from yonder dale.
Tuneful songs the spring air filling,
Over all the nightingale.
Look upon the lawn's broad play
And upon the glowing heather,
How her dress she wraps together,
Gayly robed to greet young May.

"Many a kind of flowers peep
Laughing from the dew of meadows
Towards the sunshine's glory's sweep :
O, sweet May-time knows no shadows !
But this me no hope conveys,
Since I'm sick with heart-grief's fever :
She, whom I'd be with forever,
Still withholds from me her grace.

"O beloved, noble lady,
Loose me from my yearning dread !
Stay my guardian, kind and ready,
Lest my joys droop sick and dead.
Needful help I ask of thee,
If my heart thou lettest go,
Nothing more can calm my woe :
Sweet, O keep thy grace with me.

"Power on many a one descendeth,
Thus we hear the wise men saying,
Yet with mercy's balm not blendeth ;
Thus my lady keeps betraying :

For me with such power she's chained,
 Without mercy, the beloved !
 That my heart-grief unremoved
 Must stay with me to the end.

"Love, thou must be ours in common,
 Or of joy my soul stays dead.
 Grant that she may sweetly summon
 By her mouth so sweet and red.
 Since thy power me so does stir,
 And thou govern'st all my soul, love,
 As thou chooseth—e'en so full, love,
 Let thy power grow over her !"

Of the devotional class of these poems, probably the finest example is the great song by an unknown author, called "The Divine Minnesong." For this poem we must refer our readers to the book itself, as it is too long for quotation, but we will give Mr. Kroeger's introductory remarks: "'It is,' says Van der Hagen, 'the very glorification of love (Minne) and of Minnesong; it is the heavenly bridal song, the mysterious Solomon's Song, which mirrors its miraculous object in a stream of deep and lovely images, linking them all together into an imperishable wreath; yet even here in its profundity and significance of an artistic and numerous rhymed construction, always clear as crystal, smooth and graceful.'"

"The noteworthy part of this poem is the symmetry of its construction in the general conception and idea of the poem, and the wonderfully artistic manner in which that symmetry is also made manifest and heightened by the sensuous elements of the rhythm, rhyme, word-sound, and that peculiar refrain, which has elsewhere been spoken of as occurring in 'Tristan and Isolde,' and the nature whereof is so weirdly or sweetly effective in music when—not a whole musical phrase is strictly repeated, which is simply the regular refrain, but—a short passage reoccurs unexpectedly, though with thorough musical logic, or in another key, or so slightly varied as to recall the previous phrase and yet seem not the same.

"The hymn opens with the poet's exhortation to all those who desire to listen to his song of God's great love, to endeavor its attainment by unremitting exertion, and to pray for him, the poet, who has so little striven to gain it for himself. Then throwing his plaint aside, the poet calls upon the heavens and Christ to bend down and listen to his tuneful lays in praise of Christ's sweet mother; and now with increasing fervor begins that wonderful praise—

'Thou bloom of rose, thou lily grace !'

"The tone is slightly lowered and calmed down as the poet passes to recount the bliss and grace of her worship, and rises again as he proceeds to call upon all things in earth and heaven to praise her; and finally upon herself to rejoice in her passing glory. The sound of the first chant of praise is once more heard,—

'Thou of pure grace a clear, fair vase !'

And the poet turns from her glorification of the mother to that of her son.

“The praise takes the same form of language,—

‘Thou cool, thou cold, thou warmth, thou heat!’

with occasional recurring of the same images, and rises in power until it and the whole poem, indeed, ascending to the praise of God himself, swell into highest intensity,—

‘God of thee speaking, God of thee saying!’

The very words seem to shake with fervor of emotion, and by repetition of utterance to sob out their inability to utter his supreme love.

“The gradual toning down of the poem from this intensity is sensuously executed with marvellous skill. At first one of the repetitions of the line,—

‘God of thee speaking, God of the saying,’—

is left out in a stanza. In the next one another one is left out, and the first one changed, moreover:—

‘God of thee speaking, repentance raises;’—

the usual feminine rhyme being yet, however, retained. But in the next one the masculine rhyme takes its place again, and in all the following stanzas the rhythm retains its even flow. A few verses lead to the notable close of the poem, which expires in a long-drawn sigh.

“It is, of course, impossible to render in a translation all this sensuous beauty and art of rhythm, rhyme, and word-sound. I can say only that I have done my best.”

Not the least interesting feature of the work is the sketch of the life of that most fantastic of all his fantastic guild, the Minnesinger Ulrich von Lichtenstein, which our readers will probably remember as having first appeared in the pages of this magazine. Briefer notices are given of Frauenlob, Walther von der Vogelweide, and others.

The book closes with a critical notice of the metrical romances of the period, which were chiefly founded on the legends of Arthur and his knights, or Charlemagne and his Paladins. These are illustrated by translations from Gottfried of Strassburg’s *Tristan and Isolde*, which, in its multiplicity of detail, and the way in which every point is dwelt on, as if the narrator could never weary of telling nor his hearers of listening, strongly reminds one of Chaucer.

On the whole, this book is a most interesting account of a very remarkable and singularly luxuriant flowering-time of literature, of which all modern German poetry may be said to be the fruit, while, through the latter, it has in no slight degree influenced our own.

W. H. B.

Thorvaldsen: His Life and Works. By Eugene Plon. (Illustrated.)
Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1873.

THIS very elegant volume consists of two parts; the first giving a condensed biography of the great Danish sculptor from his birth in 1810, as the son of a poor carver of figure-heads for ships, to his death in 1844, lamented by a whole nation, and attended to the tomb

with a pomp of mourning such as is usually bestowed on monarchs. And strange enough is that life which links these two widely different extremes — strange in its weakness and strange in its strength.

Thorvaldsen seems to have brought to the study of the antique a fresher mind than that of the Southern sculptors of the time. He had not learned to look upon these masterpieces through the eyes of others, but saw them through his own, and thus acquired a simplicity and grandeur of style which has made itself felt in all German and Scandinavian art.

Many curious anecdotes are scattered throughout the narrative. Here is one of Lord Byron, whose bust Thorvaldsen made in Rome. "When this nobleman," he says, "came to my atelier to sit to me, he took a seat opposite me, and put on directly an expression entirely different from his natural one. 'My Lord,' I said, 'please keep perfectly still, and I beg of you do not look so disconsolate.' 'It is my natural expression,' replied Byron. 'Really!' I said, and without paying attention to this affectation, I began to work in my own way. When the bust was finished, everybody thought it a striking likeness, but my lord was dissatisfied. 'That face is not mine,' he said; 'I look far more unhappy than that' — for he was so obstinately bent on looking miserable!"

Odder than this was the performance of the Historical Society of Rhode Island, which when the great sculptor was at the zenith of his fame, elected him an honorary member, on the strength of the discovery by some local antiquary that an ancestor of Thorvaldsen had commanded an expedition to Rhode Island as far back as the year 1007, and had a son born to him there — the first native American of European blood, from whom the genealogy was traced without a flaw down to the artist!

The second part of this volume gives a critical account of his various works, with many interesting particulars relating to his contemporary artists and art. The work is embellished by thirty-five beautiful impressions on India paper from engravings representing his chief works.

* * *

Off the Skelligs. A Novel. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

At all events here is a book that does not belie its name, but is a real novel, that is, something new. A great part of the works we see, professing to be novels, have everything to justify that profession but the one fact of novelty. They are merely variations on old themes, old characters with new names, old situations re-arranged. But in this book of Miss Ingelow's there is freshness and originality, almost amounting to oddity sometimes, from the first page to the last.

The very structure of the story is odd. The heroine's life lies in three quite distinct and almost unconnected planes of existence, besides a queer parenthetical one. And the oddness of the thing is that no one of these planes or stages is rendered necessary by any of the others, but might have had almost any precedence or any following.

Dorothea Graham is first introduced as a child, living with her brother and mother a curious dreamy life in an old quiet country town. The brother is a precocious genius, with an extraordinary gift of acting and imitation. The mother is immersed in mathematics, and the children are left a great deal to themselves and their fancies. Then the household is broken up, and Dorothea goes to boarding-school, where she remained until she is a young lady, a period of time not occupying more than a half-dozen pages of the book.

From the school she goes to live with her uncle on board his yacht, which becomes so completely her home, and she is so utterly severed from the land, that whereas she had before "been accustomed to look upon this world as consisting of certain countries bordered by the sea, now I began to think of it as a globe of water. I no longer thought of the shapes of continents, but of the shapes of the seas in which they lay."

While leading this wandering life, they fall in with a burning ship, and rescue some of the passengers. One of these is a Mr. Brandon, the hero of the story, if we may use that term. At the invitation of his family, Dorothea pays them a visit at their country-seat, and from this moment she is as completely severed from her sea-life as she was before from her home-life. And as she might have gone to live on the yacht from *any* previous life, so *any* chance that had made her acquainted with Mr. Brandon's family would have answered the purpose as well. There is no necessary interdependence between the parts. So with the disconnected and unnecessary episode of her life in London and her work among the poor, which springs from nothing and leads to nothing that might not have happened as well without.

This whole incident of the burning ship is out of proportion to the results that follow. A novelist should economise his forces, and only use tremendous catastrophes, such as battles, earthquakes, conflagrations, when events of proportionate magnitude require them, which could not be effected with less. It is not allowable to depopulate a city by a pestilence that a hero may muse in solitude, nor to burn a ship at sea with frightful horrors, that a young lady may make the acquaintance of a country family.

Considered by itself, however, this incident of the burning ship, with the rescue of the passengers, is described with great power. We quote a paragraph or two.

As she spoke, two strange objects came into my view. One was a great pale moon, sickly and white, hanging and seeming to brood over the horizon; the other, which looked about the same size, was red and seemed to lie close at her side. It was not round, but looked blotted and blurred in the mist. Could it be a meteor? a lighthouse? Whatever it was, it was the cause of the commotion which had been so intense, and which now seemed to be already subsiding. I had heard the men called up not three minutes before, and now two boats were already lowered, and Tom was in command of the foremost. I heard his voice coming from the water, and no one prevented me now from rushing to the side to look over, turning my back on the moon and her lurid companion. Though the night was not dark I could not discern the boats; and after straining my eyes into the mist, I observed that it was very rapidly melting away, and rolling on as well as rolling together, so that spaces of water here and there were clear, and moonlight glittered on them. The binnacle light glared in my uncle's face as he stooped over it. I heard Brand whisper to his wife that he had taken charge of the yacht, and I did not dare to speak to him, though what it might be that alarmed them I could not tell.

It was as it seemed but a moment that I had stared out into the mist, looking for the boats with still sleepy eyes; then, as the sailors that were left tramped back to the fore part of the yacht, I turned again. The mist had shaken itself and rolled on before a light air that was coming. I saw two great pathways now lying along the waters; one was silver-white, the pathway of the wan moon, the other was blood-red and angry, and a burning vessel lay at her head.

Oh, that sight! can I ever forget it? The fire was spurting from every crevice of the black hull, her great main-mast was gone, the mizzen-mast lay with several great white sails surging about in the water, and she was dragging it along with her. The foremast only stood, and its rigging and sails had not yet caught. A dead silence had succeeded now to the commotion in the vessel; men were standing stock-still, perhaps waiting for their orders, and my uncle's were the only eyes that were not strained to follow the leaping and dazzling spires.

Every moment we approached. Now the first waft of the smoke came in our faces, now we could hear a cracking and rending, the creak and shiver, and the peculiar roaring noise made by a mastering fire.

"A full-rigged ship," I heard Brand whisper to his wife. "Eleven hundred tons at the least."

"Merciful heaven!" she whispered in reply. "I hope she won't blow up. Anyhow, I thank the Lord we've got *Master* in command himself."

I never saw anything like the horrible beauty of that red light. It added tenfold to the terror of the scene to see her coming on so majestically, dragging with her broken spars and great yards and sprawling sails. She looked like some splendid live creature in distress, and rocked now a good deal in the water, for every moment the wind seemed to rise, bringing up a long swell with it.

The moon went down, and in a few minutes the majestic ship supplied all the light to the dark sky and black water. I saw the two little dark boats nearing her; knew that my brother was in the foremost, and shook with fear, and cried to God to take care of him; but while I and all gazed in awful silence on the sailing ship, the flames, bursting through the deck in a new place, climbed up the fore-rigging, and in one single leap, as if they had been living things, they were licking the sails off the ropes, and, shooting higher than her topsails, they spread themselves out like quivering fans. I saw every sail that was left in an instant bathed in flames; a second burst came raging up from below, blackening and shrivelling everything before it; then I saw the weltering fire run down again, and still the wreck, plunging her bows in the water, came rocking on and on.

"How near does our old man mean to go?" whispered Mrs. Brand; and almost at that instant I observed that he had given some order to the man at the helm, and I could distinctly hear a murmur of satisfaction; then almost directly a cry of horror rose—we were very near her, and while the water hissed with strange distinctness and steamed in her wake, her blazing foremast fell over the side, plunging with a tremendous crash into the sea, sending up dangerous showers of sparks and burning bits of sail-cloth, and covering our decks with falling tinder.

The black water took in and quenched all that blazing top-hamper, and still the awful hissing was audible, till suddenly, as we seemed to be sheering off from her, there was a thunderous roll that sounded like the breaking of her mighty heart, and still glorious in beauty she plunged head foremost, and went down blazing into the desolate sea.

There is the same uncertainty or want of definiteness of purpose about several of the characters, that induces us to think the author had no distinct plot in mind in the first half of the book, or else changed her intentions more than once. Tom, for instance, is introduced as a precocious genius, a wonderful actor and born artist; but nothing comes of it, and he subsides into a commonplace young fellow, is kept out of view, and lapses discreditably at the close. There are some vague rumors of a father in Australia, whose existence has nothing to do with the story; and the abstracted mathematical mother, after leading us to expect great things from her constant writing, merely goes out to join her husband, and vanishes from sight.

But artistic imperfections though these may be, they scarcely detract from the charm of a book that is full of genius, full of life, vivacity, and life-like character. The conversation is delightful, especially where that absurd boy Valentine, with his whooping-cough, his cracked voice, his indescribably droll courtship, his love of fun, his sulks and his good humor, takes a part in it. We get to like the young fellow so much, that his behavior at the close gives us real pain, and we wish the author had not brought him quite so low.

We should like to give extracts illustrating these points, but we really do not know where to begin nor where to stop; and besides we do not want to spoil the pleasure which our readers will have in reading the book itself, which they had much better do than study our dull comments.

W. H. B.

Doctor Vandyke. A Novel. By John Esten Cooke. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

IN every-day life, when a man sees a traveller whose destination he knows, turning off into a wrong road, it is universally held to be his duty to set him right; and this duty is especially imperative if the road he is about to take is pretty sure to plunge the one who follows it over a precipice or engulf him in a quagmire. Nor is such interposition and warning usually taken in dudgeon or resented as an impertinence. Why it is, or should be, otherwise in matters pertaining to literature, we can not pretend to say; but a long and dolorous experience has taught us that the slightest intimation to a writer that he is mistaking his special powers, following a bad model, or otherwise getting into a wrong track, is usually looked upon rather in the light of a stab or a violent assault than a friendly admonition from a fellow pilgrim.

Be that as it may, our duty remains all the same. The lighthouse keeper must kindle his lamp, whether the mariners thank him or not; and especially in a case like the present when a trim craft seems to be driving on the shoals.

Mr. Cooke, the author of the volume before us, is well known to our readers as the author of several works of fiction in which certain very interesting and picturesque phases of life and states of society as they existed in Virginia two or three generations ago, have been depicted with fidelity and power. It was a worthy theme for the artist—one full of grace and dignity, and full also of humorous features, all which he has well known how to seize and transfer with a dexterous hand to his canvas. Whether other and greater powers may not be his, we can not say; we can only speak of what he has done and done well.

But here, we are sorry to see, he has gone off altogether on a wrong track, and almost the very worst track he could have taken. We have here a mysterious and deformed personage who experiments on the secrets of life and death, discovers chloroform, and (like the Black Dwarf) hides an old love-sorrow under cynical behavior, and a "sardonic, almost sneering expression." We have a mysterious

Lord Ruthven, pallid, ghastly, a seer of visions, bearing about with him everywhere the burden of a frightful destiny and an unutterable secret—a personage with the most appalling characteristics of the seer Allan McAulay, added to the least attractive features of the Master of Ravenswood,—who mutters to himself in this weird fashion:—“That face! that form!—again!—and here, when I thought I had fled from him forever! The ocean is no barrier then! Fate plays with me!”—and who has a devoted henchman, Fergus, who we need hardly say is his foster-brother and attached to him with that singular mixture of servility, familiarity and devotion which we all know in the Highlands invariably accompanies that lacteal relationship. Fergus too mutters occasionally, but chiefly in a Gaelic formula, not given, but said to signify—“It is fated!”

As if these two were not sufficient material to introduce melodramatic terrors into any story, we have a semi-crazed, elfish girl, who, like Fenella, can clamber about with miraculous agility, and drop from heights as lightly as a cat, has unaccountable fits of sulkiness, is dumb, but can communicate by signs, is in love with the hero and jealous of the heroine.

In the incidents which these uncomfortable personages bring about, the author makes wild work with our nerves, and after we have got through with the chapter entitled *TERROR*, ending—“Suddenly the clock struck twelve: a fearful shudder convulsed the frame of Honoria; and turning quickly she looked into the mirror”; through the chapter entitled *AT THREE IN THE MORNING*, beginning—“The occurrences of this terrible night”; and through the chapter entitled *THE HORROR*, they, that is our nerves, are left in the state of Mrs. Gamp’s, which she said “fiddle-strings was weakness to express.”

But like Macbeth we must sup our fill of horrors before the author will let us go. The pallid Lord Ruthven is dragged along by his destiny—there is a severing of true lovers—a will discovered in a chest and torn up—two broken hearts—a fate which spreads its black pall over the family at Rivanna—a ghastly wedding-dinner—a ghastly bridegroom—a ghastly bride—footsteps in the snow—a combat, with Murder No. 1—screams from a bridal-chamber at midnight—Murder No. 2, with a dirk buried in a bosom and a long stream of blood running across the floor—a struggle at the brink of a precipice, with Murders No. 3 and 4, or a Double Suicide. Other accessories, such as the picture with awful eyes, the old oak-chest, the antique poniard, and numerous screams, groans, and terrible cries at unearthly hours, we have omitted, but they come in with considerable frequency.

If we turn up the wrong side of a piece of embroidery, we see the pattern reversed; but this is not usually found to be an improvement. And we may consider *Doctor Vandyke* the wrong side of *The Bride of Lammermoor*. There is a gloomy haughty nobleman, pursued by a mysterious destiny, and with a faithful henchman; but here he is the bridegroom, there the discarded lover. There is a broken-hearted maiden in both; in the one a proud ambitious mother and a weak affectionate father, in the other a proud ambitious father and a weak mother, force her to break her troth. In both the bride’s father has

succeeded to the ancestral estates of the discarded lover. In Scott's story the bride goes mad and stabs the bridegroom in the wedding chamber at midnight ; in Cooke's, the bridegroom goes mad and stabs the bride in the same apartment at the same hour. In neither case is the wound fatal. In Scott's story there is about to be a duel between the bridegroom and the lover ; here there is an actual combat. In *The Bride*, the doomed man accomplishes his destiny by walking into a quicksand ; here by falling over a precipice.

It is decidedly not an improvement. Scott's story, great as was its author's genius, would not have been endurable but for the rich humor with which all the lighter parts of the story are full, and the admirable drawing of all the secondary personages and details — but for such master-work as Caleb Balderstone and the cooper with his family. The purely tragic romance, of which the leading motives are terror and pity, is a legitimate form of art ; but it is one requiring the most consummate skill, and quite exceptional genius. Above all, the terrors must be new and strange. This is the great thing. Even a scraped and lighted pumpkin makes quite a formidable apparition on a dark night ; but to be shown the same pumpkin again after we have once inspected it thoroughly, is not impressive. And our remark about the state of our nerves was purely jocular : in point of fact we recognised a quite familiar bugbear at once, and not a hair stirred at the very climax of horrors.

Now Mr. Cooke has done some good work and can do much more ; and we do not want to see him, like Arthur's Knights, "follow wandering fires" and "lost in the quagmire" of failure while in quest of the very unholy Grail of Sensationalism. That calling may be for Sir Le Fanu or Sir Cobb Jr. ; a better quest is his, and one leading through a land which he may make his own. W. H. B.

The Pennsylvania Pilgrim and other Poems. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co.

WHITTIER'S genius resembles a stream that pursues only forest ways, has no flow except between the fall of the dead leaf and the springing of the young bud, and never emerges into full sunshine. Clear, pure, sweet, but no sparkle — these are his traits. A man full of humanity and humanitarian impulses, it has been his fortune to know humanity upon but one side only ; the music which has burst forth from him, not without power "to lull the daughters of necessity," has been chiefly psalmody in character and not above two octaves in compass. Within these limits he is very perfect. His flower may be only the sickly offspring of a prison-sprouted seed, but he has made a "Picciola" of it. The "inner light" burns all the more strongly in him for his lack of natural sunshine ; he is always sweet, plaintive, full of melody, and inspiring to better thoughts. You cannot read so much as a page of him without getting the impression, which every subsequent verse confirms and strengthens, of an upright, conscientious, patriotic man, with strong impulses rigidly subdued, and a warm, tender, most loving heart attuned to a very sweet natural music. But

if you would only realise how repressed a life he must have led, and how unworldly, or rather other-worldly, the man is, read the poem in the present volume entitled "My Birthday," and then read Beranger's birthday verses of "Le Tailleur et la Fée." It is a far cry from Paris to Amesbury; but a deeper and wider gulf than the Atlantic divides Olympus from Plymouth Rock.

The Pennsylvania Pilgrim celebrated in the leading poem of this little volume was Francis Daniel Pastorius, a disciple of Spenser and Tauler, who, in obedience to an invitation from William Penn, came over with a colony from Frankfort in 1683, and settled near Germantown in Pennsylvania. The poem is a pleasant pastoral picture of that lovely region and its quiet settlers, and their peaceful, subdued, uneventful lives; but, to be critical, strikes us as being too much toned down and languid with old-world weariness, and the enervated lassitude of self-consumed religious fervors, to reproduce faithfully the impressions of that fresh, buoyant, generous landscape that must have cheered the heart of Pastorius, unless that heart was a wooden one.

The other poems are chiefly reprints, and very fair specimens of Mr. Whittier's well-known style. E.

THE GREEN TABLE.

WISE and timely words are these, which we select from the address of S. T. Wallis, LL.D., to the law class of the University of Maryland—and capable of wider application than to the members of a single profession:—

"It is a common thing to say that ours is a specially money-loving age. I doubt whether this is true—whether men are at all worse in that regard, to-day, than they have always been, since the root of all evil was planted. In one of the recently opened houses in Pompeii, a mosaic pavement has been found, in the centre of which, in large letters, is the motto, '*Salve Lucrum.*' Such a profession of faith on the part of the luxurious Roman whom the ashes of Vesuvius overwhelmed with his lucre, was only a superfluous and ostentatious piece of candor. Perhaps, like Lord Byron, he desired to be taken for something worse than he was. But he scarcely loved money any more than a robber baron or a Lombard usurer, or any less than a Wall street financier or a lender on 'approved collaterals.' The curse of our times is not the mere love of acquisition, nor of money as a treasure and possession, but the self-prostration of society before it, as a dignity, a principality, and a power. The Roman was content to print his text on the stones, and tread it beneath his feet in the revel. In our times, we reverence the wisdom which, in Poor Richard's Almanack, expanded it into a gospel

and founded on it a religion, whose first and great commandments are multiplication and addition. And it is because money is, thus, not merely the object of a common human lust among us, but of a homage as degrading as that of the Castilian courtiers to the crowned and sceptred corpse of Pedro's leman — that no friend can say God-speed to you without a word of warning. Down in the abyss of such a worship may sink talents, learning, promise. In it may be lost without hope every aspiration that is noble, every principle that is pure, every quality that is generous and high. Against its demoralising propagandism there can be no stronger bulwark, humanly speaking, than the resistance and example of a learned and intellectual profession, powerful from its numbers and its influence; intimate and controlling in its necessary connection with every variety of human affairs; trained to vigorous and independent thought and downright, public, and effective speech. If it but dares assert its dignity and character, there is no social agent which has half its power to curb and to reform society. If it is true to itself in speech and counsel; if it has courage and integrity enough to spurn association with fraud and wrong, in every shape, and to expose and denounce them wherever they appear, it can control whole classes of society, whom the preacher will not reach and to whom moralists are a jest. If, on the other hand, it is capable of nothing better than to sell itself — to adopt every man's cause, and help or defend every man's contrivance, who pays — it is a social nuisance and deserves to be despised. Better 'to lie in cold obstruction and to rot,' than to be part or parcel of it."

TO BE READY.

O earthly love, only a name of pain!
 O earthly life, that clinging, holdeth fast
 The spirit that so longeth to flee past,
 So bleeds and throbs against the cruel chain,—
 Bind me no longer! What heights must I gain
 Before the sunset gates will shine in view;
 Before I catch the crimson western hue,
 And pass the burning portals, and attain
 The rest and darkness? O Earth, given place
 For "sorrowing unto death," when may I go?
 "When thou hast learned to rest in grief's embrace,
 When thou art chiselled clear by keener woe;
 When love's renunciation fills the space
 Of love, and builds life up, chaste, pure as snow."

H. HARDY.

THE best jokes are sometimes made quite unconsciously. A person having "a file of the *New York Herald* from 1860 to 1872" for sale, announces the fact in a paper before us, and terms it "a rare opportunity for compilers of *History*!"

WITH the close of the year 1872, my connection with the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE terminated. It gives me pleasure to add that my late partners, and the Magazine, have my very best wishes for their continued and increased prosperity.

W. L. HILL.

THE
SOUTHERN MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1873.

GRAYRUE HALL.

V.—A FAIR STUDENT.

DOCTOR HORNBEAM descended the stairs. As he passed by the door of the morning-room, Mrs. Yarrow came out to meet him. Anxiety had thinned her face, but had only spiritualised and heightened her incomparable beauty. The Doctor thought: "Every time I see her she is more handsome."

She answered the sultry smile he bent upon her with a smile all her own. She placed her hand in his and welcomed him into her sunshiny Paradise.

"How does your patient, Doctor?" she asked. "Did he make the promised revelation?"

"He did, my dear Madam."

"Well?"

"I am sorry to say it is a dream of fantastic madness."

A little sigh fluttered to her lips, but she repressed it.

"You must have patience," he said, seeing this. "All will come right in the end."

"Patience! But I want to see the cure begin, Doctor."

"I have already restored your husband's physical health, Madam."

"Yes, but the hallucination absorbs him more than ever."

"So it does. In that respect, a crisis rapidly approaches. When it comes you will find he has strength to endure a shock, and that shock will cure him."

She listened to these words with intense interest. "A shock! What kind of shock do you mean, Doctor?"

"That remains to be determined — will perhaps depend upon the circumstances — may spring up out of some sudden emergency of the crisis. I will not be unprepared."

"Oh, I hope not," she said, withdrawing her attentive eyes.

"I am devoted to your interests," he said.

"I know it," she replied. "I owe you much — more than I can repay."

"Oh no," he objected; "not more than you can repay."

"Well," she said, "I will not dispute with you upon that point, but will begin to pay you back at once. You have never heard me sing, I believe? I have always declined to sing to you because of my husband's illness. Well, to-morrow is the twenty-fifth of October, the anniversary of my wedding-day, and I want you to come and dine with us. I will sing to you some of my old songs; I will see if my housekeeping book does not teach me some cunning old dishes; I will open a bottle of rare old wine, and we can drink to the memory of happier days and to the coming of more pleasant ones."

"The twenty-fifth of October? It shall be one of my legal holidays henceforth!"

"You will come, then?" she asked, extending her hand to him.

"I will come!" he cried, and kissing the hand that lay in his, bowed, and passed from the room.

"I will come," he said to himself, bursting almost with exultation; "and it is coming, too! It is coming, coming! — Aha! get out!" said he, as Fido savagely attacked his legs.

At the sound of the dog's bark, Mrs. Yarrow, standing on the threshold of her room, started, and with quick, stealthy steps, like a spy at the door of a room where conspirators were arranging their treason, stepped forward to the veranda, and waved her hand with a sudden silent gesture. A silent figure stole noiselessly along through the shrubbery behind the Doctor's resonant footsteps. She waited, and presently Quamash came before her.

"He gone — clean gone away, Madam," said the Indian.

"Respite for another day, thank Heaven!" she cried. "Watch, Quamash, watch more than ever!"

"Ugh! me watch dam close," said the Indian.

Then, with the steps of a startled fawn, Mrs. Yarrow fled along the echoing hall and up the stairs until she came, without knocking, into the isolated chamber. Mr. Yarrow sat where the Doctor had left him, with his head resting upon his hands, weak, exhausted, listless.

She came swiftly to his side and took his head in her hands and pressed it against her bosom, and stroked his hair and patted his brow, and called him pet names, and murmured little endearing epithets and nothings by his ear. She roused him as one would wake a baby with kisses. She called him out of his trance, his abstraction, his lethargy, and with those simple fashions of fondness, old as the world and as innocence, called him back from his perilous wanderings in the regions of hallucination into the every-day life of blessedness and love. How sweet to see her sweet and gracious lovingness! Ah! this woman was peerless; was an embodied charm! She sang to him and crooned by his side until the old home-light

came back into his dazed eyes, and his hand stole into hers, and he was her husband again, returned to her for a certain spell at least from his wanderings in dream-land, as Melusina might have come back to womanhood again and to Lusignan's side after sloughing the adder's form and creeping ways.

"You did not betray my secret," she said, "you did not tell him that I ever came here — that I was your scholar, did you?"

"Of course not, Campanula, since you wished it to be so. But what reason there can be for it —"

"Oh, there are reasons, dear."

"He is my friend, and has done me good."

"I believe he has done you good, Bartram."

"He is a man of great wisdom and the keenest judgment. I lean upon him, and he props me up."

"Lean upon me, dear Bartram. Here is a prop that will never be knocked away from you in any extremity."

"I told him of my discovery —"

"What did he say?"

"Not much. He admits that it is very wonderful. He will be our earliest convert, Campanula. Already he is enlisted in the cause, and is going to help me consummate the discovery."

"How, Bartram?"

"He will find the flower for me —"

"Oh, that is kind! But I did not know it grew hereabouts."

"Yes; in Captain Holcombe's green-house."

"Ah!" she said reflectingly, "Dr. Hornbeam is a man of resources. But, Bartram, you look weary; your heads aches?"

"A little, Campanula — yes."

"You shall not teach me my lesson then to-day; you shall go lie down. But first — do you know I am afraid I have forgotten about all these wires already! What a dull wife you have! This wire, you say, by pushing this spring can be made to connect itself with the lightning-rod without, and in an electrical condition of the air will enable you to charge these jars and instruments? Yes; I was right there! And this one is the master-wire, and joins all the coil to your little electrometer — yes! I am not so bad a scholar, after all! But suppose a violent storm were brewing, would not the lightning, if it came down the rod and your wire were connected, dash in here and knock things to pieces? Kill you — if you happened to be here — set the house afire and frighten your poor little Campanula to death?"

"No," he said; "the rod is so arranged, and the wire also, that all but a small quantity of the fluid is carried off. If a large quantity of the fluid were to intrude, there are appliances all around to imprison and render it harmless. At the worst no more could be concentrated upon one point than what might give one a smart shock. It perhaps would knock you down, but could do you no greater harm."

"You are sure of this, Bartram?"

"I have tried it twenty times."

"Then I have forgotten none of that important lesson, Bartram, and so you see am a better scholar than you thought. Now you shall come down with me and let me sing you to sleep. Sometimes

you are my awful spiritual master ; sometimes my kind and patient teacher ; sometimes my baby and pet, whom I must croon over and sing to sleep, because I have no other. Come !”

They went down stairs and into the pleasant morning-room. She led him into his little study, tucked him under a shawl on the comfortable sofa, set the door ajar, and then returning to the morning room, closed her own room-door lest the canaries and other birds should sing too loudly, sat by her harp, and sang a low murmurous melody to a muffled low accompaniment, like the gurgle of a brook that passes under a mossy stone. Presently, going on tip-toe to see, she found he was asleep, whereupon she closed the intervening door, and flinging a light shawl about her shoulders and a hood upon her head, passed out of the room along the echoing corridor, and out through the great blistered, weather-beaten front door of Grayrue Hall, towards the bay.

A stiff wind was blowing. The withered grass, tawny as sedge, dry as an old man's whitened locks, streamed all one way and rustled uneasily. The bending, sawing, creaking pines were filled with sobbing and moaning voices. The sky was barred with harsh purple masses of slaty cloud that showed whitened edges toward the sun. The sun was now hidden and now again shining out, but the water did not smile when he shone upon it, and only frowned the blacker when he was withdrawn. It was a green-hued turbulent water, tossed into criss-cross choppy waves, each with its own boiling bubbly white-cap, each fretted and wrinkled with the irritating urgency of the wind. For all that, the wind was not cold, but moist and heavy, and the blue edges of the horizon were blurred with vapor.

Mrs. Yarrow went to the margin of the water, and there seated on the stump of a fallen pine, the top of which lay swaying in the water, she gazed out seaward, her brow set with intense thought. Her face grew wan and pinched, and her lips were tight and blue before she ceased to stare there across the dark turbulence of the waves.

A killdeer tilted past her and dropped headforemost in the sand near by ; a white-vested gull circled and curvetted in an out among the swinging branches of the floating pine ; a bevy of ducks splashed into the water not ten yards off ; yet still she sat there, motionless, absorbed, intensely debating. At last she opened her lips and said aloud :

“I will do it !” and started at the sound of her own voice.

Then a cold nose was thrust into her hand, and she found that the old lame dog had crept to her side and demanded to be recognised. He had not ventured to intrude upon her silent reverie, but felt her human, kind and friendly as soon as he heard her voice.

“Poor old friend !” said she, patting him and rising. She looked out over the black green waters again, and the surging white-caps. “I am stronger and braver here than under the Hollies,” she said, and turned and went back to Grayrue Hall, followed by the rusty-jointed, ancient hound, whose bed was now a husk mat in the paved corridor and just inside the great blistered front door of Grayrue Hall.

VI.—THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF OCTOBER.

"He will not come!" said Mr. Yarrow on the morning of the anniversary, as he stood by a window of the morning-room and gazed disconsolately out upon the wild storm that drenched the flowers and beat down the dahlias in the garden. It was an unusually dark day; the clouds hung low as masses of smoke from furnace chimneys, and were torn and tossed and whirled away by the gusts of storm that blew from all points of the compass at once, and piled up banks of damp leaves upon the veranda, and sent them scurrying off again. The rain beat in fitful showers, aslant, athwart, or downright, and falling alternately in big pattering drops like hail and in misty scud of fog and steam. The wind howled outside, and through the long corridor which had treble echoes now, and in the chimney where a pile of hickory-logs burned brightly and made the room warm and cheerful for all the dark and damp without.

"He will never venture in such a storm as this," said Mr. Yarrow, when the rain surged down in heavier showers still.

"He will certainly come, Bartram," answered Mrs. Yarrow, so confidently that her husband turned towards her with an inquiring look.

"How do you know?" he asked.

She colored the least bit in the world as she rose and came to the window by him. "Oh, I know!" said she. "Country doctors do not mind the rain, and this is a special and particular invitation, you remember."

"Ah! our twenty-fifth. That would give me a reason why I should come to you through storm and rain, Campanula, yet I do not see how it applies to Doctor Hornbeam."

"Because he *is* Doctor Hornbeam, love; because you are Bartram Yarrow, his patient; and because I am Isobel Yarrow, your true wife, your Campanula." She pressed close to his side as she spoke, and twined her fingers in his.

"Ah! you think then that he loves us so dearly that he will honor our little festival at the risk of sore throats and colds, at peril of being drowned? Formerly you did not credit him with paying us such delicate and scrupulous observance."

"Hush! hark!" she said.

The sharp, spiteful bark of Fido was heard in the corridor, then the harsh tones of a man's voice chiding him, and the deep hoarse bay of the ancient hound. Stamping then of feet.

"It is the Doctor!" cried Mr. Yarrow, going to the door. "Are you not half-drowned?"

"By no means," growled the Doctor's heavy voice echoing through the corridor; "I have on my overalls and my riding mackintosh. The wind is fitful, but the rain is surprisingly warm for this season."

Fido yelped impetuously at him still, and the old hound bayed his deep note ending in a long, plaintive, ominous howl.

"Your dogs do not like me, Mr. Yarrow," said the Doctor as he came into the morning-room.

"Singular that they should not, too, when their instincts are said to be unerring," said Mrs. Yarrow.

The Doctor glanced quickly towards her. "Do you believe in instincts, Mrs. Yarrow?" he asked.

She hesitated a moment, then said, as she placed a chair for him before the fire, "Why no, Doctor, since I have my own instincts, and my timid reason falteringly teaches me how fallible they are."

"And sheds tears in so doing, eh?"

"Perhaps."

The Doctor's cheeks were polished like wax by contact with the storm, but in other respects he looked more like one who had come out of a bandbox. He was scrupulously, nay elaborately attired, and Mrs. Yarrow felt that a compliment to her was implied in every part of his dress, from his highly polished shoes to the rosebud pinned to the lapel of his broadcloth dress-coat.

He fell into easy conversation with his patient and his hostess, and the three proceeded to amuse themselves, each contributing something of entertainment out of his abundant store of experiences. The preacher's fervor, zeal, and quaintness, his remote and unworldly manners, conjoined to that intimate and personal knowledge of the many-colored human heart which is only vouchsafed to men in his position; the Doctor's pungent wit, shrewd practice in the every-day man, and unrivalled skill in detecting human weakness and probing human motive to the core; and the warm, ripe, electric fancy of Mrs. Yarrow, shifting like a kaleidoscope, and throwing a bizarre yet healthy coloring over every subject. These traits made the talk that ensued exhilarating and entertaining to all three as the pages of a brilliant and absorbing novel. All three did their best in the direction of their special excellence; and were I a short-hand reporter, I would still fail to reproduce more than the dry husks of a conversation fit to detain Savage Landor withal.

The clergyman wondered at his wife, her *espièglerie*, her wit, her versatility, her eloquence; he could scarcely recognise her, so richly glowed her color, so deep, dark, warm was her eye, her face a map of language, her gestures full of southern fire and infinite expressiveness. The Doctor wondered not, but flung his spirit prostrate at her feet in sensuous and intellectual adoration, and was dragged whithersoever she listed, like Leviathan caught with a hook. She had woven a bewildering coil of fascinations round about him; he could no longer reason, nor question within himself, nor doubt; all he could do was to enjoy and to long.

"Campanula," said Mr. Yarrow, after they were done laughing at some more than usually brilliant sally of hers — "Campanula is — saving her presence — like some of the lower order of animals that sympathise with and are unusually excited and roused by the presence of any unusual quantity of electricity in the air."

"Yes, a stormy petrel I, that comes out to dance and sing when the waves begin to rise. Doctor, I promised you should hear the petrel's notes to-day."

She rose and went to the piano, rejecting his eager but rather awkward gallantry.

"I do not need help," she said, beaming upon him, "the song and the music are my own. Sit down and tell me what you think of my voice."

It was a deep, mellow contralto of no great compass—a muffled voice in some notes, yet rarely attractive by reason of its peculiar expressiveness, and, if I may so term it, vitality. She touched the keys masterfully, played a slight prelude, then sang the following song:

"The rose invites you,—the purple phloxes,—
Hasten, butterfly, while ye may!
The shivering breath of the equinoxes
Teaches the perils of delay;—
Hasten, butterfly, while ye may!

"The wind blows over the sallow sedges,—
Hasten, butterfly, while ye may!
The cavernous storm-bank drops its edges
Lowering down on the autumn day.
Hasten, butterfly, while ye may!

"The bleak rain follows in fretful showers,—
Hasten, butterfly, while ye may!
Alas for the damp, unfragrant flowers!
Mildewed, faded, fallen are they.
Hasten, butterfly, haste away!"

"There is not half the music in it that there is in my moaning, sobbing, wailing pines out yonder," she said as she rose from the piano and turned her shoulders upon Doctor Hornbeam's rather effusive ecstasies. "If it were not for the name of the thing," she added, "I would like to put on a waterproof and go yonder where the woods and waters meet, to listen to the orchestra preluding."

"Go! go!" said the Doctor, impulsively; "I will escort you, I will insure you against harm from it."

"What folly!" cried Mr. Yarrow, "you would be drenched in a moment. See how it is pouring and driving; I think the clouds hang lower and darker, there is certainly more electricity in them."

The Doctor was walking about the room with long agitated strides. Mrs. Yarrow watched him intently, and saw that a strange agitation which possessed him brought the sweat to his brow and made his hand tremble. He took one or two more hurried turns, then suddenly his face cleared up, he wiped his forehead and went to the window by Mr. Yarrow.

"It is a dreadful day," said he. "I was going to propose an experiment to you, but it will scarcely be fit for us to go up stairs, will it?"

Mr. Yarrow glanced inquiringly at him. He drew the little ebony box from his breast-pocket and placed it in Mr. Yarrow's hand. "What!" cried the latter in great excitement, "you have it, you have the treasure?"

"Yes, I obtained it for you as I promised."

"Oh, thanks, thanks! Yes, yes, let us go above at once." And he put his arm within the Doctor's and drew him along.

"Be quick with your experiments then, Bartram," said Mrs. Yar-

row, calling sweetly after them, "for we shall have early dinner on account of the storm."

"I will not let him tarry away long, be sure of that," said Doctor Hornbeam, turning his fervid face toward her as they went out of the door.

No sooner was the door closed upon them than the whole woman was suddenly metamorphosed. She sprang to her feet and rang the bell impetuously. When Quamash appeared, she cried:

"Tell them to hurry dinner—to have it in fifteen minutes! And, oh, Quamash, watch! watch! watch!"

"Me watch,—me watch!" Then pointing out, he said: "Big thunder out yonder bimeby."

"Yes, and gunpowder in the house!" she cried. "Watch, Quamash, watch!"

The old Indian retired, and Mrs. Yarrow walked up and down the room in the most intense excitement. She would stand for a moment at the window watching the still gathering storm that, even while pouring down deluges of rain and howling with angry gales, lowered yet darker and darker. She would go to the door and listen, to hear only the dash of the rain and the wild raging of the winds. She wrung her hands, and the tears of anxiety and suppressed passion sprung to her eyes and would not be checked.

Presently a bell rang a fair tocsin over the storm for dinner. Mrs. Yarrow gave a great cry of relief. The door opened, her husband came in, and she sprang to his side and clasped her arms about him, for all the world as if he had just come out of some great danger.

"It is the twenty-fifth of October," said she, pouting her lips up to him, "and—and—" she bowed her head down again upon his shoulder, and in spite of herself fell a weeping almost hysterically. He kissed her and petted her fondly.

"You are agitated, Campanula," said he, "the storm has made you nervous; we did wrong to leave you here alone."

"It is a dreadful day," she answered; "but I do not care for it now." She flung the tears from her eyes with a defiant toss of her head and looked around her. "Where is the Doctor?" she inquired eagerly.

"He tarried behind me a moment to cover up a solution we have been preparing. He will be down immediately."

"Ah!" she cried.

"He has brought me the flower *El Espiritu Santo*," said Mr. Yarrow—"a perfect specimen! a wonder among flowers! After dinner I will put it to the test. Hasten dinner, darling, for I am on the tenter-hooks of anxiety."

"I will, my dear. It is ready now, as soon as Dr. Hornbeam comes. Ah! there he is now."

The Doctor just then traversed the hall, stepped a moment upon the wind-swept rain-beaten veranda, tossed something into the shrubbery, and came in again, rubbing his hands and wearing a placid smile upon his face.

"It is a furious storm," he said, "and I believe a still heavier blast is brewing."

"Let us have dinner over then," responded Mrs. Yarrow, "before it breaks upon us."

The gentlemen walked towards the dining-room, but Mrs. Yarrow felt her sleeve caught behind. It was Quamash. He placed a small phial in her hand, and whispered, pointing towards the Doctor:

"Him! throw away! Me and Fido — find him! there!"

She glanced at the phial and then thrust it quickly into her pocket. "Ah!" she cried, and passed on briskly after her husband and the Doctor.

It was a choice dinner, exquisitely prepared, but well-nigh wasted upon the three who sat down to it. Mr. Yarrow did not eat. He was fasting, he said. He had a vow. It was his frequent habit, and the Doctor must not mind him. So he sat and nibbled a biscuit and sipped a glass or two of wine. The Doctor seemed to be too much excited to appreciate the rich and various viands which Mrs. Yarrow placed before him. He quaffed off great goblets of champagne, however, and pledged his hostess in glass after glass of other wines.

When the game was brought in, Mrs. Yarrow rose.

"Doctor," she said, "pray excuse me for a moment. My cooks are inexperienced, and — the dessert, you know," and she left the room with the same composed smile that she had worn ever since they came to the table.

In less than five minutes she returned, a heightened color in her cheek and a strange gleam of light in her eye. Ere sitting down she went to the sideboard and produced a dusty, cobwebbed black bottle.

"Doctor," she said, looking at him with an indescribable glance, "pledge me in a glass of this wine. It is very rare and remarkable old madeira that has a history and an experience almost as venerable and as various as that of Ulysses. It was bottled for my father, and we will drink to the twenty-fifth of October."

"The twenty-fifth of October!" cried the Doctor, taking down a full glass.

The dessert came on, the servants withdrew. Presently it grew very dark. Quamash came in with candles. There was loud thunder without, and it began to lighten incessantly and with fearful vividness.

"Um storm come," said the Indian, "um servants all 'fraid; so black dark."

"No wonder!" said Mrs. Yarrow, shuddering.

Mr. Yarrow arose. "Campanula," said he, "you will entertain Doctor Hornbeam, and he will keep you company in the morning room. I cannot tarry any longer; I must go to my unfinished work."

She turned slightly pale and laid her hand upon his arm. "The storm!" she cried; "are you not afraid?"

"Do not be alarmed, dear! I shall not be harmed," and so taking a candle, he gravely withdrew from the room.

The Doctor gazed after him until he was gone, and then followed Mrs. Yarrow to the morning-room, where the lamps were already lighted. It was scarcely four o'clock in the afternoon yet, but as dark as twilight.

The Doctor was in a singular mood. He was profoundly agitated

by something, he was full of passion, and he was a little bit flustered with wine. He sat down at the piano.

"Are you afraid of music in a storm?" he asked.

"No, oh no," she answered; "not much. Do you sing?"

He trilled the keys for reply, and broke forth into a barcarole that would have done credit to Redi's grape-crowned lyre. His voice was deep, mellow, rich, and he sang with far more culture than he evinced in his speech.

"That was splendid," she said. "O mercy, what a flash! Come away from the piano, Doctor Hornbeam!"

The Doctor laughed. "Are you afraid?" he asked, and came and sat down close by her on the sofa. "Are you afraid? I am not. I rejoice in it! I would gladly spend the balance of my days in it by your side."

"I should not fancy such an existence," she said, lightly, "in any company."

Suddenly he turned to her and looked right down into her eyes, his face flushed with exorbitant passion.

"Why did you challenge me?" he cried. "Why do you tempt me? Do you think I dare not?"

She faced him unwinking. "I do not understand you," she said.

"Do you think I dare not?" he cried again. "I dare do anything! I am the bravest man you ever saw!" and he caught her two hands in his and drew her towards him.

She flung his grasp loose with the sudden gesture of one escaping from a snake's touch. Then —

There was a white, vivid, blinding glare of instantaneous light, pervading the whole place and lighting up the corners and dim places of the room until they fairly stood out in relief, a clattering, deafening, tremendous crash and roar, the sound of falling bricks and timbers.

Both sat motionless, almost paralysed. Then the Doctor sprang to his feet.

"The house has been struck!" he cried.

"O my husband!" screamed Mrs. Yarrow.

VII.—A CLAP OF THUNDER.

THERE were cries and shrieks in the house below, and above the crash, blaze, roar and confusion of the storm a dog's pitiful howling sounded plainly. Quamash stood in the hall-door, which had burst open with the concussion.

"Thunder knock wall down," he said to Mrs. Yarrow.

She turned swiftly towards the door, but Doctor Hornbeam grasped her wrist. "No!" he cried, "you shall not go up-stairs. You shall stay here. I will go. You have not the strength. I am used to horrors. I will do what is needed. I will go and report to you at once."

She did not look at him, but simply freed her wrist with an imperious gesture, and pointing towards him, said in a voice vibrant with the strain of great emotion, yet not touched with one breath of

fear, "Quamash, you have your knife, you are strong, you will obey me; if this man touches me, or offers to prevent me from going to Bartram, or goes one flight ahead of me up-stairs, use it! Stab him to the heart!"

"Me do it," answered the Indian, his eyes gleaming.

This unconscionable doctor, however, was not altogether bragging when he spoke of his bravery. He seemed to appreciate the emotions under pressure of which she spoke, and said quietly, "Then, Mrs. Yarrow, you lead, and I will follow, if you will permit me. I perceive you are a strong woman."

"Come on, then!" she said, and darted out the room into the corridor, followed by the Doctor, and he by Quamash.

In the hall, near the foot of the stairs, lay the old hound, his feet in the air, stricken, stiff and dead. Fido, dazed, shrunk into a shivering hoop of a dog, howled at his head with his nose to the ground. As Mrs. Yarrow darted past him like a wraith, he sprang up and followed, unconscious that his enemy, the Doctor, was bounding up the stairs by his side.

On the first landing the steps were nearly blockaded with plastering, laths, bricks and other debris. Mrs. Yarrow passed over these like a will-o'-the-wisp; her figure flashed out every second against the glare of the incessant lightnings that shone down on her from some great gap above. Then her hand was arrested at the door of the isolated chamber, which did not yield.

"Aha!" said the Doctor at her side, "let me," and pressed his shoulder against it and made one powerful effort that burst the lock and sent him ten steps into the room—what remained of it. Instantly Mrs. Yarrow cried aloud in the darkness and brushed past him like a hurrying wind. The next flash of lightning enabled him to take in the whole strange and terrible scene at a glance. The end-wall of the room was torn entirely out—one great gap open to the wind, the rain, the fearful lightnings, the jarring crash of thunder. A confusion of tangled wires and broken apparatus and shelves tumbled down lay nearer, and then by the chair at the desk Mr. Yarrow's body, prone and motionless, and his lovely wife fainting upon him. Then darkness again and the roar of the storm, the dash of the wind and rain, and the low pitiful howl of the dog that stood and snuffed his mistress's white face. A terrible scene!

"Quamash, light a candle!" cried the Doctor.

"Me don't know. Me never come here," answered the Indian.

Between the flashes the Doctor found his way to one of the cases that had not fallen, poured some chemical fluid into a basin and ignited it, filling the room with a flickering, wavering violet light that enabled objects to be seen with some distinctness. He stepped closer to the prostrate husband and wife, and stooped down and picked up the little ebony box that lay just by Mr. Yarrow's head. It was split in two, and the flower in it, with its delicate petals and mystical white stamen, had turned black as a decayed mushroom.

The Doctor dropped the box and stood like a man stupefied and confounded. Something had more than disconcerted him. He completely lost his composure and trembled all over.

Quamash peered into his face and shook him by the arm to call him to himself. The Indian looked almost fiendish in that flickering violet light through which the lightning quivered and shimmered like the incessant retreat and rally of moonlight on dancing waters.

"Them two, they dead? see!" said Quamash.

"Right, Indian, I'll see." And the Doctor kicked the ebony box out of the way, stooped over and raised Mrs. Yarrow in his arms. She shrunk away from him, staggered to her feet, would have fallen, but Quamash held her, and she leaned against his shoulder heavily with a dead white face and drooping eyes.

"He is dead," she said in dull dry tones; "I killed him."

Doctor Hornbeam bent over Mr. Yarrow and felt his head, his heart, thrust his hand into his bosom, lifted his limbs, touched his eyelids, then he rose.

"No," he said, "I don't think he is dead. He has been struck and stunned, but we can bring him round. Get me some brandy, quickly. Quamash, take hold here, we'll carry him to a bed-room in the other wing. Stop—stay."

He drew a medicine case from his pocket, poured a dose of something into a glass and handed it to Mrs. Yarrow. "Here," he said, "take this; you need it, 'twill do you good. Go get me the brandy and send candles to the room across there. Quick."

She took the dose but refused to go. "I will not leave my husband," she said firmly.

"You will do just what I say!" he cried prepotently. "This is a case that demands all my skill—no time to lose, no time to fool! Go, send the brandy and the lights."

She obeyed at once.

When she returned, a lamp in one hand, a bottle in the other, and Fido whimpering at her heels, she found that the Doctor and Quamash had removed Mr. Yarrow into an uninjured room. The door of the isolated chamber was shut. The storm seemed to have parted with a good portion of its violence, the lightning was less vivid, the thunder receding.

The Doctor and Quamash were working with the insensible man, applying water, ice, ammonia, mustard. Dr. Hornbeam was in his own province now, and he ruled it like a master.

"Sit down," said he to Mrs. Yarrow, "you can do nothing. Don't get in the way."

Every minute he placed his ear close down over Mr. Yarrow's heart, and listened like Fine-ear in the fable.

The storm receded still, the wind grew steadier, the rain ceased. Through the window looking westward, Mrs. Yarrow saw a faint crimson light struggling through the vaporous clouds.

"See, um not dead! See," cried the Indian, pointing to the figure on the bed. Mrs. Yarrow sprang forward. The insensible man seemed to heave his chest with a faint inspiration, seemed to sigh, his blue lips fluttering. The Doctor held his pulse, and withdrew the ammonia from his nose.

"Ah," he said, "that same Death is a great ruffian, but I think I have conquered him this time. Quamash!" he cried quickly, "call Mrs. Yarrow's maid, she has fainted."

He kept his position by the bed, applying his remedies persistently. The maid whom Quamash rang for came, and, half frightened to death, received his directions how to restore her mistress, and his orders to keep her in bed until morning. Then Quamash and the maid bore the fainting lady to bed. Quamash instantly returned.

The night deepened. The Doctor left his patient in charge of the Indian, and went down stairs. He found the servants had already removed the bulk of the debris from the stairs, and thrust a piece of timber under some swaying joists. He made his way into the dining-room, and secured a bottle of sherry and some biscuit and broken meat. Returning up stairs with a candle, he opened the door of the isolated chamber. The room was dark and damp. A star shone through the great rent in the wall, and the wind played fitful æolian chords upon the tangled fallen wires. The Doctor stumbled upon the ebony box. He picked it up and put it in his pocket.

"I cannot understand it," he muttered, and returned to the bed of his patient. There was no change. The signs of life were of the faintest. The Indian nodded in his chair by the bedside. Doctor Hornbeam stole noiselessly to the insensible man's side, and gazed darkly down upon the motionless pallid face. He said to himself: "If I thought he knew, how easy it would be to —" He looked up and saw Isobel Yarrow standing by his side. Her dark hair which had fallen was gathered back in plain bands from her white face; she wore a dressing-robe of sombre hue, tied about her waist with a cord.

"I have come to help you watch," she said, looking him firmly in the face; "this is my place."

"Very well," said he, "we shall probably need you." She seated herself on one side of the bed and Doctor Hornbeam sat on the other. His face was still lowering, perplexed, and dark, but he was indefatigable in his appliances for the patient's relief, and never seemed to fail in resources. Quamash flung himself on the floor at the foot of the bed, and the dog Fido, resting his chin on the Indian's knee, slept with many starts and twitchings.

Thus around that bedside began a memorable week of watching and nursing. A period of terrible wearisome sameness, yet of intense feeling never relaxed from tension. Mrs. Yarrow never left the Doctor alone with his patient for an instant. When she was called away, Quamash took her place. When she went to her meals the Doctor remained; when he dined or breakfasted, she watched by her husband's side. The keen-witted Doctor did not escape noticing that he was suspected, mistrusted, watched; he could not divine precisely what for, or what grounds of suspicion Mrs. Yarrow had against him, and he was much concerned to know. He also seldom left the sick man's bed-side. Perhaps he too had his reasons for being on the watch.

There was no game of cross-purposes played, though. The Doctor gave his undivided best powers to the cause of his patient; his manner towards Mrs. Yarrow was subdued and quiet. She was kind to him, courteous, perfectly composed, full of deference. She did all he said, and he was conscious that she ministered and catered to his comforts in every possible way.

The patient scarcely changed in all those days, to outward appearance. He lay motionless and apparently insensible ; but the Doctor detected favorable symptoms and called the wife's attention to them. He showed her how the pulse revived, improved, grew regular. He pointed out to her how coma gradually changed into trance, and how by degrees trance became merged in sleep. It was on the sixth day of the watching that this change became apparent.

"He will wake up like a man out of a long sleep," said the Doctor.

"Will he be cured, Doctor?" asked the wife.

"I cannot tell. He has had a severe shock. It may have dispelled the hallucination—it may have fixed it immovably—it may have made it worse."

"I believe that the hand of his Master is in it," rejoined the wife ;
"I believe that he will wake up cured."

"Cured!" said the Doctor, with the suspicion of a fine sneer on his lips, "that implies to deprive him of his miraculous spirit of prayer. Will it not be a pity, after all?"

She did not resent the tone in which he spoke, but answered softly :
"Not so, Doctor, but to restore him to his real original spirit of prayer, having lost which by illness drove him upon the notion of his artificial substitute for it. Ah, Doctor, you never heard Bartram pray, or you would know how much he lost. His prayers for the heathen were electric, were a revelation. You have missed something in mere respect of eloquence."

"And you think they would have profited me, too, being petitions on behoof the heathen, eh?"

"Undoubtedly," she said, innocently.

The Doctor chuckled, but so harshly that the dog by the foot of the bed growled at him and showed its teeth.

On the morning of the eighth day these strange but faithful vigils came to a happy ending. Mr. Yarrow turned in his bed, and said calmly :

"Open the window, please, and let the daylight in." The Indian drew the blinds and the cheerful morning light shone in—a genuine benediction. Mr. Yarrow extended his hands :

"Dear wife, dear friend, I have had a long illness and a long sleep. There was a storm without, and clouds also about my mind. It is clear out-doors, you see ; I bid you rejoice, for it is clear within here too. There was old coil and sad confusion in my brain, good Doctor Hornbeam, caused by illness and overwork ; strange vagaries thence sprang up, partly bred of disease, partly engendered of wretched vanity and self-seeking. I yearned for lost powers that I was not willing to do without ; I brooded over the means to get them back : the issue you know. It was a grievous folly, Doctor ; it caused grievous pains, dear wife, to you and to me ; it is happily rid of. Morbid, mystical madness—and all dispelled like a tissue of bad dreams. You humored me, dear wife ; you played with me, shrewd doctor ; none of you crossed me, for I was so set upon my mad ends that you feared to do so. But the Lord did not fear to cross me. He met me in the path—He made the scales fall from my blinded eyes—He turned me back to my place. Praise His holy name forever !" He paused and closed his eyes for awhile.

"Doctor Hornbeam," he said presently, "under your guidance — I am not blaming you, mind — I embarked upon a notable scheme of developing religion through science. As if there were anything in common between the two! As if the roots of religion did not rest in those sacramental needs and profound emotions where science never comes because it cannot! Ah no! Let science pursue its way — religion will also pursue hers — and neither will lie in the other's path. Wherever there is sadness, wherever there is suffering, wherever the vague aspirations of the heart sound the hollowness or spurn the shallowness of life, there our office lies, and will be sufficiently there forever!"

He paused a moment.

"And now, dear friends, let me sleep awhile again. To-morrow I must get up, and begin to prepare myself for resuming the ministry."

He closed his eyes. The Doctor rose, and broke into that short, harsh laugh of his. "I will go," said he, "to my office, and see how many of my patients have died since I left them."

He left the room and went down stairs, followed by Mrs. Yarrow.

VIII.—GOOD-BYE, DOCTOR!

THEY stood in the door that opened upon the veranda and looked out into the garden. Behind them the sombre echoing corridor and the old hall with its thunder-rived walls; before them the golden sunshine, the shimmering air, the still lovely parterres. The Doctor was discomposed; Mrs. Yarrow as lovely and serene as the golden sunlight that lighted up her face with its pure radiance and melted away every haggard vestige of vigil and anxiety. He pressed his hat upon his head, drew on his gloves, strode down the porch, plucked a crimson bell from a fuchsia in full bloom, and came back to the door again.

"Mr. Yarrow is quite cured, I think," said he.

"Yes," she replied, "Bartram is well again."

"I will not visit him again until the day after to-morrow, unless you think —"

"I think you had better not come here at all again, Doctor Hornbeam," said Mrs. Yarrow, very clearly, very calmly, very sweetly.

"Madam —" he stammered, taken suddenly aback.

"You have rendered us some faithful and particular services, which Mr. Yarrow will endeavor to requite, as far as money goes, when you are kind enough to send us your bill."

The Doctor turned suddenly, and faced her, somewhat proudly. "You wish to insult me, Madam, I suppose," said he, "because I ventured — because I presumed —"

"Because you presumed to waste some little attentions upon poor me? Oh no, Doctor, you quite mistake me! It would have been no more than proper for me, in pure kindness to you, had I fancied you were really, let us say — in love with me — to warn you not to come hither too often, nor to dispense your gallantry too floridly. Mr. Yarrow is the least exigent, the most unsuspecting of men — never-

theless, were I to choose to tell him what occurred on the twenty-fifth of October, he might—in short, he would be very apt to put the monk part of him temporarily away at least, and show you the man underneath.”

“That sneer shows that women are implacable when we wound them on the side of their loves or duties—”

An angry fire gleamed in her eyes. “I am not practised in sneers, Doctor Hornbeam, but I deemed it incumbent on me on this occasion to deal with you in the currency you are most familiar with. Implacable! Yes—you have named the word, Sir, and you have assigned the reason, too. You tried to wound me on the side of my love, and I shall never forgive you—never tolerate you. Your pitiful insults to myself I care nothing about. You might have shown me a hundred a day, and I never would have resented, never would have noticed them, so long as Bartram derived any benefit from your services.”

The Doctor laughed obstreperously, but not joyously. His brows gathered into a black forbidding frown as he said with the utmost bitterness: “So! Now the service is rendered, the cure effected, the work done, I am tossed away like an old glove! I thank you, Madam—that puts us even! I can afford to forget my own folly, and cease chafing over my own madness, in recollecting your heartlessness. I can bid you good-day and good-bye now, with a cheerful heart.”

“Good-day and good-bye, Doctor Anacharsis Hornbeam. But stay—do you mean to infer that you set up any claim to curing my poor husband—you?”

“Who did do it, if I did not?”

She laughed—a laugh of such loud, contemptuous, pitiless scorn that he winced and turned red.

“My husband is not quite cured yet,” she said, “and I shall to-day send for your neighbor, Doctor Grimes, to attend him further. But the cure, so far as it is a cure, is *my* work, Doctor Hornbeam! Not yours! You played your part in the proceedings too, to be sure,—but it was a poor and unenviable part, I fancy, Doctor Hornbeam.”

“May I ask what part mine was, Mrs. Yarrow?” said he, hoarsely.

“You may. I was about to tell you: your part was that of—dupe!” He chewed his lip, but answered not a word.

“Let me give you a brief history of some obscure events, Doctor Hornbeam,” she continued. “I fancy the recital will do you good. Sit down, and listen.”

“No, I prefer to stand.”

“Very good. You may remember the conversation we had in the morning-room here, soon after your visits began, in which you surprised me into making you the confidant of my husband’s secret. I doubted, I hesitated, but you overpowered my judgment, and I told you everything, hoping it would be for the best.”

“You had no doubts—you even apologised for the slowness of your faith, Mrs. Yarrow.”

“I had doubts! You confused me by acting upon my imagination—but in my secret heart I mistrusted you all the same, and you were

no sooner gone than I began to fear I had done wrong. Then and there I resolved that you should be watched—you start!—with a closeness proportioned to the importance of the trust committed to you—that you should do nothing in this house without my privity, and, if I found you acting in good faith you should be rewarded accordingly—if you plotted, I would counterplot—if you were treacherous, your treason should do no harm.”

“Why, Madam, it seems I do not know myself! I am not a plodding nineteenth-century country doctor at all, but an Italian of the past age, with a fair and subtle enemy, who, Penelope-like, unweaves by night the webs I spin by day! Wonderful! Perhaps this medicine-case of mine contains a phial or two of the veritable *Acqua Tofana*, or among these simples lurks a package of deadly *Poudres de Succession*! I perceive I am not too good, in your conceit, to dispense such nostrums upon occasion.”

“Your perceptions are very accurate, Doctor Anacharsis Hornbeam. I do not merely conceit, but *know* that you are not too good to resort to poison—if you could employ it without being detected.”

“How charmingly frank you are! Upon my word, this grows interesting.”

“Give me your attention then, for I assure you you will find it concerns you nearly, before I have done. My instincts did not deceive me. I soon found that your subtle device was, under pretext of restoring my husband, to cater to his hallucination, pamper it, make it absorb his whole being, and so make the poison that tainted a single room infect the whole house. You plotted to drive him mad, Doctor. You conspired against a man’s soul, and but for me, your plot would have succeeded! As soon as I found this out, I determined not only to defeat your plots, but to defeat you utterly, to mortify and humiliate you, as I am doing now! I had no mercy for you, because you had none for your innocent helpless victim!”

“I am neither mortified nor humiliated, my dear madam, but only laughing to myself to think that all the time I was hoping and yearning and swearing to win your love, you were harboring these flattering opinions of me.”

“Love! Faugh! Don’t provoke me by making free with sacred and pure things.”

“Prut! Let me advise you to believe, Mrs. Yarrow, that sentiment is one thing, fact quite another. If yonder man upstairs were dead, I could make you my wife in six months, even now, in spite of your exalted opinions of me. So, assuming that I wanted to possess you, I cannot be thought to have plotted very violently against him.”

“Lies, lies, Doctor Hornbeam; and gratuitous lies, for they will not deceive me nor profit you one jot. You cannot bridge over an ocean, and all that separates us. You did plot, and violently and constantly; but as constantly I frustrated you. My husband studied chemistry; so did I. Every lesson you gave him, every experiment you made, he repeated over to me; and I read his books and mastered the subjects during many weary hours. Love,—the word you pollute, the thing you do not know of—love alone sustained me in it all, and but for love I should have sunk under the double weight

of anxiety and those dreadful tasks. But I was rewarded: for these books and studies enabled me to cure my husband. Every day I carefully undid the mischief you tried to do him, led his mind away from the brink of the perilous abysses to which you had conducted him, and gave him that refreshing sleep that you were so anxious to rob him of. You wonder why I let you keep the thing up so long. Because, in order to deceive me, you were taking good care of his bodily strength, and because, moreover, in a work of Andral's, the great French surgeon, I found that his mind was likely to be benefited by the little doses of electricity he was daily taking in the pursuit of his experiment."

"This is wonderful! You are a genius, Mrs. Yarrow."

"If genius be patience, yes. The good Doctor Hornbeam, however, was not patient. I saw, watching you so closely, that you contemplated something more decisive; I could not make out what, and therefore I redoubled my vigilance. I, too, resolved upon a *coup de foudre*. I feared that some chagrin or disappointment might come upon my husband too heavily. I determined to break up his associations with some sudden, severe electric shock that would stun him. I experimented until I thought I could do it safely. I did not calculate, any more than you did, that the storm would be so heavy, nor that the lightning would strike the house."

Doctor Hornbeam eyed her doubtfully, and drew a heavy breath. "You, then, arranged those wires, did you?"

"Oh, I perceive my story begins to interest you, Doctor Hornbeam. You did not guess when I invited you to dine here on the twenty-fifth, and sang to you, and exhausted all my poor powers of fascination upon you, that I was merely trying to fix your wavering purposes, and change your doubt and hesitancy into action. You did not guess that I was determined to explode your plot once for all, and compel your assassin thoughts to announce themselves in unmistakable deeds. You did not guess, when I left the dinner-table, to look after the pies, you thought, my real errand was to the isolated room, and that there I found what I went expecting to see, your whole diabolical machinery set for action. You did not guess, when I returned to the room and took a glass of wine with you, that I knew I was drinking with an intended murderer! You did not guess, Doctor Anacharsis Hornbeam, when you stood dumbfounded by my husband's prostrate body up there after the explosion, dumbfounded to see that the ebony box was still there, and that his head was not blown off his shoulders—you did not guess then that it was simply because I had been there after you, and had poured out the *nitro-glycerine* you had put there in the bottom of that box, with fuse, wire and all—I told you before I began that you had better sit down, Doctor Hornbeam."

He turned, leaning with clenched fist for prop against the wall, and faced her. His color was deepened into purple, his eyes were red and starting, the veins in his forehead swelled almost to bursting.

"Do you know," he cried, with a fierce muttering voice like that of a bull whetting his wrath—"do you know what it is that drives me mad with rage? It is that I failed! That I did not kill him! That

the last chance is gone for me to earn you, beautiful angel, fit to be the world's mistress, as you are! No regrets, but for that! No remorse, but for failure! Failure is hell!"

"I told you, you recollect, Doctor Hornbeam, that your visits here must cease."

"Yes, I know, I know," he said, and a deep melancholy came into his tones; "you do not arrest me, you do not hang me, you simply banish me! I could be a good man with you, Isobel Yarrow."

"Oh no, Doctor Hornbeam, for I, with you, should become a fiend. Let this pass. The terrible storm came nigh undoing my work as well as yours. You nursed my husband faithfully, you ministered to him with skill; under God I believe you saved his life after all. That makes us quits. Here is your phial, Doctor Hornbeam, that Quamash picked up in the shrubbery yonder. Its label is a tell-tale. Take it and — good-bye, Doctor."

He walked through the garden, never looking back, and with his head hanging and his feet heavy as lead; and so disappeared from her sight forever.

Grayrue Hall has a new front to it, made in the course of the repairs required after the lightning struck it. The veranda has been carried quite around the house, and there the children play merrily when Mr. and Mrs. Yarrow come thither to spend their summer vacations.

EDWARD SPENCER.

THE CAPTURE AND DESTRUCTION OF THE PHILADELPHIA.

AFTER the humiliation of offering to pay tribute to Tripoli, when once the question reached the arbitrament of the sword, the United States entered most vigorously upon the prosecution of military operations. A considerable squadron was sent out to Tripoli under the command of Commodore Edward Preble. In the fleet was the frigate *Philadelphia*, commanded by Captain William Bainbridge.

On the 31st of October, 1803, about 8 A. M., while cruising alone off the port of Tripoli, a sail was discovered on the weather-bow of the *Philadelphia*, to which the latter immediately gave chase. The stranger hoisted the Tripolitan colors, and was soon discovered to be

one of the enemy's corsairs, standing for the port of Tripoli. At 11 o'clock the *Philadelphia* had reached seven-fathom water and was firing at the corsair. The *Philadelphia* continued running before the wind a half-hour longer, when finding her fire was ineffectual to prevent the corsair from securing the harbor, the frigate hauled off and gave up the pursuit.

The ship was running along at the rate of eight knots, and three leads were constantly going, one deep-sea line and two hand ones. After the ship changed her course, eight fathoms the next cast of the lines gave, then sevens, when the cry of "half-six" was made. The helm was instantly put down. Before the ship, which was quickly coming up in the wind, had lost any of her headway, she rushed upon and lay impaled nearly at the centre upon almost the highest point of an unknown rock not laid down in any of the charts, with but twelve feet of water at her bows where it required eighteen and a half, and seventeen at her stern where she drew twenty and a half. "Such an accident," says Cooper, "could only have occurred by the vessel hitting the reef at a spot where it sloped gradually, and where, most probably, the constant washing of the element had rendered the surface smooth; and by going upon the top of one of those long, heavy, but nearly imperceptible swells that are always agitating the bosom of the ocean."

The corsair's commander, acquainted with the reef, stood in shore, doubled the ledge, and reached port.

All sail was now crowded on the *Philadelphia* to force her over the rock. This effort failed. Deep water being found at the stern, a council of the officers concluded that the sails should be set back to push the ship astern, and if that should not succeed then the guns should be run aft. Both of these were done, but the frigate remained fixed in her dangerous position. Three anchors were now cast away at her bow; failure attending this experiment also. The situation now was alarming in the extreme: impaled upon a rock three miles from the enemy's capital, and but one and a half from the shore, with nine of his gunboats advancing upon the frigate from the harbor.

At this critical moment it was resolved to cast the guns overboard, reserving enough only to resist the attack of the enemy's flotilla. When this was accomplished the gunboats, which had already begun an ineffectual fire, had passed under the stern guns of the frigate, and had taken position on her starboard and weather-quarter,—wind from the eastward. Here, owing to the fixed position of the frigate, none of her guns could be brought to bear upon the enemy. The Tripolitans, however, did not venture near, having a most respectful awe of the few remaining guns of the *Philadelphia*. Her cannonading though was ineffectual in inflicting any real damage upon them.

Several hours had now passed since the work of lightening the frigate commenced, when Captain Bainbridge called another council of his officers. They decided that the water in the hold should be started and pumped out; all the heavy articles should be cast overboard, and if these failed, then, as the *dernier ressort*, the foremast should be cut away. Captain Bainbridge had already taken off part of the stern of the frigate to reach the gunboats with his guns, but was unable to effect his object.

The water was pumped from her hold, the heavy articles were cast into the sea, the foremast went by the board, carrying with it the main-top-gallant mast, and still the *Philadelphia* remained in her first position.

From alarming and desperate, the situation became hopeless. Night was now approaching. For four hours the frigate, unable to return with any effect the enemy's fire, had borne the brunt of his guns, while the gunboats became every instant bolder and bolder, and reinforcements at that very moment were coming out from Tripoli to them. The carpenter was directed to go forward and bore holes through the bottom of the frigate, while the gunner was ordered to drown the magazine by turning the lock and securing the key. Orders that everything that could be useful to the enemy should be destroyed, then followed. It had already been determined that the *Philadelphia* should be surrendered; but only, says Bainbridge in his communication to the Government,—which communication he styles “the most distressing of my life,”—“when my officers and self had not a hope left of its being possible to get her off the rocks,” and without the slightest chance of injuring the enemy. “To save the lives of brave men,” continued he, “left no alternative but the distressing one of hauling our colors down, and submitting to the enemy whom chance had befriended.”

One of the *Philadelphia's* boats was sent to inform the Tripolitans that the frigate would make no further resistance. On approaching the enemy, almost every boat hailed and endeavored to bring the Americans alongside of it. A shot from one of the gunboats striking near the Americans' boat, made Lieut. Porter presume it was the Tripolitan commodore's vessel, and he steered toward it. This did not satisfy the captain of one of the other gunboats, and he manned his own boat and came after the Americans. In the boat were about fifteen men—a most ferocious-looking set, every one armed with pistol and sabre, with long muskets slung over their backs. Springing into the *Philadelphia's* boat, two instantly seized Lieut. Porter, while two more grasped another of the officers. The latter's coat was off in a trice, his vest unbuttoned, and his cravat torn from his neck. “I thought,” says the officer, “for my own part, I should not have time to count my beads.” The Americans soon discovered, however, that no injury was intended their persons, and this barbarous violence was only to secure what valuables might be secreted about them. The Americans, with the Turks still in their boats, rowed toward the beach. The sight on approaching it was enough to make even stout hearts quail. Added to the gloom of their feelings for their misfortune, night was lending additional sombreness to their feelings, and in its shadows could be discerned the shore covered with a multitude of people, armed, and shouting in a most uproarious manner. Lieut. Porter and his companions landed among this shouting and tumultuous people, and, pushed rudely about by them, were led, followed by the crowd, to the Bashaw's castle, into the very presence of the sovereign himself. The Bey received them in state. His ministers and principal officers were about him, while a numerous guard surrounded them. The American officers were requested

to be seated—the boat's crew standing some distance in the rear. They were asked by the Bey how many guns were in the frigate? Were any of the guns of brass? How much powder was there? Was there any money in the ship? and other questions. A glass of sherbet was then given to each of the three officers.

The Tripolitans took possession of the *Philadelphia* about 5 o'clock—a little after sunset. They rushed from the gunboats into the frigate, and began in most Arabic style to plunder the captives. Bags and bundles were not only taken, but many of the men and officers were stripped to a state of half nudity.

In the course of the evening, Captain Bainbridge, his officers and part of his crew were taken on shore. Whilst on their passage the work of plunder went on, the officers faring little better than the men. Captain Bainbridge was robbed of his gloves, watch, money, and epaulets. His cravat was torn from his neck, and the barbarians attempted to take from him a miniature of his wife, to whom he had recently been married. This effort Bainbridge resisted so vigorously that the attempt failed.

It was nearly ten o'clock at night when the captives reached Tripoli. They were taken in a body before the Bashaw in his castle. The regent received them in an audience chamber, seated in his chair of state, and surrounded by his ministers. Captain Bainbridge was then presented to the Bey officially, as his prisoner; the sovereign directed all the officers to be seated. Mohammed D'Ghies, the Bashaw's Minister of Foreign Affairs, spoke French, and through him the Bey held a lengthy conversation in that language. Many inquiries were made concerning the *Philadelphia*, and the force of the Americans in the Mediterranean. Captain Bainbridge was kindly consoled for his captivity by the Bey reminding him it was but the fortune of war. The officers were then conducted to another room where supper was served; after which they were led back to the audience chamber, and paid their parting compliments to the Bashaw. The Bey now gratified himself with a look at the *Philadelphia's* officers as they stood grouped together, and the satisfaction the regent felt at seeing them was very plainly discernible in his cheerful and animated countenance.

The captives here learned that Sidi Mohammed D'Ghies had special charge of them. They were then conducted to the house that had recently been the American consulate: a spacious building, but sparsely furnished.

It was now one o'clock of the morning of the 1st of November, 1803. At that late and inconvenient hour a friend was at hand, bringing with him the soothing tones of consolation and sympathy—Mr. Nissen, the Danish consul. This gentleman was introduced by Minister D'Ghies as his personal friend, and "one in whose honor, humanity, and good faith, entire reliance might be placed." Such he fully proved to be down to the latest moment of their captivity. All that could be at that inopportune hour was done by the benevolent Dane. The officers, twenty-two in number, with twenty-one others, were left at the house of the late American consulate; the balance of the crew, 264 men and boys, were incarcerated in the Bashaw's castle; in all, 307 officers, men, and boys.

The very next morning after their capture, the Tripolitans energetically set about sailing the *Philadelphia*. Being near their own port, and having so many gunboats and galleys at hand, with nothing to molest them, the Bashaw was informed there were hopes of saving the frigate.

On the 2d of November it blew strongly from the northwest, and the water was forced up on the coast, whilst the wind striking the *Philadelphia* on her port-quarter, slewed her stern around, and the frigate partially floated, continuing to thump as the sea left her; anchors were carried out from her, and all the available force of Tripoli was employed, and on the 5th of November the *Philadelphia* floated into deep water. She was taken the same day within two miles of the city, and was there on account of the weather obliged to anchor; the pumps keeping her afloat while the leaks were being stopped. Scuttling had been poorly performed, and her hull must have been but little damaged, as the Tripolitans in their attacks upon her had fired mainly at her rigging. So well indeed did she escape, the records make no mention of even the wounding of a single American.

The Tripolitans eventually carried the frigate into port, raised all her guns and anchors, and succeeded in getting nearly everything that had been thrown overboard. The frigate was subsequently partially repaired, her guns remounted, and then brought to an anchorage about a quarter of a mile from the Bashaw's castle, and in full view of Captain Bainbridge and his fellow-prisoners.

The capture of these officers gave strong encouragement to the Bashaw to continue the war that he might secure a handsome ransom for them.

The United States contended against the uncivilised usage of ransom, but after the war had continued until June, 1805, the prisoners, with some few exceptions in the crew who embraced Mohammedanism to secure their freedom, after over nineteen months' imprisonment, with some hardships, but which were generally of a mild character, were ransomed for \$60,000, and peace was restored.

After his release a court-martial was requested by Captain Bainbridge, to inquire into the circumstances of the loss of the *Philadelphia*. It was ordered by the Secretary of the Navy, and after examination into the case, the court exonerated the *Philadelphia's* commander of all blame in the matter.

No word of reproach has ever been recorded against Captain Bainbridge for the loss of the *Philadelphia*. He was brought into prominent notice by the disaster, and sympathy for him in the public mind made him a favorite among his countrymen; and to have been one of the *Philadelphia's* crew has always been considered a strong claim upon the gratitude of the nation.

In one of his secret communications, while yet a prisoner, Captain Bainbridge suggested to Commodore Preble the idea of the destruction of the *Philadelphia*. This was as early as Dec. 5th, 1803.

Commodore Preble mentioned the subject to the gallant Stephen Decatur, then a Lieutenant-commandant. This proposition was peculiarly suited to the daring spirit of the youthful officer. The ketch *Mastico*, lately captured from the Tripolitans, was deemed suited for

the expedition, taken into this service and appropriately named the *Intrepid*. Before Decatur was ready to start from Syracuse, Lieutenant-commandant Stewart of the brig *Siren*, second in command on the Mediterranean, arrived, and offered to cut the *Philadelphia* out with his ship. Commodore Preble, however, was pledged to Decatur, who, in the first instance, desired to run in with the schooner *Enterprise* and bring out the frigate; but he rejected both of these offers, and substituted a plan of his own.

On the afternoon of the 3d of Feb., 1804, according to orders, Midshipmen Izard, Morris, Laws, Davis, and Rowe, reported themselves on board the schooner *Enterprise* to her commander for duty. All hands in the schooner were now called, and being made acquainted with the project, Decatur asked for volunteers. Every man and boy offered to go. Sixty-two of the most active men were selected.

The *Intrepid*, in company with the brig *Siren*, Lieutenant-commandant Charles Stewart commanding, sailed from Syracuse on the 3d of Feb., 1804. Stewart, by seniority, was really the commander of the expedition, but to Decatur belonged the most important part to play. The whole force of the Americans, all told, was eighty-two souls.

After two unsuccessful attempts to enter the port of Tripoli, one failing from the weather, and the other because of too late an arrival near the harbor, finally on the evening of the 15th, about twilight, both vessels were off the city of Tripoli. Discovering that the *Intrepid* would probably get into the harbor too soon, Lieutenant Decatur put out buckets and other drags astern to lessen the speed of the ship, that he might avoid the suspicious movement of shortening sail. The wind now gradually fell until the *Intrepid* slowly moved along at the rate of two knots an hour. The drags were then removed.

It was about 10 o'clock when the *Intrepid* made the eastern entrance of the bay—the passage between the rocks and the shoals. The wind was almost due east, and as the *Intrepid* headed for the frigate it blew almost on her beam, and set her sails with a beautiful swell of the canvas. A young moon hung over the placid waters and shed its soft light upon the adventurous craft that was with gallant intention slowly creeping into an enemy's fortress-guarded port. All was tranquil about and around them, and for an hour, the wind failing all the time, they were slowly drawing along, until at last the advance of the *Intrepid* was hardly discernible. As the ketch stole slowly in, the *Philadelphia* came in sight—a scene to warm the heart of every American seaman. There she lay, not quite a mile inside the passage, and just abreast of the town; her foremast yet unraised and her rigging not yet rove. Nearer the city lay two corsairs, a galley or two, and several gunboats, while frowning batteries loomed up almost on every side.

The watchword of the gallant spirits of this expedition was “Philadelphia.” Fire-arms were only to be used in the last extremity.

The plan of operation was, first, the spar-deck was to be carried, then the gun-deck. Lieut. Decatur, Midshipmen Izard and Rowe, with fifteen men, were then to hold the upper deck. Lieut. Lawrence, Midshipmen Laws and McDonough, and ten men, were to repair to the berth-deck and forward store-rooms; Lieut. Bainbridge and Midshipman

Davis, with ten men, were to enter the steerage and ward-rooms ; Midshipman Morris, with eight men, was to see to the store-rooms and cock-pit ; Midshipman Anderson, with the *Siren's* cutter, was to gather up all the boats alongside the frigate, to prevent any Tripolitans from swimming ashore, with directions, however, as soon as the first order was performed, to board the *Philadelphia* ; Midshipman Izard also had command of the launch, to use in case she was needed.

Upon the deck of the *Intrepid*, open to view, were but ten or twelve of her crew ; among them stood Decatur, near the pilot. The rest of her people were lying upon her deck, hidden by her bulwarks' weather-boarding and the usual articles found on a ship.

The helmsman was ordered to steer for the frigate's bows, that being the point at which the *Intrepid* would be less exposed to the guns of the *Philadelphia*. Near midnight the Americans reached a point about a hundred yards from the frigate, when a hail from the *Philadelphia* threatened the ketch that she would be fired into if she did not immediately come to anchor. The pilot informed the Tripolitans that the *Intrepid* belonged to Malta, and on a trading voyage, had almost been wrecked, had lost her anchors in the recent storm, and her captain desired to ride by the ship during the night. Decatur ordered the pilot to tell the Tripolitans the cargo he had aboard, in order to amuse them. This conversation lasted some time, during which the *Intrepid*, by degrees, drew nearer and nearer the frigate. There was every prospect that in a minute or two the ketch would strike the *Philadelphia* at the point desired, when the wind suddenly changed, and the Americans dropped back. As the ketch's head fell off, the frigate answered to the change in the wind, and the Americans lay about forty yards off from her, entirely becalmed, or, if moving at all, slowly drifting astern, under almost every one of her port guns.

Although several of the Tripolitans were looking over the bulwarks of the frigate, and the moon yet shone, they were so completely deceived that in this dilemma of the Americans they actually manned a boat and sent it with a line to assist her. In the meantime a boat from the *Intrepid* had put out for the frigate, and made a line fast to her fore-chain. As the *Intrepid's* boat returned, they met the Tripolitans', took from them the line they brought, and passed it into the *Intrepid*. These lines were handed to the crew who lay on the *Intrepid's* deck, and they began carefully to draw the ketch side by side to the *Philadelphia*. As the ketch neared the frigate, the Tripolitans observed her anchors. Roughly ordering the Americans to keep away, the Tripolitans at the same instant prepared to cut her fasts. A moment more and the cry "Amerikanos!" sounded in the frigate. A heavy pull by her crew brought the *Intrepid* alongside of the ship, and in an instant she was secured. Not even in this exciting moment did the ketch's crew, who had been ordered to keep quiet, precipitate operations by showing themselves.

Decatur stood ready to spring. As soon as he dared, he leaped for the chain-plate of the frigate, and whilst hanging to her sides gave the order to board. Midshipmen Laws and Morris were beside their leader. The officers and men who were to engage in the assault followed. Decatur and Midshipman Morris sprang for the rail above

them, while Laws rushed for a port — his pistols caught between the sides of the port and the gun, denying him the honor of stepping first upon the *Philadelphia*. Decatur's foot slipped, and Midshipman Morris stood first upon the quarter-deck of the frigate; Decatur was soon beside him. A short delay occurred before these officers were seconded, but the Turks took no advantage of it. In a brief while, over the rails and through the ports, on all sides, the heads and bodies of men were visible clambering into the ship.

The surprise was complete. Most of the enemy on deck crowded forward, and rushed to the starboard side, as the Americans swarmed in from the port. A small number were aft, but as soon as they were assaulted they dashed into the water, and indeed so frequent were these plunges the Americans were well assured their enemies were lessening their effectiveness by a hasty retreat. The upper deck was cleared in a minute or two. More of a struggle occurred on the gun-deck, but resistance throughout the entire affair was feeble. Lieut. Decatur in less than ten minutes stood upon the quarter-deck in unmolested possession of the frigate.

The orders of Decatur were imperative to burn the ship, yet so perfectly and easily had the work been done, a cursory regret may have arisen that he did not have permission to use his discretion about attempting to bring her out.

In accordance with previous instructions the respective parties repaired to the different portions of the ship assigned them. Each set acted as though it was really independent of the other. With such rapidity did they perform their parts, those who had the combustibles had scarcely time to get as far down as the cock-pit and after-store rooms, before the fires had been started over them. The officer entrusted with firing the store-rooms, after he had finished his work, discovered the after-hatches filled with smoke from the fire in the steerage and ward-rooms, and he was compelled to make his exit by the forward ladder.

So quickly was the work accomplished that when Capt. Stewart, in the *Siren*, anchored about three miles from the rocks, saw the rocket ascend which told him that Decatur had possession of the frigate, he had not time to return from below with another to answer him before he found, though gone but a moment, the flames glaring through the ports of the *Philadelphia*.

The Americans were in the frigate but twenty or twenty-five minutes, and then were actually driven from her by the flames.

The last section up was that one which had to fire the store-rooms. When they reached the deck of the frigate most of the Americans were in the *Intrepid*. Ascertaining that all was right, Decatur gave the command to cast off. Here at the very end of the enterprise success was threatened with a partial defeat. The flames had already begun to flare from the ports of the frigate, and as the head-line of the ketch had been cast away, she fell astern, while her boom fouled and her jigger went flapping against the quarter-galley of the *Philadelphia*. At this instant the fire poured from a port, immediately beneath which lay the ammunition of the *Intrepid*, covered with a tarpaulin merely, while, added to their gathering misfortunes, the

stern-line became jammed, and held them in their perilous position. Through the use of swords the fast was finally cut, and by a hearty shove the *Intrepid* moved from her critical situation as the roaring flames ran hissing up and through the rigging, licking up the melting tar that oozed from her cordage, and enveloping the frigate in a sheet of glowing flames.

The sweeps of the *Intrepid* were manned, and two or three hearty strokes of the oars swept her from the flame-mantled frigate. To this moment not one unnecessary sound had been made by the Americans, when the rowers dropped their oars, and, as with one voice, gave three triumphant cheers. The cry had barely ceased when a galley, two corsairs, and the batteries opened fire upon the *Intrepid*. The oars were taken again, eight on a side, and with a favorable breeze the *Intrepid* dashed out of the harbor.

The scene at this moment was both grand and beautiful. The whole bay was gleaming with the reflected rays of the conflagration; Tripoli was in a state of clamorous confusion, and the roar of Tripolitan guns was incessant. The burning ship was a magnificent spectacle, while her cannons, as they became heated, belched a retributive volley upon the Turks, as responding to a shift in the wind, one of her broadsides discharged itself toward the town, and the other in the direction of Fort English. A singular sight was presented by the flames ascending the rigging and masts, and gathering under the tops, then falling over, gave "the whole the appearance of glowing columns and fiery capitals."

The rapid discharge of the heavy artillery of the Tripolitan batteries awoke the American prisoners confined in the capital. The situation of their prison gave them a view of the burning frigate. Capt. Bainbridge was particularly gratified at this spectacle, since he had suggested the plan that led to it, and now saw removed from his sight the beautiful ship the possession of which he daily grudged the Bashaw.

As the *Intrepid* dashed out of the harbor, the shot continually splashed the spray about them or went whistling over their heads. The only feeling they created in these gallant heroes' hearts, although they were within a half-mile of the heaviest guns of the enemy, was one of admiration of the brilliant jets of water the balls produced as they rolled and bounded along upon the surface of the sea. One shot only hit the *Intrepid*, and passed through her top-gallant sail.

Near the mouth of the harbor the *Siren's* two boats were met, coming to cover the retreat of the *Intrepid*. As soon as the ketch was out of danger, Lieut. Decatur entered one of the *Siren's* boats, and went aboard the brig to report his success to Lieut.-commandant Stewart.

The two vessels lay by each other for almost an hour, when a stiff and favorable breeze rising, they made sail for Syracuse, which they reached on the 19th.

The Americans at home generally applauded the exploit, and Decatur received for it a captain's commission. Most of the midshipmen also who were in the action were promoted.

The *Intrepid* did not lose a single man. Twenty were reported

killed on the *Philadelphia*. One boat of Tripolitans is said to have got off, whilst others swam to the shore. It is supposed some secreted themselves in the ship, and perished with her. One prisoner only was taken, a Turk, who near the close of the action jumped into the ketch. Although his orders were to give no quarters, the merciful as well as gallant Surgeon Heerman, who then had charge of the ketch, seeing the Turk was severely wounded, and the necessity of making no prisoners no longer existing, humanely spared his life. For this he was applauded by Decatur.

E. S. RILEY, JR.

THE DAIMIOS' DAUGHTERS.

OVER blue rounding of billowy waters,
 Over high mountain and over wide lea,
 Over a wall that imprisons the free,
 Have journeyed the Daimios' daughters.
 Dear to their kin is each almond-shaped eye,
 And heavily touched was the parting with sorrow;
 But hope from the golden-edged rim of to-morrow
 Illumined the sad good-bye.

A thousand years by Nippon's brave waters,
 Sleeping a sleep almost supreme,
 Dreaming the colorless ghost of a dream,
 Had slumbered the Daimios' daughters—
 When Progress, inspired by her powers *to do*,
 Broke with her pinion this passionless dreaming,
 And mirrored herself in the depths slow gleaming,—
 While rose to each waking view,

Dim-lined in the crystal of picturing waters,
 A vision of women unloosed from the night—
 West women untrammelled in Liberty's light;
 And they murmured, these Daimios' daughters:
 We will shatter the shackles which hamper our way,
 We will sail to the land of the West so golden,
 And the East-land so feeble by which we are folden
 Shall know us no more for a day;

We will banish regret for the Orient waters
 (The waters that felt the first kiss of the sun),
We will rest nevermore till the guerdon is won,
Said the Daimios' hopeful daughters.
And now from their sleep of a thousand years,
 With the latent roses of youth unfaded,
Or ere by a weakness or fear dissuaded,
 They come to inquire of their peers.

Shall they learn on the shore of our luminous waters
 (The waters which hold in a long embrace
 The last fond look of the sun's warm face),
Shall they learn, these Daimios' daughters,
That the freedom of woman exceeds Love's plan?
 Shall they lift as their standard for stern endeavor
 The myth that will cheat them forever and ever,
 That hers is the province of man?

Nay, maidens of strength by the Western waters,
 Whose power is apart from the sceptre of place,
 Whose wand of dominion is womanhood's grace,
Show *this* to the Daimios' daughters,
And wisdom shall freight the home-bound ship
 Of her whose bosom with truth is laden—
The open-eyed, magnetised Eastern maiden
 With oracle on her lip—

Till heaven's reflection upon the waters
 Of East and West in a twin-souled tide
 Shall spread the evangel far and wide
Taught to the Daimios' daughters:
That there is but the one infallible way
 Of love to quicken the lands with glory—
God's way, who sees through the ages hoary
 A thousand years as a day:

God's way revealed by the margin of waters
 That earliest swelled with great tidings of joy,
 Glad tidings of blessing without alloy
To all of His sons and daughters:
That of Woman and Spirit inbreathed from above
 Is the Christ, the Divine and the Human.
Ah, blesseddest portion of woman,
 To mould, and to yield unto, Love!

MARY B. DODGE.

PEACOCK'S "HEADLONG HALL."

PEACOCK was the most eminent English satirist of the time of Charles Lamb, Theodore Hook and "Father Prout." He produced other works of merit besides the pungent satire I am about to introduce the reader to. *Maid Marian* is generally considered his best novel, but he wrote besides *The Misfortunes of Elfin*, *Gryll Grange*, *Nightmare Abbey*, and *Crotchet Castle*. His satire is universal, attacking all manner of human eccentricities, and is penetrated with a rich sense of humor which overflows in a *riant* delight in depicting the wildest extravagances of character. His style is clear, vigorous and scholarly, and full of musical grace. There is not in his books a single phrase perhaps which can be noted as exhibiting that careless slovenliness of expression which abounds in some of the foremost works of our own time. All his work has the strength of perfect form, the result of accurate thought and deliberate choice of phraseology. He has neither the breadth of sympathy nor the tender feeling of Thackeray, while of course his works are but sketches compared with that great artist's elaborate creations; but his sketches are done in a freer hand, and are bold, strongly marked outlines. His satire comes wholly from the intellect, and appeals to the principles of good taste and sound common-sense to justify its trenchant force; Thackeray's, in his later works especially, is largely from the heart as well, and is founded upon that large charity of judgment which it is the mission of Christianity to instil into man. Both are excellent models of good English, but Peacock's is the English of the Georgian period, and is largely imbued with the Latin element.

Let us now take up *Headlong Hall*, of which the publishers of the edition before me truly say: "There is scarcely a topic upon which men have thought and written in this much-vexed age which is not here embodied and set forth; every one has his hobby and rides it at full tilt, while the author stands by, like the man conducting the whirligig at the fair, setting all in motion, apparently indifferent to either."

It was first published in 1816, the year after Napoleon's final fall, the year in which Sir Walter Scott began to publish *The Tales of My Landlord*, the year before the first issue of *Blackwood's Magazine*, the year in which Sheridan died and Byron left his native land forever. England was therefore just at this time in a ferment with contending opinions, political, religious, social, literary and philosophical, and there was abundant material for the satirist. Peacock was a little over thirty years of age, and had already gained some experience as a writer, his first work being, I believe, the poem *Palmyra*. His books are full of scattered songs, some of them of considerable sweetness. Considering the stirring and fruitful period in which he won his first fame, and the great age to which he lived (he died as short a time ago as 1866), his "Recollections," if he has left any behind him, would

be as great a boon to us as were those of Crabb Robinson, Sir Henry Holland, and the Youngs.

Headlong Hall is the seat of a Welsh squire who has turned philosopher and man of taste, and gathers kindred spirits around him, at the time the narrative opens, to pass their Christmas at his house. The party consist of Mr. Foster, a believer in the perfectibility of the human race; Mr. Escot, a believer in their deterioration; Mr. Jenkinson, who thinks a great deal is to be said on both sides of this and of any question; the Reverend Doctor Gaster, who believes in "cakes and ale"; Marmaduke Milestone, Esquire, a professor of picturesque landscape gardening; Mr. Cranium, a phrenologist; Mr. Panscope, an encyclopædist; Messrs. Nightshade and MacLaurel, poets and bad critics; Messrs. Gall and Treacle, reviewers and bad poets; Miss Caprioletta Headlong, the Squire's sister; Miss Philomela Poppyseed, a writer of novels "written for the express purpose of supporting every species of superstition and prejudice"; Miss Cephalis, Mr. Cranium's daughter; Miss Tenorina and Miss Graziosa Chromatic, with their father, Mr. Cornelius Chromatic, an amateur fiddler; and Sir Patrick O'Prism, a dilettante painter. The piece might well be styled, in imitation of Ben Jonson's comedy, *Every Man in his Humor*.

These characters are all fairly introduced in the first three chapters. The fourth and fifth chapters bring them well into play, contrasting their oddities with much humor. During the dinner on the first day Mr. Chromatic sings a fine drinking-song, after which Mr. Panscope, coming out of a deep reverie in which he had been plunged, makes a protest against the views advanced in the previous conversation, fortifying it with a whole catalogue of learned names whimsically thrown together in wild disorder. To whom rejoins Mr. Escot:

"I presume, Sir, you are one of those who value an *authority* more than a reason.

"*Mr. Panscope*.—The *authority*, Sir, of all these great men, whose works as well as the whole of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the entire series of the *Monthly Review*, the complete set of the *Variorum Classics*, and the *Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions*, I have read through from beginning to end, deposes with irrefragable refutation against your ratiocinative speculations, wherein you seem desirous by the futile process of analytical dialectics to subvert the pyramidal structure of synthetically deduced opinions, which have withstood the secular revolutions of physiological disquisition and which I maintain to be transcendently self-evident, categorically certain, and syllogistically demonstrable.

"*Squire Headlong*.—Bravo! Pass the bottle. The very best speech that ever was made.

"*Mr. Escot*.—It has only the slight disadvantage of being unintelligible.

"*Mr Panscope*.—I am not obliged, Sir, as Dr. Johnson observed on a similar occasion, to furnish you with an understanding.

"*Mr. Escot*.—I fear, Sir, you would have some difficulty in furnishing me with such an article from your own stock.

"*Mr. Panscope*.—'Sdeath, Sir, do you question my understanding?

"*Mr. Escot.*—I only question, Sir, where I expect a reply; which, from things that have no existence, I am not visionary enough to anticipate.

"*Mr. Panscope.*—I beg leave to observe, Sir, that my language was perfectly perspicuous and etymologically correct; and I conceive I have demonstrated what I shall now take the liberty to say in plain terms that all your opinions are extremely absurd.

"*Mr. Escot.*—I should be sorry, Sir, to advance any opinion that you would not think absurd.

"*Mr. Panscope.*—Death and fury, Sir—

"*Mr. Escot.*—Say no more, Sir. That apology is quite sufficient.

"*Mr. Panscope.*—Apology, Sir!

"*Mr. Escot.*—Even so, Sir. You have lost your temper, which I consider equivalent to a confession that you have the worst of the argument."

In the evening Mr. Milestone shows his portfolio, containing designs for the improvement of Lord Littlebrain's park, to Mr. Chromatic's daughters and the Squire. Here is a part of the conversation which ensues:—

"*Mr. Milestone.*—This is the summit of a hill covered, as you perceive, with wood and with those mossy stones scattered at random under the trees.

"*Miss Tenorina.*—What a delightful spot to read in on a summer's day! The air must be so pure, and the wind must sound so divinely in the tops of those old pines!

"*Mr. Milestone.*—Bad taste, Miss Tenorina; bad taste, I assure you. Here is the spot improved. The trees are cut down, the stones are cleared away; this is an octagonal pavilion exactly on the centre of the summit, and there you see Lord Littlebrain on the top of the pavilion enjoying the prospect with a telescope.

"*Squire Headlong.*—Glorious, egad!

"*Mr. Milestone.*—Here is a rugged mountainous road, leading through impervious shades: the ass and the four goats characterise a wild uncultured scene. Here, as you perceive, it is totally changed into a beautiful gravel-road, gracefully curving through a belt of limes: and there is Lord Littlebrain driving four-in-hand.

"*Squire Headlong.*—Egregious, by Jupiter!

"*Mr. Milestone.*—Here is Littlebrain Castle, a Gothic, moss-grown structure, half-bosomed in trees. Near the casement of that turret is an owl peeping from the ivy.

"*Squire Headlong.*—And devilish wise he looks.

"*Mr. Milestone.*—Here is the new house, without a tree near it, standing in the midst of an undulating lawn: a white, polished, angular building, reflected to a nicety in this waveless lake: and there you see Lord Littlebrain looking out of the window.

"*Squire Headlong.*—And devilish wise he looks too. You shall cut me a giant before you go."

Is there not something of the flavor of Sheridan in these colloquies?

The next day, after breakfast, the three philosophers, the optimist, the pessimist, and the "statu-quo-ite," as Peacock calls him, take a walk, during which a discussion arises about manufactories in their

relation to human happiness, which I give, as a sample of the argumentation these three are constantly carrying on :

"*Mr. Foster.*—What think you of the little colony we have just been inspecting ; a city, as it were, in its cradle ?

"*Mr. Escot.*—With all the weakness of infancy, and all the vices of maturer age, I confess the sight of these manufactories, which have suddenly sprung up, like fungous excrescences, in the bosom of these wild and desolate scenes, impressed me with as much horror and amazement as the sudden appearance of the stocking manufactory struck into the mind of Rousseau, when, in a lonely valley of the Alps, he had just congratulated himself on finding a spot where man had never been.

"*Mr. Foster.*—The manufacturing system is not yet purified from some evils which necessarily attend it, but which I conceive are greatly overbalanced by their concomitant advantages. Contemplate the vast sum of human industry to which this system so essentially contributes ; seas covered with vessels, ports resounding with life, profound researches, scientific inventions, complicated mechanism, canals carried over deep valleys and through the bosoms of hills ; employment and existence thus given to innumerable families, and the multiplied comforts and conveniences of life diffused over the whole community.

"*Mr. Escot.*—You present to me a complicated picture of artificial life, and require me to admire it. Seas covered with vessels ; every one of which contains two or three tyrants, and from fifty to a thousand slaves, ignorant, gross, perverted, and active only in mischief. Ports resounding with life : in other words, with noise and drunkenness, the mingled din of avarice, intemperance, and prostitution. Profound researches, scientific inventions : to what end ? To contract the sum of human wants ? to teach the art of living on a little ? to disseminate independence, liberty, and health ? No ; to multiply factitious desires, to stimulate depraved appetites, to invent unnatural wants, to heap up incense on the shrine of luxury, and accumulate expedients of selfish and ruinous profusion. Complicated machinery : behold its blessings. Twenty years ago, at the door of every cottage sate the good woman with her spinning-wheel : the children, if not more profitably employed than in gathering heath and sticks, at least laid in a stock of health and strength to sustain the labors of maturer years. Where is the spinning-wheel now, and every simple and insulated occupation of the industrious cottager ? Wherever this boasted machinery is established, the children of the poor are death-doomed from their cradles. Look for one moment at midnight into a cotton-mill, amidst the smell of oil, the smoke of lamps, the rattling of wheels, the dizzy and complicated motions of diabolical mechanism : contemplate the little human machines that keep play with the revolutions of the iron work, robbed at that hour of their natural rest, as of air and exercise by day ; observe their pale and ghastly features, more ghastly in that baleful and malignant light, and tell me if you do not fancy yourself on the threshold of Virgil's hell, where

*Continuò auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animæ flentes, in limine primo,
Quos dulcis vitæ exsortes, et ab ubere raptos,
Abstulit atra dies, et FUNERE MERSIT ACERBO !*

As Mr. Escot said this, a little rosy-checked girl with a basket of heath on her head came tripping down the side of one of the rocks on the left. The force of contrast struck even on the phlegmatic spirit of Mr. Jenkison, and he almost inclined for a moment to the doctrine of deterioration. Mr. Escot continued :

"Nor is the lot of the parents more enviable. Sedentary victims of unhealthy toil, they have neither the corporeal energy of the savage, nor the mental acquisitions of the civilised man. Mind, indeed, they have none, and scarcely animal life. They are mere automata, component parts of the enormous machines which administer to the pampered appetites of the few, who consider themselves the most valuable portion of a state, because they consume in indolence the fruits of the earth, and contribute nothing to the benefit of the community.

"*Mr. Jenkison.*—That these are evils cannot be denied ; but they have their counterbalancing advantages. That a man should pass the day in a furnace and the night in a cellar, is bad for the individual, but good for others who enjoy the benefit of his labor."

Here, it will be perceived, there is no longer any trace of the spirit of Sheridan, but we have risen to a different atmosphere of thought, and have a taste of such politico-economical discussion as appeared at a later day in Bulwer's *England and the English*, mingled with something of that glowing rhetoric which we find in the latter-day Utopian writings of the great rhapsodist, Ruskin.

The philosophers are interrupted further on in their talk by a tremendous explosion, which they discover to have been caused by Mr. Milestone's blowing up some rocks near a ruined tower in the Squire's grounds, as the first step towards the prosecution of his plan for improving the scenery by applying the principles of picturesque gardening. At the same time, Mr. Cranium happens to be on the top of the tower, and in his sudden fright at the explosion springs into the air. Fortunately, he is on his descent lodged in the boughs of an ash and gently dropped thence into the waters below, whence he is rescued by Mr. Escot. Now Mr. Escot had been a lover of his daughter, frowned upon by the father ; and the next chapter gives his reflections during the ensuing night on the attitude a philosopher should maintain toward the passion of love, with an interview he had the next morning with the sexton of a little mountain-chapel in the neighborhood, which results in his procuring from the sexton the skull of Cadwallader. A few chapters more bring us to Mr. Cranium's phrenological lecture, parts of which may amuse the reader :

"Physiologists have been much puzzled to account for the varieties of moral character in men, as well as for the remarkable similarity of habit and disposition in all the individual animals of every other respective species. A few brief sentences, perspicuously worded and scientifically arranged, will enumerate all the characteristics of a lion, or a tiger, or a wolf, or a bear, or a squirrel, or a goat, or a horse, or an ass, or a rat, or a cat, or a hog, or a dog ; and whatever is physiologically predicated of any individual lion, tiger, wolf, bear, squirrel, goat, horse, ass, hog, or dog, will be found to hold true of all

lions, tigers, wolves, bears, squirrels, goats, horses, asses, hogs, and dogs, whatsoever. Now, in man the very reverse of this appears to be the case; for he has so few distinct and characteristic marks which hold true of all his species, that philosophers in all ages have found it a task of infinite difficulty to give him a definition. Hence one has defined him to be a *featherless biped*, a definition which is equally applicable to an unfledged fowl; another, to be *an animal which forms opinions*, than which nothing can be more inaccurate, for a very small number of the species form opinions, and the remainder take them upon trust, without investigation or inquiry.

"Again, man has been defined to be *an animal that carries a stick*: an attribute which undoubtedly belongs to man only, but not to all men always; though it uniformly characterises some of the graver and more imposing varieties, such as physicians, oran-outangs, and lords in waiting.

"We cannot define man to be a reasoning animal, for we do not dispute that idiots are men; to say nothing of that very numerous description of persons who consider themselves reasoning animals, and are so denominated by the ironical courtesy of the world, who labor, nevertheless, under a very gross delusion in that essential particular.

"It appears to me that man may be correctly defined an animal, which, without any peculiar or distinguishing faculty of its own, is, as it were, a bundle or compound of faculties of other animals, by a distinct enumeration of which any individual of the species may be satisfactorily described. . . .

"Here is the skull of a Newfoundland dog. You observe the organ of benevolence, and that of attachment. Here is a human skull, in which you may observe a very striking negation of both these organs; and an equally striking development of those of destruction, cunning, avarice, and self-love. This was one of the most illustrious statesmen that ever flourished in the page of history. . . .

"It is obvious, from what I have said, that no man can hope for worldly honor or advancement who is not placed in such a relation to external circumstances as may be consentaneous to his peculiar cerebral organs; and I would advise every parent who has the welfare of his son at heart, to procure as extensive a collection as possible of the skulls of animals, and before determining on the choice of a profession, to compare with the utmost nicety their bumps and protuberances with those of the skull of his son. If the development of the organ of destruction point out a similarity between the youth and the tiger, let him be brought up to some profession (whether that of a butcher, a soldier, or a physician, may be regulated by circumstances) in which he may be furnished with a license to kill; as, without such license, the indulgence of his natural propensity may lead to the untimely rescission of his vital thread 'with edge of penny cord and vile reproach.' If he show an analogy with the jackal, let all possible influence be used to procure him a place at court, where he will infallibly thrive. If his skull bear a marked resemblance to that of the magpie, it cannot be doubted that he will prove an admirable lawyer; and if with this advantageous conformation be

combined any similitude to that of an owl, very confident hopes may be formed of his becoming a judge."

The Squire now gives a ball, at which Mr. Escot thus gives his sentiments in regard to dancing:—

"The wild and original man is a calm and contemplative animal. Imagine this tranquil and passionless being occupied in his first meditation on the simple question of *Where am I? whence do I come? and what is the end of my existence?* Then suddenly place before him a chandelier, a fiddler, and a magnificent beau in silk stockings and pumps, bounding, skipping, swinging, capering and throwing himself into ten thousand attitudes, till his face glows with fever and distils with perspiration: the first impulse excited in his mind by such an apparition will be that of violent fear, which by the reiterated perception of its harmlessness will subside into simple astonishment. Then let any genius sufficiently powerful to impress on his mind all the terms of the communication, impart to him that after a long process of ages, when his race shall have attained what some people think proper to denominate a very advanced stage of perfectibility, the most favored and distinguished of the community shall meet by hundreds to grin and labor and gesticulate like the phantasma before him from sunset to sunrise, while all nature is at rest; and that they shall consider this a happy and pleasurable mode of existence, and furnishing the most delightful of all possible contrasts to what they will call his vegetative state. Would he not groan from his inmost soul for the lamentable condition of his posterity?"

Mr. Jenkison sums up his views on the subject in the following words:—

"There is certainly a great deal to be said against dancing: there is also a great deal to be said in its favor. The first side of the question I leave for the present to you; on the latter I may venture to allege that no amusement seems more natural and more congenial to youth than this. It has the advantage of bringing young persons of both sexes together in a manner which its publicity renders perfectly unexceptionable, enabling them to see and know each other better than perhaps any other mode of general association. *Tête-à-têtes* are dangerous things. Small family-parties are too much under mutual observation. A ball-room appears to me almost the only scene uniting that degree of rational and innocent liberty of intercourse which it is desirable to promote as much as possible between young persons, with that scrupulous attention to the delicacy and propriety of female conduct which I consider the fundamental basis of all our most valuable social relations."

Mr. Escot's reply to this is based on the fact that in fashionable life the ball-room becomes the peculiar field for the display of all forms of hypocrisy, deception and artifice.

At the end of the third set the company adjourns to the supper-room, which is thus briefly described:—

"The centre of the largest table was decorated with a model of Snowdon surmounted with an enormous artificial leek, the leaves of angelica and the bulb of blanc-mange. A little way from the summit was a tarn or mountain-pool, supplied through concealed tubes with

an inexhaustible flow of milk-punch, which, dashing in cascades down the miniature rocks, fell into the more capacious lake below, washing the mimic foundations of Headlong Hall."

The Squire's aunt, Miss Brindle-mew Grimalkin Phoebe Tabitha Ap-Headlong, who has come to the ball, urges her nephew next morning to marry. The Squire is willing enough, but finds it hard to make a choice. At last, however, he decides on Miss Tenorina, and the match is immediately arranged. At the same time he makes up a match between Sir Patrick O'Prism and Miss Graziosa. Miss Caprioletta and Mr. Foster are also going to be married, and the Squire tries to persuade Mr. Cranium to consent that his daughter and Mr. Escot shall be the fourth couple; but the craniologist prefers Mr. Panscope and his ten thousand a-year, and when Headlong asks him, "Who fished you out of the water?" answers:—

"What is that to the purpose? The whole process of the action was mechanical and necessary. The application of the poker necessitated the ignition of the powder; the ignition necessitated the explosion; the explosion necessitated my sudden fright, which necessitated my sudden jump, which from a necessity equally powerful was in a curvilinear ascent. The descent, being in a corresponding curve, and commencing at a point perpendicular to the extreme line of the edge of the tower, I was by the necessity of gravitation attracted first through the ivy, and secondly through the hazel, and thirdly through the ash, into the water beneath. The motive or impulse thus adhibited in the person of a drowning man was as powerful on his material compages as the force of gravitation on mine; and he could no more help jumping into the water than I could help falling into it."

But, Mr. Escot consenting to give him the skull of Cadwallader, which he had bought from the sexton, the gratified craniologist resigns to him his daughter. Going to console Mr. Panscope for his disappointment, or rather to condole with him on the occasion, the latter observes that "the monotonous system of female education brought every individual of the sex to so remarkable an approximation of similarity that no wise man would suffer himself to be annoyed by a loss so easily repaired."

In process of time the four couples are married under the ministrations of the Reverend Doctor Gaster, and the party disperse, Mr. Jenkison by his parting congratulations evoking from the optimist and the pessimist characteristic concluding harangues on the perfectibility and the deterioration of mankind.

C. WOODWARD HUTSON.

SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS.

THE schoolmaster of the olden time possessed but few characteristics in harmony with those of the modern propagator of solid and polite learning. His tastes and manners were totally incompatible with the tastes and manners of those who wield the birch in this fast age. The modern type, indeed, as to appearance and behavior, has made a bold dash to the front of the professions; and while he lacks the culture and solid learning to hold the place he essays to reach, still he is entitled to a vast deal of praise for his efforts in the race for precedence. He has faults, and a sort of inherent and predisposed egotism, which must ever keep him in the background, and force him to take a lower seat in the temple of learning and profound thought. The time doubtless will come when he will no longer kneel with offerings of myrrh and frankincense at the feet of the accepted oracle of pretentious wisdom, and think and act independent of the narrow rut and narrower logic which keep him forever treading a wheel which never can advance.

It is true that the character of the vocation in these latter days tends to crush out anything like free thought; and that there is a disposition, now become a fixed law, to keep certain faculties perpetually on the strain and within the compass of the most ruinously circumscribed limits, compelling, in a measure, the mind to operate only in one way, and that way the most fatal to health, progress, and enlarged intelligence. The development of several of the faculties only can never result in anything like true culture. The fault we find with our modern schoolmaster is that he submits with a sort of easy abandonment to the situation; that he does not essay to break through the horribly dull routine, and only smiles grimly as one after another inalienable right is swept from the grasp of his reason. He not only walks into the trap, but after he is in, champions the vocation and fortifies himself with the flimsiest fallacies that invention ever originated.

Of all members of society, however, there are none so useful, and none whose labors and talents are so ill rewarded. They drift on, think on the same line of thought day after day, and swing round in the same circle with as much regularity as if ordered by a fixed law. The views of one are the views of a hundred; the prejudices of one are the prejudices of almost the entire fraternity of public-school teachers. Hence men are disposed to charge the profession with contracted ideas, stereotyped opinions, trite sayings, pedantic airs, and bleak logic. These men, indeed, who tread the classic halls of our schoolhouses are supposed by the mass of mankind never to go beyond a certain point in mental development, that they ascend so many steps and go no farther; and still more, that when the maximum of intelligence is reached, the momentum swings backward, drifting the keen bright intellect into a perfect Dead Sea of dullness and

narrowness. People presume that a teacher, after being in the harness during the best years of his life, cannot change his habits, his opinions, or his egotism ; that he is incapable of keeping abreast with progress, or accepting a revelation, or discussing any topic save the exploded and obsolete questions of the past. And yet there are exceptional cases where the scars of long service are barely visible ; while there are others who put in an appearance and put on the habits, seemingly cherishing the peccadilloes of the craft, but are mere temporary sojourners in the field, acting a species of abeyance until this stepping-stone lifts them into something better — in which event they gladly leap the barrier and “jump” the profession, its slavery, pedantry, and intolerance. They then cease to cut and slash every theory which refuses to fit the measure of their logic, and they abandon the once indispensable Procrustean policy as to principles and opinions.

The schoolmaster of a remote epoch was unpolished in demeanor, but liberal and tolerant as to principle and curriculum. Furthermore, he was liberal in the use of the ferule and the rod. He taught, ploughed, and often preached. He was not cramped in thought or action, in school government or school books. Text-books were used miscellaneously, and perhaps a score of different authors were studied in the same school. In those times, Gess, Murray, and Comly were popular ; *Pilgrim's Progress* and *The Book of Martyrs* were more abundant than spelling-books and geographies ; while readers and spellers of modern type had no existence whatever. The duties of the schoolmaster were not circumscribed ; besides this, the master of the school had more to do than simply hearing recitations. Teaching was the least of his duties. The unpolished plebeians wanted something else to amuse them besides conning lessons and calculating examples in mathematics. A tilt with the master or with each other was more keenly relished than the seemingly sapless *tupto*, *tupteis*, *tuptei*, or all the problems and puzzles ever invented by wise men. The schoolmaster was not unfrequently compelled to put his pupil in the street, or settle him with a poker or stick of cord-wood. Sometimes he was himself put out or conquered in hot contest for supremacy. Indeed, squaring accounts by wager of battle was reckoned a famous exploit, and boys of pluck and muscle wanted no finer feather in their caps than to have word go abroad that they had worsted and beat the schoolmaster. It is to be presumed that parents in those olden times took about the same view of this matter as the half-wild pupils. A boy was rarely punished at home for making war upon the teacher ; and when on special occasions, as on the Christmas holidays, the strategy and force of teachers and scholars were in open conflict, the first assailing the door with battering engines of wood for entrance, or applying strategy in the way of closing the chimney and forcing a surrender by means of smoke, or, as was usually the case, the besieged party opened the door upon entirely honorable terms,—the patrons, who often, in fact always, knew what was “in the wind,” appeared upon the scene as neutral parties and watched with delight the fray and culmination. It was necessary for the teacher in those piping times to be able and ready to collar any pupil, pygmy or giant,

and shake him or beat him with a hoop-pole, if the discipline of the school required it. Development was then more physical than mental, while the aesthetical was lost sight of in the more solid accomplishments of wrestling, boxing, and fighting. Boys then made better ploughmen and soldiers than lawyers or preachers ; they lived longer, had better digestions, and as a consequence made better citizens. At that epoch a teacher was not weighed for place upon the ground of his capacity to teach many branches, or to teach them well, as he was for his capacity to rule and subjugate. He was often tolerated for his ignorance, but never for his inability to govern. Muscle and courage were the indispensable requisites ; and a candidate wanting in these could not get, much less hold a school. The man who had "ciphered" as far as the single rule of three, and had cut the blood from the back of the tallest boy in his last school, was voted into place without hesitation or question. The exhibition of sharp rules for school government was highly appreciated ; and a rattling verbal disquisition on the classics and mathematics generally settled any doubts as to fitness. If the salary was less than that of his brother of to-day, he had less to pay for subsistence, while fashion was not half so exacting as in this age of flight and steam. The schoolmaster cut wood for his board, taught a pupil for the same, or spent a week at each of his patrons, until the quarter expired. Wheat was then thirty cents per bushel, and board fifty cents per week. Silk hats, patent leather boots, and jewelry were not so common then as now. The result of it all was that the teacher of primitive times was a more useful member of society than his prim type of to-day. Indeed, there was no more important personage in the community than the schoolmaster. He was presumed to know everything. He wrote deeds for the farmer, letters for the ignorant, and love-missives for the young men and maidens. He calculated for the tradesmen and merchants, superintended sales and elections, and was invited to all the christenings and parties in the neighborhood. He took a social smoke with the six-footer he had soundly caned at school, and kissed the very girl whose hand he had pounded with the ferule. He taught during the winter, walking three miles to do so, while in the summer he ploughed, reaped, and felled trees. He was from Harvard, may be from Oxford or Eton in England, perhaps from New England or North Carolina, and sometimes was a finished scholar. But as he was on the ground, he took in the situation, and conformed to the customs like a reasonable man. People did not make fortunes in a day then as they do now, and teachers knew that as well as any one else.

Strange and singularly amusing stories are still recited in the rural districts of Western Maryland, Virginia, and other Eastern States, by gray-headed men, and these disclose the wonderful feats performed by these rigid district oracles of olden times. How some strapping fellow was stripped of his coat and jacket and flogged like a horse, how urchins were tortured and welts laid on their shoulders through the thick cassinet coat, how the man of the hickory rod was soundly beaten by some bold country fellow, and how boys six feet in height stood quietly until the skin was slashed off their backs by some little spirited schoolmaster. If we drift down nearer to the new evangel in

teaching, we observe a new man at the helm. He is not imported, and he has been some time at a village academy, or perhaps to some high-school or college for a session. This may be said to be the age of "spelling matches," when to be a good speller was regarded as the highest style of rural intellection. In these times all ages and both sexes gathered at night in the school-house once a week, when captains were chosen, the assembly divided, and a tournament of spelling began. Young men and maidens held it not hardship to foot it four miles to be present at one of these peaceful battles. A young gentleman was not then ashamed to wear "linsey woolsey;" he crossed swamps and swollen creeks in search of the nearest seat of learning, nor would he hesitate to make the long march when snow and storm interfered. This was also an age of discussion. The winter nights would call out the young and middle-aged to mingle in these literary frays. The topics argued were not the newest or the most practical, and it may truly be said that the past furnished all the questions over which our young and old debaters wrangled and fought. But what was it to them if the matter debated was obsolete? it was once alive; that was enough. In these Ciceronian flights, ambitious pupils and gray-bearded patrons entered the lists with the school-master and town-clerk or country lawyer.

Of course the "barring out" custom prevailed during all these periods of quiet and spasmodic drifts toward mental culture. It was one of those "heirlooms" which are retained through every revolution of sentiment and idea; and this remained even down to the late war. It was one of those "morsels" in school-boy life which remained green and fresh long after brick houses began to be built and green shutters adorned the windows of the modest seminaries of learning. But the belligerent schoolmaster who accounted it a defeat to be successfully kept out, at last gave way to a later type of the school keeper, who, with more philosophy than fight, retired on those occasions to his boarding-house and enjoyed a quiet day, believing that he was maintaining his dignity by not raiding upon the windows and doors of the school-house. Besides his polish and new style of teaching, he put on fashionable clothes, jewelry, gentility, and importance to boot. He in many instances came before his time, for after spending a few stormy weeks in some out of the way district, he was ejected by suitable means, not pecisely legitimate, but at least effectual. As long as boys of twelve-stone weight wore coon-skin caps and carried loaded horse-pistols to school, it was not the safest thing for an ethereal pedagogue to attempt discipline in that "nick of the woods." And these mutinous fellows were, and in fact are yet, opposed to progress in the arts and sciences. "It's a rank heresy to attempt to make people wise." So declaring, they made raids upon pale-faced teachers, and stirred up mutinies against city ways and city teaching. The old fighting schoolmaster, at last, however, was pushed aside by the march of events and left without a vocation. The jovial, genial character drifted out of sight, having been distanced in the race by the "new-fangled gentry" with modern notions and innovations; and with his exit from the scene, other old-time things and customs have suffered entire defacement.

We do not propose to discuss the benefits the world has derived from the change. It is very clear that the balance is in favor of the new evangel. It is very clear, too, that we need not go to Boston, or Edinburgh either, to find egotism, pedantry, and shallowness. Nor is the schoolmaster so much to blame for existing imperfections as the times and influences prevailing. He is, in some senses, whipped into a rut of thought which is narrow enough to dull, and bleak enough to blast a brilliant genius, to say nothing of the effect upon a moderately endowed mind. But whose business is it if he dips deep into the wisdom of the age, or make a name to drift down the centuries? He works, and is that not enough? He is zealous; and whether he drills stupid boys by legerdemain into wise men, or by feeding dunces upon nectar of the gods, transforms them into mental Titans, we pretend not to inquire, nor is it important to know; for whether the rod or moral suasion is the instrumentality, certain it is that where brain is major premiss the end is accomplished — one end at least, to wit: intellectual progress.

The wisdom of the rising generation increases with wonderful rapidity under the new system. Here there is progress beyond question. But is it a progress in excellence? That is a question of deeper import than any other. Is it or is it not a palpable fact that as a boy in our public schools advances in knowledge, he advances in sin? Is it true that all the villainous stuff originated for the ruin of children concentrates in our public schools, and works blighting effects upon the susceptible minds of the young, as does a pestilence or contagious disease upon a populous city? The boy of good intentions, good antecedents, may dabble in vice and go sick and horrified away. But suppose it is sung into his ears day after day, in time it loses its hideousness, and in a little time innate innocence loses its hold, and the boy drifts swiftly down into the whirlpool of sin, for which there never can be thorough remission. Seeing others like himself dropping down the current, he too hesitatingly swings round the circle of contagion, and goes at last inevitably beyond reclaim. If this is a progress for good, we should like to be made aware of it. We cannot believe that the world is the gainer by an avalanche of knowledge accompanied by a corresponding avalanche of vice. It is hardly possible that the parent investigates far into this matter when he entrusts his children to these great and humanising nurseries of knowledge. He accepts the situation as it is, makes no inquiry, and in after years wonders why the astonishing wisdom of his progeny is so evenly balanced and so fearfully tainted by the Dead Sea fruit of blighting sins. In this age of flight and bustle, men scarcely stop to inquire what is immoral or hideously corrupt.

But the schoolmaster is not responsible for the system which time has demonstrated to be a hot-bed for much that is destructive to purity and good morals. He cannot remedy the wrong if he were to attempt it; and indeed this is the only malady he admits his inability to cure. With all his immeasurable learning and potency to reform and correct abuses, he confesses his impotency to stem the spread of miscellaneous knowledge in the vices, or stay the tide that silently and swiftly sweeps multitudes of the young into the abysses of irre-

claimable profligacy and sin. It is not to be presumed, either, that he is racked by remorse in the contemplation of his incapacity to snatch brands from the eternal burning; for he rarely ever passes beyond the little world he moves in to dream over matters ethical or æsthetical. Nor is it his province to attempt a reform. The cry for free schools drowns all protests against abuses of the system. Men never suspect a free school of being guilty of too great freedom in many things. The name itself in this age stands for all things beneficent, and to argue adversely is to court contumely. Let but a man expose the abuses of the system, and he has a hundred detractors in a day. He is at once anathematised as a Papist, or an advocate of caste aristocracy. Wise men often champion a bad cause in order to win the applause of the rabble. So men sometimes bid their lips be dumb for fear of popular condemnation. As if the masses were always right, and the thing popular with the multitude was a thing worthy of advocacy!

There are thousands of people patronising free schools who are as ignorant of what is taught inside and learned outside the schoolhouse walls as Hindoos are of Hudson's Bay or the head-waters of the Hudson. And this very ignorance works obliviousness to the poisonous dragon's-teeth sown thick, and springing up a thousand fold thicker in these places, which, above all others, should be pure as the chastest sanctuary. There is no doubt about the acquisition of knowledge — no doubt about the rapid progress the rising generation is making in these same public schools. After all it is not the system itself that is open to so great objection, but the abuse of the system. The matter of deepest import and profoundest solicitude is whether the moral ruin engendered does not overwhelm all intellectual development. Men seldom stop to inquire into this thing, which indeed in the end affects them more than all the revolutions in trade, the fluctuations in business, or the marvellous operations of nature.

Ignorance is blighting as the breath of a cyclone, and a nation can never attain respectability or greatness without education. A community given over to the enemies of wisdom is not far removed from barbarism. But to say that the vicious are always ignorant is false in every sense. As many moderately educated convicts people our prisons as unlettered ones. If this is not, in part, the legitimate result of the abuse of our public school system, what is it? A simple denial will not answer. A sneer is illogical, as it is an admission of contemptuous weakness. Altogether the subject is one worthy the profoundest investigation. We have but flung a pebble in the great sea of discussion, and as the concentric circles widen we become conscious of the vastness of our theme.

The schoolmaster is only part of the machinery of the system. He is deeply interested in the problems and principles of his profession. He does not engage to preach a crusade against sin and existing abuses. It is not policy, nor does he consider it his duty to know that certain unpleasant facts exist. He is beating book-learning into the heads of his pupils; and it requires a deal of invention and thought to make the wise ones and empty heads fit in the Procrustean bed. He must force the dunce to accomplish the same task as the

intelligent boy. If the dunce fails he is punished. The inscrutable laws of our being in not dispensing brain equally among mankind are lost sight of. Straw or no straw, the empty heads are forced to make the same tale of bricks, and as the Israelites under the bondage of the Pharaohs, are pressed harder because they dare to complain. The wretched boy must be beaten if he cannot commit. He has no memory, no faculty to enable him to conform to the unchangeable laws of School Boards or superintendents, or the numerous Squeers that infest and dishonor the profession. At all events, that is no fault of the teacher, and the delinquent is treated accordingly. What right, he argues, has a boy to be without brains? What right indeed has he to be a boy at all? And if a boy chooses to take the responsibility of being born a booby, he must be made to suffer the consequences.

The worst phase of this reprehensible business is, that the teacher believes he is right, and is intolerant as to his convictions. The man who believes that every head of the same age can absorb the same amount of Greek, Grammar, and Geometry, has no business to lord it over any school-room, much less serve as a check to the looseness that is running riot under his very nose. Such a man has not discernment of the human spirit in its remote and inaccessible experience to shape and tone the intellect. To speak to and reach the child's deepest consciousness belongs to the most purely wise. The world has been blessed with many wise and pure teachers, men who consecrated their lives to a most exalted vocation. It is also an unquestioned fact that the age is cursed with legions almost of incompetent and incorrigible ones. This, however, is not the gloomiest side of the picture. People sometimes marvel at the early and rapid decline of innocence and simplicity in the young. The same people will mourn over the infamous custom of chaining, in our State prisons, the young and indiscreet unfortunates with the most finished living scoundrels. In degree the one is a type of the other. The most vicious, cunning, thieving scape-jail of a boy, is seated beside the boy of good disposition, good intentions, good antecedents. He is kept there; recognised as an equal until the insidious whispers operate, the gentle poison distills, and the vilest and best, indeed the most incompatible natures harmonise, and the demon in the once steady, innocent boy startles the parent from his repose by the wildest and maddest of flights of unrestrained sin. But do these parents ever conjecture where the ruin began; or who is responsible; or how the wrong can be remedied? The blind Sampson is abroad pulling down the pillars, and the sightless wise men, trusting to the Sachems, as Hindoos to their gods, never suspecting the primal and substantial cause of the devastation. We sometimes doubt whether men will ever see it, for this is an age that sneers at all investigation outside of business or political huckstering.

One thing is evident in the progress of education. An entire change has been made in the mode of communicating knowledge, and the management of the pupils in the public schools. Far in advance indeed of the ancient is the modern method of disseminating the secrets of books and sciences. The primitive system has been dis-

carded, and the pioneer dispenser of book-marvels, with his many good points, has gone the self-same way. We may not inquire into the wisdom of the change, for old things have their virtues as well as the new; and while we infinitely prefer the new-fangled ideas of *teaching* to the old, we cannot accept, much less indorse, the later evangel as a whole, without entering a pretty earnest protest against the abuses which are palpable and grossly prominent in and about the system.

ENRIQUE PARMER.

ETIENNE.*

BY EDMOND ABOUT.

[Translated for The Southern Magazine.]

II.

FIVE or six days after this revel I reflected that it was time to pay a visit to my new friend. The porter, in answer to my inquiry, replied that M. Etienne was not at home, and I left my card. I made the attempt again the following week, and for the sake of greater certainty I walked right into the house without inquiring at the door. The precise valet recognised me; he took me neither for a creditor nor borrower, but he was either unable or unwilling to tell me at what hour I could find his master within. All that I could obtain from him was some paper, a pen, and ink, which were on the table in the antechamber. I wrote to the well-hidden man, requesting him as a friend to make an appointment with me. The request was not answered. A full month had passed since our dinner at Tattet's, when one of the company stopped me on the boulevard and said: "What have you done with Etienne? They accuse you of suppressing him; nobody has seen him since."

I replied that he was invisible to both great and small, and that he was doubtless concealing himself to write without distraction, since the journals were beginning to overflow with his articles.

The fact is, he filled more sheets than in three or four months than in the most productive year of his life. He wrote a prodigious deal of everything, appropriating more space than any ten writers of the

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Turnbull Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

first and second rank. Not all that he published during this period of feverish lucubration was worthy of his name, as may be imagined ; for one beautiful page, absolutely pure and classical in form, ten or fifteen ordinary ones would slip from his pen. The stories, bluettes and fancies which he sowed broadcast were sometimes radiant with the smiles of a happy man, but oftener reflected the wry faces of an overworked laborer. His diligent readers, the faithful ones who followed him with kindly attention even in his ramblings, offered his having to live in excuse for such irregularity ; yet they felt that the greatest writer in the world must necessarily spoil his hand at this trade.

About the middle of March I met him, or rather caught a glimpse of him, at the Théâtre Italien. He stood at the entrance to the orchestra, persistently levelling his glass at the box opposite, which I had not noticed. My attention was aroused ; I set about discovering the object he was eyeing unceasingly, and recognised Madame Bersac, in full dress, glittering with diamonds. The big rural phenomenon was sitting at her side, and the little withered gentleman was tossing about on his chair in the background. Hortense appeared to me not at all out of place in the fashionable world of Paris ; I was almost astonished to see that her person and toilet sustained the most overwhelming comparisons. A provincial half as beautiful and nearly as elegant, who should risk this ordeal in the presence of her lover, would lose him beyond recovery. Etienne seemed greatly smitten, and proud to witness this triumph of her he loved. Some furtive glances which they exchanged proved to me that there was an understanding between them, but that they persisted in hiding all from the two grotesques in human shape. A feeling more earnest than mere curiosity prompted me to ask the sequel of a romance begun under my own eyes. I caught Etienne's eye ; he made a friendly gesture, followed by a little rapid dumb-show, which represented the hunter's "All is well," and then he entered the lobby. After the play I sought him in vain ; the Bersacs had also disappeared.

The weeks rolled on, spring gladdened Paris, flower-carts could be seen at the turn of every street ; but nobody saw Etienne. He was riveted to his desk, as it were, and gave no sign of life except by three novels in the newspapers, which dragged their lengths along from day to day. I concluded from this that he was eager to settle up his accounts preparatory to marrying Madame Bersac. The novels which he was hastening to completion were, doubtless, promised by agreement, and perhaps paid for in advance. Towards the end of May, posters, advertisements, and puffs made known to all lovers of art that the celebrated collection of M. E——, consisting of pictures, designs, engravings, bronzes, marbles, ceramics, arms, tapestry, and antique furniture, would be offered for sale at the Hôtel des Ventes for two days. Some simple-minded persons deplored the fate of the renowned writer whose prodigies of work had not succeeded in redeeming the follies of his youth, and who now despoiled himself of his dearest possessions to satisfy his greedy creditors. For my part, I began to suspect that the marriage was near at hand, and that Etienne, honest fellow as he was, made it a point of honor to pay his debts himself.

The sale attracted not only collectors and dealers, but artists and writers of every grade. Etienne alone did not appear; but several persons remarked a diminutive old man, in a seedy coat and white cravat, at the auctioneer's right hand. In this mysterious gnome, who forced up the bids actively and always stopped at the proper moment, I recognised the man of Trinity church and of the *Théâtre Italien*, the body-guard of Madame Bersac. His presence and zeal proved two things to me: Hortense had accepted Etienne, and the family of the former husband, instead of having an open quarrel with the widow, had taken in hand the interloper's interests.

This last discovery simply overthrew my hypothesis. If the little gentleman had espoused Etienne's cause, the passions, the calculating spirit, the thankless part which I had assigned him, the whole fabric of my argumentation in fact, would fall to the ground, and I was in the presence of an innocent old man devoted to Madame Bersac — her father perhaps; her father, whom I had greatly misjudged upon the strength of a letter wrongly read and understood. My conscience did not feel very easy, and, to crown my vexation, I thought the good Etienne could not forget such unkind language. He was not one of those who love by halves; would he forgive me for slandering, though for pastime and foolish sport, a family about to become his own?

The scruples which possessed me soon gave to the most insignificant circumstances a sinister hue. I persuaded myself that the reason why I could not gain admittance to the great writer was his personally debarring me his presence; that his escape from the *Théâtre Italien* before the end of the play was due to a desire to avoid me. The promised letter,—I was still waiting for it. So much coldness after the friendship he had so plainly expressed! There was no longer any doubt: my ingenious commentary upon the text of Madame Bersac's note had cost me a friend.

I was musing upon this subject some fifteen or twenty days after the sale, when I received a rather large packet through the post-office. It was an envelope containing seven letters from Etienne, of which but one bore my address. Here it is:—

“MY DEAR FRIEND:—I owed you a letter of introduction. It has been delayed; but I now comply with your request, and send you half-a-dozen. You have lost nothing by waiting. Hasten to rap at the editors' doors; the opportunity was never better, my retirement makes room for others.

“Yes, the young aspirants who accused me of blocking up every avenue will now be able to move about, if so be that they have legs. I have laid aside my pen, the public will no longer hear me spoken of; it is a fixed and settled matter; you may communicate it to my friends and enemies.

“Since our last and first meeting I have been the happiest of men and the most burdened of slaves. I have finished a life of drudgery, commenced a life of love, exhausted more cares and joys than would kill a Hercules. However, I am in good health.

“Hortense is the most beautiful, the best, the most angelic of women. Blessings on you, who read her rightly at the first glance!

We love each other as none ever loved on earth. If I knew of a man more madly enamored than myself, I would go this instant and pick a quarrel with him. After a thousand crosses, the recital of which would take up too much time, all is settled the best way; we shall be married next Tuesday at —, her native town. I shall invite no one, not even you. Hortense wishes me to break with Paris; she wants an entirely new Etienne, and she shall have him.

"We are ridiculously rich; I reddened to the very temples when the contract was read. My wife has life-interests worth a hundred and twenty thousand francs a year, and twenty thousand in her own right. All this comes from old Bersac — Bersac the elder, as he is called by the family. This excellent gentleman, whose departure serves me so well, did an extensive business in wines and brandies; he is remembered by many in the departments of the southwest. My portion is limited to the copyright of my works. Bondidier, who utilises them, has fallen into the laudable habit of giving me four or five thousand crowns, one year with another. This revenue is clear, the auction sale having paid all my debts, and even the wedding-gifts, which are worthy of Hortense and myself. We have then an income of more than a hundred and fifty thousand francs, besides a house in town and the château of Bellombre, the latter said to be splendid and royally furnished. Keep these details to yourself, or, should the public evince too lively a curiosity, print only so much as shall appear to you essential.

"I have not yet told you the prettiest part of the matter: we have an admirable steward, single in kind, able, honest, perfect, and he costs us nothing. What a prize for Hortense and me, who know about as much of arithmetic as the Hurons! This man, providentially ours, you have seen, but you did not read him at all: it is Bersac the younger, titular notary, and sharp as an old devil, but a good devil if there ever was one. His fortune is very moderate. While his brother was making millions out of claret, Célestin—that is his name—courted the rebellious muses, printed a poem on Clovis, brought out a Gallo-Frankish tragedy at a theatre of the arrondissement, which was hissed, made his first appearance in '*Les Agamemnon*' amid a shower of apples, started a Legitimist newspaper entitled '*The Finger of God*,' ran aground upon the inhospitable banks of the notarial profession, a petty clerk at thirty, married a peasant girl,—you have seen her—and for this sacrifice, above my powers and yours, he received ten thousand crowns cash. Buying a poor office in the canton, he takes a practice by storm, increases the boldness of his attacks, and rises by dint of his wrist to the highest position in the department. Here his varied accomplishments and his well-known probity have gained him universal esteem; he is beloved, respected, and rules opinion. I have these particulars from Hortense. Her fondness for him is not blind, as he harassed us a good deal for three months; but she does justice to his virtues, and avers that no one could quarrel with him without rousing the whole province.

"Let us be just. Here is a man who has struggled all his life to gain an income of ten thousand francs; it is all he possesses. Rightly counting upon his brother's inheritance, he sees Bersac senior

take a young wife and leave her all his income after a two years' marriage. There was but one way to repair this injustice : Célestin has a son, a man of my age, and commanding a battalion of *chasseurs à pied* ; but Hortense flew into a passion at the first mention of it, and replied that one Bersac was enough, that another would kill her, — the dear creature's mind was already occupied with your friend. Célestin, who is no fool, knows that his sister-in-law will escape from him sooner or later, and yet he does not use her harshly ; far from it, he takes the poor thing's interests in hand, attends to her leases, improves her lands, receives her rents, and invests her savings. Do you know two *bourgeois* noble enough to do the same ? He followed her to Paris and kept an eye upon her, because he knows that she is young and confiding ; but from the day that her choice fell upon an honorable man of some worth he approves it unreservedly, extends his hand to me without any ill feeling, and devotes all his time to arranging my affairs. They treat me like an adopted son, these Bersacs. Would you believe that the good old lady calls me her brother ? Such sentiments are worthy of the golden age !

“ You know me somewhat, though we have eaten little more than a grain of salt together, and you will therefore perceive that these good people are not dealing with an ungrateful wretch. Good fortune has not perverted my moral sense ; I feel that this wealth, gained by the labor of others, is not my own. It lies only with me to squander almost the whole inheritance ; Bersac has proved it to me by the documents : three-fourths of the capital is in securities not registered, and the widow is formally relieved from giving bond or inventories. Such confidence does us honor ; but, far from wishing to abuse it, we shall not even turn it to account, and I desire to transfer to these poor devils the titles to the property of which Hortense has the income. As to the small fortune she possesses in her own right, we shall keep that for our children if we have any. They will have an income of twenty thousand francs from their mother, twelve or fifteen thousand a year from my books and plays, besides all that we shall have saved for them, for I am a man who can be saving when duty requires it. But, should we die without offspring, I mean that all coming from the Bersacs shall return to the Bersacs : it is but justice ; neither my wife nor I have any near relatives.

“ It is in this spirit, my dear fellow, that I have caused the contract to be drawn up by a trusty notary, slightly acquainted with the family, but who has promised secrecy. Poor Célestin was unwilling even to touch our marriage-articles, — so great is his delicacy ! Fancy his surprise and gratitude when he shall see himself endowed with these advantages by one whose conduct and profession inspired him with mortal fear !

“ You can form no idea of the absurd prejudices these provincials have. The best and most intelligent of them think there is little difference between a redskin and a Parisian author. Bersac the younger exhibited a comical astonishment upon learning that I neither drank absinthe nor smoked night and day. He asks me seriously whether we authors and the actors of the Comédie Française do not live together in the same garret ! The other evening he came

to me with an air of great mystery, and after a long preamble upon his monarchical and religious sentiments, confessed to me that his wife, my intended, and he, and all his friends, would be painfully affected if I should write for *L'Impartial*. It appears that *L'Impartial*, published in my future department, is a diabolical sheet. I had a good laugh; imagine me connected with the crude *Impartial*!

"My dear Bersac," I said, "I am head and ears in the newspapers already, and you would render me a signal service by showing me how to avoid reading any."

"He kissed me upon both cheeks, and resumed in a tone of resignation: 'I know that your ideas and beliefs unfortunately differ from ours; the kingdom, which our wishes recall, has not your sympathies; and your works, which I have read to become acquainted with you, in more than one place betray the boldness of the independent thinker.'

"And what of that?"

"Have pity on us; it is Hortense who sues for it. Remember every now and then that our illusions are dear to us, and that it would be cruel to strike a blow at them."

"Why, the first element of good manners would prevent my doing so! Have you ever in conversation heard me—"

"God forbid! There is no better bred man in the world. I was only thinking of the books that you will write, my worthy friend, of those beautiful books, for all of which we shall be somewhat responsible, the family being jointly and severally liable in the provinces; and those brilliant works, which you are doubtless going—"

"What works? what books? Who told you so? Have I not produced enough then? Do you think I am going to get married for the sake of continuing this brutifying labor? Nobody shall know the efforts I have made these three months and more to draw a last supply from my brain. I am worn out, exhausted, disheartened. The little I had to say I have repeated ten times over; the public is drowning in my prose. I am going to send in my resignation. Let it seek its pleasures elsewhere, let it ask laughter and amusement from those who are less tired and weary!"

"What! You are not going to write any more?"

"No."

"Seriously, you do not intend to have anything more printed?"

"Nothing except the notices, which we shall send off next week."

"Upon your word of honor?"

"My dear Bersac, the word of an honorable man is always a word of honor."

"I shall make a note of it, my worthy friend!"

"What a pity that I cannot depict for you the thousand grimaces of contentment which wrinkled his little face! I made a man happy without any cost to myself; for, between you and me, I was only waiting for an opportunity to cast literature to the dogs. When I turn my head towards the past I see nothing but follies in action, in words, and in writing. And to think that I believed myself impelled toward this path by a kind of talent! There is but one road in life, my dear fellow, which is not a break-neck one; it is that on which I intend to take the air with Hortense for the next thirty years, in a

carriage and four. To love, to be loved, to live merrily, to look philosophically at the vices and absurdities of others—that is the only enviable lot. You do not believe it? Wait. You are young, your spurs itch, your comb bristles while you whet your beak; go, my good fellow, and vent your passion, but should an occasion offer half-way, do as I have done, follow the example of him who, having it in his power to become a glorious game-cock, preferred being a cock in a field of ripe corn.

ETIENNE."

This letter should have made me glad for more than one reason: it opened to me tightly-closed doors, it reassured me concerning the feelings of a friend, it rendered justice to my diagnosis, it constituted me, in some sort, the spiritual legatee of a living person, since I alone, of all in Paris, was able to announce and comment upon Etienne's retirement. But for all that it cast me down.

It imported little to me to know that he would be overreached and even plundered by that old rogue of a Bersac: business is only business, that is to say, a thing of the third order in the lives of thinking beings; but that a man with so great a future should have renounced his art, either from disgust or from weakness, to remove the silly scruples of the family,—this grieved me deeply. If no one had made this renunciation a condition, he was indeed to be pitied. Doubtless the toil of the last few months led him to believe himself written out; but what was one to think of him if he had sacrificed art to the unreasonable demands of the Bersacs, given all his titles to glory for the pottage of Bellombre? Even love only half covered the shame of such a bargain, and I asked myself seriously whether Etienne, the renegade and traitor to his own talent, still deserved my respect.

Time and reflection somewhat reassured me. "How had the widow been taken with the brilliant writer? By reading him. Loving his talents, then she cannot exact the sacrifice of them without monstrous inconsistency. Little Célestin himself, church-warden though he be, cannot want a man like Etienne to put an extinguisher upon his genius. The ex-notary, the ex-journalist, the ex-poetaster, the ex-Ragotin, still has some respect for letters left at the bottom of his heart. And even though wife, family, and the province should unite all their efforts to strangle a superior mind, though he should tamely submit to the murder, has he any control over the masterpieces which are in him? No; the fruits of genius, in spite of everything that can be done, see the light when the hour has arrived: books, like children, are born on the day appointed by nature; neither the author nor the mother can delay this happy fatality one moment. The *blasé* individual who says to you: 'My brain is full of masterpieces, but I keep the door shut,' might leave the door open with impunity." Thus I argued with myself.

I had the particulars published which Etienne confided to me for this purpose; but I took care not to spread the report of his renunciation of literature. All Paris admired the good taste and sense of the fair provincial who indulged the luxury of enriching so superior a man. The newspapers predicted that the great author, freed at last

from every care, would throw all his powers into some master-work ; but the wording of the marriage-notices quite astonished the brother writers and friends of the bridegroom. I give their exact tenor.

"M. Etienne has the honor to inform you of his marriage with Madame Hortense de Garennnes, widow of M. Bersac, senior.

"M. and Mme. Bersac, junior, have the honor to inform you of the marriage of Madame Hortense de Garennnes, their sister-in-law, widow of M. Bersac, senior, late judge of the tribunal of commerce, late member of the council for the arrondissement, with M. Etienne, property-owner and gentleman of this city."

III.

About five o'clock on Monday morning, Etienne arrived at the large little city where he intended to finish his days. The civil and ecclesiastical marriage had been fixed for the following day ; Hortense, escorted by the two Bersacs, was to arrive the same evening with the six o'clock express train. These pontiffs had decided that a husband that is to be cannot travel with his betrothed, and so the author went on before, in obedience to the principles that a man of honor must be first upon the ground.

The omnibus at the station conveyed him and his luggage to the *Hôtel des Ambassadeurs*. In less than ten minutes the illustrious Parisian was installed in a fine apartment on the first floor, fronting upon the principal street, and lay in a soft springy bed, redolent with the pure and fresh odor of country linen. Two hours of repose, over and above the goodly share he had taken in his coupé, refreshed his body and mind ; he dreamed that he was a butterfly in a meadow, that he was gathering the most beautiful flowers, and that his vernal bouquet, tied with a blue ribbon, resembled Mademoiselle Jouassin of the Comédie Française. Joy or surprise awakened him ; he saw an unfamiliar chamber, a ray of sunlight in which millions of atoms were dancing, and three or four trunks piled up in a corner. Little by little he collected his thoughts ; he remembered that he was a traveller, separated from all that he had known, practised, loved, and on the way to a new life. "All that I possess is here," he said ; "I leave nothing behind me,—not even a creditor." To this feeling of absolute liberty succeeded the thought of Hortense and the irrevocable engagement he was about to enter into, and he murmured : "In a little more than twenty hours I shall belong to myself no longer." But he was by no means frightened at the prospect ; it consoled him to know that the surrender of himself involved an equal surrender. To possess a young and pretty wife whom one adores, is not that absolute happiness ? is not that the end of all novels ? But, in addition, to enjoy comfort, abundance, luxuries, respect, consideration, leisure, —here was a reality agreeably trenching on the ideal ; poetry would receive form and substance from a good solid prose.

Etienne sprang from the bed, humming an air from a comic opera :

"Nothing to do,
But love and woo."

No sooner had he rung the bell than a waiter came running up, whose admiration was doubtless due to hearsay, but whose rolling eyes and wild haste did not cease to flatter Etienne's self-love. Every word, every gesture of this provincial, even his most awkward actions, seemed to say: "Ah, monsieur, what an honor for us!"

There is no lord, however great, who does not inhale and relish the incense offered by even the humblest bumpkin; and Etienne took no offence at the respectful curiosity which was exhibited wherever he went. While sauntering through the streets, after the Paris fashion, he mused upon this verse of Horace: "It is sweet to see people point to you and to hear them exclaim: This is he!" His fame had preceded him; they were awaiting him, they were looking out for him; the bookseller of the Rue Impériale had decked himself out, as it were, by displaying *Silva*, *Marius and Marie*, *The Prisoner*, *The Malice of Colombe*, *Hippolytus II.*, *Evenings at Scutari*, *Ivan*, and *Jacqueline*, — the good books and applauded dramas of Etienne. His picture was conspicuous in every stationer's window; some passers-by saluted him; a beggar accosted him with: "Monsieur Etienne!" and by this stroke of policy gained a five-franc piece. It seemed as if this prefecture of thirty-five thousand souls was expecting a Messiah, and that he was that Messiah.

On leaving the hotel he had refused to take a guide — a piece of affectation common to tourists. In this way he had threaded the most mazy cities of Europe — Rome, Seville, Constantinople, and Prague. He needed barely a quarter of an hour to find the Rue des Murs, that diminutive Faubourg Saint Germain where Hortense's mansion and Célestin's heritage were. The Bersac mansion was one of the finest in the city, having been built by the governor of the province during the last years of Henry IV.'s reign. A numerous body of servants were busy cleaning windows, dusting off furniture, and putting up curtains. Under the gateway a respectable-looking coachman was trimming an almost new landau, whilst two Mecklenburg horses, grave and solemn as Aulic councillors, had just returned from their morning promenade. Etienne was in conscience bound to admit that his dreams could have but little surpassed this. Even at Paris, about the Rue de Varennes, it would have been necessary to walk a good while to count twenty mansions of a statelier air and more dignified appearance. The front was large and the stories high. There was no garden, however, but a vast court, planted with acacias centuries old. How little soever the château of Bellombre might correspond with the town-house, the most exacting of poets would still have one abode for winter and another for summer.

In this little palace, belonging to his wife in her own right, and of which a valid contract secured him the usufruct, he could dream and stroll about at his ease. No intruder would break in upon his meditations; the Faubourg Saint Germain is discreet, even in the provinces. "Surely," he thought, "I am entering the harbor of true life after a long voyage upon oceans of soiled paper." When he transported himself in imagination back to the centre of that great Paris which he had quitted the evening before, he saw nothing there but a chaos of crumbling and contemptible things, a flock of cosmopolitan livers

shorn by a horde of famished nomads, the strife of foolish vanities, of shameless greed, of unprincipled ambition ; no rest, no happiness, no love, and scarcely a soul ; no conversation for want of leisure, the drawing-room deserted for the stable, the gaming-table and the smoking-room ; the women almost as busy as the men ; people mixed and jumbled together, duchesses and drabs using the same slang and tricked out in the same finery ; the very bourgeois class tainted with the mania for show, the whole people led away to squander their capital with their income ; the savings of the past and reserves for the future melted down, volatilised, destroyed in the overheated crucible into which ten thousand millions of francs, more than half the national revenue, are thrown year after year. "The provinces produce and Paris consumes ; one does not work, think, converse, love, nay, one does not live but at a distance of three hundred miles from this destructive furnace ! Happy the nation that has no capital city ! Will the time ever return when cities of ten thousand inhabitants were contented with themselves, when a polite, lettered, elegant and gay society existed by itself in every little corner, and did not look for its ideas, its fashions, or its absurdities, to the mail from Paris ?"

The breakfast hour cut short his soliloquy, and Etienne returned with a light step to his temporary lodgings. While on his way he espied in a side street a small copper plate, on which could be read the simple words : "MOINE PERE ET FILS, successors to Bersac, senior." The house, of a fine appearance, had the reserved look of an office, and nowise smacked of the shop. This circumstance pleased him greatly ; he saw with childish joy that his predecessor had not been a tradesman of the lowest order, but a kind of commission agent, on a level with the stock-brokers and bankers of the city.

He was served with an excellent meal at the hotel, and the landlord showered upon him a thousand personal attentions, producing a wine which it was said the Emperor * had appreciated during his tour in 1853. The respectful curiosity of twenty-five or thirty guests nowise incommoded M. Etienne ; I rather believe he was a little flattered by it. As he was finishing his dessert a servant informed him that the prefect, M. de Giboyeux, was awaiting him on the first floor. He went up to his rooms and found in his parlor a very amiable gentleman of some fifty years, who, having followed journalism after 1830, thought himself warranted, as a man of letters, in paying his respects to the new star of the department.

Every public functionary who knows his business eulogises the district he lives in and says all the good he can of the population, notwithstanding he may look to being removed at any moment. The prefect did not fail in this duty ; he extolled the generosity of the council-general, who had built him a palace costing two millions and a half of francs, where, being a bachelor, he had as much room at his disposal as a nut in a drum. It will readily be believed that he did not omit to praise Madame Bersac and all the family, including old, ultramontane Célestin, whom the authorities liked little, but whom they held in veneration for his virtues and his influence. The Count

* This story was written before the Franco-Prussian war.—[Trans]

de Giboyeux, whom the excitement of the impending elections sometimes robbed of sleep, made a thousand advances to Etienne. He gently insinuated that the member for the southeastern part of the city was old, incompetent, and had but little popularity. He had been nominated with much noise, yet he received a majority of only one hundred and ten votes. If (he said) so rich and celebrated a man as he, backed by the Bersacs, would come to an understanding with the prefecture, there could not be the shadow of a doubt of his nomination. "But," said Etienne, "I care very little for politics and do not know a word about it." "Exactly!" replied the prefect, "it is from the élite of the indifferent and the doubting that we get our good majorities."

When alone, Etienne jotted down his impressions and began a journal, into which he entered the details of his new life. I possess the manuscript book, which, unfortunately, is in a very poor condition and full of large gaps. About two o'clock he perceived that the sky was overcast, and that the rain, a genuine Atlantic rain, such as is seen only in our western departments, was washing the roofs and pavements with streams of water. It was impossible to go out, and the Bersacs were not to arrive before six o'clock. When he had left Paris the evening before he took no reading matter with him, unless the railway guide may be classed under that title. He rang the bell for some newspapers; a waiter brought him five or six, which appeared to him a year old, though they had been issued only two days before. Ennui took hold of him; these petulant natures can with difficulty bear two or three hours of inaction. He began to walk from the door to the window, and from the window to the door, like a sentinel or a prisoner. The pendulum of the clock moved also but slowly, and he thought that the minutes might indeed be a little longer in the province than in Paris. The rain was certainly less monotonous, less obstinate, and less insolent in Paris than this departmental deluge. "True, I have sometimes seen the rain pouring down, but I never took any notice of it before," he said. "We would chat, laugh, friends entered and left, and when the worst came to the worst, I opened a book or looked at a picture. Had I felt very melancholy, I should have taken a hackney-coach and gone to Anna's or to the club. In the evening, during theatre hours, it may rain by the bucketful, and nobody will know anything about it except the hack-drivers and policemen."

Having pushed aside the curtains, he discovered his counterpart on the other side of the street. It was a man of some sixty or sixty-five years, perhaps a retired colonel, who lodged on the first floor of the dwelling opposite the hotel. He was of tall stature and very corpulent, with his white hair cut straight and a bristling moustache; and he had on no outer garments but a pair of pantaloons, held up by damask suspenders, and a black stock. The apartment appeared large and richly furnished, but the poor soldier, it was evident, found little enjoyment in his comfortable leisure. He would walk with large strides into half-a-dozen rooms, stop methodically at the same window, rest his right hand against the same pane, drum some short air—the mounting-signal or the *Casquette*—yawn abundantly, and

execute a pirouette upon his right heel. Every fifteen minutes he filled a large pipe, lighted it with paper, threw himself into an arm-chair, took five or six puffs, half-opened the window, and emptied the ashes upon the pavement.

These proceedings finally exasperated Etienne. "What!" he mused, "here is a man who has been young, active and as ambitious as anybody; he has dreamed of glory and victories; perhaps you would find in his papers, buried in a box at one of the Ministers' offices, the account of a heroic action; he does not look like a fool; he appears to have the wherewithal to live; yet he will vegetate to his last day amid this ennui of the province like an oak in a flower-pot! Why don't you go to Paris, you big fool?"

Now, as he was not wanting in logic, he at the same time reviewed his own situation. "And I! What am I doing here? Is what I gain by leaving Paris worth what I leave behind? What will become of poor Etienne in ten years, perhaps sooner? How many rainy days will it require to reduce a healthy mind to the intellectual nothingness expressed by the oyster-like yawns of the gentleman opposite? Supposing I were to save myself? There is yet time; nothing has been concluded. There is reciprocal liberty. What a noise it would cause in Paris! The very evening that all the newspapers — The persons who should meet me on the boulevard would rub their eyes. To do the thing well it would be necessary for me to lie concealed till nine or ten o'clock, and then appear in the full green-room of the Comédie Française. 'You! He! Thou!' Grand tableau! What an adventure! Yes, my children, I am yours for life, and shall read you five acts of a new drama next month!"

His mind was so delighted with the particulars of this supposition that he forgot the colonel, the clock, the rain and all. When the landlord came up and cried, "Monsieur, the train will arrive at the terminus in twenty minutes!" he became aware that he had been sleeping in broad daylight. It was the first time in more than thirty years. He shook off his last celibate illusions and hastened to meet Hortense. The Bersac family had received an accession on the way in the person of cousin George, the major of the *chasseurs à pied*. Etienne was on the point of representing to the old people that a widow would do better to travel with her intended than with a rejected suitor; but he was disarmed by the loving welcome of Hortense and the honest look of the cousin, who was himself about to be married in a month, after the general review.

They were driven straight to Célestin's dwelling, where they dined among themselves without any formality. Some notabilities of the city, the flower of the right-minded Legitimists, numbering at most ten persons, men and women, arrived to tea at nine o'clock. The female portion left much to be desired, but the male members of the party were not as grotesque as Etienne had supposed. They vied with one another in cockering him up, intimating that they would be wholly his if he yielded, if he ranged himself on the side of good principles, and if he honestly broke with that flippant literature which respects neither the throne nor the altar. "Messieurs," said Bersac junior, "I have his word of honor. I will answer for him as if it were myself."

Etienne would most gladly have exchanged the compliments of this senate for a three minutes' tête-à-tête with his betrothed ; but the obstinately watchful eyes of the Bersacs pursued the poor lovers to the last. The women took advantage of a change in the weather to conduct the young widow in a procession to her mansion, several petticoated body-guards escorting her even to her bed-chamber, whilst the band of old men attended Etienne back to the hotel. Need I say that he awoke a hundred times for once, and that he accused the sun of lingering behind the horizon? Day finally appeared. Gala carriages rolled through the city ; the mayor, repeating the few words of address which he was to extemporise, girded on his sash ; the four witnesses chosen by Célestin Bersac carefully examined the knots of their neck-cloths ; the while Etienne dressed himself, stamping with impatience, and poor Hortense had much to endure at the hands of the six tire-women, from the best families, who volunteered their services.

The act of civil marriage, so grand in its simplicity, profoundly moved the men, but caused the women to smile, they reserving their emotion for the church. They then all set off for the cathedral amid the loud pealing of the bells, alighting in the midst of the inevitable crowd, and Etienne while passing caught the commentaries of the vagrants and beggars.

"A beautiful woman, isn't she, Baptiste? I wouldn't mind having one like her myself."

"Is that tall man the bridegroom? She has taken him for his money."

"All the authors of Paris are present to see the marriage."

"Show me Alexandre Dumas."

"The little light-haired man yonder must be he."

"Alms, kind Monsieur, I will pray to God to give you half-a-dozen children!"

After the mass and during the noise at the audit-house, Bersac junior embraced Etienne with warmth. "Ah, my friend," he said, "you have abjured your errors in bending the knee before our holy altars."

"My dear sir," replied Etienne, "I once took off my shoes and stockings before entering Saint Sophia. I had to do so, but that did not make me a Mussulman."

The nuptial train left immediately for Bellombre, where the domestics of Madame Etienne had spread a large table. The master and mistress of the château were received at the entrance to the village by the curé of Saint Maurice, the mayor, and the thirty-two firemen, with a band of music at their head. The magistrate was not too awkward, and the firemen's band reserved its falsest notes for the ball in the evening. The curé, a very genial man, but a sly rogue if ever there was one, begged M. Etienne to excuse the dilapidated condition of the old church, beheaded by the vandals of the Revolution, and insinuated that the bounteousness of some lord of the castle would sooner or later re-erect the parish steeple. In the meantime the man of God allowed himself to be conveyed to the château with the mayor, and ate his share of the dinner.

All passed off in the most pleasing manner possible ; the repast was seasoned with more gaiety than one would have predicted, for the bald heads were decidedly in the majority. Etienne discovered that one may grow old in the provinces without turning sour. An old magistrate, slender and neat, very prettily sang a little aria which Mozart had taught him in 1786 ; and when one of the ladies expressed astonishment that he should have so well preserved a memory of his early boyhood, he replied, proudly : " But, Madame, in 1786 I was sixteen years old — the age of Cherubini, and I had a little of his spirit too."

At the close of day the guests and villagers assembled on the lawn. Hortense opened the ball with the captain of the firemen, and Etienne with the mayor's wife. This profane amusement did not at all dismay the good curé. Etienne congratulating him upon his toleration, he replied : " Do you take us for people of the middle ages ? The church has made great progress, unchangeable though she is said to be. Be Christians, respect our dogmas, submit to our authority, and we release you from the rest. A thousand millions of rigadoons give less offence to God than one line of Voltaire."

The time sped rapidly for the dancers of every age and condition, Etienne and his wife excepted. They finally escaped about ten o'clock, and reached a spacious chamber, where the servants of the deceased, still retained, had left the portrait of their master. The happy husband took no notice of it ; but the next day, while Hortense's pretty head was still reposing on the pillow, he suspected that it was old Bersac in the cap and robe of a consular judge. He got up noiselessly, gravely saluted the picture of the old man, and said inwardly to him : " Thanks, sir, for having bequeathed to me, if not a young girl, at least a pure and beautiful woman."

IV.

The manuscript book from which I abridge this narrative, breaks off the day after the marriage and does not resume before the following January — a gap of about five months. No doubt but that the honeymoon was serene and bright. A few scattered papers, probably relating to this period, make known to us the strange passions of the first husband, the astonishment of Etienne, and the docility of Hortense.

Bellombre, situated three leagues from the city in a charming tract of country, dated from the reign of Louis XIII. M. Bersac had spoiled the park, at a great expense, by laying it out in straight lines ; he had also rebuilt, heaven knows how, the two wings of the château. All the furniture was rich and modern, mahogany and *lampas*, in the *cosse* style of 1835. At the entrance of each apartment you might see upon a placard an inventory and the price of the effects and household furniture contained therein. The daily work of each servant was minutely appointed by special regulations. Every Sunday, after vespers, Madame was to deliver to the cook a list of the dishes for the week ; the housekeeper had orders to furnish clean linen

to her master and mistress on Saturday and Wednesday evenings, neither more nor less often. The porcelain-ware and crystal-glass used each day were under the care of the valet de chambre, as was also the plated silver used during the week. On Sundays and holidays Madame would herself give out the plate and costly services. These she was to lock up in the dining-room while the diners proceeded to the parlor, and was not to open the cupboard before the next morning, at five in summer and six in winter, so that all the pieces might be washed, put in order, and locked away in her presence. One of Etienne's first acts was to cast the regulations into the fire, and Madame, who observed them out of respect for the dead, does not appear to have pleaded their cause.

Bersac senior fasted and abstained from meat as often as the church prescribes, although he had his pockets full of dispensations. He imposed his regimen upon his young wife, who, however, had served her apprenticeship at the convent. Hortense did not try to change aught in Etienne's habits, and as he had the sense not to discuss the penances which she inflicted upon herself, she gradually discontinued them without a word. Mutual forbearance soon brought them, love aiding, to live and think as one being, which is the ideal of domestic life.

In celebration of his advent, Etienne presented the commune of Saint Maurice with a fire-engine costing a thousand crowns, while Hortense gave them a bell. The good curé loudly preferred a steeple; but Etienne discovered upon inquiry that the parish slandered the vandals of 1793, that the destroyed steeple had never existed but on paper, and that the execution of this plan, devised by an economical architect, would cost at least forty thousand francs.

There is nothing to indicate that during these six months, the author of *Jacqueline* and *Silva* regretted the pleasures, the toil, and the pangs of literary life. Not only did he forget to write, but, when he read, it was in the little heart of his excellent wife, where he found more to interest him than in the best romance.

As Christmas drew near he had some books sent him, and subscribed for five or six newspapers and reviews. The evenings were decidedly too long to pass with nothing but gazing into each other's eyes, and a rather mild but wet and gloomy winter prohibited outdoor pleasures and occupations. Conversation then remained as the only resource. But a moment will always come when even the most congenial spirits have nothing to say to each other beyond what they have repeated a hundred times. Etienne would read with Hortense; he permitted some great minds to share their happy *tête-à-têtes* as third parties. The young wife, like all those who have passed through the flattening-mill of convents, was incredibly ignorant. The half-liberty of marriage had led her to turn over the pages of a few authors in vogue; but of the immortal masterpieces which are the inheritance of all mankind she hardly knew the titles. She took an ardent interest in these lofty studies, which widened her horizon and rounded her mental being; but, nevertheless, having remarked that Etienne was not able to read aloud without yawning at every tenth line, she of her own accord proposed to return to the city.

Their return was celebrated in grand style ; the very first families contended for the pleasure of entertaining them. Etienne went everywhere with his wife, who burned to show him and to obtain him honor. He spent quite as much for these provincials as for the finest connoisseurs of Paris. The reputation of a brilliant man, which had preceded him, was confirmed and extended ; it was a real triumph. Not content with exciting admiration, he completed his knowledge by the study of a phase of society before unknown. In the drawing-rooms, at the theatre, at the club, he noted down a thousand interesting particulars which would have escaped him a year later. Study has its honeymoon as well as marriage ; we perceive vividly only that which is new to us. Peculiarities in manner and character we do not remark after the day when they have ceased to surprise us. During a month or two Etienne wrote every evening, sometimes but a few words, oftener whole pages ; but Hortense thought she saw that he was less sprightly at home than in company. Did his self-love require to be tickled before that brain, so rich and fertile, would reveal its treasures ? Was it the shadow of the Bersac mansion and its vulgar surroundings, aged and cold, which chilled him ? The interior of the mansion, sooth to say, was gloomy. The large apartments hung with flowered paper, the rich and hackney furniture, the portraits of Bersac senior, who seemed to have carried the worship of his ugliness to a great length, the grumbling of the servants hired under the old management, who protested in a low tone against the extravagance of their new master — all this must needs have damped the humor of a Parisian, an artist, and a dandy. Hortense, with that intuition which may be called the genius of loving women, saw the dreariness and poverty of the splendors which had dazzled her on leaving the convent. Instantly enlightened, she set to work. Without consulting Etienne, she sent to Célestin's house the pictures of his venerable brother, she discharged the servants one by one under various pretexts, providing for the most meritorious among them, and she chose people less superannuated in their ways and manners. Etienne was surprised and delighted to see his old valet de chambre one morning ; Madame had hunted him up and re-engaged him without haggling about the wages. The livery adopted by Bersac, which apparently had been borrowed from the costume worn by the band at a country fair, was replaced by another, very simple and in the best taste. A small coupé and driver, both bearing the initials of Etienne, arrived from Paris, together with a pair of new horses with English blood in their veins ; the landau was repainted for gala rides, it being modern and of good make. All these changes were effected in a twinkling, as in fairy tales.

The difficult part was to decorate and furnish the mansion in a manner to satisfy the taste of a fastidious man. Ah ! if the poor woman could have been able to collect again by magic all the beautiful things which had dazzled him in a certain house on the Chaussée d'Antin, she would have sold the mansion to recover this stock of furniture, and to instal Etienne in a place whose surroundings were due to her ; but the auction had scattered all to the four corners of Europe. One day the poor woman naively entered the shop of a

dealer in curiosities, where she bought two chests full of articles and several dozen pieces of crockery-ware. Having had all carried to the dining-room, she waited, her heart beating with suspense, for Etienne's arrival.

"So you have taken the trouble, my love," he said, "to have this rubbish brought down stairs? The garret was a good enough place for it."

"But these are antiques, my dear. I bought them, thinking they would give you pleasure, because the house, I well know, is not very cheerful, and — if we could get back a stock of furniture like that which you possessed —"

He embraced the good creature, begging pardon for his rudeness. "But," added he, "those beautiful days when I collected such trumpery are over. My mania for old and ill-matched furniture was a real malady, from which, like a good many others, I have recovered; and, connoisseur though I was, it has made me smart. The auction sale returned me the exact price I paid for the articles; but it must be remembered that I bought them very cheap. Hence my eyes really consumed fifteen years' interest, besides which I had no comforts whatever, neither a good bed nor a good chair, being a slave to a pile of angular things. Furniture should be adapted to the wants of the person using it, and a piled-up storehouse like that which I had in Paris is the very opposite of a habitable abode."

Hortense made him talk so much and so well that she finally understood him. She drew from him the name of one of those practical artistes who wed art to comfort in their sensible manner of fitting up houses at Paris, and a few days after this conversation the house was stormed by paper-hangers and painters.

Etienne took a lively pleasure in preparing his abode himself, in discussing with a well-informed, skilful and thorough architect the details of an outfit suited to the convenience of a happy life. He sketched plans, matched colors, designed certain pieces of furniture, the bed among others, which was a perfect masterpiece of its kind. The furniture was made in Paris, but he himself superintended the decorative painters and paper-hangers who worked on the premises from day to day. Until spring the bleak old mansion was the scene of noisy, active and merry disorder. The young couple quartered in a small attic like a mess of students, enjoyed a restless, busy happiness, all the more delightful because cramped.

They went out every day, but with what pleasure did they meet again at home! Never had their been such hearty laughter beneath that large lead and slate roof. Etienne was not able to keep away from the house two hours; he followed the nimble movements of the Parisian workmen like a child: this man, whom the fever for working had sometimes carried to the verge of frenzy, experienced a new sensation in watching with folded arms the work of others.

The report soon spread that Monsieur and Madame Etienne were fitting up a home the like of which had never been seen. Little Célestin became alarmed at this news, and went to satisfy himself with his own eyes that his capital was not being wasted. He was fully reassured. Leather, woollen cloth, and stamped *cretonne* in

nearly every case replaced the silk fabrics of Lyons ; gold was to be seen only here and there, being judiciously used only to bring some points out in relief ; never had luxury displayed simplicity to such advantage. The good man found everything to his taste ; he did not at all cavil at the new projects of Hortense, who spoke of sending the architect and workmen to Bellombre. This graceful submission was rewarded a week after ; a deed was remitted to him, witnessing that all the estate of which Hortense had the usufruct was transferred to his name ; his inheritance was safe !

The mansion was ready, furnished, and handed over by the end of May, much to the astonishment of the raw country workmen, who usually take half a day to drive a nail. On the sixth of June the house-warming was held : there was a large ball, followed by a fine supper. The whole city admired the beautiful style and exquisite comfort of the entire dwelling, and those invited to the supper, about eighty persons in all, declared with one voice that the dining-room, the lighting arrangements, the china, the crystal-glass, Mademoiselle Madelaine's cookery, and the cellar of the late M. Bersac, formed one indivisible whole, whose perfection might be equalled but not excelled in the palaces of crowned heads. The cellar, well-known in the department, still contained seventeen thousand bottles of choice wines, ten thousand more being at Bellombre. The happy couple slipped away from their memorable success, but not before inviting the prefect and twenty others to participate in the first hunt of the season. In the meantime the château was to be regenerated.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

FOREGLOW.

YES, the vicar went out just now, and kindly he meant, I am sure ;
And his voice is kind, and he thinks that the words he speaks
should allure ;

Maybe my heart is sinful, or maybe my reason is slow :
The things that he says may be right, but I cannot believe them so.

For life, you see, is a puzzle : the old feel more than the young ;
He handles its mysteries freely, they rattle over his tongue ;
Youth and sorrow are foemen, but sorrow to age as a friend ;
Youth is filled with the past and the present, but age looks on to the end.

Not that my age is so great, but I seem to have been on the road
A long, long time, my darling, and bearing a burdensome load ;
When I think of my girlhood's hopes, and then of the things that were,
I turn from the earth unto Heaven, and only sigh to be there.

He spoke of God's breaking idols, as if love for the dead and for you
Were almost a sin in His sight : and I cannot believe it true.
Is God as a man to be jealous ? as a child to give and withhold ?
Fulfilling our hearts with love, to be trampled down and kept cold ?

The Judge of the earth will do right, is the simplest and best of the
creeds ;

He will not forget our weakness, our trials, our natures, our needs.
When He took our burden upon Him, He did not shrink from our race ;
And the depths of man at his worst are not so deep as God's grace.

How could I bear to die, dear, and leave you, unless I thought
That though the way may be weary, you will safely be guided and brought
At length to the haven of rest—the dream of which is so sweet—
Where the ships that the storms have parted, from the four winds gather
and meet.

I shall soon have gone to your father, and Sissy, and Willie, and Jane :
Think of that happy meeting, it will help to soften your pain ;
We shall speak of you, dear, if we may, and watch you, and love you, and
wait
Till God in His good time brings you safe to that happier state.

You cannot remember your father, you were so young when he died ;
O after these anxious years to be once more at his side !
To lean on his breast once more, and to feel his love again nigh !
If it were not to leave you, my darling, what *could* I wish more than to
die ?

Yet the cares of the earth fall from me the nearer I draw unto death,
The greater my trust in God, the stronger my hope and my faith ;
It seems as a veil would rise, and the doubts of the night become clear,
And the dawn bring one great surprise—that my heart was so faithless
here !

EDWARD ELLIS.

A GROUP OF POETS.

II.—ALFRED DE MUSSET.

MANY years ago there appeared a small volume of poems whose frequent grace and passion elicited an eloquent critique from the highest literary tribunal of France. This volume contained the poems of ALFRED DE MUSSET. The author, in his *Premières Poésies*, had given strong evidence of a power to sing no commonplace song. His mission seemed to be that purest of all missions, simply to give the world the music that was in him, and through delicate whimsicality of fancy, the glow of passion, the beauty of simplicity, the sportiveness of a muse in which grace and tenderness alternately borrowed the girdle of Venus and the ivy-leaf of Dionysos, to make for himself a resting-place in the heart and the sympathies of men. It would be rash to say that this graceful yearning has been absolutely accomplished. De Musset was scarcely a poet like Béranger, to speak words so keen and so pregnant that they should never slip from the memory of contemporaries; nor was his an epic genius, whose lays could be bequeathed from tongue to tongue and become intimately blended, as the lays of the Niebelungen and of Homer have done, with the most familiar life of a long series of generations. But if two or three first-rate poets suffice for our consummation, as has been said, there is no limit to be set to the *Poetæ Minores*, whose tendrils may intertwine with our daily life and form a shelter for the precious fruits that spring up in the intimate seclusion of the heart. The ancients had their Béranger—their poet of wine and love, summer light and tender sadness—in Anacreon, side by side with the sublime old age of the Homeric poems and the Homerids; and it is possible that the grasshoppers of Anacreon, those incarnations of summer joyousness and evanescence, spoke no less tenderly to the Greek mind than the decrepitude that gradually creeps like an ice through the grand limbs of the heroes of the Iliad. At least we are as much moved to-day by the brimming gladness of the Poet of Teos, through which we catch the shimmer of the Ægean and the golden light of early Greece, as by the mighty beakers which Ulysses and his comrades quaff when they sit down to tell their stories. It cannot therefore be amiss in an age which has produced such consummate artists as George Sand and Lamartine—an age chastened by the retrospection of Morris and the mystical perplexities of the Laureate—to note that the age lives and has its minor representatives face to face with the crushing superiority of these famous names. Seldom has an age indeed been so rich in poets not entirely great, having missed the mark by such fine hair-breadths, having failed of attainment with such beautiful monuments to attest the failure. It would be no easy task to decide how poor our world would be without these failures, how thin our soil would show itself without the noble

wrecks of these shattered ambitions. We are the richer if the product be no greater than the three notes of a Gregorian chant. It would be a curious inquiry to institute as to what poets of the present century would take a place in the anthologies of the future, in what artistic work, in what poems the times to come shall most infallibly recognise the instinct of immortality, the poem into which the longest breath, the most enduring melody, the tenderest grace has been breathed by the cherishing artistic instincts of the poet. A few songs from the *Princess*, a handful of fragments from the *Méditations*, a score of lines from the *Earthly Paradise*, the noble conclusion of *Portia*, not a little of the glistening sensuousness of *Laus Veneris*, two or three sweet lyric strophes of Longfellow — these perhaps would or would not be gleaned by some Brunck or Bergk and edited with immortal regrets that so much that was inimitable should have perished. With what curious learning (supposing some such literary cataclysm as happened to the Alexandrian library) would such *Analecta* — such gleanings of crumbs that fell from deliciously heaped tables — be garnished, elucidated, exhausted with *Variantes*, overwhelmed! There would doubtless be gaps as wide as those which in Bergk's *Poeta Lyrici* lie between the names of Theognis and Archilochus — lacunæ brimming with the tears of those who worship the harmonious beauty of pagan genius, and year after year give forth desperate editions of fragments in the futile hope of recovering something from the pitiless worm. Of none of the lesser poets could it be affirmed with less peril to true literature that his name would stand in this collection than of Alfred de Musset. De Musset appeared at a time when France was enjoying the doubtful benefits of a Bourbon restoration. The clangor, the sharp frantic struggle of the Hundred Days had died away like dissolving circles in the water; Napoleon slept under the willows at Longwood; old heroic memories were lapsing into the babble of grandmothers; the apathy of ultramontanist and Bourbon Charles brooded over the realm; when the Revolution of July brought fresh hope to the Orleanist party, and with it fresh intellectual stores to replace what had perished in the Empire or been benumbed by the Restoration. Perhaps no revolution was ever heralded by a more varied, a more immense intellectual movement. In Germany there was the supreme reigning influence of Goethe, wonderfully rousing indeed, but at the same time prone to absolutism and autocracy; in England the adoration of Middle-Age art, pageantry, barbaric gorgeousness was filling the romances of Scott, and crystallising into a worship of the glories of feudalism far from auspicious to free development in other departments. In France alone it appeared that there was ample vantage-ground for the rearing and the struggle of young talent whatever might be its symbol. A great critic has truly remarked of a period somewhat nearer our own, that when in 1832 Germany gave up her one great man, and at the same time a similar blow carried off the delightful story-teller who in himself embodied for England the renaissance of the Renaissance, France began to exhibit a wealth of intellectual resource, a plenitude of young virile power, which was welcomed with acclamation, and seemed in singular contrast with the double night that had fallen over

the neighboring countries. It is well that death, even with both hands, cannot at one sweep compass the whole of human genius.

The Empire had been laughed to sleep by the charming songs of Désaugiers; the dinner-parties of the Restoration had grown witty and wise over the wonderful little lyrics of *Citoyen* Béranger; the "Genius of Christianity" had seen several coronations come and go. Suddenly, in a corner of Paris, with the unobtrusiveness of all great and permanent steps in human progress, there sprang up a school of poets who have exercised since a notable influence on the popular literature. To this school belonged more than one name that has become celebrated in our day. There was in this movement no insensible gradation from classic to romantic such as lies between Cowper and the rigorous classicists by whom he was preceded; no subtle fatherhood of light to shadow, no dainty unfolding by which in one shadow and one light you can trace the pedigree of another, an ancestry of shadows and lights up to the founder of the line, a process by which the saints and martyrs, the wide-eyed still Madonnas of Van Eyck and Fra Angelico come leaping before us in the rosy, garlanded, perfect children of Rubens, through whom a divine mirth palpitates. With one leap the Romanticists cleared the gulf hitherto deemed impassable, and abandoned all connexion with the "mythological puppets," the tedious canons of Boileau and Delille. Victor Hugo in the early promise of his magnificent youth was one of the first to put into words the vast distance between the satire, the pompous monarchical *tragédie* of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and the thousand-tinted woof of modern poetic thought. The Romantic movement began curiously about 1823, "the dazzling Pindaric moment of the Restoration." Half-a-dozen men of letters who were thoroughly pervaded by the spirit of the *Moyen-Age*, who studied its architecture, its music, its great Gothic imagination, its hemisphere of legends that shine like a hemisphere of dark phosphoric sea, its wild, intensely colored, chivalric modes of existence, who gave themselves up wholly to its fantastic beauty and strove to reproduce it in works in which the same hectic spot quivers, assembled in the evening and read to each other for criticism the productions which had ripened in the interim of their meetings. A more brilliant circle of ideal heads never gathered than in these accidental meetings — meetings destined to scatter through the land the seed of a perennial harvest. Precisely in evenings like these, in chance intimacies, in magnetic chains of genius or association, originate those superb advances in scientific or philosophical culture which have given to every epoch or group of epochs its distinctive excellence. Witness the *salons* of Aspasia, of the Hotel de Rambouillet, of de Staël and de Récamier, of Lady Holland; witness those unpretentious *symposia* from which grew the Académie Française and the Royal Society; witness all those associations from which encyclopædic action of all sorts — the circle and crown of harmoniously related power — has proceeded. So from the poetic sympathies of a small band of singers, without reputation and without works, sprang forth like a company of joyous masqueraders the great palpitating, eloquent, breathless company of Romantic poets, to whom we owe the whitening fields of

harvests that spread beyond the sight and will multiply beyond imagination. Alfred de Vigny, Emile Deschamps, Jules de Res-ségnier, a few graceful and gifted women, formed with Hugo the soul of this Parisian Utopia, the memorable period of "La Muse Française," a period instinct with vague sentimentality, and illustrated by the closest personal friendships between those who gave birth to it. It was "Emile," "Jules," "Aglaé," "Alfred." After the dissolution of this little *cercle* (for it melted apart insensibly through political differences), there was a lull in the Romantic camp, a break in the symphony. In 1828 another chance association more permanent in result, more definite in purpose, less founded upon mere intimacies of the heart. Of this were born those lovely sunset poems, "Les Orientales," the tender visionary sweetness of which was distilled from the ineffable gold and purple of setting suns. To the long evening walks and talks which Hugo and his friends used to indulge in as they explored the suburbs or watched the sun go down from the towers of Notre Dame, Ste.-Beuve owed much of the dreamy grace and glory that float about his early verses. There were sculptors and painters too who associated themselves and their arts with these quiet meetings of the *Cénacle*. During this period gathered those stores of passion and eloquence, developed those wonderful dramatic instincts which in a twelvemonth bathed France in emotion over *Hernani* and *Marion Delorme*.

It is a point peculiarly difficult to connect de Musset with these individuals and individual centres, for though essentially a Romantic poet, he eagerly disclaimed any debt to the party which they constituted, and by studied negligence of composition endeavored to get as far as possible from the finical correctness, the *précieux* spirit in which they gloried. Alfred de Vigny's poems were smooth crystal wavelets breaking in from the mysterious sea of Klopstock and Ossian, regular, daintily musical, luminously cold; Victor Hugo's had the bronzing of a Spanish sky; Ste.-Beuve imitated with incomparable skill the marble lineaments, the classic Greek beauty of earlier forms. None of these appealed with force to the sensitive and precocious genius of de Musset. Born in 1810, he grew up with that astonishing precocity of talent which seems to be native to a certain order of tropical natures, ripened by an unseen sun, drinking in an unseen sap, mysteriously efflorescent before they have passed the equatorial line of childhood. His ambition diverged early into several currents. First he applied himself to medicine, and, following Ste.-Beuve, attended lectures on anatomy and physiology; abandoning this, art attracted him, and he became powerfully inoculated with enthusiasm for the pencil; to crown all, the need of poetic expression stirred within him, and the consciousness of it was received with solemn renunciation of everything else. Seldom has any man been so plenteously furnished with scrip and purse for a life-work, seldom has a quiver been so surcharged with arrows as in the case of de Musset. There still exists a medallion of that time with a wreath of young poets' heads encircling it, among which is found the exquisite, ringleted, intellectual head of our author, of extreme symmetry and tenderness, ideal, large, imaginative, recalling to his biographers an antique severed from the

shoulders of a youthful god. No guest who frequented the parlors of the Restoration danced with more nimbleness; no *causeur* prattled with more amiability and *verve* that indescribable small-talk which in France has become a science, and has thrown a veil of lilies—as Madame Michelet would say—over the wickedness of mere malice. For pictures he had a delicate sense of enjoyment, ready appreciation, often profound criticism—an intuitional knowledge of those rare points where the painter and his theme interblend and become one in some puissant stroke of genius. It is just at these points the artist becomes no longer a remote and impalpable individuality, but like the famous courtesan who suggested to Apelles his Venus Anadyomene, the Venus rising from the far purple seas, he loosens his hair and bathes in the sea palpable to all. It has been said with some show of fact that de Musset was a young Greek dreaming under the frescoes of Raphael. There was a curious streak of christianised paganism in him, more than a feeble reminiscence of Greek art, profoundly felt love for the beautiful polytheists who made of every wood and stream a Midsummer Night's Dream of warbling goddesses, fleet-footed sprites, divine and human loves, groups of laughing idealised humanity, *queues* of eldritch goblins who lived on moonshine, honey, and flower-dew. There is still more of the elf and the Undine, of the Goth and the Gothic, of the mistletoe and the greensward, of the pretty garrulousness of Shakspearian faires who flit through the twilight to Oberon's horn. In Chénier there is the solemn rhymeless chant, the freezing anapaestic dirge, the pagan *Miserere* of a chorus of Sophocles; in de Musset the echo of the same, expanded and glorified into an *Io triumphe!* by rich young voices of our time. He is no Paganini, drawing inimitable melody from one source; he rather recalls a rare Cremona violin, made to give forth delicate and intense harmonies by a master-hand, harmonies crimsoned, so to speak, by passion, then again full of golden cheerfulness, full of variableness and shadow, full of tuneful extravagance. Never was there an artist in whom *mood* preponderated more, the changeful iridescent hue of the moment, the tyranny of a caprice that resembles the spangles thrown by sunlit water on the wall, or the *umbra* with which a caravan of summer-cloud passing over sprinkles the April fields. Over field and flower, over lake and hillside, over heathery down or Tyrolese *senne* sweeps the airy Tyrian skirt of cloud, throwing its benign shadow everywhere. So with the shadows of this poet's nature, so tender and benignant, having in it something sumptuous like the ebon lustre of rosewood or damask, possessing sequestered corners through which, as through a Spanish ogive, the panned light creeps. In these sweet secret cells there is always to be seen the silvery tremble of a lamp, an alabaster box of ointment, a mandora vibrating itself to rest, shedding the threefold glory of perfume, light and sound. To find an analogy that shall perfectly reproduce to the reader the warm sensuousness, the sheeny silken texture of de Musset's style, resort would have to be had to the shores of the Mediterranean: it has the fire, the delicate ephemeral grace of a Provençal troubadour, those singers of plume and page, falcon and noble châtelaine; then there flits before the eye a pageant of olive gardens and quaint Moorish towers, the Hall of the

Abencerrages, the Fountain of Lions, the stealing, winning pathos of Zingara music; the scene changes: it is Venice with the great lion lifting his brazen paw over the serene horizon, the antique palaces and grave porticoes, the canal, and the pillared bridge with halberded guards watching over the Doge's sleep as the moon hangs over the quiet steeples "like a dot over an i;" then a strange outburst of Parisian revelry, melodious, ribald, witless, smelling of flagon and carousal, to-day's merry-making, to-morrow's suicide. All these elements singularly commingle, singularly arabesque and cross, intertangle and interline, as in a fresco of Cornelius, throughout the length and breadth of his genius. There is an Alexandrian eclecticism, there are both chaos and cosmos in this jubilant head, in this Stoic and Epicurean, in this laughing philosopher with eyes full of tears, in this dying Socrates and living Momus. Furthermore, all this at eighteen! De Musset was only eighteen when his *Premières Poésies* were published, when it was declared of him that there was no corner of the human heart that he had not searched and fathomed, bringing up the seaweed or the pearl, the mud at the bottom, the foam at the top, the swollen corpse or the shining torso of mermaiden. Not less precocious than his genius was his acquaintance with vice. In this as in everything else he was a seven-month child. Nowhere does he touch impurity however,—be it said in the interests of art,—without bringing even from it a pale phosphorescent beauty, without clothing it in raiment of his own, among which there is always a purple rag, without filling the nest with swan's-down against the stout season of motherhood and song. Many of his verses would be unpalatable to an Anglo-Saxon conscience for the same reason that travellers usually protest against what is most national and characteristic in an alien cuisine. There is a spice foreign to their taste, a sauce which spoils their temper, a savor to which Anglo-Saxon tongues and nostrils object, a mode of manufacture, dressing, serving-up repugnant to the roast-beef and plum-pudding constitution. In the countries to which the dish is native nothing is more delicious, more genuinely enjoyed, more reiteratedly called for, more graciously supplied. Through all the royal Salian feast of German philosophy and art,—through Kant as through Kaulbach,—there is the ghost of the four unchangeable courses, the odors of *Frankfurter*, the cream of Rhenish. Through all the Lucullian *dîners* at which Attic wit and Faubourg St. Germain humor sparkle and froth with dainty *bouquet*, there is the *pâté*, the *vol-au-vent*, the tiny twisted glass of liqueur, the immaculate *garçon*, the unchangeable *pour boire*. And who would exact the contrary? It is well to prate about "universality" in art, but who would be swamped in universal benevolence, in artistic pantheism, in the vague universality of oceanic currents, in the Spinozism of thought, in a word, in intellectual nihilism? The scent of violets to the traveller in lands where violets were rare carried his heart homeward with the cry of a wild swan, back from dreary spaces of Indian sea to the spot where a group of exquisite individualities made the old home sweet for him, administered for him the gracious offices of everyday life. Away then with this democratic universalism that would devour the noble purpose of single-hearted genius and thrust upon art a great

collapsing balloon of gassy generalities! De Musset remained himself to the last. Not so Lamartine, his rival and opposite, who shifted his telescope from individual life to regions of abstract humanity, to the planets, to the fixed stars, if you will, to grand commonplaces; a poetic Pyrrhonist seeking tranquillity in vagueness, distrusting particulars, a believing skeptic, a singer of universal rest. There was none of this Eastern gymnosophy in de Musset. Direct, militant, aggressive, he drew perhaps his chief force from the intensity of his personality, from the vigor with which, like his own Spanish cavaliers, he wielded his individual glaive. Nor was there to be seen here the perversion, the fantastic instinct of evil which grew up like an Indian aloe in the heart of Baudelaire, shooting forth thorn and blossom, deformity and beauty side by side. Baudelaire resembles the French bandit who was found on capture to have tattooed upon his body a complete admiral's suit, riband and decoration included: a palimpsest, one thing to the eye, but something profounder and richer to the understanding heart, for there might be ancient tragedy or comedy, divine elegies of Moschus, an idyll of Theocritus, a poem of Corinne. For the diver there was the pearl in the sea trembling all over with the caress of Iris; in the river was the lovely drowned body of Ophelia, from which the witless song, the tender life had just departed. It is not always well to be scared by the willows that overhang the *Fleurs du Mal*. We are apt to mistake a knot of grave sweet flowers on which the live dew shakes, for a funerary wreath of immortelles, a marble bath for the sarcophagus of a Roman beauty, a picture of dancing mutilated Pompeian fawns for a Dance of Death. So continually we are thrusting our Gothic imagination into the pure joyous sphere of antique art.

We do not discover in de Musset as in Casimir Delavigne the fervent wine of French restorations in the classic amphora of a Greek Olympiad. The new pearling wine of newer civilisations throbs in him in at farthest those frostlike dreams of Gothic fancy, those fairy creations of Puck and his contemporaries, Venetian glasses redolent of Venice, showing the wonderful forms which the poet has imprinted on them as in a passionate kiss, crooning of the Adriatic and the boulevard, the guitar and the serenade — glasses such as Peasblossom might have offered on the tips of his fingers to Hermia in the enchanted wood. Again, André Chénier is an urn of Parian marble on which Athenian priests have thrown masses of fragrant fire, sending up glory and praise from the altar of Diana. His tongue perpetually babbled of the distant splendors of Greek literature, was wholly wedded to the lyrical and idyllic side of the ancients, to the people who filled one extremity of the Middle Sea with such princely civilisation, in honor of whom he could compose incomparable elegies and idylls when the minions of Robespierre were dragging him to the Place de Grève. Imitation did not petrify into soulless mimicry in this "pure et charmante gloire." There was a voice behind the *persona*, a far-away echo of Eleusinian mysteries, the distant baying of Pentheus' dogs, the footsteps of furious Bacchanals, the snow-crowned summits of Thessaly and Peloponnese in the background. While the classic bee, the *melissa* of the Phaedo, does not hum through the works of

Alfred de Musset, there is its wild descendant, the sylvan toiler who stores up nectar in the cleft of the rock, in the arms of venerable oaks beneath which Druidical priests have slept. The honey is not the less delightful because it smells of wild thyme, of Shakspearian eglantine and rosemary, of the perfumed handkerchiefs which Boccaccio's dainty Florentines wave during their charming recitals, of the wandering flowerets which Don Juan gathered in his travels, of the *Reine des Abeilles* on the Boulevard des Capucines. A sharp critical nostril can discern all these simples in the luxuriant result as we have it in the *Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie*, the *Caprices*, the *Nuits* and the *Poésies diverses* of this interesting writer. At one time it is Shakspeare in the bold metaphor, the flash of splendid imagery, the exquisite prattle and child-talk in which the pages abound; then it is Dante and Petrarch or the gay eloquence of Boccaccio; then a Spanish romancer with a streak of dark-purple blood across his face; then Beppo and Lara, and the whole throng, joyous or saturnine, of Byronic revellers. From each he has taken a limb or a feature, and yet managed to attain more than the fate of Memnon, for the statue is the goddess whom the poet describes —

“ Quelque Venus dormant encore,
Et la pourpre qui te colore
Te vient du sang qu'elle a versé.”

Few things could be imagined more full of pleasantry and grace than the little comedies in which de Musset has skimmed the cream of social wit and charm, and whipt it into a sort of mead for the delectation of the world. Outside of his gift of song, the fatal interest that always clings to dissipated men of genius attached itself to him. It is La Morgue behind the church of Notre Dame. A few abundant harvests seemed to exhaust the soil that was based on an alluvium outwardly so deep. Paris killed him, as so many others have been killed, by the endless toil of Babylonian pleasures. Throughout the half-dozen volumes in which as in a casket lie embalmed the most precious spiritual life of this poet, the love of pleasure, strong, intoxicating, physical, throbs like a fever. There was this toad in the sepulchre of the Pharaohs. More beaming pages than we have from him would be hard to find in all the annals of literature; it would, however, be difficult to find a talent which on the whole, to use a term of Ste.-Beuve's, was less “spherical,” less rounded, less perfect in the final result. And it is the final result to which posterity ruthlessly looks. All through this nature we see, as in the wars of Napoleon, horses stabled in glorious cathedrals, temples where the light and the tenderness of immemorial religion have dwelt, turned into cattle-pens. No vitality, however exuberant it might be, could stand the stress of the constant dissipation that sullied the career of the author of *Namouna*. It gave out, and with it vanished the inspiration with which nature had so often replenished him. The wounded and outraged divinity shook the dust from his feet and left him. There were years of de Musset's life which give no response to the most anxious investigation, which are speechless because they had nothing to say. Toward the end (which happened in 1857) there

were stormy supplications, unavailing prayers, to the deity that had abandoned him. The fount of inspired thought which in early youth so naturally surrounded itself with the foliage and the fruit of poetry, had sent forth the last drop for the hand that squandered it.

The worker is so closely connected with his work that in discussing him it has been thought a double purpose would be served. His poems are his other self. The same breadth, the same largeness and expansiveness of constitution, the same enthusiasm and intensity exist in the one as in the other. We feel the dance, the grace, the wit, the melody of a large physical presence, the open-heartedness of the happy *boulevardier*, the hope of a future existence which from the frank disbelief of the *Premières Poésies* has in the later writings melted into something like tranquil and benign acceptance. The grace of spontaneousness has not often been more fully possessed. He has the same passion for describing rich interiors as Keats; they bud forth from beneath his pen with an ease as striking as their pictorial effect. You seem to be looking into one of the luxurious chambers of Van Mieris, where a Flemish lady of rank sits in fur and satin, with a bright-feathered parrot on her wrist and elegant tambour-frame beside a Renaissance armoire. So with *Rolla*, *Don Paëz*, *Portia*, *Namouna*, in the latter of which is the humor and bravado of the Italian naturalistic school. In others the minute touches, the finish, the careful elaboration remind of the brilliant miniaturist Hans Memling, or a basket of flowers by Van Huysum. De Musset was excelled by Béranger alone as a *chansonnier*, in the song that breaks from the lips and memories of *bons vivants* in the genialities of after-dinner. He caught the true Bacchic spirit of the old Gaulois songs of Chappelle's and Lafontaine's time, the songs which were devoted to "Lisette, la paresse, et le vin," songs which descended by right of primogeniture from Molière, Crébillon *fils*, Deschamps, through the leisure of the Empire and the first Restoration to Béranger and himself. It was a boast of Malherbe that his whole vocabulary was derived from the porters of the Haymarket. De Musset is replete with the idiom and the suavity of the high life wherein he moved. He was no less distinguished in prose. His romance, "Confessions of a Child of the Time," is written with great and uncommon excellence; his smaller prose stories and comedies overflow with archness and fancy. Negligences now and then betray his antagonism to the formal school of Romanticists, but he was in rapport if not with their correctness at least with their tendencies. The cheerful realism of the man has made him almost as great a favorite as Reuter with his countrymen beyond the Rhine. More than any French author he recalls Goethe, strangely enough; then a gleam of Rabelaisian fun reveals his intimacy with the humorists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It is of course impossible in the limits of a brief article to make any adequate citations from his works. An effort at rendering them from the original would recall the naturalist who, having impaled an iris-winged insect upon his stilet, wondered that the life had gone from it. The spirit is as hard to catch as a butterfly in May; the golden thing is then all full of animation and color, and when your hand is stretched forth to seize it, it is — gone. Of single poems *Malibran*, *Portia*, *La*

Nuit d'Octobre, are among the finest. To the lover of Catullus the "Au Lecteur" of the *Premières Poésies* will recall, in artlessness and point, the beautiful little address, *Quoi dono lepidum novum libellum*, with which the Roman poet introduces us to his little book. And how this little book has charmed the world! There are numerous sonnets in which, like a Paternoster written upon a shilling, is written the whole life of the man in miniature. The Charpentiers of Paris have issued a noble edition of the *Œuvres Complètes* of de Musset, ornamented with twenty-eight engravings by Bida, in ten volumes. It is the first time, they tell us, that legislation has permitted the publication of the whole.

J. A. H.

NOTE.—Use has been made of the Essays of Ste.-Beuve, Gautier, and others in this article. In fact no compliment could do justice to the exquisite criticisms which for so long a time adorned the columns of the *Globe*, the *Revue des deux Mondes*, and the *Constitutionnel*.

FATHER CARTER.

A CALIFORNIA SKETCH.

FATHER CARTER was a "hardshell" Baptist preacher. His youth had been spent in the mountains of Carolina. For many years he had not given much promise that his later years would be spent in the clerical profession. He had not indeed paid much attention to religion of any kind, until in a moment of deep emotion he had prayed, and become, to use his own language, "a new critter." His theological attainments were limited; they did not extend beyond the discussion of the question of immersion. His argument on all occasions was, "He went down *into* and came up *out of* the water," and this he would hurl at the mental heads of his adversaries in argument with the evident conviction in his own mind it was a settler. If it failed the first time, he gathered his stone from the brook, and encountered the Goliath with it again and again. His adversaries were generally forced to yield, at least they were silenced. He was fond of argument—a great controversialist, if not very logical. If his premises were true, if his exegesis of the Bible correct, then it was useless to debate with him at all. He was not always exact in quotation, and sometimes muddled his ideas; but that was the opinion of his enemies, and therefore not entitled to serious consideration. It is reported of him that after his immersion

he forced his way into a large concourse with a Bible under his arm, and exclaimed: "I am ready to discuss." At one time living in Oregon, he would insist on arguing with Bishop Scott of the P. E. Church of that diocese, until the Bishop even, one of the most genial and self-sacrificing gentlemen in the world, became wearied. One day the Bishop in reply to his favorite argument said to him: "Father Carter, suppose a man was immersed in water all except a small spot on his forehead: would he be baptised?" "No!" replied Father Carter, indignantly. "But, suppose you covered that spot, would he then?" "Yes!" said the old man. "Well," replied the Bishop, "that's just what we do, and of course the candidate is baptised." Father Carter hung his head for a moment as if in deep reflection, and then slowly replied: "Well, Mr. Scott, thar's something wrong about your argimint, but I don't 'zactly see whar it is." He had but one idea: it became part of his being; it was incorporated in his very nature. He was an enthusiast on the subject of "immersion," and being strong in his own convictions, earnest and decided in expressing them, he influenced others. He gathered around him disciples, even men of higher cultivation than himself. They saw an ignorant man, but an earnest one, and earnestness always has its weight. His preaching was an extraordinary compound of emotion, sense, nonsense, misquotation, and confusion of ideas. He certainly put his belief in the right of individual interpretation into practice. His preaching would astonish any city congregation, but it was at least stirring in its character. In the woods and under the giant trees and in the log school-houses of California, where he was brought into contact with minds as rude and uninformed as his own, it was that his emotional nature met a response and carried his audiences with him. A favorite sermon of his he called his "eagle" sermon, and was from a text in Deuteronomy:—"As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them." The writer once heard it, and its general tenor is indelibly imprinted on his mind. After a long-continued preliminary exercise, he began:—

"My friends, thar is menny kinds of eagles. They are singular birds—that is, they is quare birds. Thar is the gray eagle, with white hars on his head; thar is the bald eagle ditto, who goes about like a roarin' lion seeking what he may eat up. Thar is the grand old American eagle, what flops his wings and flies over all creation; and I hev heern tell of a double-hedder, an Austrian, but I never seed one, and I don't believe thar is one—though that don't signify, fur some of you uns might say you hadn't never seed God, consekently thar wurnt none. But thar is nevertheless, notwithstanding fur which.

"Now I onct knowed an eagle—that is, I knowed on him—and her too, fur thar wur two on 'em, a big rooster eagle and a hen eagle. It wur in the big mountings of Caroliny; and thar they pitched their tents in a tall and towering pine—right in the top—and it hung over a deep purcipice, whar it wur in danger of being participated down the purcipice when the 'loud winds did roar on Caroliny's shore.' But it wurnt; fur He calleth his sheep by name and they foller Him, and the desert blossoms like a rose, and the

barren are better than them that beareth children — nevertheless, notwithstanding fur which.

“Wal, these here eagles pitched their tent in this waste, howling wilderness, whar they wur as lonely as a solitary snipe in dog-days — down on Coyote creek, down thar — and the dear little babes in the woods which wur covered by the robin-redbreasts, who sung their funeral hymn. Thar they wur, whar they builded their nests and sot to hatchin’ out their chicks.

“Now when these eagles struck that are spot they went thair whole pile on it; *fur* it was to thair taste, and looked as if it had the color big. Fust, they got whar there wur two cross-limbs; then they brought big sticks, and laid ’em carefully round and round until it begun to look sorter like a big balloon careening in the sky, only it was on to a tree; then they put in it littler sticks, and littler and littler till bimeby it wur small and compact like. Then they got all the wool and down and moss and soft things, and put ’em down into the bottom, and on the sides of its inside, and made it smooth and warm and comfortable like — like unto the man what filled his barns, and told his soul to be easy and take things nateral like — and laid thair eggs thar — but fur the terrible voice that said: ‘Fool, this night thy soul shall be’ — that is, he wur to die that very night, and all his nice things wouldn’t be enny more use to him — though they wur’n’t hurt, fur thair eggs were hatched and all thair young uns came out with nary a single feather on them — nevertheless, notwithstanding fur which.

“Wal, these eagles and thair young uns in thair fine home, and had on soft clothing like John the Immerser wandering in the wilderness, whar they wur in kings’ houses — and the big uns fed ’em, as parients feed thair little uns — though thar’s a commandment agin stealing, which the eagles have to do, but it’s thair natur — though that don’t signify, fur a man’s natur is to steal sumtimes, and he’s got to fite agin that natur; fur when I would do good, evil is present — and a man aint an eagle-bird by chance — nevertheless, notwithstanding fur which.

“When the eagles growed up and had feathers — that is, when they came to the age of ’countability, which is expected of boys and girls like — though eagles’ natur is different — then the old eagles wanted them to fly abroad and mount up on wings of eagles, and jine the song that floats around the throne. And that’s whar the text begins; for that’s the way the Father up yonder wants us to do when we reach the age of ’countability — to fly upward — to fly upward and jine the band in the narrer way and pass through the strait gate. But they didn’t like to leave home and thair kinred and thair parients, and seek a country like unto the good old Abraham. —

‘Whar, oh whar is the good old Abraham?

Whar, oh whar is the good old Abraham?

Whar, oh whar is the good old Abraham? —

Safe in the promised land!’ —

“not knowing whither he went — though we know whar it is He wants us to go, ‘that land of pure delight.’ So the rooster eagle gits right among them and kicks right and left and stirs ’em up, and they

begin to feel an awful stirring and want to git away — fur He stirreth up the nest — and sometimes we are stirred up, and the power of sin is felt, and we begin to feel the hot air from below rushin' up like the air from a register — which by the same isn't used in this beautiful land of Californy —

'Whar the wild flowers bloom
All the year round'—

"and hear the devils cry, 'That's my game!' and feel old Satan a grippin' at us — and we git a kind o' scared like, fur he is stirring up his nest — but that aint enough. We crawl up like the baby eagles and look down and see the dark purcipse; we look up and don't see nothing to stand on up thar, fur we aint reconciled — and we look around, and the old scurvy pine-tree seems better than nothing, and so they settle down in the soft wool and down and comfortable things, and don't think of flying upwards whar the bright waters flow, and the rivers of waters clear as crystal, and the tree that shadders the airth, and whar thar's —

'Rest for the weary!
Rest for the weary!
Rest fur me'—

"and we air afeered to try, because, like the young eagles, we feel we are weak and like little babies in good, and fold our hands and say, A little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands, when I have a convenient season I'll send fur thee, fur almost thou persuadest me. We haven't tried our feathers yet — our pinions aint strong — to-morrer may be too late, fur the smoke of thair tormint is like unto a weaver's shuttle — it endureth but a little time and then it is gone, and whar are you then? Nevertheless, notwithstanding fur which.

"Then the old eagle goes off and 'fluttereth over her young,' and that brings us to the second pint of our discourse. 'She fluttereth,' she flops her wings, like unto as you have seen a hawk just gitting ready to pounce down upon a poor field-mouse — though it aint like that neither, for the hawk flutters in wrath, but the eagle flutters over her young uns in love. Brethren and sisters, she flutters in love just like when you see your dear little ones a treading of the downward path, and your heart flutters and flutters because you're afraid — and she goes above the nest and hollers *squawk* — which when you holler you means to tell 'em to 'take keer,' 'take keer' — only the bird's talk is not like unto our talk — and they hear that voice, and creep onto the sides of the nest, and see thair fond parient a-flopping of thair wings, and cry with thair little peeked voice *peek* — which means father dear and mother dear I like to foller you, — fur

'I'm bound fur the land of Canaan!
I'm bound fur the land of Canaan!
I'm bound fur the land of Canaan!
Fur it is my happy home'—

"and they'd like to foller thair father eagle and thair mother eagle, as they mount up and look at the shining sun without blinking thair

eyes — fur they say, that's our eagles' natur — and it's strange how often natur comes in — but a man like unto you and me can't — but I didn't mean these here eyes that we see with, but the inner eyes that can —

'Walk in the light,
Walk in the light,
While it is day'—

"and aint blinked by the glory and the shining and the brightness no more than them thar eagles ; but they see 'em floating on nothing, and don't know they hev got wings and the air can hold 'em up, so they cry *peek*, which means as before said, and look out and want to fly, but they dussent. Bretheren and sisters, they dussent — and only see the soft down and the nice wool and the good things in thair home here on this airth, and so they snuggle down like unto a man on a cold morning in his bed while the birds all are a-singing, and all nature is a-carousing the song —

'Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise'—

"and he's got to stir 'em up agin. Nevertheless, notwithstanding fur which.

"So he gits into thair nest, and begins to pick away thair soft things. Fust he takes away thair wool and cotton and moss out, and —

'The cold wind doth blow,
And if they have snow,
What will the eagles do then, poor things?'

"And the little eagles feel the hair and the moss and the twigs underneath aint as good as the wool and the down, and they look up and want to fly ; but they dussent, though they git very oneasy — they dussent until they begins to think hair and twigs better than —

'The river filled with blood,
Whar saints immortal reign'—

"And that's jist so if we won't fly upward. Then He takes one by one our good things away — our money, our goods, our chattels, our houses, our farms, our mines — the water that fills our ditches, the gold lead in our claim runs out, and thar aint the first nugget left. Even then we don't give in, and He takes the little branches away. Oh, my friend, it is sad when he takes the little branches away ! but they go, then all we cling to, like them little eagles with thair feet a-clinging to the last big stick that war put thar by the big eagles fur a foundation fur thair nest. The eagle hath stirred her nest, she hath fluttered over her young — and that brings us to the third pint of our discourse.

"And now, my dear friends, what does she do? Look, bretheren and sisters, what does she do? She spreadeth abroad her wings. Thar she is right up in the sky! — her wings stretched, like the shadder of a mighty rock in a dry land. Thar below is the little eagles a-standing on the last stick, the last prop, holdin' on with their tremblin' feet

like grim death, while fiery billows roll beneath — afeard to fly, afeard to stay, afeard to do anything, afeard not to do something — knowing thar is a deep purcipse, whar the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched — knowing thar is a place whar the streets run with milk and honey, and whar thar's no weepin', no mourning, no gnashing of thair teeth — knowing they hain't got nothing here, nor won't have nothing thar unless they stir themselves and fly upward. Oh, my friends, jist think on it! Why don't they fly upward? Thar they tremble and shiver and cry out, and want to fly but dussent — waiting fur a convenient season which never comes; and thar above all is the old eagle a-spreading abroad of her wings and looking down to see if they won't do something — like men and wimen, instead of jist staying thar like marble statues to be wafted about by every breeze — and thar she is a-spreading abroad her wings, until at last she gives one great squawk of wrath, and flops down on the whole brood, and knocks the last pin from under 'em. And whar are they? Yes, and whar are you, my bretheren and sisters? Whar are you? — some a-fluttering like wounded doves, down, down to the lake whar they cry for a drop of water to cool the parched tongue, whar Lazarus was in poor Dives' bosom — or a-mounting up on wings of eagles — whar they shall run and not get weary, whar they shall walk and not faint. Nevertheless, notwithstanding, fur which.

“And that brings us to the fourth pint of our discourse, which is He taketh 'em. And thar's different ways of taking things. Thar's people with mighty takin' ways, and thar's officers what takes you to jail — and thar's boys that takes apples and peaches, which things they oughtent — and thar's people what takes you in — which isn't meant for the good uns which take strangers in and takes keer on 'em — like unto the Gommorians when Lot's wife was took into the house like a pillar of salt and divided into four quarters and sent into the land of Israel, for which the anger burnt agin 'em — for the hurt of the daughter of Israel was sore.

“But He taketh them — I don't mean the eagles — and leads them to near pastures and beside still waters, whar there's no more sighing and suffering, no more weeping and parting — fur

‘Parents and children thar shall meet!
 Parents and children thar shall meet!
 Parents and children thar shall meet!
 Shall meet to part no more
 On Canaan's happy shore!’”

Imagine all this uttered in the most impassioned manner, the tears at times streaming down the preacher's face, and the quotations — from psalm-book, Mother Goose, or Franklin's aphorisms — chanted with a rich full voice, and you can get a glimpse of Father Carter in his palmy days. On Father Carter's preaching days in San Andreas the public “meeting-house” would be crowded to excess. People assembled not to laugh, but to have their feelings wrought up by the manner and excitement of the preacher; and those who could not appreciate, with the exception of a few graceless scamps, would stay away. An eloquent and learned Presbyterian clergyman, who also

visited that mining-camp, would collect a congregation of thirty or forty, and a Methodist, a man of culture and earnestness, would double that number; but Father Carter would "draw the boys," as he not very elegantly expressed it, in great numbers.

B. R.

A PLEA FOR SHAMS.

EVEN in this day of false pretences and pretensions, outrageous fraud and triumphant humbug, to take up the cudgels and offer battle boldly in their behalf is at best a gage of hazard demanding an extraordinary degree of courage. "Sin as you will," says irate Mistress Grundy, "lie and dissemble without annoyance from an indurated and perfunctory conscience, but leave vulgar ignorance the calling of things by their right names,—*'Quamque rem suo nomine appellare.'* Respect public opinion. Respect *me!* Let not thy next-door neighbor know what thy right hand doeth; for by *self-deception* alone shall society retain its *self-respect!*"

A plague on such Spartan morality, say I! I propose to make a martyr of myself, if need be, at the altar of shams, affectations, simulations, aye, and *dis-simulations* as well when the exigency demands. I believe they are good things. I believe they are right. I know they are expedient; and I am ready to give a reason—several of them—for the faith that is in me.

"*Affectation!* O law!" and pretty Miss Araminta lifts her dimpled hands in holy horror and artless deprecation of "the bare *i-de-ah*." Just so, my dear; 'tis the very bareness of the *i-de-ah* that so shocks your sensibilities. But wait a bit until I dress it up somewhat—clothe it in garments of reason and sound sense: perhaps it won't seem so repulsive, even to one as entirely free from affectation as you would fain persuade yourself you are. The truth of the matter is, Miss, and you may as well be told so now as later, you are full of affectation—an affectation of extreme simplicity and artlessness. You don't know yourself; but others do!

"The world's a stage" beyond a doubt, since Shakspeare said it; but life is a masquerade. As we, the maskers, move amid the restless throng, we fondly hug the delusion that though we pierce without difficulty the thin disguises of our fellow-players, and see them as they are, *in puris naturalibus*, we alone fill our roles so well as to defy detection. What all men believe is, in this case at least, a lie. Yes, we all pretend to be what we are not; and this being the case, seeing

we must perforce of human nature sail under false colors, why then, in God's name, let us run 'em up as high as possible. Let us pretend to something higher and nobler and better than our naked selves; and so shall we most surely find our very selves ennobled in the process of simulation. We shall imbibe a something of the ideal which we personate, and be by so much the better for our false pretences. Was not even the monkey that cleaned his teeth with his master's brush a better and a more respectable monkey for this, that his teeth were clean?

What are you doing, my boy? Reading biography? Right! Rake well among those dry bones; reconstruct the moral anatomy of your defunct warrior, statesman, Christian hero; dress him in modern costume, and take him for your model in the masquerade of life; for this is your very "hero-worship" that makes men heroic! Throw your chest out, your head erect, eyes far to the front, and say to yourself and to the world: "There shall be brave men *after* Agamemnon!" There be some who will laugh at you — affect to ridicule your "mock-heroics." Never stop nor stay for them: they wear the motley, and 'tis their role to laugh. But in this course of imitation have a care lest you confound trifles (of idiocrasy or incident) with matters of graver import and significance. Above all, beware of simulating the vices of your hero to the neglect of his virtues; by so doing you may escape the fate of the misguided youth who, having read the story of Alexander and untamed Bucephalus, was violently attacked by the idea that he also would "break" a colt, and be by consequence a conqueror. He broke his neck — rather a personal inconvenience than a public calamity. Infidelity will not make a Shelley of you. There was something better in Byron than "gin-fizzles" and lasciviousness; and the old coat, white hat and bad handwriting were by no means the essentials of "Honest Old Horace."

Touching the most difficult and delicate head of this excursive discourse, *dissimulation*, it were perhaps the part of prudence to say nothing. Some one — was it Scarron? — would have it "All men are fools as well as liars"; and says he, "I myself am perhaps a greater liar than the rest, but I deserve some credit for frankness in owning it." A certain somewhat casuistical friend of mine, a soldier and a strategist by the way, defines the act of lying thus: "The telling of a falsehood to one who has a right to the truth." However this may be, 'tis useless to argue the matter *ex parte*. Let us rather wait until somebody tries the experiment of living without lying. We venture the prediction that he will be kicked out of the first house he enters clothed in his outrageously unfashionable and indecent "garb of truth and simplicity."

W. H. KEMPER.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WOODPECKER.

A NORWEGIAN LEGEND.

O'ER a firwood trencher the housewife bent,
With bare arms kneading the barley bread;
And her eyes to the path oft wandering went,
That down to the Fiord led.

—"He is late;—no boat in the offing yet;
My loaf will be brown as a pinetree-cone:"
She muttered with feverish fume and fret,
As she heated the baking-stone.

Anon at the door a knock was heard;
And out in the gloaming clear and keen,
In well-worn mantle of lynx-skin furred,
Was a shivering traveller seen.

Out-stretching his frost-pinch'd palm, he spake,
"For the love of God, a bit of dough
Now lay on the hearth for me, and bake!"
And ashamed to say him, *No*,—

A miserly morsel the kneader chose,
And as in her hand it moulded lay,
A-sudden, it spread, and swelled, and rose,
Till it covered the kneading-tray!

"Nay, here is too much!"—and she rolled a piece
Like a curlew's egg: But as quick as thought,
It overran with its strange increase,
The table at which she wrought.

"See! *this* shall suffice!"—she cried amain,
And choosing what lightly an acorn-cup
Might carry, she shapened it: Lo! again
It grew to an armful up.

"Beshrew thee!"—she flashed, and her cheek waxed bright
As her crimson cap:—"Nor great, nor small
Be any the loaf bestowed to-night;
My Oldsen and I keep all!"

— Then sternly the stranger spake: “Yea, though
 Thou hadst more than thy utmost need sufficed,
 In thy greed thou wouldst share with none: for know,
 The beggar who pleads is—Christ!

“And now to the doom decreed thee, hark!
 Thy food, as a bird, (from thy kind accurst,)
 Thou shalt painfully seek ’twixt wood and bark,
 And save when it rains, shalt thirst!”

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

A STORY OF NINE TRAVELLERS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON BOARD. A STORM. WRECKED.

CAPTAIN BARKER, of the bark *Harvest Moon*, was well-known in the coast cities of the Southern States, and was everywhere recognised as a genuine specimen of his craft. Short, stout, red-faced, bald, bluff, and jolly, he was also firm as an officer, requiring the full measure of duty from his subordinates, and meting out to all with whom he had dealings the most even-handed justice. He was such an off-hand character that he had earned among the shipping-merchants, to whom he had long been known, the sobriquet of “Honest Captain Billy”; and let the channels of trade flow ever so sluggishly, he found but little difficulty in obtaining a profitable freight for the *Harvest Moon* whenever she was ready to receive, and seemed equally successful—as a rule—in obtaining good seamen. If we are to judge from his excited manner as he now walks the deck and plainly speaks his mind to two sailors who are lazily engaged in swabbing-off, he has for once been deceived in choosing men; but his determination is quickly taken.

“Mind’s made up, boys, you don’t suit; ’twould give me a fit to ship you another voyage. So we will settle, and consider yourselves discharged from now.”

“So short up as that, Cap’?” questioned one of the men, as he turned to take a look at Captain Barker.

“Yes; you have come short of duty the whole voyage through, and

have been a little worse than ever since we reached Norfolk. This is my last day for taking in cargo, but go you shall, and I'll trust to luck for getting better men. No deck-hand ever yet dictated terms to me. When a man don't suit me we part company, and I have never yet been worsted by following this rule. Laziness and Barker never sailed in the same craft before you shipped with me, and I don't mean to carry any more Jonahs if I can help it."

"Cap's in yearnest, Jack, we'd as well pack our traps," said the spokesman to his companion. "Let's go ashore and leave him to take in this last bit of cargo any way he likes, as he's so blarsted huffy," and both the sailors walked toward the forecastle.

The Captain had not observed the keen interest with which two strangers standing on the wharf had listened to his abrupt and summary dismissal of the men, and he would probably have gone ashore without noticing their presence had not one of them accosted him as he left the gang-plank. With a respectful touch of his blue cap he smiled pleasantly as he said: "Beg pardon, Captain, but we saw you dismiss two men just now, and would be pleased to know if you would like hands in their stead."

Captain Barker turned suddenly and measured the speaker with his keen eyes from head to foot, then scrutinised his companion with equal closeness. They were dressed in new suits of navy blue, had the well-to-do air of men just paid off, and were altogether so respectable in appearance and manner as to arrest his attention and induce him to question them further. "I do want men, my lads, but have had quite enough of such as you saw walk plank just now. Where are you from, and in what vessel did you ship last?"

The stouter of the two continued to act as spokesman, and replied: "We came out from England, Sir, in an emigrant-ship, but have soon grown tired of this wild country—all brush and swamp—so we are looking for a good chance to work a passage home."

"Have you ever shipped before?"

"Oh yes, Sir; we are at home aboard ship."

"Do you live in London?"

"As much as sailors do anywhere, Sir. I was born there."

"But your companion looks like a foreigner?"

"Only of foreign parentage, Sir; he's an Englisher too."

"Well, lads, I like your looks, come with me up to the Consul's office and we will see if we can come to terms. Captain Billy Barker is a duty man, all the sailors say, rough but right. If a man signs my ship's articles I expect him to do all he promises, nothing more, nothing less. If he does his duty all goes well; if he shirks, the *Harvest Moon* is the most uncomfortable place he could possibly have chosen for a voyage. That's my picture, how do you like it?" and he laughed with a jolly shake as he paused in his walk and looked them full in the face.

"Well enough on a short acquaintance, Captain. Afore the mast is no child's play, and we expect to earn our wages, so it's not likely we will fall out about work. We promise, too, a civil tongue, and hope the same from you. Orders are orders, but there's a civil way, and we hope you will take that way, for it's our experience that men think more of themselves when officers don't browbeat 'em."

"That's smooth talk, lad, but I can't promise much on the score of civility. I never swear at my men, but I don't polish up much when I want things done in a hurry. Imagine Captain Billy Barker saying, 'Jack, you'll please port that helm,' and Jack's replying, 'Aye, aye, Sir, with pleasure.' I should think in such circumstances that I was at a dancing-school. No! I speak short and sharp, but I don't mean anything but business, and my men must take me rough and tumble, as the old saying goes."

The sailor and his companion exchanged glances and then they took a searching look at the Captain; the one coolly calculating and valuing all the positive elements in the character of his man; the other — with those restless fiery eyes that our readers will remember — looking as if a rough word from the captain would speedily precipitate a rough and tumble of an unpleasant nature. Seeing the danger that threatened their plan should there be even a slight display of anything looking toward insubordination at this early stage of their negotiation, Hardy Flint (for it was he that had undertaken to manage the captain while Armero should be silent) now quickly answered: "We understand you, Captain, and are willing to ship and take chances. I've sailed with worse than you and lived through it. Barking dogs don't bite."

Within an hour after this conversation, Flint and Armero had signed the ship's articles as "Jem Stone" and "Charles Romer," had brought their movables on board the *Harvest Moon*, and were hard at work stowing cargo. The quickness and promptitude with which they proceeded with their work, and the intelligence with which they labored, soon convinced the captain that he had not in his emergency accepted the services of raw hands; good fortune had once more favored him with men who at least understood their work, and ere night came on he was heard to say, "Well, the new brooms sweep very clean at any rate, and I'll keep them sweeping. That sharp eyed fellow must work all the time, or the devil will play rare pranks with him."

The last bale of cotton had been stowed, and the new hands had given so much dispatch to the business that the captain, who was now more jolly than usual at the prospect of sailing so promptly, could not refrain from a word of encouragement as he passed near them. "You have done well, lads; I never had men who more thoroughly understood business; we will now get off bright and early in the morning." And the captain rubbed his hands gleefully as he went ashore, leaving Flint and Armero to congratulate each other on having made so good an impression.

"We have the wool over his eyes pretty well, Hardy," Armero whispered, "and no small thanks to 'Mr. Jem Stone.' I came near spoiling it all by my foolish temper when the old fellow began to talk roughly to us, though."

"Carlos, I always remember what the clown in the show told the lion-tamer when he put his head in the lion's mouth: 'Don't pinch his tail now.' It's a bad time to pinch the lion when he can pinch the hardest. We have got the old fellow on our side now, and it is the part of wisdom to keep him there. Should it ever grow unhealthy for

you in London, you might try a 'life on the ocean wave,' and the friendship of the Captain would then be valuable."

"Men who drift through life never know when they may run upon the breakers, or find some storm about to swallow them up; and therefore your cool head has given me wise advice, Hardy. How I shall take it, and by what means I am to govern my passionate will, are questions hard to answer; even with your example before me I am, after twenty years, as heedless as ever. If I had some restraining influence, such as you have in your sister, I might do better; but I am a wanderer. 'I care for nobody, nobody cares for me,' about tells the story. I told you I never knew my mother; that was true, but I did know my step mother: she was of gentle blood, very proud, and paid but little heed to the wretched waif that for a short time drifted into her home after her marriage with my father. I soon found that my birth, humanly speaking, was a miserable mistake, and that I had a home no longer in my father's house. I drifted out into the world, and am now what you see me. This is more than I have ever told any human being of my early days, but I desire that you shall understand some of the secret springs that move my wayward nature; for you have, even if law officers and the world think differently, been a true friend to me. Many of our plans have been dark and stained by crime. We have together wronged others and used that which we did not earn. And when I think over it all, I could sometimes wish to blot out the past; but I can't, and then I become more reckless."

"That is just me," said Flint in an emphatic whisper; "and when the reckless fits come on, there is a picture right in here next my heart that says to me, 'Brother, come back, I love you.' That fetches me back when nothing else will."

"Hardy, will you think ill of me if I again ask you to let me become acquainted with your sister when we reach London? If she is good and true enough to lead you back, may not her gentle influence soften my hard life?"

"Meaning no offence, Carlos, I again answer, Debby is a lady. I took her from the wretched hovel down in Chelsea when she was too small to remember that her mother was a common drunkard. She has been educated and well brought up in a clergyman's family not far from Coventry, and knows nothing whatever of her origin. I didn't see her myself for five years once,—the time I went to India; but she was taught to write to me regularly, and I paid the clergyman a liberal amount every quarter punctually to the day. She moves among people far above us; and when I visit her I feel as awkward as a pig on ice, although she tries so sweetly to make me feel that I aint rough and awkward and wicked—calls me her dear good brother, and makes me feel like I would give all the world if I had it just to be good one minute. Oh, I am afraid for any one who associates with me to know Debby; I'm almost afraid to know her myself!"

"Well, I won't insist, Hardy; you have been too good a friend to me for us to fall out about that; you may think over it on the voyage, and it may be you will change your mind before we reach home. If you do not, I shall feel disappointed, but will not blame you."

With a bright morning and a favorable wind the *Harvest Moon* began her voyage. All her canvas was spread, and a brisk run of a few hours carried her past the Capes and out into the broad highway beyond, whose waters had so often before yielded to her prow and carried her in safety. Three days passed by, the wind continued favorable, and Captain Billy was unusually elated, for never had his staunch bark performed her work more nobly, and he had every prospect of a speedy voyage. The dawning of the fourth day was equally propitious, and passing on deck "Jem Stone," who had continued to grow in favor with the Captain, he said cheerfully, "Well, my lad,"—the Captain called all his favorites "My lad"—"at this rate we shall soon see old England."

"Too much luck at the start, Captain," was the quick reply.

"Nonsense, Jem; I thought you had more sense than to believe in lucky and unlucky signs."

"Can't help it, Sir; but don't you believe in luck, good and bad?"

"No, I believe in old Master who guides the helm up aloft: He orders the luck for us."

"That is so, Sir, but He sends the signs. Our Irish game-cock flew overboard this morning, and that means a storm as sure as mercury falls, and you had as well get ready for it now. So much fair weather only makes the foul all the worse when it comes."

Captain Barker laughed until his face grew red at "Jem's" sign, and as soon as he could command his voice, said, "I should have changed the sign, Jem, had I known the old cock intended to commit suicide: the cook should have helped him out of the world and into the pot; he would have been no worse off, and I should have had a better dinner. Away with your signs, Jem; with stout hearts and brave hands we will soon work our way into port," and the Captain hurried away to another part of the vessel, leaving Flint only the more firmly convinced that there was danger ahead.

"He may say what he chooses about signs, Carlos," said Flint, as they were together on watch that night, "but men can't help being influenced by little things in forming conclusions about big things. I have a presentiment that ill-luck hangs over us; I can't shake it off, and I'm going to look it straight in the face. The moon changes to-morrow night, and I believe we will see sights in the shape of weather in the next forty-eight hours. Did you never feel that something evil was coming while everything around you looked bright and promised just the other way?"

"Yes, I have; but you are too cool-headed to be governed by whims of that sort."

"I never had such a presentiment before, and that is why it has taken such a strong hold on me. I know it was foolish to feel so about the old game-cock's sudden flight overboard, but I couldn't help it. Now, Carlos, if we do have hard weather, and the *Harvest Moon* can't ride it out, and you should be picked up while I go down where so many now sleep—"

"Hush, Hardy, are you going crazy?"

"No, I am talking in earnest. Now listen. If I go under, I want you to promise me to try and save a little package which you will find

in the bottom of my chest. Tie it fast to your body ; and if you ever get home again, deliver it in safety to my sister. Do you promise me ? ”

“ I can safely promise, Hardy ; but I thought you didn’t wish me ever to meet your sister ? ”

“ This would be a different thing, Carlos ; I now put you on honor, and ask that for my sake you will promise to be a friend to Debby if I should no longer be above ground or water, and she needed a friend. You know all about my affairs ; see that she gets her dues, and just watch her like I do — at a distance. ”

“ I pledge to be her friend for your sake, Hardy ; and never will I seek her society except in the execution of my trust, unless I see that a further acquaintance would result in good to me and prove acceptable to her. Can’t you trust me that far ? ”

Hardy uttered a feeble “ yes,” and here the conversation ended.

In the early morning-watch there was a change. Captain Barker had been tempted by the fine weather to indulge in an all-night nap, but had risen early, and was not a little surprised to find the beautiful star-lit sky of the evening before now overcast by thick black clouds, the sea every moment becoming more agitated, and the wind already beginning to moan and whistle, as now in fitful gusts and again with rushing force it played through the rigging. Already the mate had given orders to take in sail, but the work had not been executed more promptly than the exigency demanded, for in an incredibly short space of time the gathered fury of a fearful storm burst upon them, and the *Harvest Moon* was soon engaged with wind and waves. The issue of the struggle none on board dared to predict ; but there were no coward hearts there, and master and men toiled as only those do who feel that an idle moment may cost them the loss of every earthly hope, and even life itself. One by one the closely reefed sails were torn away and hurled into the deep ; wave after wave dashed over the deck, sweeping cotton and every movable thing before it ; and still the men stood at their posts, clinging with the energy of desperation to anything that would enable them to resist being carried overboard by a passing wave, and working when work could be done to ease the vessel or in any way better their condition. Before breakfast-hour all the deck-load had disappeared, and every moment seemed only to add to the fury of the storm, while the heavens grew blacker still, and the sea boiled like a huge caldron as it lashed the sides of the bark. Suddenly Armero heard a voice above the confused Babel of sound, saying, “ Carlos, my time has come, I can hold on no longer ; remember your promise ; God help me ! ” There was a shock, the vessel trembled with her effort to struggle up from beneath a huge wave that had almost engulfed her ; and as she once more labored up, Carlos felt himself borne along by an irresistible force — where, he could not tell, nor did he find out for several minutes afterward that he had been swept along the deck — the wave having struck on the starboard bow — and hurled down the gangway leading into the fore-castle.

Soon recovering his feet, he was forcibly reminded of his companion and of the promise of the night before, by seeing Hardy’s chest sliding about in the water that now covered the floor. To drag

it to the driest spot he could find, open it, and make search for the precious package, was the work of a moment ; and even in the midst of danger and sorrow he felt a thrill of joy as his hand touched the package and drew it forth. Only taking time to observe that it was securely wrapped in india-rubber cloth and bound with red tape, Carlos carefully placed it in the folds of a buckskin belt in which he carried all his valuables, and securing it about his person, ascended the gangway once more to aid in the struggle which momentarily grew more serious. Near the forecastle stood the captain, calm and cool in the midst of danger, and giving his orders to the men in a clear voice that could be heard above the roar of wind and waves. Seeing Carlos emerge from the forecastle, he called out : "What carried you below, Romer? Now is no time to be shirking!"

Carlos looked savagely at him as he replied : "The same wave that carried poor Jem overboard washed me into the forecastle gangway. I'm not shirking!"

"What! Jem Stone overboard?"

"Yes, Sir."

"How long since?"

"When we went down under that heavy wave and staggered so, not more than ten minutes ago."

"God of mercy! our best man's gone ; but stand by us now, Romer, and we may yet be able to ride the storm out."

Before night closed in upon that day of storm the *Harvest Moon* was a dismayed wreck drifting and laboring to keep afloat, with only half of her men and the captain left clinging to her for life, working by details to keep under the leak that was steadily gaining on them, and that threatened to engulf them in the angry deep.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FRAUDULENT EXPOSITIONS.

[A CHAPTER FROM A FORTHCOMING WORK.]

" . . . full of subtle sophismes which doe play
With double sences, and with false debate."—FAERIE QUEENE.

UNFORTUNATELY, ever since their signal political and polemical defeat of 1800, Northern politicians, writers and publishers have controlled nearly all the means of propagating political doctrines, and have used them most industriously and dis-

honestly ; and, acting in the spirit of a remark ascribed to a leading New Englander at that event, "The terms are against us, but their meanings are subject to usage," sophists began early to produce a "usage" or "public convictions"* of meanings. A national majority supported such new "usage," and war established it; and now, to bolster the said "public convictions" and give ease to the public conscience, the counterfeit definitions which are the subject of this chapter are coined and circulated through the land as Noah Webster's. Gouverneur Morris, who, being one of them, is good authority against them, estimates the honor and conscience of the legislative representatives of the Northern people as follows : "The legislative lion will not be entangled in a logical net. The legislature will always make the power which it wishes to exercise. . . . The idea of binding the members by oaths is puerile. Having sworn to exercise the powers granted according to their true intent and meaning, they will, when they desire to go further, avoid the shame if not the guilt of perjury by swearing the true intent and meaning to be (according to their comprehension) that which suits their purpose." This, to one who has studied and reflected on these things, sounds like truth as to the statesmen (so called) of the North ; but every true Southern statesman who attained to any considerable eminence, being trained as a gentleman, regarded moral and political principles and duties as out of trade, and his honor and conscience minded his oath and kept him within his procuration. Again, like all honorable and conscientious agents, Southern statesmen have always been strict constructionists ; while those of the North have sought to "make the power they wish to exercise," or to gain it by sophistical interpretation or verbal tricks. What they pretend is construction is more like building additions than like finding meanings and intents.

THE SHEIK UL GEBEL.

Hussun Subah, the founder of the Order of Assassins, which flourished in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, "composed for the dais, or initiated, a catechism consisting of seven heads, among which were implicit obedience to their chief, secrecy, and the principle of seeking the allegorical and not the plain sense of the Koran, by which means the text of that book could be distorted to signify anything which the interpreter wished."—[1. *Universal History*, 240] Massachusetts may be regarded as the American Sheik ul Gebel, or "Old Man of the Mountain," for she is the "Chief of the Assassins" of Liberty. In the formation of the Union, and for many years after it, she was the champion of Statehood ; but when she found the American *nation of provinces* would enrich her more than would the American *confederacy of States*, she set her 'cute lawyers to proving that a nation really existed ; and Dane Story and Daniel Webster, who may be termed

* George Ticknor Curtis, the biographer of Daniel Webster, claims for his hero all the credit of the perversions and the war, as follows : "It is to him that we are to trace that great body of public convictions which, ten years after he was laid in the tomb, enabled the Government of the United States to draw forth the energies of a people who would never have gone through the late civil war without these convictions." He further says Webster's fame rests on "the doctrine that regards the Constitution, not as a *compact*, but as a *law*," and more than intimates that the war was waged for its vindication.

her "dais, or initiated," founded the Massachusetts exegetical system, the purpose of which was to find some other than "the plain sense" of the Constitution, and "distort the text" of that instrument "to signify anything which the interpreter wished," and by such false interpretations to produce a theoretical nation whose fishing bounties, navigation laws and tariffs should fill her coffers, satisfy her greed of gain, and oint with soothing gold her conscience.

Under this cheatery arose the national "public convictions" which favored her appeal to the sword, and showed what now seems to have been the hidden meaning of her armorial motto: "*Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem*," which may henceforth be rendered as follows: "By the sword she seeks under [pretence of] liberty the quiet of peace [in her plundering]," and which thus consists with her avarice, her proneness to injustice, and her characteristic pharisaism, arrogance and tyranny.

THIMBLERIGGING EXPOSITION.

In the sapping and mining industry above referred to, we shall see how "the best minds of Massachusetts" have equalled rodent vermin, have been as difficult to follow and counteract, and have undermined to its ruin the sacred temple of constitutional freedom.

In 1830-3 Daniel Webster, probably under employment, abandoned his sound constitutional views of 1819, and played most skilfully "with double sences and with false debate." Said he: "Words are things . . . of mighty influence: because a just conclusion is often avoided, or a false one reached by the adroit substitution of one phrase or one word [or, he might have said one definition] for another." He saw that even the strongest logical position in any argument could be turned by making false definitions of the chief words of it, and having them accepted as "public convictions." Many an "adroit substitution" did he with flagitious cunning make, as has been shown; but let us now bring to view the "adroit substitutions" of "Noah Webster's dictionary."

Phrasing the process to be exposed as I do above, is dignifying it; for it is simply forging Noah Webster's most venerated and potential name to declarations of fact and opinion directly and flagrantly opposed to his life-long views, and "passing the counterfeits" as his statements, such acts being crimes against the people, against freedom, and against God, beside which the tricks of thimblerrigging, which they resemble, are mere innocent sport!

NOAH WEBSTER'S REAL DOCTRINES.

Noah Webster died in 1843 — aged 85 — after having attained the first rank of great Americans. He was one of the ablest and most efficient of those eminent patriots called "the fathers," who devised the new Federal system and secured its adoption. In 1784-5, he wrote and published his *Sketches of American Policy*, advocating a general government that should act, not on States, but directly on individuals, just as the State governments did; and should possess powers to effectuate its laws in like manner. When the Federal system

of 1787 was devised, he published in its favor "An Examination of the Leading Principles of the Federal Constitution," and in the *American Magazine*, founded and edited by him in 1787-8, he monthly, and most ably, exposed the essential ideas and traits of the system. I now present some extracts, not only to show the atrocious frauds referred to, but to instruct the people as to their real Federal polity. In the number for December, 1787, he says, "The whole body of people in society is the sovereign power, or the State; which is called the body politic. Every man forms a part of this State, and so has a share in the sovereignty; at the same time, as an individual, he is a subject of the State."

In showing that a bill of rights was not needed in the Federal Constitution, he said, "A bill of rights against the encroachments of kings and barons, or against any power independent of the people, is perfectly intelligible; but a bill of rights against the encroachments of an elective legislature, that is against *our own* encroachments on ourselves, is a curiosity in government."

Many such extracts might be given, all showing that the people, as commonwealths, were the nations, States, or powers of the land; that they were to federate to form the new polity as equal and sovereign States; that they were to govern themselves as republics, and that the agency of federal government was to have no powers but those entrusted in writing, all others being retained.

As to the equality and supremacy of the States in the Union, he said, in the first number: "The equality of representation, which was the result of compromise and mutual concessions, establishes *the equal sovereignty* of each State."

THE STATES ABOVE CONSTITUTIONS OF GOVERNMENT.

"The individuals who compose a political society or State, have a *sovereign right* to establish what form of government they please in their own territory."

In the number for January, 1788, he said, "... no constitutions in a free government can be unalterable. ... A State is a supreme corporation that never dies. Its powers, when it acts for itself, are at all times equally extensive; and it has the same right to *repeal* a law this year as it had to make it the last. If, therefore, our posterity are bound by our constitutions, and can neither amend nor annul them, they are to all intents and purposes our slaves. ... We have no right to say that our posterity shall not be judges of their own circumstances. The very attempt to make *perpetual* constitutions is the assumption of the right to control the opinions of future generations, and to legislate for those over whom we have as little authority as we have over a nation in Asia."

THE AIM IS TO PRESERVE THE STATES COMPLETE.

He said in reply to objections, that "the Federal Constitution will *preserve* our equal republican forms of government; nay, that it is their only firm support, and the guaranty of their existence."

The object universally held in view was the preserving of the States intact; and numerous quotations of similar tenor to the following from Chancellor Livingston, in the New York ratifying convention, could be quoted: "*Our existence as a State depends on a strong and efficient federal government.*"

ELECTEES AND AGENTS.

Noah Webster, in common with all the fathers, regarded all Federal officials (*i. e.* the whole Federal Government) as electees and agents of the States.

In a later number than the last mentioned, in reviewing the papers of the *Federalist*, then currently appearing, he spoke of the election of representatives *by the separate people* of the States; of each *State* endowing its own electors; of the appointment of senators *by the State legislatures*, and of the appointment *by the States* of electors for the President.

In February, 1788, he wrote that "the representative of a people is, as to his powers, in the situation of an attorney, whose letters commission him to do every thing which his constituent could were he on the spot."

A COMPACT AND A CONSTITUTION.

The Federal instrument involves *a compact*, because it has the assent of several wills, *and a constitution* of government, because it provides for constituting, or establishing and empowering the said government. In a subsequent number he cited Montesquieu's admission to prove "that a *confederation* of republics may be so formed as to unite the happiness of free States with the vigor of monarchies. The new Constitution may be an improvement on the Lycian *league*, which that writer proposes as a model."

And he quotes and agrees with Hamilton in article 85 of the *Federalist*, that, in forming a "Constitution of the United States," "13 *independent States* are to be accommodated in their interests or opinions of interest," "in such a manner as to satisfy all *the parties to the compact.*"

He, like Washington, Livingston, Hamilton, Madison, and all the leading fathers, considered that *a league of States* was formed by the Federal instrument; and in the subsequent numbers he publishes the States' approvals and ratifications that made them a "union of States," or "United States," as they called themselves.

NOAH WEBSTER NEVER CHANGED.

In these views he was consistent through a life spent in profound study of such subjects — *i. e.* for more than fifty years. All his definitions precisely conform to them. The American people, and all coming generations, could, in his great Dictionary, learn not only the true meaning of all the "mighty words" in which American political history and philosophy, the Constitution and the debates on it, were written, but the true exposition of that institutional freedom which was the peculiar boast and pride of the leagued or associated States or peoples of America.

THE "ADROIT SUBSTITUTIONS" IN WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

With much painstaking and ingenuity, false definitions have been coined and substituted for those of Noah Webster, as to all the important political and constitutional words of his dictionary. I now contrast the true and the false. The former will be those of 1844, the year after his death, and the latter those of 1864. The first column will exhibit the correct and beautiful theory—as held by all the fathers—of the American sisterhood of States: that association of "moral persons," who agreed for strength, safety, convenience, economy, and united wisdom, to join their authority, intellects, wills, and power in federal self-government; while the other shows the double fraud of representing the United States to be a State, the States to be counties or provinces, and the vicarious government to be a sovereign with absolute supremacy; and ascribing such wickedness and folly to the revered lexicographer, all of whose writings and definitions, through a long life, give such theory the direct lie.

Let us begin with the definition of

SOVEREIGNTY.

In the edition of 1844 it is as follows:

"SOVEREIGN. *a.* Supreme in power; possessing supreme dominion; as a sovereign prince.

"SOVEREIGN. *n.* A supreme lord or ruler; one who possesses the highest authority, without control.

"SOVEREIGNTY. *n.* Supreme power; supremacy; the possession of the highest power, or of uncontrollable power."

Of course only sovereignties could compact in the premises, constitute government over their subjects, and delegate their powers to be used in ruling them.

After the Revolution "the people" were the distinct bodies politic, or "moral persons," who acted in every political movement. Their individuality and entireness of body, mind and *will* as commonwealths must have continued till the end of their joint act of federation; and hence they could not be less than sovereign in the Union. In associating they earnestly and exclusively contemplated and sought self-preservation, and no sign of any *consent* to a change of character or authority is to be found anywhere. The sovereignties could but be the communities existing *after*, just as they did *before*, the General Government was constituted.

Let us now see the definitions of 1844 and 1864 in contrast.

"STATE," "COMMONWEALTH," AND "REPUBLIC."

In the edition of 1844 is to be found the following:—

"STATE. *n.* A political body or

[Of course no material change of the definition of a superlative word could have been ventured on. The "play with double senses," however, will be seen in the use of the word for *government* as well as *supreme political authority*. As sovereignty is in "the people," it cannot be in the elected ruler.]

In the edition of 1864 is to be found the following:—

"STATE. *n.* In the United

body-politic ; the whole body of the people united under one government, whatever may be the form of government. 'Municipal law is a rule of conduct prescribed by the supreme power in a State.' — *Blackstone*. More usually the word signifies a political body, governed by representatives ; a commonwealth, as the states of Greece ; the states of America.

"COMMONWEALTH. *n.* An established form of government or civil polity ; or more generally a State ; a body politic, consisting of a certain portion of men united by compact or tacit agreement under one form of government, and system of laws. . . . A commonwealth is properly a free State ; a popular or representative government ; a republic ; as the commonwealth of Massachusetts. The word signifies, strictly, the common good or happiness ; and hence the form of government supposed best to secure the public good." [It is further stated that the term is applied to Great Britain and other bodies politic whose forms of government are considered as free or popular.]

In the same edition is the following: "REPUBLIC. *n.* A commonwealth ; a State," etc.

Noah Webster then makes no distinction between ours and foreign States. Neither does the Constitution. [See Art. III, § 2, and Amendment XI.] A State, Nation, or Power is distinct in existence, independent in authority, and without a superior. If one of our communities is a State at all, she is sovereign. If less than a State, she is a county or province, and is remanded to colonial or provincial vassalage. Hence we see that Noah Webster, like all the fathers, teaches that the States are commonwealths, distinct, independent and sovereign in mind and will ; and he assumes that they could neither politically exist nor politically act in any other form, and hence that they could be associated only by a *foedus* and as a federation. Doubtless he considered it as absurd to think of consolidating thirteen moral persons or States into one, as it would be to weld thirteen natural persons into a giant !

States one of the commonwealths or bodies politic, *the people of which make up the body of the nation*, and which under the *national* Constitution stand in certain specified relations with the *national* government, and are *invested*, as commonwealths, with full power in their several spheres over all matters not expressly inhibited."

[The sophists who made up the edition of 1864, feeling responsible for the "public convictions" heretofore noticed, and perceiving that the former definitions of "State," "commonwealth" and "republic" exhibited the States as distinct bodies, not only in making the Union, but in existence afterwards, and that the giving of "Massachusetts" and "Great Britain" as precisely similar instances was fatal to the theory upon which the said "public convictions" were based, carefully left out the instances and changed such portions of the definitions as they thought militated against their theory.]

COMPACT AND CONSTITUTION.

In the edition of 1844 is the following:—

“COMPACT. *n.* An agreement; a contract between parties; a word that may be applied in a general sense to any covenant or contract between individuals; but it is more generally applied to agreements between nations and States, as treaties and confederacies. *So the Constitution of the United States is a political contract between the States,*” etc.

“CONSTITUTION. *n.* The established form of government in a State, kingdom or country; a system of fundamental rules, principles and ordinances for the government of a State or nation. In free States the Constitution is paramount to the statutes or laws enacted by the legislature, limiting and controlling its power; and in the United States the legislature is created and its powers designated by the Constitution.”

In the above two definitions Noah Webster says the States are joined by their own wills in “a political contract between the States,” in which they constituted the Government; that “the legislature [*i. e.* Congress] is created and its powers designated by the Constitution”; and that this “Constitution is paramount to the statutes or laws enacted by” Congress, and “limits and controls its power.” Hence he teaches that “the *Constitution* of the . . . States” and “the government” it *constitutes* are *subject to the States*. Sufficient proof is found in the frauds here exposed to show that the perverters themselves understood his teachings so, did not dare let them remain, and made the changes in the hope of deceiving “the people.”

DELEGATION AND DELEGATE.

In the edition of 1844 is the following:—

“DELEGATION. *n.* A sending away; the act of putting in commission, or investing with authority to act for another; the appointment of a delegate. 2. The person deputed to act for another, or for others. Thus the

In the edition of 1864 is the following:—

“COMPACT. *n.* An agreement between parties; a covenant or contract either of individuals or of nations.” [The rest of the former definition is suppressed.]

“CONSTITUTION. *n.* The principles or fundamental laws which govern a State or other organised body of men, and are embodied in written documents or implied in the institutions and usages of the country or society.”

In the edition of 1864 is the following:—

“DELEGATION. *n.* . . . 2. One or more persons deputed to represent others, as in a convention, in Congress, etc.; as the delegation from Massachusetts.”

representatives of Massachusetts in Congress are called the delegation or whole delegation.

"DELEGATE. *v. t.* To send away; appropriately to send on an embassy; to send with power to transact business as a representative. . . . 2: To entrust; to commit; to deliver to another's care and exercise; as to delegate authority or power to an envoy, representative or judge."

[The definitions of these two words are not much changed except in suppressing the truth that the members of Congress are "*the representatives of Massachusetts*" as a commonwealth.]

In these definitions Noah Webster keeps republicanism in view: the republics, *i. e.* "the people," are to govern themselves through their agents, who, being their citizens, are their subjects and servants. These are the Government, and the powers they as rulers wield must be "delegated" or entrusted, and the Government must be *a created agency with derivative authority*, and cannot be anything else.

Nay more; he says that the members both of the Senate and of the lower house of Congress are "the delegation" of a State, representing it as such. [See also the definition of "Congress" *infra*.] The States then are self-ruling commonwealths associated—"States united," to use his own phrase; and the general legislature is a Congress of States. [See "Congress" *infra*.]

If this was not Noah Webster's theory, why should the direct antithesis of it be now foisted into his definitions by tricksters, while all his statements and illustrations that confute their theory are suppressed?

UNION, AND E PLURIBUS UNUM.

In the edition of 1844 is the following:—

"UNION. *n.* . . . 7. *States united.* Thus the United States are sometimes called the Union.

"E PLURIBUS UNUM. One composed of many. The motto of *the United States*, consisting of many *States confederated*."

In the edition of 1864 is the following:—

"UNION. *n.* . . . 3. That which is united or made one; something formed by a combination or coalition of parts or members; a confederation; a consolidated body; as the United States of America are often called the Union.

"E PLURIBUS UNUM. One out of many. One composed of many; the motto of the United States, as being one government formed of many independent States"

Here we find that Noah Webster declared the "Union" to be "States united"—"many *States confederated*"; but that after his death his name was forged to the falsehood that "Union" means "*a consolidated body; as, the United States are often called the Union*"; and to the gross absurdity that *E pluribus unum* means in substance that several formerly independent States are consolidated into one government, and are no longer independent States, but provinces.

FEDERAL, FEDERALIZE, CONFEDERATION.

In the edition of 1844 is the following:—

“FEDERAL. *a.* From *L. fœdus*, a league. 1. Pertaining to a league or contract; derived from an agreement or covenant between parties, particularly between nations. 2. Consisting in a contract between parties, particularly and chiefly between States or nations; founded on alliance by contract or mutual agreement; as, a *federal* government, *such as that of the United States.*”

“FEDERALIZE. *v. t. or i.* To unite in compact as different States; to confederate for political purposes.—*Barlow.*”

“CONFEDERATION. *n.* 1. The act of confederating; a league; a compact for mutual support; alliance, particularly of princes, nations or States. 2. The United States are sometimes called the *confederation.*”

Here again we find Noah Webster, like Washington, Livingston, Hamilton, Madison, and other leading fathers, teaching the very doctrine the South bled for, to wit, that *the Union was a league or federation of States*, and the editors of the later editions fraudulently changing his doctrines.

CONGRESS.

In the edition of 1844 is the following:—

“CONGRESS. *n.* . . . 4. The assembly of *Senators and Representatives of the several States* of North America, according to the present constitution or *political compact, by which they are united in a federal republic*; the legislature of the United States consisting of two houses, a senate and a house of representatives. . . .”

The italics are used to increase the force of the contrast. But comment will be dispensed with, because it could add nothing to the

In the edition of 1864 is the following:—

“FEDERAL. *a.*” [Then follows the substance of the old definition, except that the words “founded on alliance by contract or mutual agreement; as, a federal government, such as that of the United States,” are left out.]

“2. Specifically, composed of States or districts, which retain only a subordinate and limited sovereignty, as the *Union* of the United States or the *Sonderbund* of Switzerland; constituting or pertaining to such a government as the Federal Constitution,” etc.

[In the edition of 1864 the second of the opposite definitions is left out.]

In the edition of 1864 is the following:—

“CONGRESS. *n.* . . . The assembly of *senators and representatives of the people of a nation*, especially of a republic, for the purpose of enacting laws and considering matters of *national interest*, and constituting *the chief legislative body of a nation.*”

exposition. Look on this picture, and on this! The true one is a federal *Congress* [from *congregior*, to come together] of *States* legislating for their subjects; and the base counterfeit and caricature presents a *national* legislature as sovereign over a *nation* of people.

THE SUM OF NOAH WEBSTER'S VIEWS.

Here then are Noah Webster's teachings, which he fondly thought he had embalmed in the *magnum opus* of his life, as a sacred historical testimony and bequest to his countrymen:

1. American political sovereignty, which is unlimited authority over everything in the State or nation, resides always in the people.

2. They politically exist and politically act only as republics or commonwealths called States. These are equals and sovereigns, and are subject to no political authority whatever.

3. They, as such, confederated, and thus formed a "union of States," called "the United States"; but made no change in themselves, either in being or authority.

4. They, as such, constituted governments — each *its* own, and all *their* general one.

5. To these, their creations, they "delegated" — that is to say, they entrusted — not their *sovereignty* or *right to govern all persons and things* in their territory, but "*powers*" of *government*, thus governing themselves and remaining supreme; and the senators and representatives chosen by each State are that *State's* *delegation* to represent her in the *Congress of States*.

In fine, Noah Webster always asserted the unquestionable truth that our system is a *confederacy* of States — "*States united*" [*les états unis*], to use his own phrase — and that their government was *their mere agency, or the means by which they governed themselves*.

THE FALSEHOODS ASCRIBED TO HIM.

In this matter of FACT AND TESTIMONY, he is made to teach, as truth, the untruth that our general polity is a nation or State, with counties or provinces as subdivisions, such as existed under Britain; that Congress is "the chief legislative body of the *nation*, to enact laws and consider matters of *national* interest"; that the Constitution is "the supreme law of the land," for Congress to enforce over States and people; and that, in short, the Government — *i. e.* Congress — has "absolute supremacy" over *allegiant* States.

All the recent declarations and acts of the dominant party of the country, and of the Government as administered by that party, entirely conform to these forged teachings.

PRO TANTO, THE BOOK IS NOT NOAH WEBSTER'S.

Noah Webster's dictionary means Noah Webster's definitions; and he and his name are responsible only for the products of his own mind. "*The chief value of a dictionary consists in its definitions*," says Noah Webster's son-in-law, Chauncey A. Goodrich, in the edition of 1847, which he "revised and enlarged"; and yet he, after issuing

many editions with Noah Webster's definitions unchanged, allowed men, engaged in a war involving these very definitions, red-handed from the field of slaughter, plunder, and destruction of freedom, to change them so as to justify their wickedness. His defence probably is that he entrusted the revision of political terms to some eminent lawyer (or higher-law quibbler), whose work he supposed was right; but Mr. Goodrich would not wish one who had contracted and then quarrelled with him, to have the right to *define anew the terms of the contract*; or one who had robbed him or murdered one of his family, to be allowed, after the fact, to *change the crime's description or the meanings of its words*! However, no verbal legerdemain will ever destroy the fact that these definitions have been fraudulently changed to bolster up those "public convictions" that made Northern feet swift to shed Southern blood, Northern hands deft at Southern plunder, and Northern despotism destructive to Southern freedom.

STINGS FOR THE NORTHERN CONSCIENCE.

The four-fold purpose of this chapter is now accomplished.

Sting 1.—Here is the very doctrine and cause of the South in Noah Webster's clear and beautiful exposition of American institutional liberty.

Sting 2.—The Southern cause is shown to be the cause of all the American States by the great Northern patriot and lexicographer's writings, and by his true definitions of all the most important legal and political words used in the Constitution and political history.

Sting 3.—As gross and mean a forgery and fraud as was ever tried at Old Bailey—perpetrated by the chief and representative men of the North—is now exposed.

Sting 4.—The deliberate falsehoods and cheateries herein exhibited (which the Northern public teachers glory in) undoubtedly produced those "public convictions" which moved the North to murder, robbery, devastation, and the establishment of permanent tyranny in the Southern States.

P. C. CENTZ.

MINA VANE.

THE first time we met Mina Vane was at the American Institute Fair. She was with an old schoolfellow of mine, and — But first I must explain who “*we*” were. “*We*” were my cousin Ralph Foy, his daughter Gertrude, and myself. Ralph was a widower, and I was his housekeeper, and Gertrude’s governess. Gertrude was her father’s darling, and mine; a sweet joyous creature of eighteen, on whom life seemed to have showered its choicest blessings as it does on some chosen ones, and in her I tasted the pleasures I had never known, the pleasures of a petted and happy girlhood, and the anticipated joys of a happy future. Everything seemed so bright before her that bright September day!

My old school-friend Mrs. Mart was chaperoning Mina Vane, and Gertrude and she affiliated at once as girls of eighteen will, while Ralph left Mrs. Mart and myself to talk over old times while he buried himself in the whirr and buzz of the machinery.

Sophy and I had not met for years and had much to talk over, and our pleasure of meeting was increased when we found we were within an easy ride from each other, both living in the well-abused State of New Jersey.

Sophy told me Mina was staying with her for the summer, or in fact until she could find some suitable employment; her father had died leaving her, his motherless girl, almost penniless, after having squandered his money in recklessness and extravagance.

Her story was so sad that I could but be full of sympathy for Mina, and yet I cannot honestly say I ever liked her. I have a prejudice against one complexion — tawny hair and green-gray eyes, and Mina had them. I confessed her beauty and charm, and yet my foolish prejudice caused a distrust of which I was so ashamed that I imparted my feeling to no one. But as the summer went on, and Mina was almost as often at our house as at Mrs. Mart’s, my feeling towards her became almost one of dislike. Sweet as she seemed, I felt sure she was naturally a vixen. Had she even once given way to passion or temper I should have liked her better. I knew it was in her; I saw it in the gleam of her eye, her compressed lips, and I knew her unvaried sweetness was assumed. In vain I told myself I was soured, that my own colorless and disappointed life made me jealous of any one who stepped into the sunlight I was now enjoying — and she did this to some extent. There was nearly twenty years’ difference between my age and Gertrude’s, and so no wonder the child felt Mina a more suitable confidante and companion than her poor old Mildred — and yet I had sufficed!

And even Ralph! Ralph did not call on me to sing when Mina was by. I almost lived over again the old buried agony of my life when I saw how little I was after all to those two dear ones. But this was jealousy, mean jealousy: I told myself so.

Of course Gertrude had the story of her love to tell Mina ; and all the dear trifles that it was so sweet to talk of, which she might feel were rather boring to me, were new to her new friend. And yet she need not have looked farther for a sympathiser : was not Robert Lane the very man I would have chosen for her? Ugly Robert! perhaps it was because as a boy he had been neglected and laughed at, that my heart had gone out to him. He seemed to have grown up so unloved, like myself, and bore his fashionable mother's indifference, his sister's scorn, with such quiet good-humor, that I loved him as a sister should have done ; and when I saw him watching my dear Gertrude so wistfully, and yet so hopelessly, I did all I could to encourage him. I played a matchmaker's part in that affair, and surpassed myself by my intriguing qualities ; and the end was that Gertrude loved him as dearly as a woman could. I believe his ugliness only made him dearer to her ; I noticed she looked disparagingly on manly beauty now.

Robert had been away a good deal since his engagement, on railway business, and he was now in Europe ; but when he came back they were to be very soon married. No wonder my poor Gertrude loved to take about her lover, and I tried to feel glad that she was so delighted with Mina.

As for my cousin, he seemed to care for Mina next to his own daughter. He took to giving her presents with Gertrude, and taking them about together, and indeed she often went now in my place ; and yet with all my sad-hearted jealousy I never saw what was coming upon us. Blind fool that I was !

The dismal truth came upon us one bright morning early in the year.

Ralph and I were sitting, our feet on the fender, by the bright fire. Shall I ever forget it — that fire and the snow without? How cheerful and bright it was all looking when my cousin said, stirring the fire :

"I suppose this wedding will come off pretty soon after Robert gets back?"

Robert was coming in April.

"Yes," I said, somewhat surprised at the remark ; "too soon for us. You will miss Gertrude very much, but not more than I."

"I shall miss her of course, but perhaps it is as well that she is to be married soon."

Something in the tone, a confusion of manner, made me stare in astonishment. Ralph had never spoken in this matter-of-fact way of his darling's leaving him, but I was not to be long left in doubt.

"Mildred, would you be much surprised to hear that I was about to — to change my condition?"

A second time in my life must that pain be endured! Ah! but he must not suspect my secret. I dared not trust myself to speak, nor was there need. The ice once broken, Ralph told all.

"You see, Mildred, I am only forty ; not a very old man after all. I had never intended to marry ; but when Gertrude has gone, it would be dreary enough for us both, while with Mina we shall be a lively, and, I hope, a happy trio."

"Mina!" I gasped. Happily he mistook my agitation.

"Yes," he said apologetically. "You are of course surprised. She

is very young: twenty years younger than I; but I am not the first man who has married a woman younger than himself and been happy."

I got up to leave the room—how cheerless it looked now!—and managed to walk steadily from it. My secret was safe. But how cruel! how cruel!

I am not writing my own story, or I should tell how I came to be thirty-seven and unmarried. Heaven knows I had not expected Ralph would give me the love at that age that I had not been able to win in my early girlhood, or I should never have been an inmate of his house; and for the five years of my life that I had devoted to him and Gertrude, no idea of his ever forgetting his lost Lucy in mine or any one else's favor had ever appeared possible. And though my love, my foolish old-woman's love, as I scornfully told myself, had slumbered so easily, the wound was reopened—ah! with how much greater pain! I was so absorbed in my own grief that I had forgotten Gertrude. Poor Gertrude! She saw soon enough how she had been made the tool of Mina. That enterprising young lady had no doubt concluded that as Mr. Foy's wife she would be vastly better off than as somebody else's governess, and had played her cards accordingly. Nothing could exceed the sweetness of her manner when she found we were informed of her position.

Gertrude or I could not dissemble with her or appear pleased at the state of affairs, neither did we do aught that should seem to reproach Mr. Foy, as indeed we had no right. But he knew the stepmother he was going to give his daughter was no longer the dear friend she had been; and whether Mina had any influence in the matter or not I cannot guess, but his manner to Gertrude gradually changed, until at last the passionate affection he had always shown to her appeared transferred to Mina, who smiled with her sweet false smile as persistently as ever. But I surprised one or two tigerish gleams that made me very thankful for my dear girl's sake that she would soon pass into another's keeping.

Gertrude suffered and drooped under the growing coldness of her father; but Robert was coming, and that was to her a glimpse of heaven. And I suffered, and could not dare to show it; and so if I was cold and silent when my heart longed to cry out in its pain, it was no doubt attributed by Ralph to sulks, and by Mina to disappointment at having to resign to her my position as housekeeper.

She probably whispered something of the sort to Ralph, for he told me his house should ever be my home, and that his marriage could make so little difference to me that I should only exchange Gertrude for Mina as a companion. I smiled bitterly. His house my home with her in it! How blind men are! Gertrude's mother had been dear to me, and I could have given up my best for her, and did; but not for Mina.

Meanwhile Ralph went on worshipping his new love, and Gertrude waited for Robert.

At last he came, and we had one sympathiser in our pain and shame, for Gertrude was ashamed to see her noble father the slave of a young girl.

Robert was surprised and indignant. He had not seen Mina then,

but of course she very soon came, and then I trembled anew. Mina was looking lovelier than I had ever seen her. Had she not been engaged, I should have thought she had dressed to make a conquest of Gertrude's lover. What sorcery was there about her! Robert's eyes followed her every movement as I had seen my cousin's do, and to Gertrude he was absent and inattentive. Mina could not help trying to captivate men, I believe, and this night she certainly seemed bent on subjugating Robert. Ralph looked uneasy as he saw her play off on another the little arts that had been so successful with himself, and Robert went down before her without a struggle.

When we separated for the night I tried to think it was only a passing weakness on his part, that he would return to his allegiance to-morrow. Gertrude turned as she was going into her room to wish me good-night; I pressed her hand, and I suppose my eyes showed the sympathy I felt, but for once she looked at me defiantly, and wishing me a quiet good-night, went into her room without staying for our usual little gossip. Poor child! I understood her; she would not admit a possibility of her or my fears being true.

Next day I was glad we had not spoken of Robert, for in the afternoon when Ralph brought Mina to look at improvements he was making for her, Robert treated her as he would any other lady, and in spite of various arts to divert his attention to herself, he went on reading to me and Gertrude, who looked at me triumphantly.

When she had gone, and Gertrude had left the room, I said:

"Do you recognise Ralph Foy in this infatuated man? What he can see in the girl I cannot imagine."

"Oh you are a woman: that girl is a siren! A sorceress, I tell you!"

He spoke with energy and passion. Had she bewitched him, and he was struggling against her?

"More like a viper," I said bitterly.

"Yes, and a viper too."

Gertrude entered the room, and no more was said. But I was again uneasy, and before long had sad reason for anxiety. There was evidently something going on between Mina and Robert. I had seen him twice meet her, evidently by appointment, and when they supposed they would not be seen, and after each meeting Mina was strangely silent for her, and looked at Robert with appealing eyes. I felt sure the younger, though uglier, man had made her regret her engagement, and it would not have surprised me to have found that they had both been false to their plighted word.

But Robert! How could I think it of Robert? And yet I could not doubt the evidence of my eyes.

My poor Gertrude, too, was conscious of a change. She had seen Mina speak softly but too familiarly to Robert, and his low answers, many trifles went to show her her lover's heart was hers no longer. At first she seemed determined to ignore the truth, and I did not speak to her about it; but one night I saw her pale and with difficulty suppressing her tears, and when I kissed her she threw herself into my arms.

"My dear, I have but you now. Oh, why was she not satisfied with taking my father from me? But Robert! my dear Robert!"

"Hush, dear ; Robert is not worthy of you."

Poor heart, I knew nothing I could say would comfort her.

A few days later Ralph had taken the pony-carriage to fetch Mina to drive, and Gertrude and I walked out. The fresh spring-day was inviting, and we walked on till we came to a grove that was one of our favorite haunts in summer. We were not very cheerful, and sat silently watching the —

"Shadows dark and silver sheen
Alternate come and go."

All at once Gertrude said in a quiet depressed voice, "Look yonder, Mildred."

I did look, and saw Robert and Mina approaching ; she was flushing and crying. Gertrude had risen from the mound on which we sat, and taking my arm, said hastily :

"Let us go."

And we went through the trees unobserved by them.

It was plain the meeting had been planned between them. I knew she had arranged to drive with Ralph, and had doubtless appointed the time, when she knew he would be safe driving to Mrs. Mart's, to meet Robert.

"My poor Gertrude !" I said, not knowing how to comfort her.

"It is too horrible to believe," she said, with a dry sob ; "but let us wait till to-night. When Robert comes I will know all."

That night Robert did not come.

I went to bed with a presentiment of evil in my heart. My sympathy with my dear Gertrude was so strong that I think it helped to deaden my own pain ; her cause for grief was so much greater than mine. She had been supplanted in her father's affection, and her acknowledged lover was a traitor ; in that lay the cruellest sting to a sensitive heart ; while I had only to mourn my own folly — no one had wronged me.

I was scarcely surprised when Sophy Mart came soon after breakfast next morning in a state of great consternation.

"What do you think, Mildred ? Mina has gone !"

"Gone ! Oh I feared it."

"What will Mr. Foy say ? What will every one say ? I could never have believed any one could be so ungrateful."

I could not sympathise with Sophy's distress, as I considered privately she had caused some of the mischief by her love of match-making.

"When did she go ?" I asked abruptly.

"This morning, I suppose. When I came down the girl told me Miss Vane had gone out very early and left this note."

She handed me the note, which ran as follows :

"DEAREST MRS. MART :

"Circumstances over which I have no control, to use a hackneyed term, compel me to go South to-day, and to leave your house in what may appear a very thankless manner. All I can do is to thank you for all your goodness, and hope you will think the best you can of me."

"And of course Robert has gone with her?" I said. At the same moment Gertrude entered, looking worried and sad.

"What is that about Robert?" she asked eagerly.

Then she had to be told what we knew. What we feared I did not say, for although I saw she was tortured by fears she would not admit, she professed to see only her father's grief; but the white lips and trembling hands told me what she suffered.

"My poor father!" she said, over and over again, and sinking on the sofa, she buried her head in its cushions. I strove to comfort her, but what could I do or say? I was at my wit's end, when I heard a rapid, well-known tread ascending the steps, and starting up with a low hysterical cry, Gertrude fell fainting in the outstretched arms of Robert.

"My poor Gertrude! my darling girl! What has been the matter?" he asked, turning to me and Sophy.

Of course joy never kills, so I need not say that Gertrude was soon able to hear something that Robert had to tell us, after he had had an interview with my cousin.

He told us he had known Mina three years before at Annapolis. A friend of his, a student at the Academy there, had been violently in love with her; but, although her father had been a gentleman, she had made herself so notorious by her coquetry that his family objected to a marriage between them; but notwithstanding Robert's effort to restrain his friend, in whose confidence he was, they eloped together. But the father had information in time, and met the couple as they were getting out of the train at Baltimore, where they were to have been married. In addition to this little history, other facts had come to Robert's knowledge afterwards that made him rejoice in his friend's escape, as she was quite unworthy any man's love.

Robert had felt all a man's reluctance to injure a woman, or use the knowledge he possessed to her disadvantage; but when he had to choose between the happiness and honor of Gertrude and her father and an unworthy woman, he could not hesitate to use his influence to make her depart without further disturbing the peace of his friends. She well knew if he related what he knew of her past, a man so strict in his ideas of woman's conduct would never make her his wife; but that she had ardently desired to be, and had used all her blandishments to win Robert to silence.

Partly by appeals to her better feeling, and to her pride in case of exposure, he induced her to take her departure as we have seen. How she had so far imposed on Sophy it does not need me to explain; suffice it that we heard of her no more.

Ralph felt the blow keenly, but I believe has lived to wonder at his infatuation.

Gertrude is revelling in the joy of recent maternity, and I find my happiness in witnessing hers.

HELEN ALICE NITSCH.

GLENGOLDY.

PART I.—GOLDIE.

THE moonlight filled Briarley valley, touching all beauty with softening light, and veiling all unloveliness with tender shadow. It shone on the dark rich mantle of ivy sheltering the little church, and glorified the slender cross on the summit of the tapering spire. It went softly into the churchyard and lingered about the graves. The last snow had drifted deep into a lonesome corner, and still covered softly and purely the unsightliness of a new-made grave: a little grave, waiting for the spring to beautify it with violets as blue as the eyes of the boy asleep there. Elsewhere the snow lingered very faintly in fairy wreaths, but here it was still pure and deep, and the moonlight lingered there a little.

Far away over the upland fields went straying the moonlight again. It came among the tall trees of a wide park to Glengoldy. The house was built after a quaint old style, with towers and gables, and all of dark gray stone. The moonlight, passing softly through a window, lay on the narrow space between the sash and the full sweep of the heavy crimson curtain, resting lightly on the carpet, and glancing into the room unheeded.

There was only one person there, sitting at a writing-table, his nervous shapely hand passing rapidly over the paper as he wrote. He had a bronzed manly face, with an expression stern, perhaps by habit; but as he was writing and busily thinking there was a light in his eyes and the beauty of a quiet smile upon his lips; for he was writing pleasantly to the woman by him best loved on earth—his sister; to his sister, Mrs. Goldsboro', the wife of Glengoldy's owner, the petted and beautiful wife of a man much her senior, one wealthy as pride could wish and not ungenerous. For the sake of his wife, her younger brother had been dear to him; and it was not until Caryl Esle had honorably finished his medical course and travelled two years in Europe, not until his coming home to take charge of Glengoldy during the absence abroad of his sister and her husband, that he learned that it had been for his sake she had sold her beauty to the best advantage; and that now, queen wherever she moved, adored by her husband, in the pride and prime of her three-and-thirty years, that she sometimes found her fetters "heavy and hard to bear."

It had dimmed the brightness of his life for him. His love deepened with the depth and tenderness of pity; but he had lost an illusion; and we love our illusions so!—to many of us the sweetness of life. With the fading of that fairest and sweetest illusion, his belief in his sister, and, through her, in womankind, many illusions that had made life beautiful to him began to fade also. Henceforward, those he had—every man will have some, of one sort or another—were of a less lovely and more saddening kind. People

began to say Dr. Erle was a woman-hater ; yet when thrown into society there were a brightness and easiness about him that bore no trace of an affected singularity. He lived alone at Glengoldy, for its owner was still abroad ; his work was almost wholly among the poor, and he seldom went where there were many people, save to church.

He was something of a poet in his way ; and once in a while something really good, a poem with a dash of color in it, a quaintness and sweetness of style, or a chime of music struck through the words of simple English, went straight to a high place in some well ranked magazine. And to-night this Dr. Erle was writing a letter which was one of the few things that gave a genuine throb of pleasure to a world-weary woman on the other side of the globe.

The moonlight faded from the narrow space behind the curtains. It passed away presently, and fell broadly in through the square window of a miserable cottage, lying upon the bare floor all pale and wan. There was no other light there, save the flicker from a little fire upon the hearth. By this fire a woman was sitting : a poor faded woman of the working-class. Perhaps she was thinking of the little grave in the lonesome corner of the churchyard ; perhaps thinking of days when she was a trim little village maiden, lingering by her father's gate in the summer twilight, hearing the chirp of the katydid, and waiting for the lad she loved : a rough, uncouth lad, but having, she had believed, a very true and tender heart. Perhaps she was thinking how changed was this sodden coarse man beside her ; perhaps of the faint voice of her mother lying at point of death, "I fear he'll bring ye to no good, my child ; take care, take care !" At all events, whatever the woman was thinking of, it was with so heart-breaking a face that it went to Jem's heart. He was more sober than usual to-night, and he put his hand on hers, half roughly, half timidly, and said in a gruff voice that yet had the ring of sympathy, "Don't take things so hard, Katy ; don't look so, woman. What is't I can do for ye ? I'm sorry about the boy." A flash of surprise came over the woman's face, the tears rushed to her eyes, and Jem seemed for the moment like the sweetheart of old days. She covered her face with her hands, knelt down and put her head on his arm ; and the moonlight lingered, for it was a reconciliation after much hard and bitter speaking for many and many weeks.

In at the window of the parsonage the moonlight drifted, falling on the golden hair of a child standing there. It was a tall, slender boy of some nine years, with blue eyes of such mild intelligence, a broad forehead so white and pure, and such a soft cloud of slightly curling golden hair, that his gentle, delicate beauty seemed almost angelic. The door of the room opened presently, and a stout old serving-woman entered. She went first to the fire and began to break up the soft lumps of coal, while the flames sparkled everywhere ; turning her head once or twice to look at the child, and at last calling him by name :

"Horace !"

"What, Martha ?" said the boy deliberately.

"Looking won't bring 'em, child. Do you see 'em yet ?"

"No, not yet," he said without turning. "Do you think they'll surely come ?"

"The parson mostly keeps his word, and he said so. Only maybe she might not be ready; you needn't count on women-folks much," said Martha, rising. Martha always spoke of women as if she had no part nor lot in the sex. "P'raps your cousin 'll be some sort of company for you," she continued. "She was a right merry little child."

"But she is sick now, isn't she, Martha?"

"She's been. She'll get well here, I guess; I'll nurse her up. I always liked her Ma."

"Tell me all about her mother, Martha. Why was she poor?"

"I don't know much about her mother, child. She married displeasing to her family. She was a pretty lady, tall and beautiful, and wilful and proud at times, but sweet-tempered to everybody, poor or beneath her. There was these two sisters, Miss Lily Goldsboro'—Mrs. Ashe—and Miss Laura—Mrs. Garnett—and the two brothers, Philip, the one in Europe with his wife, and your Grandpa Henry, our parson. So they were all very angry when your Aunt Lily—your great-aunt—married Mr. Ashe. Why, I don't know, though he did bad afterwards; but she stuck to him, and taught music and all that. They say she loved him to the last, and wouldn't have help after his death. She wouldn't have let her brother Philip's wife take Lily to Europe if Lily hadn't a-wished it. And the other, your cousin, she didn't wish it, though your Uncle Philip wanted her most. So she stayed with her mother till she died."

"Her mother died?" interpolated Horace.

"And—yes, her mother; two years ago. Now that her Uncle Philip has adopted her, they are coming home so soon that she is to stay here till they come."

"I think she was very good to stay with her mother, don't you, Martha?"

"She was always her mother's comfort and pet. Then she wasn't near as old as Lily; Lily was sixteen, and this one was only thirteen."

"I think I would go to Europe if anybody asked me," said Horace, reflectingly. He had turned away from the window, and stood with his back to it, his hands clasped behind him. So in the shining moonlight, unnoticed, the travellers passed up the walk, and Henry Goldsboro' brought home his sister's daughter. The sound of the latch brought the tête-à-tête in the parsonage to a close; and the lamp burning dimly on the table, there in the moonlight stood Goldie Ashe.

Horace looked up and thought, "A tall, beautiful lady;" and then Goldie stooped down and kissed the boy, her face cool with the night air, and a very faint color flickering in the wan face; and the gracious smile and greeting she had for Martha were like her mother's self.

The old rector caught up his grandson in his arms. He was a hale, white-haired old gentleman, with a face full of the mixture Martha had described: wilfulness, pride, and sweet temper. His little grandson loved him dearly, and kissed him over many times.

So the moonlight drifted away, and the lamp was turned up and burning brightly.

"Good afternoon, Doctor."

"Mr. Meredith, good afternoon, Sir."

The gentlemen met before the door of Julian Meredith's home, and he was drawing on his driving-gloves. He immediately pulled off one of them and shook hands.

"Going over to the rectory?" said Julian. "Have you been there? I suppose not."

"No," said Dr. Erle. "I don't know. I think I shall call."

"She's been here a week," said Julian.

"A week? Three."

"No, just one. A flying trip to see Horace. Being a far-away cousin of mine, I generally make myself useful when she comes, and drive her about a little."

"Oh, you mean Mrs. Gleason. Is she here? I thought she only came in summer."

"Horace has been croupy; she was scared and had to come. She generally takes a rest here in summer to get herself up for the season. Her husband is a good fellow; works like a dog all the time, and arrays her in all the purple and fine linen of the day. She's lucky."

"Have you seen her cousin?" asked Dr. Erle after a pause.

"Yes, once or twice. A handsome girl if she were not so pale, Yet she is quite brilliant when she chooses to be. I imagine she snubs *me*."

"Indeed! Well, I am detaining you. Good evening!" The doctor walked on, and Julian sprang lightly to a seat in his buggy and whirled away with his fast horses.

Fifteen minutes later another equipage stood before the rectory, and Dr. Erle in the parlor awaited Goldie. He scarcely heard her coming; the soft sweep of a woman's dress and the light sounding of her footfall were so unlike the coming of the child he had known of old. He turned as she entered.

"Ah, Goldie — is this Goldie?"

"Or her shadow, 'Uncle Caryl.' How do you do?"

"The thing for me to ask. My brother-in-law wrote me some time ago that you had been very ill; he told me I must attend you when you came here. Are you recovering?"

"Yes. I am going to get well after a while, I imagine, after my slow fashion."

"You *have* quite a new fashion, creeping about in that ghostly way," he said, a shadow of concern on his face. "Here, sit here by the fire. Your face is positively ghostly. You tried very hard to die, didn't you?"

"Not particularly."

"No! You must have had a strong hold of life to carry you through such an attack. Why didn't you die?" he said whimsically. "Because you didn't want to, I suppose."

He stood leaning against the mantel all the time, laughing a little as he talked to her. She, in her black dress, sitting in the firelight, her soft brown hair rippling a dusky relief to her white face, lifted her dark eyes gravely.

"Perhaps I did want to. I don't know why I didn't do it. It was

missing a very good opportunity." A sweet curve, a perverse little smile came to her lips. She leaned back in the chair, looking up to him. "Why do you talk about it? If one is just passing out of the shadow of death you needn't remind one of it. I don't like it."

"I am ready to keep your face from reminding others of it," he said. "It is a beautiful afternoon, and my horses are ready. I would like to take you to drive."

"Thank you; you are very kind," said Goldie, these very ordinary words having real meaning from the delight and surprise in the voice.

"Poor child!" said Caryl, with a sudden intuition, "I am afraid you have not had much kindness of late."

"How do you know?" she asked, half defiantly.

"From your new little ways of independence and indifference, that self-sustained air you have, your gracious manner of noticing a courtesy. Have these last two years been hard ones, Goldie?"

"Hard!" she said, starting from all calmness. "No one has been true to me, or just to me, or kind to me for two long dreary years." The passionate tears that burst from her eyes touched Caryl's heart as any generous man's heart is touched at the sight of a woman's tears. He came over to her.

"Goldie, as far as time gives me any occasion, I will strive to be true to you, and just and kind to you; and if at any time I seem otherwise to you, you must tell me of it, for sometimes I am not over-gentle in my manners, without knowing it. Come, let us go."

She dashed away the tears and moved to rise.

"Say first that you will try to get well and be a good and obedient little patient."

"Obedient! I can promise my obedience to no one!"

"Your affection then?" he said, after a pause.

"I must know you better," she said.

"Must you?" he answered, stepping back to his old position at the mantel. She looked up to his noble, masterful face, with its keen eyes and the beauty of its firm, sweet mouth, and repented of her harshness.

"I *will* trust you!" she said. "Wait; I will be ready to go in one minute."

A few moments after Dr. Erle astonished all Briarley by driving through it with a lady by his side. They passed up the broad road and left the village behind them. Goldie leaned back in the buggy and ran the tips of her fingers through on each side of her muff. She was warmly wrapped in the buggy shawls, and a comfortable, pleased expression was on her quiet face.

"I believe I said nobody was kind to me," she said. "I forgot. I had one teacher who was always good and just to me these two last lonely years at school — our professor of moral philosophy. I never, never will cease to thank him."

"Your professor? How old a man was he?"

"Our old professor, I said, didn't I? Oh, sixty at least. The music professors were not so bad either. Do you know I have always found women are apt to be harder on a woman when she's down than men? All the women about the school were simply spiteful because I was thought poor and friendless; the men were always a decenter set."

He laughed and said nothing.

"Is it long since you have heard from Europe?" she asked.

"About two weeks, I think. They were still in Paris. Lily seems to like it. By the way I have a very pretty picture of her, taken two or three months ago; I believe it is here." He produced a little packet of letters, ran rapidly over them, and drew out at last a photograph, which he handed her. Goldie took it and looked down on it with a little cry of delight. The features were perfectly regular, with a profusion of blonde hair softening the effect of the picture; but the dusky blue eyes wore a look of fatigue, and a half-amused, half-scornful expression rested on an exquisitely curved mouth. The slight drapery over the neck and arms was fastidiously elegant. This was Lily Ashe, the reigning belle in her set abroad.

"She has been gone five years. Do you think she was ever so beautiful?" said Goldie, lifting her rapturous eyes.

"I think she used to be more so, even more so. A course of dissipation rarely heightens a woman's beauty. Look at the curve of her lips! When I saw her she had a sweeter expression than any triumph can give her. She is going to wear herself out too; she is not strong."

"Ah, you are speaking professionally," said Goldie, smiling. "She is so beautiful here."

"Nevertheless our Lily will have not a whit of the rose about her if she does not come home soon," he said, half impatiently. "She will soon become a mere fashionable woman, all nerves and languor, poor child."

He bent over the picture, sighing as he said so.

"Do you care so much for Lily?" asked Goldie.

"I care very much. You two children, you ought to be noble women; it would hurt me sorely to see either of you throw yourselves away." He took the picture and put it back in its place.

"How long is your cousin, Mrs. Gleason, going to stay?"

"Only a few days. When do you suppose Lily will come?"

"They speak of September, but I think it most likely that they will come much later, go to the city establishment, and have a winter in New York before they see Glengoldy. I suppose you will go to them as soon as they come."

"Won't you?"

"I shall go up at once; of course not to stay."

"Don't you get lonesome there at Glengoldy all alone with that old housekeeper? I should think you would want to get away where there is something to amuse you."

"I get on better with me and myself than with any set of people. I am not a great society man."

"I have heard that you were not. Didn't you ever like gaiety?"

"Yes, in my day, perhaps. You don't know how old I am now; at least old enough for your grandfather. I have quite a paternal feeling for you."

"You look as though you thought you were a hundred; nevertheless, you are hardly old enough for an uncle. I haven't many cousins, except Aunt Laura's son — no male cousins — and I have a good mind

to say 'Cousin Caryl,' not 'Uncle.' I haven't any faith in these aged young men. *I* am young; I *feel* young; I mean to have a good time. You don't know what spirits I have when I am well. I mean to enjoy my youth, to glory in it; I like it! Yet even I am old enough to be world-weary and sarcastic and cynical, and all that, if I chose. As girls go, we're quite old at eighteen."

"I am thirty."

"No, not quite — twenty-nine. I know; and your birthday is in December — nearly nine months before you will be thirty."

"How do you remember?"

"I used to love you very dearly when I was a child," said Goldie calmly, looking away. "I'm not forgetful."

It touched him not a little. Dr. Erle had grown weary of "the world," that is, society. He had been deceived here and there. His darling sister was living a lie, and she was a bitter pain and grief to him, a grief that haunted every lonesome hour of the man's life. He liked her husband, and long ago had known and liked her husband's sister and the children; but he had thought seldom of them, especially of far-away Goldie, as a young man will forget children; and that she had remembered him was gracious and unexpected.

"This road brings us home by way of Glengoldy," he said, after a pause. "Would you like to go in? The old place is much more ornamented and in better trim than when you saw it last."

"I would like it very much," she said eagerly. "Can I go over it, see all the rooms, and climb up into the tower?"

"Not to-night," he said, "it will be too late. We will just drive through the grounds; but some time I will take great pleasure in doing the honors of Glengoldy."

"There are Mr. Meredith and Cousin Dora," said Goldie, as they met another buggy, which dashed by rapidly.

"Is it possible that that was Dr. Erle?" ejaculated Dora Gleason; "he is out with Goldie!"

"What will happen next?" inquired Julian, turning his head to look back. "Well, she is as strange as he is. That queer, cold little fashion she has of setting one back, have you ever noticed it?"

"Not particularly — yes — I don't know; she is very dignified with some people. You can't expect her to take your trifling as amiably as I do; we are old comrades, Julian."

"Have been some years; ever since mother came to Briarley. I was a boy then, and you just in long dresses. You're the elder."

"Yes," assented Dora blandly, though she always winced at an allusion to her age. "You were a wild boy, Julian."

"I'm as steady as a brick wall now," he said gravely; "and you, Cousin Do," pityingly, "you wear well though — very well." He delighted to tease her. Dora flushed, but spoke serenely:

"Yes, it was so silly in me to marry so young; such a mere child. How could I know how to choose? I wonder why *you* ever liked me, Julian?" pensively.

Julian was not in the humor for a flirtation. His pretty cousin had kept him several years for a mild amusement when she came to the country; he was rather tired of her at last, and though he attended

on her constantly, he atoned for it by an air of bored laziness in all he did, and occasionally by teasing her into a concealed rage.

"Oh, you were so pretty as a girl," he answered gravely; "you really were beautiful as a girl. And then a woman has such a fascination for an immature boy; a man loves a woman younger than himself; a boy, one older."

"How about Marian's love affair?" asked Dora, changing the conversation, and trying to make a hit at Julian through his sister. "You all rather imagined that Charlie West was taken with her, didn't you? Hasn't come to anything, has it?"

"I really hope it won't. I don't want to give Marian up; she is a sweet little sister, the most loving and amiable girl I know, and so young and fresh. She presents such a favorable contrast to every woman I know."

They rode home together in an equally amiable strain of conversation, and when Julian bowed and drove off, he laughed to himself at having vanquished a woman with her own weapons; and Dora, perturbed and flushed, sat down by the parlor window, smoothing her face as quickly as possible in the expectation of seeing and fascinating the unapproachable Dr. Erle.

Woe for her scheming! He stood for only a moment at the door of the parsonage, never looking up at the window, but talking gaily with Goldie, then dropping her hand, sprang to the buggy, glanced back to Goldie with a bow, and was out of sight in a moment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REVIEWS.

Recollections of a Past Life. By Sir Henry Holland, Bart., M. D.
New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"TO be able to enjoy a past life, is to live twice", is the motto (from Martial) which Sir Henry Holland prefixes to these very interesting, though too brief, recollections; and certainly the subject of them seems to have been quite exceptionally qualified by the combination of circumstances, temperament, culture, with prolonged life and vigor both mental and physical, to enjoy this two-fold life of experience and memory.

Sir Henry Holland—as we will call him, though the title was afterwards conferred—was born as long ago as October 1788, so that

he is now eighty-four years of age. At that time George III., then an insane old man, was still King of England; and in France the Notables were gathering to prepare the way for the States-General, and—though they did not foresee it—for events which shook the world.

When sixteen years old he completed his studies at the Glasgow University, where he made the intimate acquaintance of Sir William Hamilton, and commenced his scientific career by two philosophical essays. From the University he went to the Medical School at Edinburgh to study his profession. At this time Edinburgh possessed an unusual number of distinguished men, such as Scott, Dugald Stewart, Jeffrey, Playfair, Erskine, Alison, Dr. Gregory, Dr. Brown, Brewster, and others, with all of whom he became acquainted, and with most of those we have mentioned, intimately. This learned and genial society was however divided at that time, not only by political questions, but, oddly enough, by a scientific one. "A controversy was going on between the Huttonians and Wernerians, as they were called—the respective advocates of fire and water, as agents concerned in moulding the crust of the earth. . . . No compromise of combined or successive agency, such as reason might suggest, was admitted into this scientific dispute, which grew angry enough to show itself even within the walls of a theatre. A play written by an ardent Huttonian, though graced with a prologue by Walter Scott and an epilogue by Mackenzie, was condemned the first night—as many persons alleged, by a *packed house* of the Neptunian school."

While still studying at Edinburgh, in 1810, he made a voyage to what was an almost unknown land in those days—to Iceland, where he spent four months. The island was suffering from the ravages of small-pox, and the fact that their visitor brought a supply of vaccine virus caused him to be received as almost a public benefactor. At his second visit, sixty-one years later, though the generation of Icelanders who first received him had quite passed away, their grateful descendants welcomed him with public honors.

On this first visit he made the acquaintance of Geir Vidalin, the Bishop of Iceland, a "simple-hearted and excellent man." "My intercourse with Bishop Vidalin was carried on almost wholly in Latin. What spot other than Iceland could have afforded the picture of a Bishop coming home to a small and rude timber-house from his day of sea-fishing in the Faxe-Fiord, and sitting down to Latin conversation with an English stranger? If his Latinity," Sir Henry candidly remarks, "did not reach the level of Erasmus's 'Colloquies', it certainly was better than any I could reciprocate with him."

This voyage gave him a taste for travel which never afterwards left him. After taking his degree in Edinburgh he devoted a year and a half to visiting Southern Europe and the Levant, and the year following he again passed on the Continent as physician to the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline. On settling down as a practitioner in London, he determined not to deny himself his favorite recreation, and for fifty years passed regularly two months in travelling abroad, "accomplishing greater distances as nearer objects

became exhausted, and finding compensation for growing age in the increased facilities of travel." In this series of journeys he visited not only every capital of Europe, most of them repeatedly, but made eight voyages to the United States, four journeys in the East, three in Algeria, two in Russia, one voyage to the West Indies, with visits to the Canary islands, Dalmatia, Iceland, and other regions out of the ordinary routes of travel.

Contrary to the opinion of his friends, he found this scheme of travel in no way injurious to him professionally, while it was in every way beneficial to both mind and body. "On the day, or even hour, of reaching home from long and distant journeys, I have generally resumed my wonted professional work. The new methods of intercommunication since steam and electricity have held empire on the earth, often enabled me to make engagements for the very moment of my return. I recollect having found a patient waiting in my room when I came back from those mountain heights — not more than 200 miles from the frontiers of Persia — where the ten thousand Greeks uttered their joyous cry on the sudden sight of the Euxine. The same thing once happened to me in returning from Egypt and Syria, when I found a carriage waiting my arrival at London Bridge to take me to a consultation."

Sir Henry's affectionate study of the ancients — though he speaks very modestly of his classical acquirements — was of great service to him in his explorations in classic lands, and gave him, at least in one instance, that crowning pleasure of the antiquarian tourist, the identification of an important site, hitherto unknown. He says, speaking of his researches for the locality of Dodona, —

"The hope of future success here is somewhat encouraged by my having discovered, through similar traces, the site of the ancient oracle of Nymphæum, near Apollonia. This too was described as a *fountain of fire*; and under a general direction to the locality, derived from Strabo and other writers, I was further guided by finding an extensive and thick deposit of asphaltum near the presumed spot, telling me at once the probable origin of the fire of the oracle. This was speedily confirmed by observing in close vicinity numerous fragments of sculptured marbles, lying on the margin of a small circular pool of water, which seemed as if boiling, from the large volumes of gas escaping through it. Knowing well the nature of this gas, I struck a light and applied it to some of the bubbles, kindling a flame which speedily spread itself over the pool, to the great admiration of my Albanian guards; — a flame which disclosed immediately the secret as well as the site of the oracle of Nymphæum."

But his reminiscences of persons are far more numerous and interesting than those of places. His position as physician in attendance to the Princess of Wales, gave him the entrée of the most distinguished society of the time, and the associations then formed have been continued. He knew the ex-Empress Maria-Louisa, and many of the distinguished men of the first Empire, some intimately; was consulted professionally by the royal family of Spain, and Prince Godoy; had long conversations with the kind-

hearted Louis, ex-King of Holland, and attended his son, Louis Napoleon, the late Emperor, while suffering with gastric fever in London. Of the royal, or otherwise distinguished personages of whom he has anecdotes to relate, probably the most uncomfortable was Ali Pasha, who tried to coax the doctor to teach him the art of secret poisoning, and failing in this, requested him to read an intercepted despatch from the British Ambassador to Lord Castlereagh, in in which, as may be supposed, he was equally unsuccessful. He presented his guest with a Damascus sabre, which had been largely used in decapitation, sent him to look at the remains of 700 men massacred by his orders, and crowned his barbaric hospitalities by robbing his guest of his journals and sketches.

Of the more strictly professional recollections, some are curious. Sir Henry was once called on for advice by a gentleman of good social position, who had been seized with an insane desire to kill Mr. Canning, then Foreign Secretary, and had taken rooms near Mr. Canning's residence for the purpose.

A remarkable instance of medical judgment is indirectly connected with Mr. Canning. During a severe illness of this gentleman, Sir Henry attended him, and on returning from his patient called on Lord Liverpool to report. After closing their conversation, the Premier asked Sir Henry to feel his pulse, which he found "such as to lead me to suggest an immediate appeal to his medical advisers for careful watch over him. The very next morning Lord Liverpool underwent the paralytic stroke which closed his political life."

An instance of political prognosis as acute as the medical we have just cited, is related of M. Thiers. Sir Henry is speaking of a breakfast at which he met him in London, in the latter part of the year 1851. "A French newspaper came in, containing the report of a speech by the Prince President on the opening a new line of railway. Thiers started up, declaring that some speedy mischief was meant—wrote an excuse to Lord Aberdeen with whom he was to have dined, and set out for Paris the same afternoon. His prevision was verified. This speech was in fact the close precursor of the Coup d'Etat."

But this volume is not a mere budget of anecdotes. Some of the most interesting passages in it are the comments of its author on the changes that have taken place in society, manners and politics during his long life. He takes some shame to himself that he has never exercised the inestimable privilege of voting, though he has had the right for more than half a century. In fact he has no great faith in the ballot as "executing the freeman's will." "My personal experience of elections," he says, "curiously enough, has been greater in the United States than in England; and I am bound to say that that experience (embracing the preparatory stages both of Presidential and municipal elections) has not contributed to reconcile me to them. If any method could be discovered for sustaining the life and liberties of a great people, whether England or England's progeny, without having recourse to these periodical popular appeals, I for one should hail the discovery."

Of his visits to America, not very many particulars are given. He

seems rather to admire Mr. Seward, whom he calls his friend, and speaks forbearingly of Mr. Lincoln's "racy anecdotes" in "the broadest form of American speech." He speaks of Mr. Jefferson Davis, at one time a patient of his, and remarks how much he was impressed by his demeanor and conversation. But on the whole, his references to American celebrities are rather tinged with reserve.

But we must not unreasonably prolong our notes of this interesting book, and leave unnoticed what is perhaps the most interesting, in which he speaks of old age, and notes its phenomena, mental and physical, from his own experience. This we must leave our readers to see in the book itself, the interest of which we have but barely indicated.

W. H. B.

Memoirs of Madame Desbordes-Valmore. By the late C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Translated by Harriet W. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1873.

HERE is a very tender and graceful sketch of a woman's life, reproduced from the causeries of the most subtle of French critics. The small dainty volume, with its clear liberal type, its ivory like paper, its luxurious borderings, is all about a pure, noble, patient, suffering, self-sacrificing actress; who lived all her life in the fifth story of lodging-houses in Paris, or the provincial cities of France; who died honored and admired by all that is most reputable in French literary circles, yet poor as she had lived. A poetess of the minor feminine sort, who weave their personal sufferings and experiences into pretty, plaintive rhythms, and sing pathetic little songs over the needle and by the cradle. Some of these songs are translated here—elegies, lullabies—plaints—full of tender touches, corroborating the claim which Madame Valmore's contemporaries made for her, that she had "the gift of tears." Her letters, which are liberally quoted, show her to have been a modest, kindly, sensible, unaffected woman, generous in sympathy, keeping her pride and self-respect in all the straits of poverty; beautiful in her religious faith, still more beautiful in her charitable heart, which never permitted her to feel herself so poor as to be unable to do something towards relieving the distresses of those whom she thought still poorer. Her life was truly a hard one, harassed by an ever deepening poverty, and wrung by domestic afflictions. She was peculiarly devoted to her family, and it was her peculiarly hard lot to survive them all, parents, children, husband, sisters, and brothers. She was partly compensated, however, by the active sympathy of many friends, whom she drew to her by a certain magnetic attraction characteristic of her. She conquered the hard, boisterous skeptic de Balzac; she was greatly esteemed by Sainte-Beuve, Lamartine, Hugo, Béranger, Michelet, Vinet, Dumas, de Vigny, etc., and the great rude heart of the irreconcilable republican Raspail was completely melted in contact with her.

Sainte-Beuve never fails to write gracefully, and the translation—saving the poetry—is pretty well done. The translator's preface, however, is a mistake, although it is well written. There was really no occasion for it, in the first place; in the second, it pronounces an

absurd eulogy upon Sainte-Beuve, crediting him with a "refined spirit" and a "knightly soul," because he is supposed to be the only writer who has done full justice to woman. Sainte-Beuve certainly was a subtle critic, a master in his art, and he found it suited his purposes to flatter women to the full extent of his keen and cultivated knowledge of their characters. There is evidence, however, that he had anything but a knightly soul, and that his chivalrous attitude towards the sex was exclusively pen-service. E. S.

A French Verb Book, embracing a comprehensive Analysis of the Conjugations, with a new method for the Formation of the Tenses; to which has been added a complete Paradigm of all the Verbs. By Ernest Lagarde, A. M., Professor of Modern Languages and English Literature in Mount St. Mary's College, Md.; late Professor of Modern Languages in Randolph Macon College, Va.

THE author of this little work, "believing that in the present system of French grammar the greatest difficulty in its acquisition lies in the want of fixed principles and laws in the classification of the verbs," divides them into "the conjugations of the verbs *avoir* and *être*," eight "regular," eight "irregular conjugations," seven divisions of verbs which, "although unclassified, seem to follow general rules," and six divisions of those which "from their irregularity it was impossible to classify." "To this list must be added all the defective and impersonal verbs proper."

While this classification has certainly the merit claimed by its author, viz: that of novelty, and will be interesting to scholars already acquainted with the French language, still we doubt whether a division of the French verbs into *thirty-one* conjugations, besides several irregular verbs, etc., is calculated to facilitate the acquisition of a knowledge of the French verbs as well as the simpler classifications of Bolmar, etc.

Another peculiarity of this work is that a "table of terminations of verbs" precedes the regular "table of conjugations." We are at a loss to understand why the author should have deemed it necessary to devote twenty-eight pages to that table, as these terminations are printed in italics in the "table of conjugations," and can therefore be distinguished from the stem at a glance. Not only do we not believe that it is *easier* to learn the conjugations by first committing to memory the terminations unconnected with a stem, but we hardly believe they can be learned at all in that way. We doubt whether the author himself, if asked the termination of the third person singular of the past definite of verbs in "*indre*," would be able to answer without saying mentally, "*il joignit*."

The chapter on the use of the French tenses is good, and a study of it will repay those who have not yet mastered "one of the greatest perplexities which surround the learner of French."

The exercises are rather meagre, and instead of being crowded at the end of the book, ought, in our opinion, to have been put at the end of the chapters to which they respectively belong.

On the whole the work shows considerable acumen, and a thorough knowledge of the French language. As we have already stated, it will be found very suggestive by French scholars ; but, as a school-book for beginners, it is not superior to some works which we had before.
M.

Homes and Hospitals ; or Two Phases of Woman's Work. New York :
Hurd & Houghton. 1873.

THE problem which is fast growing to be, if it is not already, the most important that presses upon the attention of modern legislation, is the adjustment of the social condition of the masses in accordance with the revolution, springing from modern ideas, that has taken place in their estate. Democratic principles are now in the ascendant throughout the whole of Europe ; and the overthrow of the autocratic and despotic governments that still exist there is merely a question of time, to be settled probably in the near future. The moral power of Europe and America will doubtless secure the farther triumph of free institutions throughout Asia, and wherever else they may now be wanting. So that it is probably a fair presumption that the masses throughout the world will, before many decades have passed, be entirely emancipated from the political and social servitude under which they have existed in all past ages. What shall be the results of so mighty a liberation cannot be predicted. When we conceive the irresistible power that shall then accrue to the millions, and consider the small amount of intelligence and self-control there will be present to guide it, and further remember their galling sense of the injustice that has been done them by those who have so long lorded it over them, and what distorted views will spring from their ignorance, it is impossible not to be overcome with the gloomiest foreboding for the future of society and human governments, unless we have hope that some adequate agency shall be brought to bear to counteract these evils. Such an agency is Christianity, if carried out in the spirit of its Founder — the only theory of human life that brings each individual soul under sanctions sufficiently strong to restrain it from doing harm to itself or to others ; and while being the perfection of liberty, is the destroyer of every form of license. Upon the universal diffusion of this, the only true form of religion, is dependent the salvation of human society. And the great effort of every Christian now should be to bring himself and the whole body of believers in Christ to a full realisation of this momentous fact. Great and extensive as are the present philanthropic schemes of the Christian church, they are as nothing in the face of the great field of spiritual destitution that covers the world. Probably four-fifths of the population in countries nominally Christian, live without any practical recognition of God in their lives ; and the general prevalence of the most atrocious crimes in such communities is enough to appal the most hopeful heart. Is there not then every incentive to Christians to bring their lives into more full accord with the divine law of love and self-sacrifice ; to engage diligently in personal endeavors to bring men and women in all grades of society to a recognition of the claims of Christ

upon them ; to carry to the wretched and the outcast those truths which alone can reform their lives ; to imbue these millions which are rising to power and a growing intelligence, with a spirit that will ensure the welfare of the world? Says a great Christian philanthropist, commenting on this subject: "Did a king come to take up his residence among us ; did he shed a grandeur over our city by the presence of his court, and give the impulse of his expenditure to the trade of its population, it were not easy to rate the value and the magnitude which such an event would have in the estimation of a common understanding, or the degree of personal importance which would attach to him who stood a lofty object in the eye of admiring townsmen. And yet it is possible, out of the raw and ragged materials of an obscurest lane, to rear an individual of more inherent worth than him who thus draws the gaze of the world upon his person. By the act of training in wisdom's ways the most tattered and neglected boy who runs upon our pavements, do we present the community with that which, in wisdom's estimation, is of greater price than this gorgeous inhabitant of a palace. And when one thinks how such a process may be multiplied among the common families that are around us ; when one thinks of the extent and the density of that mine of moral wealth which retires and deepens and accumulates behind each front of the street along which we are passing ; when one tries to compute the quantity of spirit that is embedded in the depth and the frequency of these human habitations, and reflects of this native ore that more than the worth of a monarch may be stamped by instruction on each separate portion of it — a field is thus opened up for the patriotism of those who want to give an augmented value to the produce of our land, which throws into insignificance all the enterprises of vulgar speculation. Commerce may flourish or may fail, and amid the ruin of her many fluctuations may elevate a few of the more fortunate of her sons to the affluence of princes. Thy merchants may be princes, and thy traffickers be the honorable of the earth ; but there may, on the very basis of human society, and by a silent process of education, materials be found which far outweigh in true dignity all the blazing pinnacles that glitter upon the summit. And it is indeed a cheering thought to the heart of a philanthropist, that near him lies a territory so ample, on which he may expatiate ; where, for all his pains and all his sacrifices, he is sure of a repayment more substantial than was ever wafted by richly laden flotilla to our shores — where the return comes to him, not in that which superficially decks the man, but in a solid increment of value fixed and perpetuated in the man himself — where additions to the worth of the soul form the proceeds of his productive operation — and where, when he reckons up the profits of his enterprise, he finds them to consist of that which, on the highest of all authorities, he is assured to be more than meat, of that which is greatly more than raiment."

Homes and Hospitals is a record of the heroic labors of two devoted Christian women ; the one among the dwellings of the poor in a town in the north of England, and the other in the Liverpool work-house. The narratives are preceded by a preface by Florence Nightingale, whose name is a byword. The most indifferent heart cannot fail to

be moved by the story of these lives ; and many of the incidents related are most pathetic, some unmitigatedly sad, some of great horror — as many of those occurring in the cholera hospital at Warminster, met with unflinching bravery by the delicately nurtured women in charge — and some of sorrow mingled with great hopefulness. It is by the discreet and self-denying personal ministrations of such women, and men — who alas ! are fewer in number — that more good will be accomplished among the lower classes of society than by the most liberal donations to charitable institutions, which too often are administered in such a way as further to demoralise the characters of those whom they intend to assist, instead of increasing the self-respect and self-helpfulness. To those who have the desire to engage in charitable work, and are without present aptitude for it, these records of the actual experience of successful laborers will be very useful in giving hints, and in confirming their resolution and exciting a wholesome emulation.

LAWRENCE TURNBULL.

Reviews and Essays on Art, Literature and Science. By Almira Lincoln Phelps. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1873.

FROM our first glances at this book we inferred that the estimable author, having been addicted throughout a long life to the praiseworthy practice of keeping a note-book by her when reading, for the purpose of setting down such facts or reflections as she wished to impress upon her memory, and having found great benefit from it, had conceived the idea that by means of a little appearance of arrangement, a portion of these notes might be found as interesting, instructive, and novel to the public as they had been to herself. We say, throughout a long life, because many of the remarks, such as "the history of England is the history of our own ancestors ;" "authentic American history begins with the discovery and early settlement of our country ;" "the private motives which influence men in their public actions may be praiseworthy ;" "national character is but an epitome of that of the people who compose the nation ;"—appear to have been written down at a very tender age, when reflections of this kind seem novel, striking, and profound. The boarding school period seems to have left its traces in the odds and ends of misspelt and ungrammatical French, and of mis-translated Latin ; in the historical haziness which finds our ancestors among the "British barbarians," "of whose character we have little reason to be proud," whom "it is believed that St. Paul visited," and whom she conceives to have been "Druidical worshippers of the sanguinary Woden ;" and in the lofty severity with which she rebukes the Greeks and Romans for their worship of idols, of which she remarks with equal force and justice, "they were noble works of art, but as deities, what were they?" What, indeed? The period of middle age, with its more tolerant spirit, we fancied we saw indicated by the passages which treat of Louis XIV. and his mistresses, and the tenderness with which, while properly disapproving their errors of conduct, and "lamenting the immorality of the times," she speaks of "the lovely La Vallière, the sad history of whose weakness and humiliation we read with sorrow and

sympathy ; the beautiful La Fontange [*sic*], the perfection of whose person was only paralleled by the weakness of her intellect ; the magnificent de Montespan," etc. While that these annotations had been continued to the period of more advanced age, we thought we saw evidence on almost every page.

Our only explanation of the state of mind which could imagine that any one would be benefited or entertained by such a collection of odds and ends, in which everything really worth statement has been stated a hundred times before, and every time better, was found in the fact that the author has been for a great many years an instructor of youth, and might thus have acquired the habit of regarding the public as a class of children, to whom even such statements as "the art of painting is of great antiquity ;" "Puritanism did not expire with the Cromwells ;" "the pyramids of Egypt are older than the temple of Solomon ;"—would be at once new and surprising.

On reaching the end of the book, however, we learned from a collection of Notices from the Press,—characterised by the usual learning, good taste, nice discrimination, and freedom from adulation,—that its contents had appeared as a contribution or series of contributions to some periodical or periodicals ; a fact which should inspire with hope the most despondent aspirant for the honors of type, and would justify the least pretentious collector of "local items" in exclaiming, like Correggio,—“I too am an author !”

But for ourselves we can only regard it as a melancholy example of the infatuation that can delude respectable persons devoid of originality of thought, of special or accurate knowledge, of critical insight, and of the power of expression, into the belief that the emptying-out of a rag-bag of scraps and a slop-basin of twaddle can give profit or pleasure to any rational creature but themselves.

W. H. B.

The Fate of Marvin, and other Poems. By Thomas E. Hogg. Houston: E. H. Cushing. 1873.

THIS is a narrative poem, in the familiar eight-syllable measure, describing certain events which occurred—or are supposed to have occurred, in the late war between the States. The incidents, if not exactly probable, are not impossible ; they are affecting, and are told with feeling and without pretention. It is true, the action is hardly concentrated enough for a poem, and Karner, the evil genius of the piece, has too much of the melodramatic ruffian about him, but these are not the main defects of a work which we can not but consider as artistically a mistake.

The fault of the whole poem is its conventional unreality. The author seems to think that to describe a scene or an action in verse, requires a selection and arrangement of words quite different from those which would do the same work most effectively in a prose narration. For example, wishing to introduce his story by telling us that it was a stormy night at the end of December, this is the way he goes about it:—

"'Twas on one dark December eve —
The hoary year was ripe with age;
And now he soon must take his leave,
And pass from time's ungenial stage.
The clouds hung threat'ning in the sky,
A black and starless canopy;
And mad the north wind's tempest-surge
Howled loud and hoarse an awful dirge;
While sounding and resounding o'er
The trembling earth and low'ring skies,
The thund'ring voice of nature bore
The tidings: 'Lo, the old year dies!'"

Now will Mr. Hogg carefully consider this passage (which we take merely at random), and determine to himself whether his phrases about the "hoary" and "ripe" year being about to "pass from time's ungenial stage," accompanied by the "thund'ring voice of nature," and those about the "tempest-surge" and the "awful dirge," the "threatening clouds," the "lowering skies," etc., convey anything to the reader's mind beyond the simple statement that it was a stormy night at the end of December? If they really do not, will he next ask himself why he used them? We think this question, if unsparingly and conscientiously answered to himself in the secret recesses of his own breast, will do more toward helping him on into the true path of poetry, than many pages of criticism.

If the author — whose misfortune seems to have been that he has allowed himself to be led away by false and vicious models — will apply this test to all his future writings:—"How would these persons under these circumstances really have spoken? How would such a scene really have appeared, and what words will most simply and accurately represent that appearance?"—and not "How would Byron or Scott have described this scene or made these persons speak?"—if the author, we say, will constantly and firmly apply this test, when he next undertakes to write a poem, we shall have the pleasure of reading something of which we shall have more to say in praise than we can of the book before us.

W. H. B.

THE GREEN TABLE.

WE see that the marble for Valentine's noble sarcophagus and recumbent statue of Lee, is to be obtained not from the quarries of Virginia, but from Vermont. The preference of the sculptor himself would be to use Virginia marble; but the Virginia quarrymen do not know whether their stone is suitable for statuary or not, as it has never been tried;

while the qualities of the Vermont stone are known. This reason is a perfectly just one; and besides, as the *Enquirer* pithily remarks, "there is consolation in the thought that the Vermont marble was not made by the Yankees, but by God."

But the fact that Virginians do not know the qualities of their marble, nor what it is fit for, while Vermonters know perfectly well the qualities of theirs, points a lesson which we ought to have learned long ago, and must begin learning now. The gifts of heaven to the Southern States have been a hundredfold more lavish than to the North; but we have not cared for them. As a friend once said to us, "the very weeds of our swamps and fence-corners would support New England." New England—to her credit be it spoken, be the cause what it may—has diligently sought out the meagre bounties of Providence to her sterile land, and made the most of every one. We call ourselves an impoverished and ruined people, when the ground is fairly bursting with mineral, and the hillsides and hedges with vegetable wealth, if we will only take the trouble to look for it and pick it up. But for the salt-famine caused by the blockade, who would ever have heard of the mine of rock-salt on Bayou Petit Anse, the product of which is the finest and purest in the world, and obtained with the least labor? And we are not sure whether even this is worked now: the latest mention we have seen of it speaking of "a hitch in the interests, causing temporary interruption." In the meantime the South is paying a tax of from 18 to 24 cents per hundred pounds for the privilege of using Northern salt, while the gift of heaven lies unused at their threshold. On the Calcasieu River there is said to be a bed of "pure crystalline sulphur 108 feet thick." Is anybody working it? It appears not.

The other day we were told of a quarry of the finest mica, cleaving into large clear plates, being sold for an insignificant sum to the agents, we believe, of a Northern company. Mica of this quality is worth eight dollars a pound; and such a mine is more precious than a vein of auriferous quartz in California, or a diamond-field at the Cape. If we will not learn the value of our natural resources, we shall have to make way for those that will. If we are going to sell our birthright for a mess of pottage, at all events let us make sure that we get the pottage. At present it looks as if we were in the way to give up the one and not obtain the other.

AMONG the pert maxims of the present age is that which says, "the worst possible use you can make of a man is to hang him." This proverbial expression is gaining favor, and may eventually legislate the penal sanctions of law out of existence. But it is false as well as flippant. The very *best* use to which men can apply a malefactor is to hang him, because all the interests of all society demand his death. The proposition is very slightly enlarged if you read it: "The very best use you can make of a good man is to murder him," because this is the next inevitable sentence. The authority upon which human life is forfeited is the highest known to creatures, and the wisdom that originally annexed swift retribution to crime is better than most proverbial philosophy. Among many dismal portents threatening the future of America, none is more dismal than the growing laxity of law. The latter abides still, but the bold murderer derides the authority, which is degenerating into mere advice. Vigilance Committees are bad specimens of legal tribunals, but they are better than regular forms without capital penalties for capital offences.

How the idea that reticence is presumptive evidence of wisdom, ever got a lodgment in the brains of men, will probably never be known; but having once got there, it sticks like original sin, and goes down through all the generations. This idea may exist for the same reason (whatever that is) that a

man is presumed to be "honest until he is proved to be a rogue,"—or, that a drunken doctor is held to be a skilful one, "if you can only catch him sober"—even if that time never comes. The truth is, there never was a more absurd idea than that same one about reticence. Horne Tooke says that the use of words is to "communicate ideas." Talleyrand says their use is to "conceal thoughts." Now, it is our belief that ninety-nine out of every hundred of these reticent men do not "communicate their ideas" simply because they have none to "communicate;" and that they do not "conceal their thoughts" (*a la* Talleyrand) because they have none to "conceal." Is this a dilemma or not? If it is, what number of horns has the animal? and who is the more likely to be gored thereby—the reticent man, or the writer?

Is there such a thing as literary kleptomania? We mean a case in which a writer, whose provision of original ideas is ample for all his needs—perhaps even opulent—can not now and then resist the insane temptation to pocket something that belongs to another? Only on such a plea can we excuse Alfred de Musset, who certainly was not a "barren Labeo,"* for the following bit of assimilation.

In De Quincey's *Confessions of an Opium-Eater* we find the following passage:—

"Many years ago, when I was looking over Piranesi's *Antiquities of Rome*, Mr. Coleridge, who was standing by, described to me a set of plates by that artist called his *Dreams*, and which record the scenery of his own visions during the delirium of a fever. Some of them (I describe only from memory of Mr. Coleridge's account) represented vast Gothic halls, on the floor of which stood all sorts of engines and machinery, wheels, cables, pulleys, levers, catapults, etc., expressive of enormous power put forth and resistance overcome. Creeping along the sides of the walls, you perceived a staircase, and upon it, groping his way upward, was Piranesi himself. Follow the stairs a little further, and you perceive it to come to a sudden abrupt termination, without any balustrade, and allowing no step onwards to him who had reached the extremity, except into the depths below. Whatever is to become of poor Piranesi, you suppose at least that his labors must in some way terminate here. But raise your eyes and behold a second flight of stairs still higher, on which again Piranesi is perceived, by this time standing on the very brink of the abyss. Again elevate your eye, and a still more aerial flight of stairs is perceived, and again is poor Piranesi busy on his aspiring labors, and so on, until the unfinished stair and Piranesi both are lost in the upper gloom of the hall."

In De Musset's *La Mouche*, III. (1853) we find him illustrating the perplexities of a young stranger wandering in the labyrinthine palace of Versailles, in this fashion:—

"Dans *Les Antiquités de Rome*, de Piranési, il y a une série de gravures que l'artiste appelle 'ses rêves,' et qui sont un souvenir de ses propres visions durant le délire d'fièvre. Ces gravures représentent de vastes salles gothiques: sur le pavé sont toutes sortes d'engins et de machines, roues, câbles, poulies, leviers, catapultes, etc., etc., expression d'énorme puissance mise en action, et de résistance formidable. Le long des murs vous apercevez un escalier, et sur cet escalier, grimpant, non sans peine, Piranési lui-même. Suivez les marches un peu plus haut, elles s'arrêtent tout à coup devant un abîme. Quoi qu'il soit advenu du pauvre Piranési, vous le croyez du moins au bout de son travail, car il ne peut faire un pas de plus sans tomber; mais levez les yeux, et vous voyez un second escalier

* "All other trades demand; verse-makers beg;

A dedication is a wooden leg;

And barren Labeo, in true mumper's fashion,

Exposes borrowed brats to raise compassion."—YOUNG.

qui s'élève en l'air, et sur cet escalier encore Piranési sur le bord d'un autre précipice. Regardez encore plus haut, et un escalier encore plus aérien se dresse devant vous, et encore le pauvre Piranési continuant son ascension, et ainsi de suite, jusqu' à ce que l'éternel escalier et Piranési disparaissent ensemble dans les nues, c'est-à-dire dans le bord de la gravure."

THE DREAMER.

Low summer breezes faintly blow
Through clustering roses overhead,
Bringing with warm caress the glow
That dyes her lovely cheek so red.
My lady with a languid grace
Reclines within her bower alone;
Her brow is grave; from her sweet face
The loose dark tresses backward thrown,
Reveal the shadows fitting there,
Yet draw me closer to my fair.

Upon her lap a volume lies;
And while her white hand keeps the page,
Scarce do her vacant gazing eyes
Take in the writer's sentence sage.
The crushed red roses at her feet
Have fallen from her loosened hair:
Vain they appeal with perfume sweet
For loving look upon them there.

Her pet white bird for one caress
Doth flutter near and softly coo,
Nor can its simple wisdom guess
Why stays the hand it loves to woo.
Both lute and harp beside her rest;
Unheeded their familiar call,
As are the flowers she loves the best
That from her hair and bosom fall.

Oh tell me, May! what girlish dream
Upon you casts its gentle spell?
What vision born of poet's theme
Thus makes your snowy bosom swell?
You dream perchance of realms more fair
Than lowly scenes that round you lie,
Of love to mortal bosom rare —
Of this my sweet doth dream and sigh.

And yet this world from which you flee
Would gladden 'neath one gracious look;
And love and I here wait for thee
From tender reverie and book.
Then let me win you from your dream,
To smile on me with waking bliss:
For music, flowers, nor bird, I deem,
They are not potent as a kiss.

THE two great aims of the present generation in some sections of our country would seem to be place and money. The means, however discreditable, used for attaining these, are taken unfavorable note of by the world only in case of failure. Here, as in military matters, merit is measured by the final result, and many an infamous act is condoned if it but lead in the end to success. Moreover, such is the existing moral obliquity—to call it by no harsher name—that if either one of these aims be attained, however corruptly, the other is within easy reach, by similar means. The first step of the aspiring business-man is to make money enough—with little scruple about the mode—to buy place. The first step of the grasping politician is to intrigue himself into place, that he may steal money. And henceforth both these wealthy nabobs, despite the pauperism and general rottenness of the inner man, become by tacit consent—or, at most, only a sickly protest is entered, that dies and leaves no sign—exemplars for the rising generation in their morbid aspiration after wealth, and (God save the mark!) honor too. And the last feature is by far the most melancholy one of the whole melancholy picture.

UNSEEN LANDS.

The lands that I shall never see, how beautiful they are!
How softly sleep their twilight vales beneath the Evening Star!
What strange wild perfumes breathe around from rich and unknown flowers,
Intoxicating with their sweets the lingering summer hours.

The palms toss high their plummy crests, the trailers clasp them round,
While countless wealth of blossoms spreads o'er all the teeming ground;
White lilies nod beside the stream amid the rushes tall,
As lulled to dreamy slumber by the distant waterfall.

How thrills and palpitates the air through all the fervid noon!
How peaceful lies the placid lake beneath the argent moon—
With little islets where the arums stand in purple sheaves,
And bright-hued fish glance in and out among the lotus leaves.

The grassy slopes are filled with grazing deer in dappled herds;
All day the golden air is bright with many-colored birds;
All night above the water floats their carol sweet and clear,
Those wild delicious melodies that I shall never hear.

The giant mountains stand around with many a wooded crest,
And fold the lovely landscape in, and clasp it to their breast;
While still beyond, and guarding well the valley from each foe,
Far in the distance rise the peaks of everlasting snow.

No foot of man has trod the grass—Earth keeps her secret well;
The swans and rose-winged herons know, but they will never tell.
I wander on from clime to clime, but still it stands afar—
The lands that I shall never see, how beautiful they are!

WHAT a vast amount of inconsistency has been revealed by the temper in which the world received Darwin's man-an-ape theory. Many a man who had vaunted obtrusively his utter indifference as to the quality and condition of

his ancestry — his favorite motto being, "Every tub should stand on its own bottom" — vented his indignation profusely when told by Darwin that his remote ancestor was a quadrumane. If the practice of such a man accords with his lifelong preaching, the assertion, even in his presence, that his grandfather, or even his father, was a great liar, or a gigantic swindler — provided this assertion be true — should not move him either to shame or to anger. Yet when he sees, written in a book, by a man living thousands of miles away, that his progenitor, countless ages back, was some honest ape who was guiltless alike of lying and swindling — the fact that there was then no language to lie with, and no money to steal, don't alter the case, as every one, even a poor ape, is presumed to be innocent until the contrary is proven — he bristles all over like "the fretful porcupine," and empties his vial of wrath upon the eccentric philosopher. Could inconsistency further go? The truth is, only those who believe in "blood" have a right to take exception to Darwin's absurd and disgusting theory: for what can it matter to one who has no sense of ancestral worth, whether he is descended from a man, a monkey, a serpent — or even from the very old Harry himself?

HE who would venture, however modestly, to criticise unfavorably the works of "the Old Masters" would at once be "written down an ass," accounted an "outside barbarian." Thus are we bullied, dragooned into a non-reasoning, pseudo-æsthetic and extravagant approval of many works of painting, sculpture, architecture, which, doubtless, were condemned as bad even in the day and generation that gave them birth, but in which the keen-eyed critics of to-day are able to discover a wondrous and constant accretion of beauties, keeping pace with the deepening accumulations of dust, as their origin becomes more and more enveloped in the misty haloes of the past. To the bad with such stuff! Not even wine, if it be not good, is bettered by age alone; yet must we, perforce, continue forever and a day to smack the lips with sham gusto over antediluvian vinegar, stultifying ourselves lest we incur the imputation of a lack of taste.

"What ails me?" Why, I'm angry with somebody — perhaps myself — because I can't see by what right the ancient architects — classic infallibles — backed by Mr. Ruskin "and sich," have driven the world to declare that *the architrave of the entablature should cover only three-fourths, or at most four-fifths, of the top of the capital* — leaving the remainder sticking out in the cold — (no allusion here to de Staël's remark that "architecture reminded her of frozen music") — until some æsthetic marten or swallow proffers the artist a lesson in his art by building its mud nest thereon.

Enters my friend Agricola, lately returned from what he calls his "bridal tower" to Washington city. He says he "aint much on pictcher-paintin'," but is considered a good judge of horse-flesh, and he "wants to know" why the horses in the pictures on the Capitol walls, *excepting one* (probably the "Discovery of the Mississippi") "have all got bags of bran for heads, bunches of women's curls for tails and manes, and bed-posts or big bologna sausages for legs?"

"My inquiring friend," said I, "some hundreds of years ago the men who invented painting either could not, or would not, paint horses in any other way, giving all thought and care to the human form divine. Our 'rocky-horse' for children is an accurate copy, in wood, of the *equus nobilissimus* of those 'Old Masters;' and to this day many (fortunately not all) modern artists stick to the antique (called classic) type and model, for fear men should say they did not study in Rome. If their pictures are not like horses, so much the worse for the horses! Are you answered?"

THE
SOUTHERN MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1873.

GLENGOLDY.

PART I.—GOLDIE.—(Continued.)

“**A**S quiet as a mouse!” exclaimed Goldie, entering the rectory parlor. It was a bright morning in the early spring, all windy and sunshine. “I *thought* you had forgotten me, old book-worm!” And she quietly closed Horace’s big book, her little cousin making no resistance. “You’re nice! Promise to go walking with me, and then want to be a lazy little dog and curl up in a chair the whole morning!”

“You’ll wear out your natural history,” said Horace, slowly stretching his slender little body. “I’m a mouse, and a dog, and a bookworm. Presently I’ll be a monkey, or a little cat, or a goose, or a ‘queer fish.’”

“Or an old sloth. Come! stir up!”

“I’m a whole happy family in one. Well, I’m ready.”

“Here’s your cap,” said Goldie, delivering it. “Put it on. Who could ever deposit a boy’s cap in the right place but himself? Where’s your tippet?”

“Oh nonsense, Cousin Goldie; I found three violets yesterday.”

“Y s, and you gave me one, amiable creature! What did you do with the others?”

“I sent one to Papa in a letter—Papa makes me write to him once a week—and I gave one to Grandpa; but he didn’t want it, and I gave it to Martha.”

“She wanted it, I know; she loves flowers, blessed old creature!”

"Martha likes you," said Horace, as Goldie opened the front door, and they went out together into the bright sunshine of the clear March morning, down the path and through the gate into the road.

"I like Martha," said Goldie, holding out her hand to run the tips of her fingers along the palings, child-fashion, as she walked. With returning health she rose with the strength of buoyant youth over all troubles, and was almost as happy and merry as a child.

"Do you like every one that likes you?" asked Horace.

"Generally. For that reason I like you, Sir!"

"Are you so sure I like you?"

"Don't you?"

"Yes. So does Cousin Julian; do you like him?"

"I'll tell you whom I intend to like: your Cousin Marian. Don't you like her?"

"Oh yes; she's a goody sort of cousin. She came to see you when you were up at Glengoldy the other day."

"Yes. I'm going to see her soon. Holly, do you know where Grandpa Goldsboro's grave is?"

"Yes. Why? Do you want to go there?"

"If you know where it is."

"Why do you call him 'Grandpa Goldsboro'?"

"Oh because I had a Grandpa Ashe too."

"Did you ever see him?"

"Grandpa Ashe? No."

"He was a very smart man, wasn't he?"

"I have heard so."

"But he killed himself drinking, didn't he?"

"Who says such things to you!" exclaimed Goldie, adding with the stately fashion many noticed when her pride was roused, "He was my father's father; I do not hear such things of him."

"Mamma told Cousin Julian so one day, and he said, 'Nonsense,' so I wanted to know if it was true."

"You must not repeat to me what your Mamma says," said Goldie, who was especially hard on this little failing of Horace's. "It is what makes people dislike children; they say children tell all they hear. You must not repeat, especially what is said of people."

Horace drew up his slender little form, and said with the petulance of a petted child:

"I don't think you have a right to scold me, Cousin Goldie."

"My dear boy, I don't want to scold you. I love you, and I want every one to find you lovable. You have judgment enough to know that it is not polite to tell people things said against their kinsfolk, and you ought to be good-hearted enough not to repeat an unkind speech against any one to anybody. Now, there's Uncle Caryl always tells me if I talk at random about people or things; I think he likes me when he does. Come, let's make up."

She stooped down, and he kissed her readily: his winsome cousin with the shining eyes and lovely mouth.

"I wish while you're making me good," said Horace, "you would hear my hymns on Sunday: Papa used to."

"Well, I will. And didn't your Papa use to tell you when you did wrong?"

"Yes ; he was the only one, too."

"And didn't you love him dearly?"

"Yes ; but he thought I didn't do wrong very much," said Horace, putting his head on one side, half proudly, half shyly.

They were at the gate of the graveyard. They entered and walked quietly up a path. The grass, tender and green, was springing, and among the bare branches and dark cedar-trees, here and there a willow was budding in misty lines of faint green leaves. The softness and beauty of spring were coming forth.

"This is my great-grandfather's grave," said Horace, walking a few steps in a narrow path and pausing. Goldie stood beside him, and stooping, brushed a cobweb away from the marble. Just so old, just in the early womanhood of eighteen, her mother had stood by the grave of him to whom alone her imperious spirit had ever bowed and plighted faith : twenty-two years past, with Richard Ashe, Lily Goldsboro' had believed that if her dead father could have spoken he would not have forbidden the marriage ; and she chose her lot and bore its crosses patiently.

Goldie knew the story, knew that the troth was plighted here ; knew of the proud, patient endurance of her dead mother's wedded life in Briarley and elsewhere ; of her unfailing love for her husband ; of her struggle for independence when she was left poor and a widow : and the grave of her mother's father being the dearest spot of earth to her mother, she came to visit it. She wondered if her mother was happy when she stood there with her father's hand clasping hers. She, Goldie, had no one who loved her so well ; she had never had any one to love her save the pretty, forgetful sister across the seas, and that one who, living or dead, has the holiest and tenderest love a woman can give — her mother. She thought of that mother then with a feeling of lonesomeness and desolation that almost made her stretch out imploring hands to heaven, and long to call back the blessed dead to love her once more. There, footsteps broke in upon her reverie. She glanced up and saw Julian Meredith coming towards her. An aversion to meeting him just there took possession of her ; she turned and walked further hurriedly, with her eyes down-cast, and so stumbled against somebody.

She stepped back. A young lady, dressed in gray, with a garden-trowel in one hand, which she had just used in setting out some flowers, looked quite as startled at the collision as Goldie's self.

"I beg your pardon," said the latter ; then with a sudden smile of recognition, "Isn't this Miss Meredith ? I am Goldie Ashe."

"I missed you when I called," said Marian, extending her hand. "I am glad to meet you at last."

"I am glad also, but not so glad as to *meet* you in that vehement style. Please excuse me ; I wasn't looking."

"Nor I. I was setting out some pansies, and had just risen. I hope they will live. It is a little baby brother's grave."

"This is a good time to set them out, isn't it?"

"I don't know. I thought of it to-day, and came before I should forget. I never saw my little brother, you know ; he was born and died before I had any initiation into the troubles of life. He would have been twenty-two now."

"Are you going?"

"Yes, I must. Come to see me soon."

"I will; I have been intending to come."

"I have heard so much of you from Julian," said Marian, half shyly, "that I want to know you well. There are so few girls in Briarley of whom I like to make companions; and — I like your face so much."

Goldie laughed and flushed a little.

"I will be glad of a friend also; I have none."

"Nowhere? No school friends?"

"Not one."

"How strange! I had so many when I left school. But they drop off very fast, and I only write to one or two now."

"I think I knew a friend of yours at school — Gay Carisbrooke."

"Yes. Oh, is she as pretty as ever? Perhaps she will come to see me this summer."

"She is very pretty; one of our school beauties."

"A rattlebrain, isn't she? Oh, there's Julian! Brother, won't you take this trowel?"

"Good-morning, Miss Ashe. Give it to me, May."

"Good-morning," said Goldie.

"If you are going home now, let us all go home together," said Marian. "How are you, Holly?"

"Pretty well, thank you, Cousin May."

"How do you like to walk in the churchyard, Holl?" asked Julian. "Do you reflect on the vanity of human life? Why don't you take your cousin a more cheerful walk?"

"We are not done with the graveyard yet," said Goldie. "Horace is showing me about."

"Then you are not going our way?" said Marian, in a slightly disappointed tone.

"Can't you postpone the study of the epitaphs, Miss Ashe?" asked Julian.

"No, thank you. Good-morning, Miss Meredith; I will call soon." Goldie held out her hand.

"Good-bye," said Marian, taking it. Then after a moment's hesitation, she put up her mouth to be kissed. A little surprised, Goldie bent and kissed her, bowed to Julian, and turned aside with Horace.

"I like your pretty cousin, Holly," she said presently. But a stronger feeling had sprung up in Marian's heart, and with the fervor of a friendship that never grows cold with her, she said to herself: "I can adore Goldie Ashe." But Julian and Marian passed out of the gate, and all unconscious, Goldie retraced her steps. Horace kept close at her side, and from the soft and serious tones of Goldie's voice and the gravity of the blue eyes of the boy, one might have gathered that they two, in their own fashion, and in a way of unequal intercourse, were thinking and speaking on the old, old topic of Death and the great Beyond.

Horace had been taught little on the subject. The funeral of a child, a verse hit on by chance in the desultory, unobtrusive reading he did in the Holy Book, had brought it home to him just enough to

make him speculate on it in his large, thoughtful mind ; it was a mystical and shadowy realm to him, the world beyond, and he asked of Goldie now what she knew.

"Only this, Holly: 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.' It will be sweeter than we can imagine here. When the body is in decay, when it is a worn-out instrument, and cannot be made to speak or move, the soul is entered into a higher state. The soul all through life feels a capacity for things beyond this life, a suspicion of things beyond the reach of the senses ; and when the body lies dead, the soul is risen and passed forth into that unseen world, into the wise and beautiful company of spirits."

"And is happy," said the child slowly. "The good souls."

"Yes, those whom God blesses, and who strive to reach up to higher things in this life. Oh, we do it so little, Holly ; when our life is given us to study and love God and know His goodness, His power and His beautiful works ! The soul gets higher and purer in living, if we live so."

"And the wicked souls?"

"Suppose a man who thinks only of eating and drinking and fast horses, and all that. His mind is as earthy as his body ; almost like the 'brutes that perish.' Yet we need not judge him. God knows all about men's temptations, their good thoughts and their chances ; and He will judge them better than we. I do not ever want to say 'This or that one is eternally lost.' God judges, and we must leave them in His hands. Wicked people are nearly always miserable, and we should not be harsh to misery of any kind."

"But there is Jem Burton, he is miserable," said Horace with a child's quickness, "and Grandpa is very harsh to him. He says he is a good-for-nothing drunken fellow, and he would not give him work. And Katy Burton, she washes for us, you know ; and Martha says Katy thinks it's very hard no one gives her Jem work, when he is trying to do better."

"There he is now," said Goldie as they neared the western fence of the graveyard. Jem was in the road, and not so sober as might have been desirable, but Goldie's innocence did not detect this, and with the sudden impulse of warm-hearted youth, she said, "I'll try and help him. Jem!"

He looked around, saw her, and came slowly to the iron fence, looking in.

"Jem, do you want work?" asked Goldie. "I am sorry that you got none yesterday. If you will come in and weed out this corner of the churchyard, I will give you a quarter. See how thick the briars are here!"

All innocent, Goldie pointed, unwitting that at her feet was the neglected grave of Jem's boy. He knew the spot. He looked at her for a moment like a wild beast, set his teeth, and hissed out slowly such a terrible curse that the color flitted away from Goldie's face, and she stepped back aghast.

He turned and staggered away ; and the two cousins, horrified and disgusted, turned away. Goldie wondered why he had cursed her.

His eyes haunted her ; and all the homeward way she almost expected to see him spring forth from bush or tree to hurt her. And day after day this man haunted her memory.

Mrs. Gleason had gone, and Goldie and Horace were almost inseparable companions ; and after a while it came so that morning after morning the two walked from the parsonage to Glengoldy, where, whether Dr. Erle were there or not, they were equally at home. For he had thrown open the library to Goldie ; and she, reading with the eagerness of a book-loving, impressionable nature, spent half her days there ; while careful, quiet little Horace, with the broad brow and eyes full of quaint, childish wisdom, sat turning leaves of wonderful pictures or skimming here and there intelligible parts of books of curious lore. Dr. Erle came in and sat sometimes ; sometimes came only for a moment, his whip and gloves in one hand, ready to go and see his patients. Then Goldie's eyes would lighten, and her face grow brighter. Horace would watch them sometimes as they stood talking in the bay-window a few moments, or as Goldie held up a book for him to help her through a hard page of translation, or to elucidate some knotty and obscure process in the book of an old logician. Goldie read everything, Horace thought ; yes, everything except a case of books which Dr. Erle, closing gravely, had asked her not to open. He had with brotherly care taken from her all things he thought harmful, and she acquiesced. She seldom crossed Caryl Erle. Sometimes she asserted a different opinion, and did not yield until convinced by force of argument of her mistake ; then she acknowledged his superior wisdom gladly and graciously. And he — tender and open-hearted by nature, sternly self-educated to coldness and asceticism, and believing himself rugged and hard-hearted, his better nature, the poetry and fancy and beauty of his mind, shone forth when Goldie came, like the alchemist's stone, to brighten lead into pure and precious gold.

Perhaps it was with a thought of her he gave the rein to his horses and rode swiftly toward Briarley one May afternoon. He had not been called to see many patients, and, his horses fresh, his senses charmed by the beauty of the afternoon, which was within an hour of sunset, he thought of taking Goldie for a drive. They had made a half-engagement : "if he had time," he had said. There came a subdued smile to his lips, a thoughtful look to his eyes, thinking of her, the sweetest and pleasantest thing in his walk of life, when suddenly he heard a cry, a short, "exceeding bitter" cry, as of some one in sharp pain, a woman's voice. He drove shortly around the angle of the road and saw the cause. In the hedge at the side of the road was a woman struggling in deadly pain, and a second glance discovered that it was Katy Burton, her arm and wrist wrenched almost to dislocation by her husband, as she held her hand desperately clenched, and he to open it used this cruelty.

"Let the woman go !" shouted Dr. Erle.

Jem stopped the twisting and looked up, but without loosing her wholly, and Katy cried :

"Oh, Doctor, save me ! It's my money ; I earned it ! He'd but get drunk on it, and not a bit in the house to eat for me or him. Oh, make him let me go !"

"Let her go!" repeated the Doctor, resolutely.

"It's my wife, and no man has a right to take her from me!" growled Jem, savagely.

"She is a woman, and any man has a right to protect her," said the Doctor. "Your wife! And do you deserve such a wife? You ill-treat her. You have killed your boy; you shan't do the same for her! Let go if you are a man; otherwise I will treat you like a brute!"

Jem's face grew black.

"Ye've thrown the boy at me before!" he shouted. "Ye've laid it on me before. Ye needn't think to touch my heart by the boy. He's my boy, and it's my wife, and I dare ye to meddle and interfere!"

"Katy, come get in the buggy. Now, Jem, will you let go?"

"No, I wi' not!"

"Then take care," said Dr. Erle, bending forward and taking hold of his whip. "Will you let go?"

"No!" roared a voice of fury.

Swish—swish! It was a sharp and cruel lash. Safe and sure one stroke smote Jem's hand, and Katy sprang free; and as he plunged after her a sharper blow across his face sent him reeling back. Katy clambered terrified into the buggy. They drove off, but not before Jem's threat reached them, thundered out in a raging passion and with an awful curse:

"Take ye care! I'll ha' the heart's blood on ye! Ye need not go so fast; I'll kill ye stark, by the —— ——!"

And after that nought was seen of Jem Burton in Briarley for many and many a day. Katy, afraid to live alone and unprotected in the lonesome hut, came to the parsonage, and was taken under Martha's protection; but Goldie's fear and dread of Jem Burton increased day by day. She implored Caryl Erle to arm himself. He laughed at her and went his way, but she would not be satisfied. She saw Jem's face in dreams, she heard him in the rustle of the trees at night; she became fearful of the road between Glengoldy and the parsonage, and would not go to and fro, until her uncle and Dr. Erle began escorting her and Horace; and at last, seeing how she suffered, Dr. Erle bought a pair of pistols and loaded them before her, consenting to go armed. Then the old terror died away and seldom made its appearance, save when she occasionally asked him on meeting him if he was armed. He always answered in the affirmative, and so she was satisfied.

* * * * *

"A letter for you, May," said Julian Meredith, tossing a dainty little missile into his sister's lap. He sat down in a low rocking-chair near her and tore open a letter he had himself received. He read it through, folded it, and tossing it to her, said, "From West. Let's exchange."

"You can read it, I suppose," said Marian, surrendering hers; "it's only Aurelia Dash."

"So I thought. She writes clever little letters. She's smart enough some ways."

"She is coming to see me," taking up Charlie West's letter.

"Little cat! I'll bet you anything reasonable she knew West was coming. Sharp little fisher of men! she does want a good bite."

"Is Charlie coming?" asked Marian. She cared very little for what Julian had said after that. There was a little glad surprise in her voice.

"Yes, he is coming," said Julian, rather sharply. "Why should you care? You have no reason to like him."

"I have more reason than you," said Marian, trying to speak carelessly. "I have known him forever; you haven't seen half as much of him as I have. I've been with the Wests so much while I was at school in Brooklyn, and I've been to the springs with them twice. Why shouldn't I like him? I like his mother and sister and all of them. Mamma does too."

"Is it only liking?" asked Julian, bitterly. "Marian, don't go too far. You care too much for him. Can't I see it? Don't I care for it, because I care for your happiness? If he comes here to play fast and loose with my sister—"

"Hush, Julian!" cried Marian, sharply. "You shall not speak to me so, or of him so. I—am I a woman so weak, so unwomanly that I throw my love at a man's feet!"

"The best of women have done it; the best of women do it; the purest and noblest love the coldest and most selfish: and you—I see you ready to love this selfish, idle boy, who does not care a wink of his lazy long eye-lashes for you—not he!"

"Julian," cried Marian, in a low, hurt tone, "if I cared for him, it would be very cruel to talk to me so!"

He was startled by her deadly pallor and caught her in his arms.

"My poor little sister, I have gone too far," he said. "He *may* care for you after his own fashion, but his love is not worthy of yours. Tell me the truth, my darling—Marian, tell me truly, do you love him too well to give him up now?"

"You hurt me! Let go!" moaned Marian, struggling.

"May, you must not be angry with me. My little sister, in heaven or earth there is no one to care for me but you; and oh, May, don't you think I know what it is, this trouble?"

She had her head in his arm and put up one hand to his face. He took and kissed the little hand, saying, with a sudden depth of despairing in his voice:

"Poor child! I cannot help you, or you me. I will not try to cure you; my way is too rough and cruel. We have each, oh! each of us, my darling, our own battles to fight. There, take his letter and go."

Marian rose as he loosed her, but stopped and pushing away his tumbled hair from his forehead, kissed him gently, and then went. Julian sat still looking down the lawn.

"It will be a hand-to-hand struggle," was the first definite thought that shaped itself in the chaos of his mind. "Marian loves him: Aurelia loves his money. Oh! if my little one can keep her own counsel! But she can't. Isn't there Goldie Ashe? Can she help the light in her eyes, and the gracious gladness with which she meets

Caryl Erle? And she is — impulsive, granted: but her impulses are pure and good — she is dignified and modest by nature. How she puts me at my proper distance at a glance! How she repulsed me yesterday, when I held her hand too long, and grasped it too close, trying to speak to her before I went. That little flash of her eyelids, and her eyes looked at me so gravely. I could adore her if she would let me!”

The trouble was sharper than he would think it. He lit a cigar and commenced to smoke.

* * * * *

It was a golden sunset. The rain-cloud that had been darkening up in the west had vanished. The sun passed away beyond the evening hills, but he died like a king, robed in purple and golden crowned, on a death-bed of royal state. The sky lay in a dazzle of splendor, and the sunny western view was fair with the slender, slanting shadows of the trees.

Goldie was in the little church, drawing. The picture had deepened into light and shade: it was of a narrow church-window, deep set in the stone wall, the rays of light falling gently through: and something suggested there, not drawn, of gentle coloring, of evening quiet and peace. There came a soft breeze that stirred the tree-tops; there was a hand laid on the church door. Goldie looking back from the rustling trees and down the aisle, saw Marian coming.

“Martha told me to look here,” she said, sitting down by Goldie, with whom she was now intimate, and kissing her. “Let me see your picture, Goldie. Oh how beautiful!”

Goldie leaned back and sighed.

“It is tolerable,” she said.

“It is exquisite, you hypocrite!”

“No, I am not a hypocrite in anything. I honestly think it is too hasty, too hurried. I have not patience enough for an artist; I can only sketch. A few hours of patient, honest work would make the picture worth something; but I can’t do it.”

“I am very glad of it. It would not have the grace, the careless touches that make it charming.”

“Patience,” said Goldie, gravely, “is my one thing needful. Patience! patience! May, do you know what it means?”

“Shall I run for a dictionary, dear? Speak the word!”

“Its derivation makes it mean to suffer; patience is learned in suffering, deep suffering, and I wonder if I shall bear some heavy sorrow to teach it me.”

“You are so blue, Goldie.”

“Marian, it was always so. Everything I do bears the lack of finish, of careful thought, of patient execution. Neither is my music careful, my writing well-wrought, nor my good intentions evenly woven into my life; nothing is patient, perfect, enduring; and I am afraid my life will ‘come short,’ Marian, fail somehow, in that I cannot be patient under God’s hand.”

“Where is the trouble now?”

“I am afraid they are not coming from Europe this fall. And I want to see Lily so.”

"And you are impatient for her coming?"

"Yes."

"We all are slow to wait on Providence, I believe. It is so hard sometimes. I too have done some weary waiting for blessings prayed for; and I have done some impatient chafing under trials sent me."

The great passion, love, gives tone and depth to every human heart it nears. The "weary waiting" and the dreary love had been all that lifted Marian from the level of an ordinary, amiable girl. As she spoke her eyes had an expression in them that touched Goldie, not slow to guess from many things where Marian's trouble lay. "At least," she thought, "I do not and never will love a man who does not love me." Yet she went on without outward notice.

"And I am so impatient of control, so impatient of criticism. Now, Marian, this is between you and me."

"Certainly."

"Now Martha came and told me people talk about my being 'fast.' May, do I look like a 'fast girl'?"

The earnest face and womanly, grave eyes did not. May shook her head, looking at her.

"Or act so?"

"Never."

"And do you honestly think people should call me fast and imprudent to go to Glengoldy so much? I go to read. Horace nearly always goes too. I am a lady; no one has a right to say I am unladylike. Dr. Erle, Uncle Caryl, their stumbling-block, is related to me, keeper of my Uncle Philip's home. Honestly is it wrong in me to go? Have they a right to open their idle lips? I am so very impatient of this folly!"

So there in the shadow of coming events they talked, and neither guessed how a month's time would change all in these things nearest each heart, or a year change further.

"It is not in itself wrong," began Marian, timidly, "if you yourself know it is not. The only wrong thing—"

"Is what?"

"The braving public opinion. It revenges itself sooner or later. The fetters are heavy—often absurd; but we women wear them perforce all the days of our life."

"I will not! I will be free!" cried Goldie, impetuously, nervously. "I am no slave. I am free, honest, and pure. I have nothing to fear."

"Public opinion is yet irresistible," said Marian, who had keen worldly wisdom and a cherished love of the proprieties. "It 'binds their kings in chains and their nobles with links of iron.' You must yield."

"Do you earnestly advise me not to go to Glengoldy?"

"Yes."

"I *will* go! I *will*!" cried Goldie, impetuously. "I have a right!"

"Goldie, stop. Just one minute. Isn't this pain in giving it up a sure sign that—it is best to give it up?"

"What?"

"Goldie, what is really hardest to forego?"

"My *liberty*!"

"What makes you want to go so much? What attracts you?"

"Now, first, my love of liberty," persisted Goldie. "Then I revel so in the books! Oh, Marian!"

"But this pain at the idea is not all for them? Speak truly, dear." There was a pause.

"Yes," said Goldie, speaking slowly and with difficulty. "It would be a very sweet and pleasant thing taken out of my visits to Glengoldy, if it were taken — all chance of seeing him."

"And isn't the wrench hardest for this? *Ought you to go?*"

Goldie turned away. The gentle, kind, searching hand had drawn away the veil from her own heart, to see that it startled her to see — that she put away and would not see. And he so old; and he so calm and grave; and he so far from love of her, from admiration of her, even; from seeing in her aught but a child.

"I will not go so often, Marian," she said, slowly.

The battle was not hers yet.

There was an unbroken silence. The twilight fell, and then they rose and went out together.

At the rectory gate they parted; and Marian, before saying "Good-bye," said in her most ordinary tone: "I will have so much company soon. I hope you will be with me a great deal then. There's Gay Carisbrooke, and Aurelia Dash, and Phil Cameron; and Charlie West and his mother, and perhaps his sister, but I fervently hope not — she has loads of children."

"Who is Aurelia Dash?"

"Oh, just a girl. Brown eyes and blonde hair — flirts; very bewitching till you know all her little ins and outs. Girls do not like her so well as men: she doesn't trouble herself about girls ever."

"Where is she from?"

"New York. Awfully fashionable. She dresses beautifully, and is so innocent-looking one would imagine her the newest angel dressed in the last mode from Paradise."

"Why do you invite her if you don't like her? You have to pretend to."

"Oh, she doesn't care whether I like her or not. But, Goldie, you must come over to see the girls, and bring Dr. Erle if he will come. We will have such a gay summer party with eight, and my happiness will need you to complete it."

* * * * *

Dr. Erle stood on the steps of the parsonage. He had been to see Goldie.

"Goldie, you never come now," he said, pausing. "The library has missed you two whole weeks. Why don't you come?"

Goldie did not answer. He waited.

"Tell me why," he said.

"Well, I will," she said, lifting her straightforward brown eyes to his. "You shall not think I tire of the books, nor yet of you. I at least have a right to tell you this." Then she faltered, seeking words.

"What?" he asked.

"I will tell you," she said. "Yes. People say it is not proper. There! It's silly and shameful and idle, yet it is an expression of the mighty public opinion. There, that is all. Good-bye."

She turned away, and then turned back.

"And yet do not think that I am a slave to it. I despise it. And yet how helpless I am before my friends and those who have a right over me."

His lip had curled, but to her he turned gently, and saw the tears in her shining eyes.

"And I am the last man on earth to ask you to disregard public opinion for anything pleasant to me. I can come to see you, at least. We have, have we not? an engagement to call on Miss Meredith and her friends. I will come and go with you to-morrow. Good-bye, Goldie. You shall have the books here as you select them. And remember I endorse your friends' decision. Public opinion is an authority to which we must bow. Good-bye."

There was a stern orderliness in the man's self-education that made him bow to rule and authority. He had learned already to exercise the masterful control needful in his profession; and no man understands how to govern who does not understand how to submit. His self-control was needed daily now; it had been proven when his whole heart cried out for the sweet and daily comfort he had in her presence. For he loved her. In vain he styled himself, over and over, selfish, old, rugged and poor: he could not help longing to know if she could love him. Yet one vow he had: to wait at least until her winter in the city, to honorably seek her of her uncle, and to give her a chance to choose between him and all the world. One bitter drop was in his cup, especially bitter to so proud a man: that he was hopelessly under obligations to her uncle; and she, doubtless, joint heiress with Lily of the childless man's wealth.

* * * * *

The next day was Thursday. Aurelia had come down on Monday from New York in the coolest and loveliest of travelling suits; Gay Carisbrooke came Tuesday morning, having come away from a gay party at Long Branch, under Phil Cameron's escort — Phil an ancient crony and pet of Gay's; and Charlie West and his mother arrived on Wednesday. His sister and the children had gone away for a quiet summer at her father-in-law's farm.

Aurelia was in good spirits. Phil Cameron, a far-away cousin of Goldie's, having met her last summer and carried the remembrance of her blue eyes and fair face with him ever since, was already installing himself Marian's especial attendant; and Charlie West, the "blonde Hercules," had seemed to find himself in some sort put aside, and turned to her for comfort. And there was Julian Meredith; talkative, merry, and always ready for a little flirtation. Aurelia was quite comfortable.

In the glory of a perfect July sunset, Goldie Ashe came up the lawn of Mrs. Meredith's house with Dr. Erle at her side.

The girls came down together to see them; and in the greeting,

Dr. Erle thought that four more lovely girls had never met. Gay, a sparkling little brunette ; Marian, blue-eyed and golden-haired ; Aurelia, with her brown eyes and red-gold tresses, and the soft dark beauty of Goldie Ashe.

They sat there talking on the porch. Dr. Erle was standing on the step leaning against a pillar, talking to Gay and Marian. Goldie and Aurelia, a little apart, were carrying on a rather one-sided conversation, for the divine Aurelia was rather too lazy ever to try to fascinate a woman. Being, therefore, condemned to a tête-à-tête with one, she avenged herself by playing with her fan, lifting her eyebrows at all Goldie's remarks, and showing her elegant breeding by trying to make Goldie feel abashed and uncomfortable. Oh, these fashionable girls ! they are simply as cruel to other women as they have power to be. When did one of them ever try to set a sister at her ease ? Rather, they delight in embarrassing one less adroit than themselves ; they watch for her to trip, to make her conscious that they see it ; and if she lose coolness and courage, she is lost. Goldie saw it. She talked on, however, easily and bravely, while Aurelia sat listlessly raising her eyebrows and curving her mouth with a supercilious smile. It frets the best and bravest woman. She may know herself the superior ; she may feel a secret scorn for the woman who is not, as good taste tells her, polite or lady-like ; she may see that her opponent is not so cultivated, her beauty more artificial, her dress neither so elegant nor appropriate ; but self-possession is nine points of the advantage, and Goldie was nearly losing hers. Aurelia sat there silent and scornful. It was impossible to go yet. An idea entered into Goldie, and she obeyed its dictates with her reckless disregard of the rules and requirements of "polite society." Suddenly pausing in her flow of talk and ending the sentence, she dropped back in her chair, unfurled her fan, banished the dimples that longed to come, and slowly dropping her long lashes and raising them lazily, arched her eyebrows and looked carelessly at Aurelia in exact imitation of her sleepy supercilious air. Aurelia was startled ; she turned crimson, tried to speak, stammered, frowned, and dropped her fan. Dr. Erle, restoring it, paused beside her to make some remark, and Goldie quickly slipped away to talk to Gay and Marian. Just then came out on the porch two elderly ladies, Mrs. Meredith and Mrs. West ; and Goldie was presented to the latter ; Dr. Erle to both. They stood in the porch a few moments talking, and passed down the steps together, and down the lawn towards the arbor ; Goldie looking after them, and swiftly contrasting them in her mind. Mrs. West, a fat little old lady, dressed in a fashionable silk, and wearing stiff little bobby curls in shining rows around her face — a haughty, handsome face, too, she had. Mrs. Meredith — tall and shapely yet, and simply dressed in white, with her slightly silvered hair still soft and thick, and her good and gentle eyes — in her utter lack of pretension to fashion or stateliness, was yet the nobler lady. Still they seemed to like each other, and walked carelessly on together, the one with her Tennyson in green and gold, the other with a little brown book whose name Goldie had not seen. In fact, as she stood there looking after them she was interrupted by the appearance of Julian Meredith and

Charlie West, and thereafter came Philip Cameron, a tall dark fellow, with merry brown eyes and a tawny moustache. The conversation was pleasanter then, and Goldie leaning against a pillar, with Julian standing dumbly at her side, laughed gaily at the merry repartee between Gay and Philip. She tried to take leave at last, but Marian would not allow it, protesting that there were to be no fashionable visits exchanged, and she meant to incorporate these two outsiders into her party. They stayed therefore, took supper in the rose-covered back porch; and when the moon rose, went trooping out into the orchard to hunt for the early apples. Philip was with Marian, Dr. Erle with Gay, Julian with Aurelia, and Charlie West carried his lazy, splendid figure beside Goldie, talking easy nonsense, and trying a little, after the idle, graceful fashion he had, to enrapture her, with the aid of the big blue eyes and flossy bright hair that made him so handsome. She could not but admit him handsome; but looking over at Marian, with her soft, bright curls and depths of dusky eyes, she thought her too good, too noble, even too fair for Charlie West, and rather liked Philip better, with his manly face and rippling laugh. They found the tree with the ripe apples; they chattered under it a long time, and then, parting at the stile, Goldie and Dr. Erle went home "the short way," Dr. Erle said. Short or long, it was a full hour before they reached the parsonage gate and said good-night. Perhaps it was because of the wonderful beauty of the hushed and moonlit valley that they had paused just beyond the stile and looked down upon the mists and the starry lights so long. I think the moonlight got into their heads; and it was so silent, so tender, so fair a scene; and so sweet it was to stand there arm in arm together. There were no "people" in the stars to tell her how "fast" it was to stand out there together so long; she had not seen him much for so long; and now with the silence, the moonlight, and the valley mists rising like pure spirits, they stood. Somehow the earth was never so fair; death never so unlovely, the world beyond so unreal, the blessedness intense of love thrilling through her made all else dim, unfelt. Was it possible she had been happy when this was lacking? Was it possible she was ever content when this bliss was unknown? A motion, a step, it broke the silent charm—so slight a thing; her bracelet had fallen, and he stooped to pick it up, then they moved on. Not far, just where a coronal of cedars crowned the slope they paused again. And, "Oh!" said Goldie, softly, "if the Holy be unseen, veiled by this material, beautiful world, what is it?" For these lines came into her head, and after a pause she uttered them:

"For oh! my God, thy creatures are so frail,
 Thy bountiful creation is so fair,
 That drawn before us, like the Temple veil,
 It hides the Holy Place from thought and care;
 Giving man's eyes instead its sweeping fold,
 Rich as with cherub wings and apples wrought of gold,

Purple and blue and scarlet,—shimmering bells
 And rare pomegranates on its brodered rim,
 Glorious with chain and fret-work which the swells
 Of incense shake to music dreamy and dim;
 Till in a day comes loss, that God makes gain,
 And death and darkness rend the veil in twain!"

There it is! The old warning!" she cried, frightened. "Oh, it comes to me so often! I feel as if I were to have some dreadful trial after all this,—this happiness! It is a presentiment! It chases me! They say no one can be purified save by pain. I have not had very much pain. I am very happy. Is not life the search after happiness? Why can't I stay so? Did you say it?" she said, startled—"did you?"

"What?" he asked, troubled, looking down in her eyes whence all happiness had flown so suddenly.

"That—something said it—that happiness was—was—oh! it is gone now. It was so sudden."

"My dear child," he said, pressing her hand closer in his arm, "you are nervous."

"Oh, it frightens me!" she said, her dark eyes dilating terribly. "It seemed as if something said to me, I did not know what happiness was; or that it was beyond, or—I cannot remember. I only know that some dark foreboding has chased me, the happier I became; as if when sunshine deepened about me, ugly shadows grew plainer. And just now I was so happy, and—and so terrified!"

"My poor little child!" said Caryl Erle, very, very tenderly, all the sympathy and pity of his man's heart bending over her and intensifying his love, as she stood beside him so pale, and trembling so from head to foot. "You are nervous, tired, excited, overwrought. I never saw you so before!"

She moved forward—tripped—he caught her with one arm—and then—and then—somehow, for I said the moonlight had got into his head—he kissed her. It was not so much, since she called him "Uncle," if he had done it before; but now, now with a sudden sharp twitter and thrill, it drowned all other things in itself. Even that ominous terror was drowned—that horrible dread which a week from that night began to work up,—a night one week from that—a disastrous and stormy night—and yet, the story of that week is not told, and I must be patient and tell it through.

She had her hand in his arm, and walked home with him, after that, they never knew how. He scarcely spoke. He said "Good-night." Then she went up to her room; then he went home through the moonlight, that moonlight half bereft of its beauty, trying, as a usually self-controlled and calm man of nine-and-twenty, to lull back his emotions into rest.

"I am not trustworthy," he said, sternly. "How dare I? I must watch myself better; I must go more with other women; I must wait—and yet it is hard to wait!" He set his lips, and involuntarily half closed his hands, and set his feet down harder.

So it was that the dream came to naught, that a little maiden dreamed before sleeping that night.

"He will come to me to-morrow—to-morrow—to-morrow. He loves me. He could not kiss me so and not love me. To-morrow—to-morrow."

Yet the to-morrow came and went in silence. Goldie copied her uncle's sermon for him, and listened to Horace read. And she went to sleep again, and the kiss burnt on her lips and shamed her. How

terrible that that kiss should ever be aught but sweet ! And he with his hard man's conscience never dreaming that it was so with her.

The next to-morrow Marian came and bore them all away, Horace and her Uncle Henry and all, for a picnic. There were many people — three or four dozen more than their own little set — and Dr. Erle was there, and seemed devoted to Aurelia. Then Goldie turning bitterly away, let Julian Meredith say all he would to her ; and when, after speaking long, she hearing very little, he pressed her for answer, she was startled, shocked, surprised, and said hastily :

"I have not heard you. No, no ; I will not hear it !"

Julian's great amazed eyes awoke her. She was aroused from her dream, and talked to him in her own sweet, true womanly way, and made him more her friend than ever. Then, she did not remember how exactly, they went home.

A week, I think I said : two days were gone.

She lay down to her rest in pain and grief unutterable. She had heard of such things before ; but that he, her paladin, Caryl Erle, could, would be a flirt ! And did he — ah ! he must — despise her utterly !

So Sunday was the third day.

Its morning service was over. Goldie lay on the sofa in the darkened parlor long after dinner, listening to Horace say his hymns. So beautifully he said them in his soft, clear, childish voice, that Goldie, lying with closed eyes, felt the holy words come cool and tender into her feverish thoughts and refresh her. She went quietly away to Sunday school after a while and there met Marian. They had each a class ; for young and imperfect as they were, there was more work than workers to fulfil it. Goldie thought Marian never looked lovelier ; and on a back pew in the room lounged the lazy grace of Charlie West, who had come as a looker-on, and to escort Marian. In fact he was not ready to be shouldered aside by Philip Cameron, and his attentions to Marian became so marked and persistent that his mother and hers, both expecting and desiring the match, were well pleased ; and Julian became content that Charlie did not mean to carry this off as a mere summer flirtation.

None of the other guests had come.

"I don't believe in Sunday-schools," said Gay Carisbrooke, firmly. "When I was a chicken my good mamma taught me my catechism and my hymns herself, as she ought to have done. Here these little children go to Sunday-school, have teachers ten years older than themselves, and carry home *awful* trash from the Sunday School library to read — books their mammas wouldn't let 'em read if they were not Sunday School books."

"A great many of them *are* nonsense," said Marian ; "but I choose them for my children."

"I know they don't read them if you do," said Julian, laughing.

"That they don't !" cried Gay. "Oh, don't tell me ! A friend of mine in Brooklyn got me to take her Sunday School class for her once ; she was going off for a little dissipation for the improvement of her health. She told me she had a very unruly class ; so she had. I took it though. I never had such a time ; they never knew the right lesson,

and they always expected a good ticket. One little boy pinched his sister till she yelled, and I pounced on him and just slapped him!"

"What!" cried Aurelia.

"Just like you!" said Philip, laughing.

"Oh, yes. His mamma doesn't speak to me now, you know. He was a proud little scamp and would not cry, but thought better of it, and tortured me by sobbing a half-hour. Then the girls too, the fascinating little Sunday-school teachers!"

"Who go to flirt with the librarian," said Aurelia.

"Precisely. He was a charming, sensible young fellow though, and held his own pretty well. I let that class go. I coaxed my Aunt Jane to take it, and how she succeeded I never dared to ask."

"But these children are very well behaved," said Julian, "and the superintendent, librarian and all is no one more fascinating than Mr. Goldsboro'."

"He is very fascinating," said Gay. "I wish he was my grandpapa; he is so nice-looking."

"And I earnestly think," said Marian, timidly, "that there is real, honest work done in our school."

"Don't let us detain you then, my dear," said Aurelia. "Good-bye. Are you going, Mr. West?"

"Marian," cried Gay, "teach him 'Our Father'! I know he has forgotten whether that or 'Now I lay me' is the prayer in the Bible."

Gay wondered as she turned away her merry face if any one had noticed the wording of her last sentence; for, madcap as she was, there was yet a little reverence in her nature rendering Gay incapable of lightly saying our Lord's name, or without a half involuntary lowering and softening of her voice at the word.

The whole party was at church that night; Julian came to the parsonage to escort Goldie, and Dr. Erle was at church with Gay Carisbrooke.

The moon rose and the stars came out, but a cloud swept over the sky that night and hid them; and when the long, long Sunday was over, in the desolate, unreasoning bitterness of her young nature, Goldie lay in her bed again. Yet somehow after all a little peaceful thought came to her of a love that never failed, of a love that was boundless and tender; and in the darkness she drew nearer and put her arms around her Saviour's feet.

* * * * *

It was Wednesday of that week. Every one was in the Merediths' sitting-room: Gay before the mirror putting on an immense hat, tastefully adorned by a thick blue veil; Aurelia was having her two-buttoned buckskin gauntlets fastened by Dr. Erle; Goldie and Julian were finishing the packing of a large basket of provisions; Mrs. West was gathering together fans and umbrellas; and Mrs. Meredith, having caused the carriages to be drawn up before the door, had called the driver to come for the lunch-baskets and stow them away.

"Why, May," she said suddenly, "not ready!"

"I think I will be excused, mother; I have a little headache, and a long day in the sun will make it dreadful."

"We will reach the groves by half-past eleven, or earlier," said Dr. Erle, struggling with Aurelia's glove-buttons, "and not start home before five or six. I think you would enjoy it out there."

"No ; I think I had better stay," said Marian, lazily. She was not prepared to have Phil Cameron, who was packing lemons and sugar in a little basket, ask :

"Let me stay with you?"

"Oh no," she said ; "I do not want to keep any one. If any one feels bound to stay on my account, I shall go."

"Let me stay, Marian," said Charlie West, turning from the open window, and tossing away his new-lit cigar.

"No, neither," said Marian, with a heart-beat.

"I had rather stay," said Phil, in a lower voice ; "I wouldn't enjoy it without you."

"Nor I," said Charlie, promptly and openly. "I really and truly wouldn't enjoy it at all."

This, as Gay remarked to herself, had that effect on Aurelia's feelings that a sneeze has on the features of the human countenance. In fact it was rather hard on Aurelia.

"Choose ! Which shall stay?" said Philip.

"Neither," said Marian.

"Choose one of us," said Charlie ; "choose me."

Philip was pale. His pretty cousin hesitated. Charlie still smiled, but a set purpose was in his eyes.

"Choose both," suggested Aurelia, a little sharply.

"Very well ; all right," said Charlie, taking a seat at Marian's feet, with a look saying, "Here I stay !"

"No," said Philip, in a low voice, turning his back on the others, and in fact unconscious of the by-play. Julian and Goldie had gone out, and after a moment's hesitation the others followed slowly. "There cannot be two. Oh, May, this is no child's play ! Choose one of us ; one of us it is."

"Choose me," said Charlie, resolutely, "quickly !"

"Charlie, then."

"Good-bye !" said Philip, going quickly out. The two large carriages rolled away, half-a-dozen calling out to bid adieu, expostulate or exclaim, at the last moment.

Now that the time had come, Charlie West was ready to do what every one expected of him, straightforwardly.

"Marian," he said, looking up from his seat at her feet, "after all, couldn't you choose me in earnest — for always ? I had much rather be with you all my life than any one else."

He rose and sat beside her on the sofa, and as he took her hands in his and looked down into her eyes, in spite of the shy reluctance of the drooping head, he read so plainly the old sweet story that he said abruptly :

"Marian, how can you like me ? I am not fit to ask you ; you are too good for such a lazy fellow. Listen to me : I don't know a blessed thing in this world. I have never earned a copper since my mother sent me to bed for earning ten cents clearing the snow off somebody's sidewalk ; I have never troubled myself to be useful since.

And I have never been a model boy, and maybe I shan't be a model husband."

"Maybe I shan't be a model wife," said Marian, tenderly, still with drooping head. "All I ask is — love me."

"Love you, my heart's ease!" he said. "Why, I was brought up on loving you; it is a confirmed habit. Whom should I love?"

"Aurelia," suggested Marian.

"Aurelia Fiddlesticks!"

That was highly gratifying, of course, and in another moment Charlie accomplished something else. He pulled off his watch chain a diamond-ring, too small for him since his boy-days, and offered it to her.

"Will you — won't you — do you mind wearing it for our engagement-ring?" he asked. "They'll notice it of course, but I don't care; do you?"

With this sublime sentiment he put it on the little hand, and bent over to kiss the lovely lips of his betrothed. Half shyly she refused him; yet he did not press further, but was content with her hand; and perhaps, so sitting there, felt an odd twinge of regret for some old times, and a wish that some of his college days had not been so wild — she being so pure and gentle, and he being so careless and wicked a dog. And that day he really loved her well, and was glad to satisfy his friends so easily.

And Marian, poor Marian! Few are so unblessed that neither memory nor hope hold for them some joy in keeping; and if after many days her chief joy was in "remembering happier things," she had one sweet and sunshiny memory of that long and happy day, until "late, late in the gloamin'" the others came home.

It had been just eleven when the carriages stopped at the groves. Aurelia and Dr. Erle, Mrs. Meredith and Mrs. West had been in the smaller carriage, the two ladies talking sagely, and the Doctor and Aurelia carrying on an uninterrupted chatter and driving by turns. Phil had hurried into the other carriage to a seat by the driver; Goldie and Gay were on the wide back-seat, and Julian lounged on the middle one. Gay's infectious nonsense soon aroused Phil. He clambered back to a seat by Julian and began to take his part in the conversation; the blue-devils might seize him when alone, but the brown wide-awake sailor shook them off now, and talked and laughed merrily. Goldie, wrought up to the highest pitch by the last few miserable days, was now in a state of feverish excitement and gaiety. She was never so brilliant, Julian never so heartily joyous; and the other carriage-full marvelled at the electric peals of laughter that they listened to.

As Julian stood by the carriage-door, and Goldie burst upon their vision with that riotous color in lip and cheek, and the laughing glory of her eyes, Dr. Erle thrilled through and through suddenly; but after a moment Goldie took Julian's arm, beginning the ascent of the slope among the shady trees. Julian bent towards her and talked in murmurs. He liked her so much, so very, very much, Goldie said to herself with the natural kindness and tenderness one returns for any true love; and it was especially comforting to Goldie now.

The others still stood by the carriages.

"Shall we follow them?" said Dr. Erle, glancing after Julian and Goldie. "Mrs. Meredith, let me offer you my arm for the ascent. Mrs. West, will you take my left?"

Aurelia could not say that it was not proper and right in him to ask them, but she wished that he could have forgotten his courtesy a little for her sake, and accepted her share of Phil not so graciously as Gay.

In five minutes they had found a resting-place; the tall trees swaying overhead and the rushing of water sounding in their ears, as one of the bold streams of picturesque New York State went with three bounds down a long descent of gray rock.

Somehow the shadow about Goldie's eyes in the momentary quiet makes Dr. Erle think she is not well. She confesses to a slight headache, but makes light of it and commences a chat with Gay and Philip. Julian does not leave her; he holds one end of her parasol, grimly and dumbly content to be so near her, in contact with the hem of her dress. Phil says after awhile that there is a good echo a little way below, and they all stray down the steep path, save the elder ladies, who spread shawls and compose themselves to their books.

"I have an idea," says Gay, peeping over the edge of the falls. "I shall marry some rich old man and come here on a bridal trip: there are to be some flowers growing in the chinks of the rocks, and I shall make him bend down to get them, and tip him in. How nice it would be!"—meditating.

"I would advise you not to," said Aurelia. "Imagine the horror of a man's falling over here, going down with the rush of the falls, and shrieking and crying out! How those horrible echoes would start and call!" Aurelia loves to paint graphic little pictures.

"Let him call," said Gay, coolly. "I'll be rid of him and have the money."

"Gay, why do you talk so?" said Goldie. "Do you know I believe no one professes or acts anything long without its becoming second nature. You are always pretending you mean to marry for money—I know you won't."

"What will she marry for?" said Julian.

"For love, I truly hope and believe."

"Will you?" asked Gay.

"Who knows?" said Goldie, abruptly; "I may not live to be married."

"The bride of death!" said Aurelia, in a mock sentimental tone. Goldie laughs and tosses a pebble down the rock, and the reverberating echoes seize the sound. She strays away from the rest presently with Julian in attendance.

"She is a very strange, but a very nice child," said Gay, looking after her. "I know one thing: *she* won't marry for money."

"Do you think she likes Meredith?" asked Phil.

"Not a bit," said Aurelia. "She is only flirting."

"She doesn't flirt," said Gay; "I know she doesn't. Maria knows perfectly well that Julian likes Goldie, and yet Goldie's behavior is so beyond reproach that she loves Goldie all the same."

Goldie is too true and womanly to be a flirt. It will do for me, for I am not."

"She's not obtrusive with it," said Aurelia. "But then — did you ever hear this? —

"'Tweed says to Till,
What gars ye rin sae still?
Till says to Tweed,
Tho' ye rin wi' speed,
And I rin slaw,
Where ye droon ae man,
I droon twa.'"

"She may 'droon twa' to you or me," said Gay, "but she don't gloat over them."

"You're a trustworthy friend," said Phil.

"Nay, my lord, I am a just enemy. I am savage about her captivating Julian. I wanted him myself."

"You have always had what you wanted from your babyhood," said Phil, as they sauntered off, "except, I believe, the moon."

"I want something now," said Gay.

"What?"

"To comfort you for May," she answered, softly.

"Thank you. I shall take comfort," he said, after a pause. So they stray away together. They two have always touched the loyal and real parts of each other's hearts, yet it is a case where friendship is too staunch to be overcome by love; and Gay Carisbrooke knew if ever she could love a man it would be in verity Julian Meredith.

Dr. Erle goes off with his companion. He is entertained by Aurelia, but he is wondering where Goldie is. They come across her quite accidentally: she is kneeling by the stream, which is white and foaming from the falls, dipping it up in her hands; her white temples are wet and shining, and the dark hair is in little wet curls about her brows; but she is talking gaily with Julian.

The day goes. The ample lunch is eaten, and the fragments of it borne away by the driver, who has been feasting in the carriage. Phil Cameron reclines on the grass, having taken Mrs. West's book, and is reading aloud; and Dr. Erle finds means to spirit Goldie away from the group. He asks after her headache.

"I can stand it," she says. "They have taught me endurance, these bad headaches. Let us stop here."

They stand on a great gray rock, and take in the wide, beautiful view.

"Yet I can imagine something prettier even. Does anything ever seem to you the height and perfection of beauty, as far as it can go? Does anything ever fill your sense of the possibilities of beauty? I can imagine something so beautiful!" She sinks down on the great rock, and goes on musingly. "I can imagine something so much fairer in life than is. It is a dangerous thing, yet so pleasant, this castle-building. Who is it calls imagination 'that forward, delusive faculty,' and otherwise abuses it?"—pausing: "It is in your books."

"Bishop Butler."

"Oh, alchemist of life!" the girl goes on. "One can glorify all things with it! It 'turns sand to gold, and dewy spider-webs to myriad rainbows.' It makes us dream that love is true, that life may be fairer than truth, that friends are honest and gaiety sincere."

"Yet friends are seldom honest, and gaiety is a cheat," he said. "I dread unutterably the effect of this winter upon you. You laugh at it now, but you are just one to become cynical and world-weary. You will see the scheming, the disappointment, the unattained ends and worthless aims; the mockery of true love and true wedded life; you will hear the fashionable falsehoods and the society scandal. You will be deceived here and there. I do not fear your sinking to their level, but I fear that your being above them it will go hard with you."

"I will not believe this till I see it," she said. "No, you have done enough to convince me that there is untruth in the world. Yet I would believe a little in my kind; my imagination shall deck my friends with all gifts and graces, and wreath my life with flowers."

"When it is unavailing," he said, "may you do as I strive to do, and keep a little Christian charity; it makes one see through a kindly, rose-colored light the failings of those we should honor. Yet the falsehood and meanness of so many will often make you impatient."

"It does," she said bitterly. "To hear you now, I would believe you good and true; though it is a bad thing to show one's-self acquainted with the meannesses of human nature; but you—you are the first very insincere man I ever knew."

"Goldie," he said, "you are not yourself to-day. You do not really mean what you say now merely to pain me. My child, you are not well; I see that you are not."

"I do not think I look very badly," she said coldly.

He took it in unwillingly—the passion and glow of her beauty, the light in her deep eyes, like stars asleep on the bosom of a midnight sea.

"I do not like the way you look," he said.

"No," she said quickly; "I know. Perhaps not. I shock you awfully. But—but—" softly, turning her eyes toward Julian afar, "he likes me. Dear old Julian!"

"For heaven's sake what is the matter with you?" said Caryl shortly, for the first time becoming jealous. "Do you think *he* cares more for you—thinks you more lovely than I do?"

She rose and moved toward the party.

"I haven't a doubt of it," she said coolly.

"It is not so," he said eagerly. "Oh, perverse child! can he think you more beautiful, more lovely, than I do? Don't you know I care for you more than for any other woman? I think you peerless."

"You do? You will not think so by to-morrow then. I believe you utterly fickle."

He drew up the fingers of his hand into his palm, and struggled to keep silence. What good to speak, and not speak one's mind?

"And you flirt with Julian Meredith?" he said, after a pause.

"Do you call it flirting to be with a person and like him?"

"If you do not mean to marry that person, but let him talk love to you, and go with him rather than shun him, it is encouraging him, and is dangerous flirting."

"I have never done it before to-day," she said simply; "I will not again. I do not wish to flirt."

He says no more. They go home before long, very gaily, though Goldie is in sore pain, as the dusky rims about her eyes will show when the eyes are shut in weariness, and the color flickers away, and the distressful headache comes into full sway; but she laughs merrily on the homeward drive.

* * * * *

Goldie stood next evening by the gate; the minister's buggy was standing ready.

"Will you be gone all night, Uncle Henry?"

Her uncle paused and looked up to the sky.

"It is going to rain by night, I think," he said. "Yes, I shouldn't be surprised if we stayed all night."

"Will you be afraid here without us?" asked Horace gravely.

"No," said Goldie, smiling at the "us" a little. "I think perhaps I'll stay all night with Marian; she asked me to, if you all took that long talked of ride."

"Do then, my child," said the rector. "Martha and Katy are company for each other in the kitchen, and you had as well stay with your friends. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Cousin Goldie," said Horace, stooping over the side of his grandfather's buggy to kiss her. So they drove off.

Little or nothing has been said of this uncle of Goldie's. He was a good and affectionate man, who, his native pride and temper well controlled, led a quiet, uneventful life in Briarley; and Goldie, if she did not positively love her good uncle, certainly respected and even admired him.

It was later that evening that she strolled towards the Merediths, telling Martha that she was going to stay there all night. A thunder-storm in the west did not look very threatening, and she passed the house and wandered up towards the hills, away from home, the Merediths, and not very near Glengoldy. She reached a little eminence, and saw a sunset crimson as with the life-blood of the dying day. She stood there with weird fancies trooping through her brain, and watched the blood-red fade, and the clouds sweep darkly over it. Then she began to retrace her steps. The sultry air grew closely about her, and the clouds began to mutter. She was in a part of the road passing through many uncultivated fields, half-grown with shrubby and stunted trees, and the log-fence on either hand was grown with the prison-ivy creeper and half-hidden by bushes and undergrowth. Quickening her pace she hurried on, but stopped short at a tuft of delicate wild flowers, and knelt to pluck them. Yet just after a long, low roll of thunder came another sound that sent her heart to her throat: a man's voice, not often heard, but fully recognised, was speaking.

"The road is safer. The house is full of screeching women — a housekeeper and two maid-servants."

"I want something worth my pains ; it's still work with a hatchet or a log. I know that place like a book, and his room."

"I'll tell ye this: I'd rather shoot him and let him know I done it than send him off asleep ; but if he don't come this way to-night, I'll try the house."

"Well, come over there now, I say ; we'll get awful damp—it's going to rain."

A sound of moving feet — Goldie started to her feet in terror, and fled like a deer.

"Wasn't that something?" said Jem Burton, startled.

"A bird started up out of the hedge," said his companion. Yes, a messenger-bird.

And all the land was darkening round her as she fled. Dark was the road and darker the shadowy park of Glengoldy. The great trees were whispering and sighing together, and nodding their heads as if over some fateful secret. As she sprang up the steps and sent a loud peal of the bell through the house, the rain came down and danced along the steps.

"Is Dr. Erle here?" asked Goldie.

The housekeeper peered out in amazement at the slender, solitary figure, which she did not recognise.

"Uncle Caryl — has he gone out?"

"Oh! Miss Ashe," very dryly. "Yes, he's out."

"When will he come? Has he gone to see some sick people, or to the Merediths?"

"He ain't *always* to the Merediths," said the housekeeper crossly. "He's gone to see some patients ; I don't know who."

"Very well," said Goldie, turning round, vexed at the woman's manner.

"Shall I tell him anything? There's some one with you, I 'spose?" said the old woman, peering out into the darkness.

"No, you needn't tell him," said Goldie, making up her mind to a watch on the porch in preference to the old housekeeper's society.

The woman hesitated a moment as Goldie stood stock still, then banged the door and retired.

Goldie sat down on a bench on the piazza, with a strange feeling of despair coming over her, and even subduing her anger at the rudeness of the housekeeper, whose evident dislike for her was a mystery to her, but whose subsequent malevolence Goldie afterwards began to comprehend. Now she scarcely reflected about it ; she was waiting for Caryl in storm and darkness, listening in thunder and rain and wind for that little, blessed sound of horses' feet and wheels.

"Would he never come? Ah, Heaven! that lonely road! This minute, this very minute, he might be gasping his last ; his brave, beautiful, manly life be ebbing away. He might be lying with his face up, in the rain, a lifeless corpse. He might be only coming, humming a song perhaps, or maybe thinking of her, or perhaps they might miss him in the dark. Oh, Caryl! Caryl! Thank God! thank God!"

For a flash of lightning revealed him driving swiftly by towards the

stables. He heard her cry, stopped the horses, and all amazed, leaped from the buggy and sprang up the steps to her.

Sobbing, she ran to him and threw herself into his arms, laying her cheek against his wet, shaggy coat. Who will believe that as a man he happened to think of the dainty white dress she wore? Yet it only flashed across his mind; he was willing to "take the good the gods provide," and put his arms around his subdued little darling, asking:

"What is the matter?"

She could not answer, and he walked to the side of the piazza, called in thundering voice to the stable-boy to take his horses, and leading her back to the front door, was about to open it and enter.

"No, no!" she said, "I won't go in; that horrid woman is there!"

"Who? the housekeeper?" asked Dr. Erle, thinking that if the child was crazy she at least remembered that she was never a pet of the old lady's; "she won't trouble you."

"I don't want to see her," said Goldie; "she thinks I have gone long ago. Oh, Caryl! they are going to kill you!"

The lightning showing him her face, pale as it really was, made it actually ghastly, with wild dark eyes, and her hands were hot as fire.

"Goldie," he said, speaking as calmly as possible, "you are in a terrible state of excitement. Try and tell me what is the matter as quietly as you can, and let me take you home. It is late and stormy, and you are nearly ill already, as I have been afraid you would be."

"There, hush!" she said, pushing away his arm, his coolness having the very best effect possible, of making her angry. "I can tell you. I was out this evening alone, and I heard that—that horrible man," shuddering, as she always did at remembrance of him, "plotting to kill you to-night."

"Who?"

"Jem."

"Are you sure? Did you see him?"

"No, I heard him."

"Did he mention my name?"

"No, not your name, but I am sure it was you," said Goldie, astonished to see how little it seemed on telling it.

"Are you sure it wasn't some innocent butcher talking about a cow or a pig?" asked Caryl, in a slightly amused tone. "My dear child, you have a morbid terror of that drunken scamp. He is probably fifty miles away just now."

"I am sure it was he," said Goldie desperately.

"Are you sure of anything else? What did he say, exactly?"

"I can't remember. There were two, Jem and another man. I am certain they meant you; they are going to break into Glengoldy to-night. They meant to shoot you if you came along the road; and, oh! I thought you might be dying then, when you came. I thought you might be dying in the road, and the rain—oh, Caryl!"

"Poor child! you let your fancy draw terrible pictures, no doubt. Now just consider what an improbable thing this is. In the first place, Jem—if Jem were here—doesn't hate me enough to kill me.

It would be a very silly thing in Jem; I've a better opinion of his common-sense. In the second place, Glengoldy isn't so easy to get into, nor is it easy to find one's way in it, just to kill a man you have a little spite against—just for the mere pleasure of killing him."

"I think the other expected plunder," suggested Goldie. "He may have nursed Jem's revenge for his own purposes."

"Very plausible, my dear child, but I can't appreciate it. Now, Goldie, you must excuse me; you must confess that you are excitable, that you have a great dread of Jem Burton, that you are always thinking of him, that you can't recollect what these two country people said exactly, and that it *isn't* clear as daylight. I know you thought me in danger; I know you came here bravely to give me warning, and if you had saved my life a hundred times I couldn't care more for it." So tenderly did he end the sentence that it almost soothed the pain he had inflicted so ruthlessly before.

He took her in then to her old nest, the library, went a moment into his own room beyond for a dry coat, and returning, said:

"The rain will soon be over. We'll have supper in here, and afterwards I will take you home."

"Are you going to tell Mrs. Hopkins I am here?"

"Yes, but you will not see her; she will send in supper and go to bed."

"Why need you tell her?"

"Because to make it a secret is to assume that it is not right. It is perfectly right."

Goldie said no more. She had cause afterwards to wish that she had confided the whole truth even to the cross, suspicious woman who already disliked her.

Looking up from the silent little supper Dr. Erle said:

"I have been at a death-bed to-day, Goldie."

"Was it an old or young person?" she said, arousing herself.

"A little child's—a poor child who has been sick some time. I have seen many death-beds, Goldie, and one like this I seldom see; a soul giving itself in perfect peace to death, because death will lay it in its Master's arms beyond unsafety."

"I am never sorry for the death of a little child," said Goldie, softly. "It seems such a blessed thing that one more soul is surely and safely entered heaven; in no further danger, will have no more trouble or pain."

"It was one of Miss Marian's Sunday scholars, and I think the child's parents bless her for its happy state; they are very poor and rough people—this little girl was the flower of the flock."

"Dear, sweet old May! she has such a blessing," said Goldie, her eyes filling with tears. A little haze came over the Doctor's eyes, looking in hers. He rose and looked at his watch.

"Ten o'clock," he said.

"Uncle Caryl, I can't go! Don't ask me!" she said, startling, and rushing back into her old, miserable terror.

"Shall I ask you to stay?" he said, laughing.

"I cannot go away," she said. "I shall suffer more than you can dream. I shall imagine I hear your death-scream every moment. I shall go mad with fright."

"Goldie," he said, gravely, taking her two hands in his, and looking honestly down in her eyes, "you know I cannot let you stay here ; it is impossible. I must tell you this — people will say these awful words, 'it is not *proper*.'"

"I am not afraid of that," she said, steadily, looking up to him with those good and true eyes. "Martha thinks I am with Marian to-night: Marian thinks I am at home ; she does not know that Uncle Henry and Horace are gone. I will go home early and tell Martha the blessed truth — she will think I did just right. I am not afraid of her ; I am afraid of nothing but that dark, dreadful road, or of leaving you here when I know you will be murdered : you will not take care. Oh let me stay!"

"I cannot, Goldie. I am sorry, but —"

"Listen. It is not wrong. You do not dare to think it is wrong? Why, what is wrong in my staying at Glengoldy one night?"

"It is wrong because it is 'the appearance of evil.' My wilful child, it is very hard for me to argue this thing with you. I would oppose any woman's placing herself under criticism for my sake, much more your doing so. The rain is over ; only the wind is blowing. Come ; we must go."

She followed him a few steps, her face growing whiter and whiter at every step. A gust of wind came around the corner of the house and shook at the windows. Goldie dropped quietly down in a dead faint.

It was useless now to argue or to plead ; Goldie was too ill to stand the severity of being taken away. Dr. Erle therefore acquiesced in the decision of fate.

"I will rouse Mrs. Hopkins, and have her take you into her room," he said with a sigh. "I can do no more."

"I will not," said Goldie, with a shiver of disgust and dislike. "It is none of her affairs ; she has nothing to do with it. Take me where I can see and hear if any one goes near your room."

"And do you suppose you can guard me, child?" he asked, smiling, as he knelt by the couch in the library.

"I can *scream*!" she said, with a flash of merriment in her eyes. "I am not brave, Uncle Caryl ; but I can watch."

"But you must *sleep*."

"I could not sleep away from you."

He rose abruptly and walked away. But she had her way. He closed the house, he loaded his pistols before her eyes ; he even brought out a smaller pair for her, and loaded them heavily, saying with a low laugh that she would be sure to shoot herself or the stuffed birds ; and then lighted the gas in a room adjoining his, locking the connecting door with the key on her side ; and stood for a moment lingeringly at her bedside as she lay where he put her, looking as if he did not want to say "Good-night."

After he had gone, after she had turned the light down to a mere spark, and put the pistols, so useless to her, she felt, in any case, on a table close by her bed ; after the slight sound of his movements in the next room had ceased, and she knew that he slept soundly after a wearisome day, the silence of that long night began, the hateful,

awful silence. The wind came sometimes wailing, and she heard the sound of the noise made by its shadowy hands seeking entrance. She did not lose consciousness once that dreary night through ; at last with unutterable joy she heard four o'clock strike from the library clock, and knew that the terrible night was going.

And yet, and yet, softly enough and far away, down the hall beyond Caryl's room door, so cautiously that never a sound could have been heard save by ears quick from intense fear, and in the great silence, there was surely the sound of feet and a breathless whispering.

One moment more a hand was laid on the knob of Caryl's door ; she *heard* the fingers close firmly and strongly around it to prevent its slipping with the slightest noise as the door opened — then a sudden wonder was wrought.

For a door in Caryl's room sprung open, and in the flood of sudden light stood "the vision of a lady," a white avenging angel, confronting the two men ; and her voice sounding strangely clear, cried out with the word of command that first entered her head :

"Halt !"

Darkly the men paused a moment. Her hands grasped each a revolver, and she spoke, white and calm :

"Go back, or I fire !"

One of them, near the bed, held a sharp, heavy hatchet in his hand ; her right hand pistol was menacing him, and held him in check. Then he spoke to the dark muffled man in the doorway :

"Take care o' the woman, Ben ; shoot her — don't you see she'll shoot *me* !"

There was a deathful silence ; then the figure next the bed sprang forward. Caryl had just turned, sleepily, and the hatchet struck the pillow, warm where he had lain. Simultaneously three sharp pistol-shots rang through the room ; the terrified women-servants started from their sleep ; Dr. Erle suddenly aroused, sprang to his feet, and there across the threshold of his door lay a white figure with a struggling stream of blood flowing softly down her dress ; and dark and still, most suddenly and marvellously sent to his account, with a bullet sent to his brain by the inexperienced hand of a girl, lay Jem Burton, stark as death ; his comrade fled.

There was the sound above of opening doors, shrieks and hasty feet : Mrs. Hopkins and her regiment to the relief in a body. Dr. Erle, in a dark wrapper, was kneeling by Goldie, who lay in death-like swoon ; and the bullet which had just missed her heart had entered her left arm ; and the white, fair arm, with the blood flowing from the wound, was broken.

How life lingered on after that, Goldie took nor count nor note. She knew naught of the gray dawn that came, or the twilight that returned, as days went by. Of one thing she was never conscious : of how she had repelled Mrs. Hopkins and cried for Martha. Life was an indistinct dream. There was noise in the next room once, men's voices, and trampling feet ; but she — what had she to do with juries and coroners ? Faces came around the bed ; Martha's — good old kind Martha, muttering, though Goldie never heard, "Just like

women-folks ; just in their natur to throw theirselves away for men." Her uncle, too : very grave and stern, it seemed, but afterwards tender and compassionate. Sometimes, not often, and oftener, though still, that was seldom, near, but not in sight, came another face ; a graver face, a sadder face than any other's ; this was Dr. Erle.

She dreamed it away, this long time. The world might wag the head and shoot out the lip, but she knew it not. Not how the cruel slander had begun from the old housekeeper and was creeping about ; nor how Katy Burton, mad with grief, with the old unreasoning love revived where the remembrance of wrong must be forgotten,—over the dead — over him whose soul was passed into the outer darkness, and from whom she was parted *forevermore*, beyond hope of retrieving — had cursed her, her fair young mistress, with an evil name, and wildly covered her with shame and reproach.

"Julian," cried Marian, on that first day, when the wonder was blowing about the streets, and the scandal beginning, "what is this of Goldie's killing a man? How was she at Glengoldy? What did the man go into her room for?"

"Ask me no questions," said Julian, shortly, turning a pale, haggard face to her. "Don't come to me to explain gossip. Don't dare to tell me anything that is said."

They all began to stare ; Aurelia in surprise, and Marian contitely wondering if she had appeared to speak against Goldie. Phil and Gay were talking in a corner ; Phil also looked up, but Gay said something to attract his attention again, and did not join in the gaze herself. Charlie was not in the room.

Marian went out to look for him presently. He had only heard strange rumors like herself, and could not tell her the truth.

The truth, as near as it could be expected to be — which is to say, very unlike it — with all evil garnishes thrown in, came out at last. The story blew on, and the wind carried it, and Goldie's little village popularity, away.

When she became conscious, to recognise her friends, when she began slowly to mend, Marian desired to go to see her. She and Julian only were true to her now, and they knew it — they and Gay, who was true in her fashion. Aurelia was gone, now, and Phil, and Charlie and Mrs. West ; but to return later that fall, and take Marian away with them. Gay, still lingering, still talking of flight, was with May still. These three did what was possible.

Julian met Dr. Erle one day in mid Briarley, and insisted on holding his hand and talking with him a long time — not that he particularly liked his rival, but that this brave, good, patient man, with his unstained reputation, was now included with Goldie in blame.

Marian, in spite of the protest of her adorers in the village society, went to see Goldie often, and Gay and Julian sat before the door with Mrs. Meredith in the well-known equipage. But the fight was hard.

That hardest, blackest, bitterest trial of life, the shadow of shame, the breath across her fair fame, was come to Goldie in her early, bright, impatient youth. The "red-letter days" were over, the darkness was fallen — the shadows she had dreaded when her sunlight was so bright.

And her good name was gone ; and love was gone. For in his misery, full of self-accusation, Dr. Erle kept away from Goldie ; he called himself her curse, a selfish, blighting influence over her life. She could not win him from his coldness and gloom. As he watched her, in a wrapper of some soft white stuff, move slowly about, the arm in a sling, and some of the earliest crimsoned autumn leaves in her hair, her face so lovely, so pure, her whole childish bearing so much more fair and womanly, he felt the old mad love throb in his heart. But he vowed to leave her free until her uncle came ; ay, he vowed, if heaven gave him strength, to put her behind him utterly, and let her marry some rich and good man.

Goldie learned that fall to fight her own battles out herself, and hard they were to fight. First she had to combat the restless love and longing for Caryl Erle most, utterly alone. Then the battle for her good name. Marian tried to help her there ; yet on the first Sunday she went to church she would not let her enter with her, but chose rather to come in with her little cousin as of old, and walk the length of the aisle in her old way. All eyes turned on her, looking for shame, embarrassment, or bold effrontery ; but her graceful, noble carriage, her sweet and quiet air, and her marvellously lovely face, with the pathos of recent illness upon it, disarmed many.

She came out, and Julian Meredith stepped hastily forward to escort her home. She passed slowly and serenely through the crowd of young men that always linger around the doors of country churches until the ladies have passed, and every man among it who had the slightest acquaintance with her took off his hat.

Ah, beautiful Goldie ! It was not likely for it to be hard for her to make peace with men while she had that face.

There was another battle to fight, beside her impatience, pride, and despondency. The horror haunted her of having, however innocently, killed her enemy. There was a cry in her heart against God who sent her this grief and shadow ; a nervous, new dread of darkness and loneliness, and a strong fear of the supernatural, that when overcome made her tenfold a braver woman, as her other griefs, conquered, gave her strength and glory ; yet, now it sore beset her ; she stood looking on her white hands and saying, like that wicked, brave lady in the play :

"All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

* * * * *

One strong and tender and abiding love came out of all : Horace, her cousin, could never be else than unutterably dear to her after this autumn, for he was her unfailing comfort.

And patience, like violets, began sweetly to grow in the shadow, and perfume the dark places of Goldie's life.

The autumn went. Marian and Charles were married and gone ; Gay, too, was gone : Goldie half suspected, with a pain in her merry heart and a sigh in her breath, for Julian's sake.

The trees were bare, and spring, summer, and autumn had given Goldie a long lesson ; and now December would be here in one week, and Lily would be in New York in three.

THE LITTLE STRAW HAT.

WE all of us have our secret hoard
Of things that we cherish and tenderly prize—
Things that are neither of value or rare,
Or for which any one else would care,
Yet priceless to us—and we keep them stored
Far from the sight of all other eyes.

I have one treasure among my store
Which is dearer than all of the rest to me!
You will smile it may hap with unbelief,
Unless you have had the self-same grief;
For the trifles of those who are no more,
The loved and lost, grow precious to be.

Would you know what it is, so dear to my eyes,
And what so often will make them dim?
For, it brings to mind the dear little head
That so long has slept with the loved ones dead.
'Tis nothing—this thing that I so much prize—
But a little straw hat with a ragged brim.

I often unlock the closet door
And bring it tenderly forth to the light.
The ribbon is faded, 'tis torn and old,
But no one could buy it with gold untold;
And many a time on the chamber floor
I've wept and kissed it half the night.

I love it as only a mother can love
The simple things of her little dead;
I prize it as only a mother can prize
The things so worthless in other eyes,
For it symbols the crown that I know above
Covers the little one's head.

With streaming eyes I can often see
The sweet little face in the sunlight glow,
Looking forth from the ragged brim,
With the saucy glance so sweet in him,
When he used to romp in the grass with me
In the summers so long ago.

The little one had his holiday dress,
 With a hat that was very fine and grand;
 But it never to me was half so dear
 As the one I have cherished for many a year,
 For my lips the very spot can press
 Where 'twas torn by the little hand.

I have diamonds rare and many a gem,
 With which sometimes my hair I trim
 When forth in the world I am forced to go,
 To mix with its mockery and show;
 But there's none that I prize—not all of them—
 Like the little straw hat with the ragged brim.

We are told that earth's treasures we must not hoard,
 Where moth doth corrupt and rust doth dim;
 Yet this is but a memento I love
 Of the priceless treasure I have above.
 It is not *for it* that my tears are poured—
 This little straw hat with a ragged brim.

APPLETON OAKSMITH.

DEFENCE OF MOBILE IN 1865.

To the Editor of THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE:

MY DEAR SIR:—So soon as Mr. Davis was released from prison, I reflected that he had reposed in me a great trust, and it was due to myself, to the gallant men who had fought under my command, and to him who had ordered us to defend Mobile, to place in his hands the whole history of that defence.

The Federal General Andrews has published a history of "the last great battle of the war" (as he terms the battle of Mobile), which he has conceived in an able and fair spirit. He naturally admires the gallantry of the Federal army and equipage which captured the place, and thereby, unintentionally perhaps, implies the highest compliment to the little force which withstood that army and navy so long, and then eluded their grasp. I now send you a transcript of my narrative to Mr. Davis. It is too brief to do justice to all the brave men who took part in those operations, but is long enough to show how Confederate troops did their duty to the very last.

Hoping you will find it worthy of publication in your Magazine, which seems now to be the only means by which we can publish and preserve Confederate records,
 I am truly yours,

DAENEY H. MAURY.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., *December 25, 1871.*

TO HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS,
Late President Southern Confederacy.

MY DEAR SIR:—I avail myself of your permission to narrate to you the history of the last great military operation between the troops of the Confederate States and the troops of the United States.

Immediately after the battle of Nashville, preparations were commenced for the reduction of Mobile. Two corps which had been sent to reinforce Thomas at Nashville were promptly returned to Canby in New Orleans, and the collection of material and transportation for a regular siege of Mobile commenced. General Taylor agreed with me in the opinion that ten thousand men in Mobile would compel a siege by regular approaches, would occupy the Federal troops in the Southwest for a long time, and would be as much as the Confederacy could spare for such objects: he thought he could send me such a force; and believed that the cavalry under Forrest would be able to defeat Wilson and succor me, and prevent the successful siege of the place if I could hold out for seven days. The general orders given me by Gen. Beauregard and Gen. Taylor were to save my garrison, after having defended my position as long as was consistent with the ultimate safety of my troops, and to burn all the cotton in the city, except that which had been guaranteed protection against such burning by the Confederate authorities.

Canby organised his forces in Mobile Bay and at Pensacola. Two army corps rendezvoused on Fish river under the immediate command of Canby; another army corps assembled at Pensacola under Gen. Steele. The whole expeditionary force against Mobile consisted of fifty thousand infantry, seven thousand cavalry, a very large train of field and siege artillery, a fleet of more than twenty men-of-war, and about fifty transports, mostly steamers. The preparations having commenced in December, the attack began on the 25th of March.

My total effective force was seven thousand seven hundred excellent infantry and artillery, fifteen hundred cavalry, and about three hundred field and siege guns. A naval force of four small gun-boats co-operated with my troops.

The column under Canby marched from Fish river against the position of Spanish Fort. On March 25th information received through the advanced cavalry induced me to believe that the column from Fish river was not more than twelve thousand strong; and expecting it would march by the river road with its left covered by the fleet, I organised a force of four thousand five hundred infantry and ten guns, and resolved to give battle to Canby at the crossing of D'Olive creek, about two miles distant from the works of Spanish Fort. The troops ordered for this service were the Missouri brigade of Cockrell, Gibson's Louisiana brigade, Ector's Texas and North Carolina brigade, and Thomas's brigade of Alabama boy-reserves, the third Missouri battery and Culpepper's battery. I felt confident then, and the light of experience justifies the confidence, that had Canby marched upon us with only twelve thousand troops, we should have beaten him in the field; but he moved by a road which turned our position far to the left, and his force was near forty thousand men; I

therefore moved the troops into Spanish Fort and Blakely, and awaited his attack in them. I assigned Gen. St. John Liddell to the immediate command of Blakely, and Gen. Randall Gibson to the immediate command of Spanish Fort. They were both gentlemen of birth and breeding, soldiers of good education and experience, and entirely devoted to their duty. Spanish Fort was garrisoned by Gibson's Louisiana brigade, the brigade of Alabama boy-reserves, part of the twenty-second Louisiana regiment (heavy artillerists), Slocumb's battery of light artillery, Massenberg's (Georgia) light artillery company, and a few others not now remembered.

The works of Spanish Fort consisted of a heavy battery of six guns on a bluff of the left bank of the Apalachie river, three thousand yards below Battery Huger. This was strongly enclosed in the rear. On commanding eminences five hundred to six hundred yards to its rear were erected three other redoubts, which were connected by light rifle-pits with each other. The whole crest of the line of defence was about two thousand five hundred yards, and swept around old Spanish Fort as a centre, with the right flank resting on Apalachie river, the left flank resting on Bayou Minette. At first the garrison consisted of about two thousand five hundred effectives, but I reduced its numbers by transferring the brigade of boy-reserves to Blakely, and replacing it by veterans of Ector's brigade and Holtzelaw's Alabama brigade. After this change was made (about the fourth day of the siege) the position was held by fifteen hundred muskets and less than three hundred artillerists.

On the twenty-sixth of March Canby invested the position with a force of one corps and two divisions of infantry, and a large siege train; another division of infantry invested Blakely on the same day. The siege of Spanish Fort was at once commenced by regular approaches, and was prosecuted with great industry and caution. The defence was active, bold and defiant. The garrison fought all day and worked all night, until the night of April 8th, when the enemy effected a lodgment on the left flank which threatened to close the route of evacuation for the garrison. I had caused a plank road or bridge about one mile long to be made on trestles from the left flank of the lines of Spanish Fort, over the Bayou Minette and the marshes, to a point opposite Battery Huger; and Gen. Gibson's orders were to save his garrison when the siege had been protracted as long as possible without losing his troops, by marching out over this bridge. On the eighth of April I ordered Gibson to commence the evacuation that night, by sending over to Mobile all surplus stores, etc., for which purpose I sent him some of the blockade steamers. They arrived in good time to save his garrison, for at 10 P. M. Gibson finding the enemy too firmly established on his left to be dislodged, in obedience to his orders marched his garrison out on the plank road, and abandoned the position of Spanish Fort and its material to the enemy. He lost some pickets and about thirty-five cannon and mortars. I moved the troops to Mobile, anticipating an early attack on the city. I consider the defence of Spanish Fort by Gen. Gibson and the gentlemen of his command one of the most spirited defences of the war.

Blakely was attacked by regular siege on the 1st of April. Steele's

corps came down from the direction of Pollard, and with the divisions that had been lying before Blakely since the 26th, broke ground very cautiously against the place. The position of Blakely was better for defence than that of Spanish Fort. The works consisted of nine lunettes connected by good rifle-pits, and covered in front by a double line of abattis, and of an advanced line of rifle-pits; the crest was about three thousand yards long; both flanks rested on Apalachie river, on the marsh. No part of the line was exposed to enfilade fire. The garrison was the noble brigade of Missourians, Elisha Gates commanding, the survivors of more than twenty battles, and the finest troops I have ever seen; the Alabama boy-reserve brigade under Gen. Thomas, part of Holtzelaw's brigade, Barry's Mississippi brigade, the 1st Mississippi light artillery armed as infantry, several light batteries with about thirty-five pieces of field and siege artillery, besides Cohorn and siege mortars. The whole effective force was about 2700 men under Gen. St. John Liddell. The gallant Gen. Cockrell of Missouri was next in command.

During Sunday, the day after the evacuation of Spanish Fort, the enemy was continually moving troops from below towards Blakely, and Sunday evening about 5 o'clock he assaulted the centre of the line with a heavy column of eleven brigades (about 22,000 men in three lines of battle) and carried the position, capturing all of the material and of the troops, except about 150 men, who escaped over the marshes and river by swimming. On the loss of Blakely I resolved to evacuate Mobile. My effective force was now reduced to less than 5000 men, and the supply of ammunition had been nearly exhausted in the siege of the two positions which the enemy had taken from me. Mobile contained nearly forty thousand non-combatants. The city and its population were entirely exposed to the fire which would be directed against its defences. While the consequences of its being stormed by a combined force of Federal and negro troops would have been shocking, with the means now left me an obstinate or protracted defence would have been impossible — my orders were to save my troops, after having made as much time as possible; therefore I decided to evacuate Mobile at once. Blakely was carried on Sunday evening at 5 o'clock; I completed the evacuation of Mobile on Wednesday morning, having dismantled the works, removed the stores best suited for troops in the field, transferred the commissary stores to the Mayor for the use of the people, and marched out with 4500 infantry and artillery, 27 light cannon, and brought off all the land and water transportation.

During the night of Tuesday I remained in the city with the rear-guard of 300 Louisiana infantry, commanded by Colonel Robert Lindsay, and marched out on Wednesday morning with them at sunrise. I left General Gibson to see to the withdrawal of the cavalry pickets and the burning of the cotton. At 11 o'clock, the whole business of evacuation being completed, General Gibson sent a white flag to the fleet to inform the enemy that he might take quiet possession of Mobile, since there was no Confederate force to oppose him. Soon after midday Canby marched in. Six thousand cavalry had been sent up the country from Pensacola to prevent my

escape ; but they could not get across the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers, which with their bottoms were filled with water, and I reached Meridian with my army unopposed. No active pursuit was made. By General Taylor's orders I moved the troops to Cuba Station, refitted the transportation and field batteries, and made ready to march across and join General Joseph E. Johnston in Carolina. The tidings of Lee's surrender soon came, then of the capture of the President of the Confederacy. But under all these sad and depressing trials, the little army of Mobile remained steadfastly together, and in perfect order and discipline awaited the final issue of events.

On the 8th of May we marched back to Meridian to surrender, and on the 13th of May we had completed the turning in of arms (to our own ordnance officers), and the last of us departed for his home a paroled prisoner of war.

Nothing in the history of those anxious days appears to me more touching and devoted than the conduct of the garrison of Mobile. Representatives of every State in the Southern Confederacy, veterans of every army and of scores of battles, they resisted an army of ten-fold their numbers, until near half their force was destroyed, and then made good their retreat in good order. After reaching their encampment near Cuba, they preserved the dignity of brave and devoted men who had staked all and lost all save honor. Every night they assembled around the camp-fires of their Generals and called for tidings from the army of the Confederacy and from their President. After receiving all of the information we could impart, they would give us "three cheers" and return to their bivouacs. I think there was no day on which they would not have attacked and beaten a superior force of the enemy.

During the fourteen days of siege of Spanish Fort, the daily loss of the garrison in killed and wounded ranged from fifteen to twenty. During the eight days of the siege of Blakely, the losses were from twenty to twenty-five daily. The only officer of rank killed was my chief of artillery, Col. W. E. Burnett, son of the venerable ex-President of Texas. He was a man of rare attainments, of extraordinary military capacity, of unshrinking courage, and pure character. On the morning of April 4th I took him with me to Spanish Fort to establish a new battery : a sharpshooter shot him in the forehead, and he died in a few hours.

There were many instances of fine conduct during these operations. You may remember there were two little batteries constructed on the right bank of the Apalachie river, several miles below Blakely, called "Huger" and "Tracey"; they were to defend that river. They had but little over two hundred rounds of ammunition to each gun, therefore I made them hold their fire during the whole siege. The garrisons of these batteries were 300 men of the 22d La., under the command of Col. Patton of Virginia. Early in the action the enemy opened some Parrott batteries on these forts, and for more than ten days they silently received the fire which they might not reply to. After Blakely fell, these two little outposts remained close to the centre of the army of the enemy (50,000 men), who were continually opening new guns upon them and increasing their fire ; still they replied

not. On their right lay the great Federal fleet; ten miles to their rear was their nearest support — in Mobile — and a waste of marshes and water lay between. At last came to them the long looked-for order: "Open all your guns upon the enemy, keep up an active fire, and hold your position until you receive orders to retire." And so they did, until late on Tuesday night I sent Major Cummins of my staff to inform them the evacuation of Mobile was complete, their whole duty was performed, and they might retire. The first steamer I sent for them grounded, and I had (about 2 A. M.) to dispatch another. Every man was brought safely off, with his small arms and ammunition — they dismantled their batteries before they abandoned them — and it was nine o'clock Wednesday morning before they left the wharf of Mobile for Demopolis.

These garrisons fired the last cannon in the last great battle of the war for the freedom of the Southern States. I believe the enemy's loss during all these operations was not less than 7000 killed and wounded. Two of his ironclads were sunk on Apalachie bar by torpedoes; four other armed vessels and five transports were sunk during and after the siege: making, with the *Tecumseh*, twelve hostile vessels destroyed in Mobile bay by the torpedoes.

Our own little fleet did all they could to aid the defence, but there was little opportunity for them. On the morning of the evacuation, the two floating batteries were sunk in the river by their own crews. The other vessels were moved up the Tombigbee river to Demopolis, in convoy of the fleet of transports.

I reflect with satisfaction that it was my privilege to command Confederate troops in our last great battle, and that those troops behaved to the last with so much courage and dignity.

With highest respect, I remain truly yours,

DABNEY H. MAURY.

Maj.-Gen. late Confederate Army, Prisoner-of-War on Parole.

REMARKS, &c.

During the siege of Spanish Fort the expenditure of small-arm ammunition was very great. The garrison at first fired 36,000 rounds per day; the young reserves spent it freely. The old Texans and veterans from North Carolina and Alabama, who replaced the brigade of boys, were more deliberate and careful of their ammunition, and we reduced its expenditure to 12,000 rounds per day.

The torpedoes were the most striking and effective of the new contrivances for defence which were used during these operations. Every avenue of approach to the outworks or to the city of Mobile was guarded by submarine torpedoes, so that it was impossible for any vessel drawing three feet of water to get within effective cannon range of any part of our defences. Two ironclads attempted to get near enough to Spanish Fort to take part in the bombardment. They both suddenly struck the bottom on Apalachie bar, and thenceforward the fleet made no further attempt to encounter the almost certain destruction which they saw awaited any vessel which might

attempt to enter our torpedo-guarded waters. But many were sunk when least expecting it. Some went down long after the Confederate force's had evacuated Mobile. The *Tecumseh* was probably sunk on her own torpedo. While steaming in lead of Farragut's fleet she carried a torpedo affixed to a spar which projected some twenty feet from her bows; she proposed to use this torpedo against the *Tennessee*, our only formidable ship; but while passing Fort Morgan a shot from that fort cut away the stays by which the *Tecumseh's* torpedo was secured; it then doubled under her, and exploding fairly under the bottom of the ill-fated ship, she careened and sunk instantly in ten fathoms of water. Only six or eight of her crew of one hundred and fifty officers and men were saved — the others still lie in their iron coffin at the bottom of the bay. Besides the *Tecumseh*, eleven other Federal vessels, men-of-war and transports, were sunk by torpedoes in Mobile bay; and their effectiveness as a means of defence of harbors was clearly established by the results of this siege. Had we understood their power in the beginning of the war as we came to do before its end, we could have effectually defended every harbor, channel or river throughout the Confederate States against all sorts of naval attacks. It is noteworthy that the Confederate ironclad *Virginia*, by her fearful destruction of the Federal war-ships in Hampton Roads early in the war, caused all the maritime powers of the world to remodel their navies and build ironclads at enormous expense, only to learn by the Confederate lessons of Mobile that ironclads cannot avail against torpedoes. For as the Federal naval captain who had been engaged in clearing Mobile bay of the torpedoes and of the wrecks they had made, after the close of the war remarked to the writer: "It makes no difference whether a ship is of wood, or is tin-clad, or is iron-clad, if she gets over a torpedo it blows the same sized hole in the bottom of all alike, which I found on an average to be just twelve feet by eight square." He furthermore stated that he had ascertained that in every instance but one, of the wrecks in Mobile bay, the vessel had been sunk while backing — only one exploded a torpedo while going ahead.

During the fight in Spanish Fort our cannoniers found effectual protection from the extraordinarily heavy fire of sharpshooters in mantlets or screens, made by plates of steel about two feet by three square, and about half-an-inch thick; they were so secured to the inner faces of the embrasures that they were quickly lowered and raised as the gun ran into battery or recoiled. General Beauregard, before the battle began, gave me the model of a capital sort of wooden embrasure, to be used by our own sharpshooters; they were to be covered over by sand-bags as soon as the rifleman should establish himself in his pit. The old veterans of the Army of Tennessee at once acknowledged their superiority over "head logs," or any other contrivance for covering sharpshooters, and the demand for them was soon greater than I could supply.

The Brooke guns, of which I had a large number, of calibres ranging from six and a fourteenth up to eleven inches, were more formidable and serviceable than any which the Federals used against

me. These guns were cast at Selma of the iron about Briarfield in North Alabama. It must be the best gun-metal in the world. Some of our Brooke guns were subjected to extraordinarily severe tests, yet not one of them burst or was in any degree injured ; at the same time they out-ranged the enemy's best and heaviest Parrotts, which not unfrequently burst by overcharging and over-elevation.

By a capital invention of Col. William E. Burnett, of Texas, our gun-carriages were much simplified ; we were enabled to dispense with eccentrics entirely, and our heaviest cannon could be run into battery with one hand.

D. H. M.

The following farewell order was published to the troops who remained with me after the battle of Mobile :—

HEADQUARTERS, MAURY'S DIVISION,
Camp six miles east of Meridian, Miss, May 7, 1865. }

SOLDIERS :—Our last march is almost ended. To-morrow we shall lay down the arms we have borne for four years to defend our rights, to win our liberties.

We know that we have borne them with honor. And we only now surrender to the overwhelming power of the enemy, which has rendered further resistance hopeless and mischievous to our own people and cause. But we shall never forget the noble comrades who have stood shoulder to shoulder with us until now ; the noble dead who have been martyred ; the noble Southern women who have been wronged and are unavenged ; or the noble principles for which we have fought. Conscious that we have played our part like men, confident of the righteousness of our cause, without regret for our past action, and without despair of the future, let us to-morrow, with the dignity of the veterans who are the last to surrender, perform the sad duty which has been assigned to us.

Your friend and comrade,

DABNEY H. MAURY,
Maj.-Gen. Confederate Army.

THE LAND OF GOSHEN IN THE OLD DOMINION.

THE pride of the Virginian in his native State is proverbial. He delights in recalling the former glory of the Commonwealth, the time when her sons filled in succession the Presidential chair and guided the deliberations of the National Congress. He

contemplates her extensive domain, her fortunate geographical position, her shores washed by the waters of the Chesapeake and Ohio—for as yet he fails to appreciate the separate existence of West Virginia; he beholds with pride and pleasure her mountains, “beautiful for situation,” enclosing in their ample bosoms veins of iron and other ores of incalculable value; he gazes with ever-increasing delight upon her valleys, rare in beauty and fertility, and anticipates the full development of her vast resources, which, as he believes, rival those of Pennsylvania or New York, and are destined to cause Virginia’s voice once more to sound with authority in the halls of Congress and in the marts of trade. These Virginians of the old school have come down to us from a former generation. They fitly and nobly represent *l’ancien régime*. During the past six or eight years they have lived not in the present at all, but in the past and future. They decline to consider the present condition of the old Commonwealth, her territory divided by ruthless hands abroad, her fair name well-nigh dishonored by traitors and imbeciles at home. They rejoice in the glory that was and anticipate the prosperity that shall be. Fortunately for the old State, these eager longings of her sons are neither vague nor uncertain. The hopes of Virginians, so often idly indulged, are now after so long a time to be fully realised; the vast resources of the Commonwealth, which hitherto have been buried under masses of lime and sandstone, are to be developed surely and speedily, resulting, as may confidently be predicted, in an increase of wealth which is simply incalculable.

The lesson taught by the old man of the fable to his sons by the bundle of sticks, has a thousand applications: none is more apparent than that in the union of iron and coal there is prosperity and strength. Iron ore without fuel is a mass of dirt, fit for nothing. Coal without iron has, it is true, many important uses, but its advantages as an element of material wealth are limited until brought into connection with the most useful of metals; coal and iron combined form the foundation for the assured prosperity of an empire. Very recently the iron of Virginia has been united in marriage with the coal of West Virginia; the progeny of these happy nuptials will be both numerous and promising. From this union will spring a thousand flourishing industries to enrich the people of both States. Washington in his time saw the importance of it, and in the earliest days of the Commonwealth conceived and promulgated a plan to secure it. The result of his deliberations is the James River and Kanawha Canal, an enterprise which reaches the iron belt, but has failed as yet to effect the desired union with coal. Later a railroad was started from Richmond which was designed ultimately to secure this end. As the Virginia Central, the State expended many millions of dollars in pushing it through the Blue Ridge, across the great Valley, over the Alleghanies, where it caught sight of the Kanawha coal-fields. The year 1865 found Virginia prostrate, the Central Railroad Company impoverished, and unable to extend the road beyond the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs. At this juncture the Legislatures of Virginia and West Virginia determined to consolidate the Virginia Central and Covington and Ohio roads, to grant a

charter with extended franchises to a new company. This new company with ample resources and indefatigable industry have at length completed their road to the Ohio, and even now as high priests are celebrating a triple marriage. The waters of the Chesapeake Bay and the Ohio River are united by bands of iron; the divorced States, Virginia and West Virginia, are again joined together by industrial and commercial ties which no man can put asunder; coal and iron, grim but potent representatives of a nation's wealth, are brought together for the benefit of the whole country.

It is proposed in the present paper to give some account of that section of Virginia which, of her three iron belts, contains the largest and most persistent veins of ore. This section, about forty miles long, but varying in breadth, we have ventured to call the "Land of Goshen," from the *dépôt* situated about half-way between its eastern and western boundaries. It is in the same range as the celebrated "Cornwall Bank" of Pennsylvania, and is destined to be for Virginia what the fertile fields of Egypt were to the descendants of the son of Isaac.

In order to see its boundaries as well as to enjoy the beauty and grandeur of the scenery, the reader is invited to ascend to the top of Elliott's Knob, a mountain, the highest in the State, which stands on the northeastern corner, guarding like a mighty sentinel the approaches to the Land of Promise. The summit of Elliott is about sixteen miles west of Staunton, and one hundred and fifty by the railroad from Richmond. It rises forty-five hundred feet above mean tide, and two thousand four hundred above the railroad where it crosses the spur below. This spur is a connecting link between the Great and Little North Mountains, and forms a part of the "divide" between the waters of the Potomac and James. Here is the summit of the railroad between Richmond and Huntington, the western terminus.

The view from Elliott's Knob for extent, variety, and beauty is unsurpassed in Virginia. On the east, the great Valley spreads out far to the right and left like a rich garden. In the distance, the Blue Mountains, with the sky, which they seem to touch, form an enclosure. Close at hand is the Little North Mountain, above which Elliott towers like a giant. In the centre of the Valley is the county of Augusta, rejoicing in rich farms, abounding in churches and schools. At Staunton, a flourishing inland city, are situated the Western Lunatic Asylum, the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, besides several first-class female schools. Here the Chesapeake and Ohio is crossed by the Valley Railroad, which is destined sooner or later to extend throughout the entire length of the Valley from the Potomac to the Roanoke. Southwest of Augusta is Rock-bridge county. Far away is Lexington, the present terminus of one branch of the James River and Kanawha Canal. Washington and Lee University and the Virginia Military Institute, two of the largest and best equipped educational institutions in the South, are situated in this town.

Rockingham county lies northeast of Augusta. It is almost unrivalled in the fertility of its soil and the thrift of an industrious

population. In the foreground of the picture seen from the top of Elliott's Knob is the Little North Mountain, cut in two by Buffalo Creek, along which the great stage-road from Staunton to Parkersburg finds a passage through the mountain. Higher up, on the other side of the stream, the rails of the Chesapeake and Ohio cling to the face of the slope. Near the Gap the huge smoke-stack of a furnace reminds us that we are in the iron region, which stretches away to the south and west. Goshen is twenty miles off. From this depôt stage-roads diverge to Lexington, the Baths, Rockbridge Alum and other springs. The rugged country which meets the eye turned southwest, seemingly so barren save of timber, is perhaps the greatest iron region in America, and is likely to prove a Cleveland to Virginia. Already the timber, furnished a market by the railroad, is putting many a dollar in the pockets of the owners, and for years past the narrow but rich pastures have fattened bullocks for epicures in Baltimore and Richmond. It will be observed that the mountains in general run northeast and southwest. This is the direction of the great Valley, to which all the mineral veins in the State conform. Looking from the top of Elliott along the railroad in the direction of Goshen, the traveller sees the great Valley on his left, bounded on the west by the Little North Mountain. In front three smaller valleys lie between ranges, which in the main are parallel to each other and to the general direction indicated. Mill Mountain, a high range on the right, does indeed incline a little more to the south, and beyond Goshen is united with the North Mountain. The valley on the left, lying next to the great Valley, is watered by Little Calf Pasture River, a stream that has its source in the mountain on which we stand. It is bounded on the west by a series of hills, which pass under various local names, Brown and Black Oak Hills in Augusta, and the Knob in Rockbridge. The railroad passes through the central valley; this is narrower and much less fertile than the other. The valley on the right is formed by the Great North Mountain, of which Elliott's Knob is the highest point, and Mill Mountain. Through it flows the Big Calf Pasture River. This stream, taking its rise north of the western slopes of Elliott, passes by the village of Deerfield, skirts in a southwesterly direction Mill Mountain until it reaches the neighborhood of Goshen. Here it bends to the left. Meeting first with Mill Creek, then with its little namesake, it gathers force enough to penetrate Little North Mountain at Strickler's Gap, where it reveals scenery unsurpassed for wild and picturesque beauty. Through the mountain it rushes on by Lexington to join James River at Balcony Falls. At Goshen the valley of the "Big River" heads off the central valley. Further down in the same manner it heads off the valley of the Little Calf Pasture. These two river valleys, very narrow in places, occasionally widen out into broad and fertile meadows. They are occupied by an industrious and thrifty people. Contiguous to, but not immediately on the railroad, they offer most delightful spots for summer residences or country-seats, where ease and quiet may be secured, together with all the charms which a delicious climate and wild, picturesque scenery can afford.

In the mountains and hills separating these valleys are found the veins of iron ore, in that half of the section which lies east of Goshen and nearest Richmond. Beyond Goshen the same ranges continue, passing under various local names, separated by narrow and often very fertile valleys. The western half of the section now under review extends as far out as the Clifton Forge, at which place Jackson's river, the south fork of the James, pierces Rich Patch Mountain.

It is not proposed to enter into a detailed account of the geological formations. While this is unnecessary, a word or two must be inserted in regard to the general features. Underlying the limestone is a hard flinty sandstone; above the limestone, which contains numerous fossils, is a soft red sandstone, also fossiliferous; above all is a slate formation, which constantly appears on the surface. It is seen everywhere along the railroad valley, and forms a bed for hard and smooth wagon-roads. It is supposed that in the convulsions which upheaved the mountains, the slate, soft sandstone, and limestone were shattered in pieces and mixed together in considerable confusion. Often the slate is found at the bottom of the mountain sides, mingled with the sand and limestone, while the summits are crowned with the hard and flinty sandstone. These results are found on the North Mountain, Mill Mountain, the intervening hills, and the ranges to the south and west. Wherever this formation occurs, iron ore is to be expected, lying usually between the limestone and upper crusts of sandstone, slate and shales. Like the rocks, the ore was doubtless originally in planes or horizontal strata. These planes by the action of the force which broke up the surface of the earth have been tossed into waves, the crests of which "crop out" on the surface at various places. The surface appearance, it must be remarked, is not uniform across the section. On the western slope of the hills, lying west of and next to the Little North Mountain, there is a "dip" of the lime and upper sandstone waves, which do not reappear until Mill Mountain is reached. The intermediate range is a continuation of Elliott's Knob, and "runs out" near Goshen. Its sides exhibit only slate, and thus far no ore has been discovered upon them. This significant fact seems to warrant the conclusion that whenever the limestone is found with the sandstone and slate, iron ore may be expected.

From Goshen towards Elliott's Knob there is an excellent road passing over the "dip" mentioned in the last paragraph. The range of hills to the east contains numerous indications of ore. Four miles from Goshen veins have been opened in a gap made by Cove Run, a stream which after skirting the railroad turns to the left and empties into the Little Calf Pasture. Here, within a mile of Bell's Valley Dépôt, it is believed that ore in large quantities and of excellent quality may be found. Further on above Craigsville, a dépôt nine miles from Goshen, surface indications are numerous. Near Pond Gap, a few miles above, the Little North Mountain unites with its great namesake. Here ore abounds and has been profitably mined for years. Indeed in various places in these mountains, even previous to the Revolution, furnaces were "in blast." Sometimes, as at the Elizabeth and Estaline furnaces, the ore appears in immense quantities near the surface, and is obtained at trifling cost; sometimes it is

found in small veins beneath the surface. In other States these smaller veins are considered more reliable than the larger; they often extend continuously for miles, and by means of shafts and tunnels are worked at a moderate cost. The larger deposits in other localities often "run out," the "pockets" in which they are found being cut off by the sandstone. These remarks apply also to some other portions of the iron field in Virginia, but it is a distinguishing characteristic of the bluff ore, as it is called, of the "Land of Goshen," that, as far as experiments have been made and tests applied, it is persistent for a number of miles along the western slopes of the Little North Mountain. It is this feature, this peculiarity, hitherto but little remarked on, which renders this section so valuable. Near the Elizabeth is the old Estaline furnace, which has been for some years inoperative. A company of Pennsylvanians have recently bought the property, and propose, it is stated, to erect at Pond Gap *Dépôt* furnaces on an extensive scale. On the Estaline tract the bluff ore is known to be continuous for six or seven miles. On the next estate below (in the direction of Goshen) the same vein, equal in extent, has been exposed. It can be seen on the high slopes overlooking the mouth of the Little Calf Pasture, on both sides of the "Big" river at Strickler's Gap; still further on, as we shall presently notice, it has been discovered twenty miles distant from Pond Gap. Thus there is reason to believe that this bluff ore, described years ago by Prof. Rogers, considered unreliable in other sections, is here persistent for a distance of twenty miles or more. As the veins are usually from twenty to fifty feet in depth, sometimes as much as one hundred, the value of this deposit is incalculable.

A considerable deposit, called "bog" ore, has been found in the alluvial fields along the banks of the Little River near Craigsville. This "bog" ore is found in marshy places, and is doubtless the sediment left by the water which has flowed through the rich veins above; its presence therefore indicates the extent and richness of the deposits under the mountain slopes. This is confirmed by the surface indications all along the mountain to the mouth of the river. Here actual explorations evince the presence of bluff ore of the same quality and extent as was seen twelve miles above. The iron-master at this point would stop a moment to catch a glimpse of the romantic sides of "Goshen Pass," (the traveller's name for Strickler's Gap); but his attention would soon be called to the other direction, where, at the mouth of the beautiful gap through which the "Big River" pierces the knob, on the road and river side, he sees an old furnace stack and several dilapidated shanties. These are the remains of Bath Furnace. It stood upon an extensive tract, lately purchased by a wealthy gentleman of New York. This estate embraces several thousand acres, and contains immense deposits of ore. The road upon which the old stack stands is the stage-road from Goshen to Lexington. Near the furnace Guy's Run flows into the river. Veins of great value have been opened along this stream at points within a few miles of the railroad, and accessible by a branch road of comparatively easy grades. Preliminary surveys for such a road have already been made, and the enterprising owner expects to establish furnaces at no distant day.

The road from Goshen to the Rockbridge Alum Springs diverges from the road to Lexington at a point about one mile south of Goshen, and about two from the old Bath furnace. Near the "Alum," which is nine miles from the railroad, on the Goshen side, is the California, and beyond, six or seven miles distant from the Springs, are the Australia and Lucy Salina furnaces. It is in this vicinity that the range known as Mill Mountain becomes intermingled with other series. Here, too, the great bluff ore veins, which we have followed for more than twenty miles, are approached by those which we shall notice in Mill Mountain. The last named furnaces stand near the apex of a V of ore, one, the heavy side, formed by the bluff ore of the Little North Mountain, the other by the vein which permeates Mill Mountain. Near these furnaces are immense deposits, from which must annually be turned out vast quantities of pig iron of fine quality.

Returning towards our centre, we keep along the left limb of the V, and notice the surface indications on Mill Mountain. At Panther Gap we have Goshen two miles on the right; at that depôt the railroad turns to the west, and after ascending Mill Creek for two miles penetrates the mountain at the gap last named. Here ore in quantities has been found. West of the gap for many miles the railroad continues to pass along the iron belt. At Clifton Forge a stratum of great extent is found. The ore here is fossiliferous and very similar to that found in the vicinity of Danville, Pa. Down Jackson's River, within a few miles, on either side as many as thirty deposits of ore are found, none of which are more than twenty-five miles from the forge, all easily accessible to the main highway by short branch-roads.

Such is a hasty sketch of the ore-banks and veins in the "Land of Goshen." It is confidently believed that within a circle of twenty miles, having Goshen for its centre, there is ore sufficient to keep constantly in blast as many as fifty first-class furnaces. That this estimate may not appear extravagant, it must be remembered that the mountains in which these deposits occur are in the same general range as the Kitatinny in South Pennsylvania, as the Blue Mountains in East Pennsylvania, as the Shawangunk of New Jersey and New York. Prof. Rogers in his report on the geology of Virginia for 1837, speaking of the formation in this range, says, page 18: "This rock is chiefly interesting from being the repository of beds of iron ore of great extent and value, and of large deposits of the oxide of manganese. In regard to the former, incalculably the more important of the two, the extraordinary productiveness of this rock has already been illustrated in sketching some of the results of our explorations in the Big and Little Fort Valleys of the Massanutten; but I may be allowed again to call attention to the rich abundance and excellent qualities of the iron ores appertaining to this member of our series, as forming a part of the structure of those mountains, as well as to the ample deposits exhibited in numerous other localities in connection with the same rock. Though not unfrequently impregnated with manganese, these ores are for the most part well adapted to the furnace, and yield a metal of excellent quality."

The extent and richness of the deposits are clearly evinced by the

numerous chalybeate springs which are found within the belt. Many of these, the Rawley and Variety for example, are already well-known to the public; hundreds of others, perhaps not less valuable, exist throughout the entire section. According to Prof. Rogers, the springs at Rawley contain a half-ounce of the purest iron ore to every gallon of water. The evidence presented by the "bog" ore deposits has already been remarked.

In regard to the character and quality of the ores in this section, it may be said these differ in different localities; they often vary considerably in the same immediate vicinity. Thus at Elizabeth Furnace above the richer deposits lying eight or ten feet below the surface there is a conglomerated ore from three to four feet in thickness, much less valuable than the more extensive veins below. On the other hand, but a few hundred yards away, an immense boulder of the purest iron ore juts twenty feet above the surface. The writer was informed that this boulder was originally much larger; during the late war large quantities were taken off to the furnace. Reduced to its present size, it is proposed to leave it as a curiosity. In general the ore here as elsewhere in this region is brown hematite or hydrous peroxide of iron. It contains from fifty to sixty parts of metallic iron in one hundred. It is generally intermixed with alumina, silica and other foreign bodies, and therefore is found in various degrees of purity. The following are analyses of two samples taken from the banks on the estate upon which, Elizabeth Furnace stands. The assays were made by Mr. O. J. Heinrich, M. E., of Freiberg, Germany, who says: * "By carefully selecting a sufficient amount of samples from various points indiscriminately, two assays have been made. The first series of samples, taken from the bank which now supplies the furnaces, yielded in 100 parts —

Water	10.33	
Peroxide of iron . .	73.33	(equal to 51.33 per cent. of metallic iron)
Oxide of alumina . .	2.00	
Oxide of lime . . .	1.00	
Oxide of magnesia . .	.30	
Silicic acid	12.20	
Carbonic acid83	
Loss01	
	<hr/>	
	100.00	

"The second series of samples, selected from the ore at the 'Bluff,' yielded —

Water	14.656	
Peroxide of iron . .	83.310	(equal to 58.32 per cent. of metallic iron.)
Oxide of alumina . .	.500	
Oxide of magnesia . .	.066	
Silicic acid	1.466	
Loss002	
	<hr/>	
	100.000	

"The purity of the ore, especially the absence of sulphur and phosphoric acid, for which careful tests have been made, speaks favorably of it for the manufacture of a good gray metal."

* See Report by Major Jed. Hotchkiss and Com. M. L. Maury in regard to this property, 1869, p. 13.

The foregoing analyses have been selected because they were accessible and trustworthy. While it cannot be supposed that the ore in general, even the better and richer deposits, will average as much as these samples, for the specimens submitted to the chemist are usually the best, nevertheless all the ascertained results, as well as all *à priori* considerations, surely indicate that in the section described are to be found iron ores not only in immense quantities but of most excellent quality; indeed scarcely less valuable than the ores of the tract from the banks of which the samples analysed by Mr. Heinrich were obtained. Heretofore, these ores have waited for the Kanawha coal, which, being now secured to them, inevitably assures their speedy development.

This coal is now supplied by means of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, which, after passing through the iron belt, crosses the Alleghanies, and descends by the waters of the Greenbrier, New Kanawha and Guyandotte to the Ohio river. Within sixty miles of the point where the road leaves the iron it reaches the coal measures. Twenty miles further on it penetrates to the centre of the Kanawha coal region, which without doubt is the finest in the Alleghany mountains. It embraces six thousand square miles of territory, an area equal in extent to all the coal-fields of England, from which one hundred millions of tons are annually mined. Bituminous, splint and cannel (this last now imported at great expense from England) are the principal varieties. Messrs. Daddow and Bannan in their work, "Coal, Iron and Oil," 1866, p. 340, say:—

"Coal river, Elk river and Gauley diverge from the Great Kanawha and spread their branches over one of the *richest and most magnificent coal regions* in the world, and bring down their wealth to one common centre on the Great Kanawha. The coals of this region generally are *better, purer, and more available* for all the requirements of trade and manufacture than the coal from any other portion of this coal-field. The seams of coal are more numerous and their thickness greater than in any other portion of this coal-field; it can be *mined cheaper* and with more economy generally, under the same rates of labor, *than in any other region in this country, without exception.*"*

In England the coal is for the most part below the water level. In order to reach the deposits, pits or shafts must be sunk, requiring an immense outlay of time and money; likewise, pumping and hoisting machines are necessary, which are costly to build, and require large annual outlays to keep them in repair. "It is authoritatively stated," says Hon. Howel Fisher, C. E., of Pennsylvania, in his report on the mineral resources of Virginia and West Virginia, 1872, p. 13, "that the cost of sinking shafts in the Newcastle region of England, to the depth of one thousand feet, has been, in many instances, one thousand dollars per yard. In the great northern coal-field of Great Britain, producing twenty million tons per annum, there are two hundred pits or shafts, costing, in the first outlay for sinking and machinery, fifty millions of dollars, to which must be added the necessary expense of constructing and maintaining proper air-courses and their accessories requisite to the safety of the employes. . . . Now, in this great

* Quoted from Report of Hon. Howel Fisher, noted below.

coal-field, crossed by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, nature has already sunk all the necessary pits and shafts, which need neither repair, renewal, nor labor to work them. The laws of gravity have provided the most perfect permanent and costless pumping machinery; and the most perfect ventilation of the mines and safety of the employes, instead of requiring scientific knowledge and anxious thought, is simply a matter of the most ordinary care, the almost perfect freedom from noxious gases being the natural result of the position of the coal strata."

The Kanawha coal is especially valuable to the iron-master. The ordinary bituminous coal must be coked before it can be used for the manufacture of pig-metal. The splint coal of the Kanawha region can be used as it comes from the earth for this purpose. On this point there is no better authority than Mr. Cyrus Mendenhall of Cincinnati. He is one of the leading iron men of the West. The following extracts are taken from a letter addressed by him to the late J. G. Paxton, Esq., of Lexington, Va., dated October 10, 1867. He says:

"Your note making inquiry respecting the character of the Kanawha coal as a blast furnace fuel, is received.

"In reply I may briefly say that we have thoroughly tested its quality for this purpose in our own furnace near Wheeling with the most satisfactory results, regarding it as better adapted to smelting iron than any known coal of the Alleghany field. . . . The estimate in which our furnace manager holds these coals is evidenced by the fact that I am authorised to contract for a supply to be carried up the river to Wheeling for use in our furnace there.

"An extensive acquaintance with nearly all parts of our Alleghany coal-fields justifies me in saying that I know of no coal equal to it in every respect, and there is no portion of the field so richly developed as on the waters of the Great Kanawha, or where it can be brought into use at so cheap a rate."

These extracts suggest a discussion of the absolute and relative cost of the manufacture of iron in Virginia. First as to relative cost: The "Land of Goshen" will be compared with the city of Pittsburg. Ore costs in that city, delivered at the wharf, from fifteen to seventeen dollars per ton. Reliable estimates, made by men now engaged in the manufacture of iron in Virginia, show that at Goshen, for example, ore, coal, limestone, and labor can all be furnished for that sum or less; that is, if the necessary machinery be provided, pig iron can be turned out at Goshen Dépôt for a cost per ton *not exceeding the price of a ton of ore delivered at Pittsburg*. Yet this city is one of the most flourishing iron cities in America. But we shall enter somewhat into details in regard to this matter of relative cost. Major Hotchkiss, in his report quoted above, gives the following statement compiled from the actual "working" of a "badly-constructed and operated charcoal-furnace."

Required for one ton of pig-iron:

Iron ore	4,507.05 lbs., or 2.01 tons.
Charcoal	114.19 bushels
Limestone	891 lbs.
Average daily yield . .	5.32 tons.
Yield of iron from ore .	49.07 per cent.

Actual cost of ore for one ton of iron delivered at furnace	\$3 00
Ditto for charcoal	6 85
Ditto for limestone	2.41
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Total for material	\$12.26*
Labor at furnace per ton, say	2 00
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Cost per ton	\$14.26

According to the same authority the cost of manufacturing a ton of pig iron at Cincinnati is as follows:

1½ tons of Missouri Iron Mountain ore . . .	\$12.75
75 bushels Kanawha coal	9 00
½ ton limestone75
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Total for materials	\$22.50
Add labor for manufacture	6.00
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Total	\$28.50

At Jackson, Ohio, the ore and coal being near at hand, the total cost is \$28 00.

It is probable that the actual cost at the Virginia furnace is placed at too low a figure. The price of charcoal, the most expensive item, is variable and hard to be estimated, as there are an indefinite number of conditions entering into the problem. The present writer has been informed by one of the partners at Elizabeth furnace that charcoal for one ton of iron costs there from ten to twelve dollars. Even if this addition to the cost be regarded, the balance is still largely in favor of the Virginia ores and locations. The same authority confirms the estimates comparing Pittsburg and Goshen. Mr. Fisher, whose report has already been referred to, confirms these calculations. He discounts all the minutiae of manufacture because they vary but little, and makes the result depend on the cost of ore, coal and freight. He takes Allentown on the Lehigh and Phoenixville on the Schuylkill river, with New York as their market, for a comparison with the point on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad where the first available coal is found. For the Western market he regards the places compared as equal in respect to cost of freight, and gives the following results in favor of Virginia: For the Eastern or New York trade there will be an advantage of \$9 per ton, and for the Western trade \$20 per ton.†

Second: As to the absolute cost. Information from practical sources gathered by the present writer warrants the assertion that pig-metal can be turned out at Goshen, for example, at a cost not exceeding sixteen dollars per ton. This estimate is based on the assumption that coal can be delivered there for four dollars. It will probably cost less. Freights to Baltimore are at present about \$6.50 per ton. If five per cent. be added for commissions, there remains a net profit of \$10 75, when iron is as low as \$35, which may be considered a minimum. It is now \$50. When it is remembered that a

* In the printed report there are evidently a few typographical errors, which are corrected here. The statements in the text are confirmed by actual inquiries made by the writer at the furnace.

† See Report, pp. 16, 17, 18.

first-class furnace can turn out from ten to fifteen thousand tons of pig iron a year, the aggregate of profit, even after a considerable sum is deducted for interest, insurance, repairs, etc., is seen to be enormous.

In this connexion there is another thing that must be mentioned. The manufacture of charcoal iron, an article considered all-important for the production of good car-wheels and Bessemer steel, must eventually be transferred from Pennsylvania to Virginia. In the former State the timber used for making charcoal has been in large part consumed in and around the iron region. In Virginia the mountains containing iron ore are yet covered with virgin growth. Here and there a slope near an old furnace has been cleared ; and in places the large timber has been cut out for lumber. If these items be discounted, it remains true that in the main the forests in this section retain for charcoal purposes their value unimpaired. Now that charcoal iron may be readily united with its potent ally the coal of West Virginia, by which it is converted into car-wheels and bar-iron, it may be expected with certainty that the manufacture of these articles will seek this favored belt. Indeed the building of freight and heavy cars will be compelled to do this, and within a few years a large percentage of all this class of rolling stock will be turned out along the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad between Staunton and Charleston. Such at least is the opinion of far-seeing men of business, who are risking, if it may so be called, many thousand dollars on the prospect.

Facts and figures like the foregoing warrant even most sanguine Virginians in indulging the highest hopes. Already currents are in motion that must send new life and vigor through the veins of the Old Dominion. Miners are at work, furnaces, forges, rolling-mills, and factories are in blast. Month by month, year by year, these will multiply. The uses to which iron is put are continually increasing. More and more is iron found to be an important element in the foundation and superstructure of our civilisation. If never before, now certainly the most prosaic man can appreciate the almost tender sentiment which Joseph Harrison, Jr., the great iron prince of Philadelphia, expressed at a public dinner for his pet metal: "That glorious metal, *iron*," he said, "must ever be the great agent for promoting the mechanic arts. Iron is the true precious metal ; a metal so interwoven with the wants of life and with our very enjoyments, that to do without it would be to relapse into barbarism. Take away gold and silver, and the whole range of baser metals, leaving us iron, and we would hardly miss them. Take away *iron*, and we lose what is next to life, and that which sustains life — the greatest boon the Almighty has conferred upon man."

It must not be supposed that a rapid sketch of the iron interests of the "Land of Goshen" is exhaustive of her charms. Much might be added in regard to the extensive and easily utilised water-power which is to be found throughout the entire region. This power, in connection with sheep-raising, which to an unlimited extent can be profitably carried on, forms a basis for the establishment of woollen factories in great numbers. It should be remembered also that the

railroad brings this section into close proximity with the cotton-fields of Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama. When population increases about the iron furnaces to supply from the females and children of the families a sufficient number of hands, cotton-mills can be worked more advantageously here than in their present locations, hundreds of miles farther away from the plantations. Nor must the mineral springs be forgotten. These are numerous and valuable. With free-stone and limestone are found iron, sulphur and alum-water. A volume would scarcely suffice to set forth the value of these health-giving springs.

Allusion must be made, too, to the adaptability of this country to successful fruit-growing. The finest apples are here brought to perfection, and at the proper season on the southern exposures may be seen most luscious grapes, hanging in profusion from luxuriant vines which have been planted by the more enterprising farmers. The climate for healthfulness is unsurpassed in America, and the scenery beautiful beyond description. The "Land of Goshen" also possesses peculiar charms for the huntsman; "big game" still roam through the forests. In their mountain fastnesses brown and black bears may still be found. During the past winter many of these huge monsters approached, and some were killed, near the settlements. The red deer in herds continue to quench their thirst in the limpid streams that lave the mountain-sides, and are often seen running across the valleys, sometimes even through yards and gardens. Last but not least, there is a population largely composed of descendants from the Scotch-Irish settlers, a race renowned for their general intelligence, honesty, and sobriety.

"Such is the Land of Goshen in the Old Dominion"; a land like the Land of Promise, flowing with milk and honey; a land of vines and orchards; a land like its namesake on the banks of the Nile, abounding in cucumbers, leeks, onions, and garlic.

STARS AND BUTTON-HOLES.

AN APOLOGUE.

A POET who had discovered a lenient and sanguine Publisher, and had ascertained by a timid first-step that the dreaded stream of criticism is not very deep nor its waters necessarily scalding, was so much elated in consequence that he sought out his friend, a Philosopher, and opened his bosom to that frigid inspection.

"So I go to the stars," said the Poet, so well wrapped in his own comfortable enthusiasm that he did not care or even perceive how many intervals below his own pitch was his friend's phlegmatic tone. "So I go to the stars in the chariot of desires consummated! Fame takes me by the hand, and smiles over her shoulder at me as she leads me along sure ways. Estrella is mine; and now we can marry and be happy without exposing ourselves to the reproach of that unwisdom you cold worldings fancy inseparable from poetic weddings. Love will not fly out our windows, for we shall have means to entertain him on more dainty fare than crusts. Yes, dear friend, my dreams are realised: I reach happiness in my own way, without paying any toll to the low creeping worm of the world, without cutting off a single bright pinnacle from the towering summit of my desires. O stars of my hope, my love, my pride! what a joy to me that I never turned my eyes away from ye, yet have kept my feet from stumbling and my heart from growing cold! O stars, my own stars! diamond-planted piers by which Hope bridges over the measureless vault of eternity, I go to you at last!"

"That is very well, my friend," answered the Philosopher, calmly, "and I can sympathise with your exultation, the more so that I am aware such *voyages imaginaires* require no baggage nor passport, and cost only a few of the cheapest coins in the world, which are idle thoughts. However, speaking of stars, do you propose to continue your astronomical observations — young Tycho that you are — after marriage?"

"Why not?" cried the Poet, indignantly. "Does marriage shorten one's vision and make the stars grow dimmer? Does it give one a crick in the neck, so that he cannot look upward? Does it prevent any one from elevating and spiritualising himself?"

"Not that I know of," answered the Philosopher. "I asked for information. Of course, then, you will begin practising yourself in the necessary art of making telescopes out of button-holes."

"What do you mean, Philosopher?" demanded the Poet.

"I mean no more than what you find yourself strong enough to be able to despise: common sense. The experience of the world, which I occupy my time in collecting, and which you inspired beings naturally transcend — how else would you go to the stars or fetch the stars down to you? — this experience of the world teaches me that poets never see the stars more than sixty days after marriage, unless they are able to make telescopes of button-holes."

"It is a calumny!" cried the Poet.

"There is but a single known exception to the rule," continued the imperturbable Philosopher; "and that is in the person of the poet Shelley, who was of such an abstracted nature that he was never conscious of the button-holes, even when held right up before his eyes; but blinded by them all the same, went on placidly rhapsodising about the stars darkened from him, but which he fancied he saw plainly as ever."

"But what must I do?" asked the Poet.

"I do not see the imperative need for marrying; unless, indeed, you fear the race of poets may become extinct, and are ready to immolate your ideal on the altar of benevolent intention."

"Give up my Estrella!" cried the Poet. "Never, never!"

"Perhaps, then, you could dispense with seeing the stars; at least with the poet's clear, steadfast vision, which perceives so much more than common eyes take in."

"Barter my Ideal for a comfortable Real! Turn huckster and trade off what I have that is best for self! Is that *your* advice to me, Philosopher!" said the Poet in a tone of mournful reproach.

"By no means, my friend," answered the Philosopher; "my advice to you is to practise yourself in the indispensable art of seeing stars through button-holes."

The Poet wept. He gave himself up to fine frenzies. He vowed he would not be amenable to the common law, even of poets, but would heroically set himself against the course of nature, and mark monumentally a new point of departure in the annals of the race. These were very fine words, but the Poet did not care to immolate himself in too many ways at once, and so he married his Estrella all the same as if these fine words had never been uttered. Then it all came to pass just as the Philosopher had said it would. The Poet never knew how it happened, nor whether gazing so closely into Estrella's eyes had got his own out of focus for more distant objects; but very soon the stars grew dim and remote in his vision. He was very sad about it, and indeed it was a thousand pities; but the idea of trying to make telescopes out of button-holes, in order to remedy his impaired sight, was so absurd that he put it away at once, without trial, and retired peremptorily from star-gazing.

The Poet went into trade of some kind, and a good many children grew up around him, though there were no young poets among them; and he was very prosperous, in a worldly sense, I believe. He gave himself no more concern about star-gazing, unless we are to consider his attentions to his Estrella—who, having grown fat, had changed from a star of the sixth to one of the first magnitude—as genuine efforts in that direction. But one night in summer, undressing himself by the open window in the dark on account of the mosquitoes which bit the children so, he chanced to raise his head as he pulled his shirt off over it, and behold through the button-holes (which needed mending) his old dear immemorial stars serenely shining bright and clear as ever! He was delighted. A sweet thrill ran through his frame, and a gush of the old-time inspiration surged to his praecordium and tingled along his nerves with a tumultuous throbbing. He did not wake his Estrella, however, to share his new-born feelings, for he was not sure she would care to have her slumbers disturbed; but quickly resuming his attire, he strode away into the silent night, watching the stars and awaking the suspicions of the policeman by occasional irrepressible outbursts of his ecstasy.

In this mood he came by the house of his friend the Philosopher, and, seeing a light in the study, and not knowing that the sage was addicted to the composition of leading articles for the morning press at so much a column, went in. The Philosopher received him as usual, and heard his narrative without interruption.

"Yours is a common case, I believe," he said, when the Poet was done, and he removed his spectacles and gazed soberly in his friend's

face. "Take my advice and give yourself no concern about it ; all the symptoms will disappear in a day or two, and everything will go on as usual."

The poor Poet was aghast. "Do you mean to tell me the inspiration is not real—that my old poetic insight has not returned to me?"

"I think that is the case precisely."

"You are wrong now, Philosopher, just as I was wrong formerly. Teach me the use of the button-hole, and I shall surely see the stars with a vision still purer than of old."

But the Philosopher gravely answered: "Deceive not yourself, my friend! Mistake not a morbid condition of the retina for a restoration of sight. You are blind, I tell you, stone-blind, and you will remain so henceforth! The powers who wait on noble deeds, as a poet sings, have cancelled your sense misused—for neglect is misuse. You can never expect to see more in button-holes than the rest of us. Make up your mind to that."

The poet wailed and wept—his tribe are gifted that way—and cursed his neglect and selfishness that had brought this occultation upon him.

"Take comfort, O foolish Poet," the Philosopher said again, "for your loss is not irreparable. Had you been a real poet, your soul would have risen superior to button-holes."

EDWARD SPENCER.

A VISIT TO THE BLUE LAKES.

ONE of the most beautiful parts of the State of California, yet one which has seldom been visited by the tourist or pleasure-seeker, in comparison with the numbers that flock to the Geysers, or Big Trees, or Yo Semite, is Lake county. This county was for many years a part of Napa county, but was shut off from the valley that now bears that name by a range of mountains covered with chaparral and grease-wood, and requiring a very toilsome travel to reach. The mountains, a part of the cascade or coast-range known as the Myacamas range, are very steep, and their ascent is over rough roads, by sudden turns and rapid ascents over sharp spurs, following along ridges from which the sides rapidly descend hundreds and in some places thousands of feet, all combining to make the journey seem perilous. There were no gold or silver mines in this range to tempt

the cupidity of the miner, and the tales of the dangerous cliffs and dark ravines, of contests with the fiercer denizens of the forests, of the laborious work required to pass over the mountains, told by the old hunters, deterred all but the adventurous hunter and determined sight-seer for many years from venturing beyond the foot-hills on the southern borders where the counties of Sonoma and Napa touched it. Mendocino county on the west was almost as unknown and untravelled as Lake. Soon, however, those who visited Lake county in the spirit of adventure, returned with glowing accounts of the beauty beyond the mountains. A vast lake which rivalled Tabor or Biglû and the line of lakes between California and Nevada, had been discovered. Its waters were as clear and sparkling as crystal. Fish of various kinds sported in its pellucid depths, and were caught in the greatest abundance. A dark grim old mountain rose out of the lake, joining the mainland on one side and almost dividing it into two large bodies. The tales of the game found in the cañons, gulches, and valleys of this mountain emulated those told of the fish in the lakes; and soon pleasure-seekers, and sportsmen with guns and fishing-rods, were flocking from all parts of the country, to gaze upon the beautiful and grand scenes which Nature had thrown together in such lavish profusion, or to hunt the woods or fish the streams. None were disappointed. The scenery combines greater variety than almost any other in the State. The woods were alive with small game, as well as deer, antelope and grizzly bears, while the immense numbers of fish found in its lakes and streams are incredible to one who has never fished in virgin waters. Even as late as 1872, paragraphs which truthfully describe the numbers seen by an eyewitness, a gentleman of known veracity, have been copied all over the States east of the Rocky Mountains as "veritable fish stories," and a proof of the Munchausenism of Californians.

The climate of California is well adapted for pleasure excursions. From the first of June until the first of December the traveller feels certain that not one drop of rain will fall. The earth is so dry that he can sleep upon it at night with perfect safety. Insect life is not found as it is in moister climes, and the sleeper is seldom annoyed in that way; while the cloudless, beautiful nights distill but comparatively little dew. The air is always healthful and invigorating, and Californians as a general thing spend much of their time out of doors. Hundreds of families with small children, even infants, yearly spend from a week to several months during the dry season in renewing their energies amid the lovely scenes and healthful climate of the foot-hills. All they need in the way of eating are the condiments, with flour, sugar, and coffee. Their meat they find in the woods everywhere; their fish abounds in the streams. The large ferns, some of them growing from two to ten feet in height, and pine-boughs, furnish a soft bed; a blanket or two serves for bedding. Their cooking utensils need only be a camp-kettle, a coffee-pot, and a frying-pan; and the most extensive culinary apparatus only adds a small Dutch oven. A few tin cups and plates, with knives, forks, and spoons, complete the table furniture; and thus hundreds wander away, leading a half gypsy life of enjoyment, part of every year. The

horse or horses can be staked out to an abundance of hay; the wild oats abound, and cure in the dry climate in great perfection.

Among those who had wandered to Lake county were a more adventurous set, who made their way through masses of tangled undergrowth and matted vines, making new roads and new discoveries. They followed the courses of the streams, and along valleys for miles, and found lake after lake, scene after scene, beauty after beauty, which rewarded their zeal and research a thousandfold. Springs were found gushing with medicinal waters possessing healing powers, and vast plains white with encrusted salts of curious taste. Some specimens of virgin ore of the base metals had been picked up, and quite an emigration began to move towards the regions around Clear Lake, not only of transient visitors, but of permanent settlers. Beautiful and fertile plains clad with luxuriant vegetation were seen from the tops of the mountains; and soon the sounds of the industrious farmer and builder were heard preparing for settlement. Herds of cattle were now wending their way over the lofty mountains to the spot, and several small towns have sprung up. A county has been organised, political aspirations are being gratified and disappointed. Twelve miles above Clear Lake—for this name has been given to the principal sheet of water covering over two hundred square miles of the county—three beautiful little lakes have been found embosomed among the hills. Their waters, it was asserted, were surrounded on all sides by precipitous mountains, while in many places jutting crags so overhung that from their summit the eye might gaze directly down into the deep water beneath. They had never been sounded, though many efforts had been made; they were of a most beautiful blue color, and this color has given to them the name "The Blue Lakes." They were hidden from every route of travel; and as the Indians carefully avoided them, going miles out of their way to keep clear of a sight of them, and the whites, when on their hunting excursions, generally followed the slight Indian trails, they had remained undiscovered for a long time. Those who first saw them came back with startling tales of the number and the size of the fish found in them. Around them seemed thrown a spell of silence, a weird-like silence as that of enchantment. No bird's song was heard there; the gray squirrel's bark seemed hushed or absent; even the whirr of the quail was unheard: naught but harsh and discordant screams from the lower of the three lakes and the splash of some immense fish occasionally breaking the dreary silence. All animal life, save the venomous rattlesnake, seemed to avoid the place. The hunters declared they could find no game on the sides of the mountains which hung over the lakes; but those who had been there asserted that the most wonderful beauty was displayed around the place. The trees of home Eastern growth—the white, the red, the chesnut, and the black oak—threw their delightful shades over the ground; the hill-sides were covered with the maple, the elm, the fir, and the gum; they said in autumn the red-berried dogwood with its green leaves stood surrounded with the brilliant display of an Eastern forest, so unusual in California, which lent a charm perfectly indescribable to the scene; but all, each one, even the most enthusiastic,

would, as they drew near the conclusion of their narrative, with bated breath intimate that something mysterious hung around the lakes; and several pronounced the place haunted — the ghost, unlike all others known to the spiritual world, being that of a *fish*. This strange and unearthly visitor, of immense size, had been often seen swimming in death-like silence along the shores of the middle lake, surrounded by shoal upon shoal of other fishes of inferior size. Its fins hardly seemed to move; its tail motionless. Its progress at times was so slow that every scale upon its back might be counted; and again it darted along with such inconceivable rapidity that a single flash of light like a luminous speck lit up the whole lake, and in a moment subsided. There were few, if any, who returned who had seen the fish, but all had seen those who had caught a glimpse of it as it slowly swam along; and when once seen, and the eye of the fish had caught that of Indian or white man, woman or child, they began to feel a chill creep over the frame, soon the brain became involved, the imagination began to feel the cold waters engulf the whole body; the patient, struggling, like a person drowning in vast waters, grasped after a stick or a straw that floated by, and the wave of death settled upon the frame. There was nothing in the appearance of this fish to warrant such an effect. All described it as beautiful beyond description. Its face bore some resemblance to a woman's, and its eye was so wondrously beautiful, beaming out from the liquid blue with a deeper blue, so mildly and gently, with an almost human, imploring, beseeching expression, that it touched with sympathy the hearts of those who gazed. But one look at that lovely eye, more fatal than Circe's, and all was over. The Indians avoided, and still avoid that lake, though it abounds with fish, and fish is the principal part of the Lake Indian's food, and these are easily captured; they will not approach within miles of it. This statement, and the legends which romancers threw around the lake, instantly began to attract attention. Men are always attracted by the wonderful, and will endure more privations, hardships, and even suffering to know or see something they dread seeing, than for aught else. Soon the Blue Lakes began to become quite a place of resort, even of fashionable resort. Enterprise was not long in finding out that a road constructed thither would pay; and it was constructed. With a little perseverance it may be easily reached in a day and a half's travel from San Francisco. I have often wondered what fascination there could be to man in an unknown danger; or why it is the moment many persons are told of anything connected with the spirit-world, they eagerly seek to know all about it by ocular demonstration, even though it exposes them to hardships and evils they otherwise shrink from. Yet there are always those found who will rush after anything that promises to gratify their longing for the supernatural, however ridiculous the stories may be, with an intensity of zeal and earnestness not natural to them in other things. Is it not the deep feeling of the need we have of something beyond ourselves? Is it not the stretching out of our God-given desires for a nobler world — a something beyond this mere material sphere?

Among the rest a party once started from San Francisco to visit

this wonderful spot. I will not say they believed any of the stories they had heard either of material or spiritual fish; in fact, they were disposed to place them in the category of "fish-stories." One of them had travelled almost all over California, from Rogue River, in Oregon, to San Diego, and had gathered many of the legends of the former children of its mountains and plains. He felt desirous of tracing this one, if possible, to its source, as he had never visited this spot or any part of Lake county. Most of the Indian legends are entirely local — only to be gathered in the immediate vicinity of the places to which they refer. He was naturally anxious to see this place. The others were recent arrivals, fond of hunting and fishing, and were ready to go to any place where they might indulge in their favorite amusements. The time at which this trip was taken was in 1870, before the Northern Pacific Railroad had been completed to Cloverdale, and this party decided to make Healdsburg, a town in the centre of Sonoma county, the point of departure. To the lover of the beautiful in scenery, no place in the State of California presents a finer opportunity of gratifying the taste than Healdsburg. Situated in a fertile valley, approached on all sides by crossing the Russian River, which runs around it with the tortuous windings of a snake, and along whose banks vegetation grows in rank luxuriance — with a climate that vies with any in the world — it is the most varied and picturesque in its surroundings of any place we have visited in the State. Other places might present scenes superior in some one feature, but none combine so many that are attractive to the seeker of health or of pleasure. In two days' drive in the vicinity, every taste may drink in intoxicating draughts of rural beauty and grandeur. One drive to Skagg's Springs — noted for their healing virtues — runs along Dry Creek, charming the eye with its green meadows and fruit-bearing orchards; then by the side of a gushing, gurgling brook, leaping and dancing and rushing and foaming along, full of fine trout. The drive to the Geysers, especially on the return trip by Foss Station, where Russian River and Sonoma valleys, with their wondrous wealth of vegetation, are seen far as the eye can reach, is world-wide in reputation. Another, up what is called Mill Creek road, shaded with giant old red-woods and alive with game and fish, affords fine sport for the gun and rod; and scattered along each of these roads, in little openings in the hills, are fairy-like vistas, little gleams of farm-beauty, such as we see in painting, and almost wonder if the painter's brain has not conceived, not his eye seen, the loveliness he portrays. These farms are owned and occupied, too, by almost every variety of the *genus homo* found in that cosmopolitan State — the sturdy English yeoman and the whilom "tenant" from the Emerald Isle, the Italian vegetable-raiser and the shepherd from the Tyrol. There, too, is sometimes found the citizen of the "oldest agricultural country, and the best instructed in fertilising, of the world," with his almond eye and long queue. At some farms we found them rough and uncouth, and in others most refined and cultivated, but in all frank and generous hospitality reigned supreme. The mountain or country air seems to inspire those who habitually breathe it with noble and generous dispositions, though they may be narrow

in their views. The writer is a believer in the modifying influences of circumstances on the whole man, spiritual as well as mental and physical. No man can resist his surroundings entirely; they lay a hand on us almost as resistless as fate; and our life, our actions and opinions result to a great extent from them. The ancients saw this and began to dream of fate, the Parcae, children of the night, daughters of necessity, to talk of destiny, weave legend upon legend of the influences the invisibles exert upon humanity. The moderns, no wiser, see the same, and begin to make statistics show that all evil is the result of natural laws, which they say cannot be stayed or prevented. And when theologians, wrapped up in their dogmas, refuse to see it, and looking out from their too often narrow code of ethics, condemn men who deviate from a groove of conformity to certain opinions and practices, they will always find the minds of thinkers, in whatever sphere of life they may be, revolt and turn to other extremes. The most fruitful cause of skepticism in the world is the Christian himself: first, his inconsistency, and secondly, his narrowness. Let the Christian overcome these, and infidelity will be a shadow. The free, the inspiring life of the country, bringing men into contact with the great book of nature as God made it, it has often been observed, softens and modifies their whole lives. We call them rough: it is generally the external that is so. We call them uncouth, but there is a well-spring of good feeling and honest sympathy, unknown to many who pride themselves on their external culture and attention to the minute details of social etiquette. They are all religious; we have never met a country-bred person who was not religious in feeling. One of our number was a clergyman, and in travelling over the hills on this tramp we often had the privilege of witnessing how a slight allusion to a loving Father and a dear Redeemer would call up the gleam of a religious light over the features of those who to all appearance never thought of church or churches as a matter of denominational warfare. Often did we see the tear glistening in the eyes of these people as he would put his hand on the heads of their children with a fervent ejaculation, "God bless thee, my child, and make thee His."

A few days were spent at Healdsburg. One night we were looking out of our window, which fronted toward Geyser or Sulphur Peak — one of the loftiest peaks around the valley, and looks immediately down on the far-famed geysers of Sonoma county. As we watched the grand old giant almost hidden by the curtain of the night, yet lifting his grim head to the stars, so far above the others that his outline was discernible against the sky, we saw a light shoot up from its summit and then spread along its brow with great rapidity. The mountain was on fire. In a short time it was a grand sight; vast sheets of flame shot up to the very heavens, broke and fell back in golden showers. We could not but think of the beauty which a few months before adorned that mountain as we rode over it on a visit to the geysers. It was spring then, and green swards and bright green oaks bursting forth in vernal beauty, had welcomed us on our first visit. The sides, around which now swept this sea of flame, were then bright with thousands of variegated flowers. Wild lilacs, vary-

ing in color from a brilliant white to a subdued purple, grew in great abundance and wafted sweet odors to us. The morning after the imposing sight we started for Lake county. Furnishing ourselves with the material for camping and travel elsewhere enumerated, we hired a light but strong and compact wagon, drawn by two strong horses. Our provisions, our blankets, our guns, our cooking utensils filled it. "Not much room to move, but there is some hunting to be done, and that will take the kinks out of our legs," says our Jehu. By-the-bye, a fine Jehu we have, full of fun, and regardless on whom he plays his pranks. Jehu is a philosopher in his way, that is, he "will not believe anything he can't see"; but like many other philosophers of the same stamp, only with a little more learning, he is exceedingly credulous about other things. Sometimes he ruffles our dignity — for his reverence is not great; sometimes he rouses our indignation — for his dogmatism is a very positive one. If he knew who Comte was, he would be a willing disciple. As our Parson appears in blue overalls, short shooting-jacket, slouch hat, and jolly look, Jehu begs him "not to carry any sermons; they might break down the team, they were so heavy." The Doctor is entreated to take a few pills along, "to work the team"; and "Sour Kraut," a German gentleman who accompanies us, and who is very fidgety at times, is appealed to "not to fly around like a pea on a hot griddle;" at which the Teuton is anxious to know "vot for they puts peas on griddles for?" and when he learns it is a joke, scowls most magnificently at Jehu.

As we jog along, the Dominie impresses the fact on our minds that he has not fired off a gun for several years. Our countenances fall, for we depend on him for game. We see he is timid of his first attempt to supply our larder, and wishes to prepare us for disappointment. We are soon convinced that any dependence on Teuton would be useless; we did not travel far nor hunt long before we were all more in dread of his gun than hopeful of his game. He would insist on cocking both barrels of his gun every time a bird or hare was seen; he would then catch the right-hand hammer and pull the left-hand trigger, when bang would go the gun, and our German friend would be seen standing the picture of dismay, with open mouth and grasping the hammer of his exploded barrel with death-like tenacity. No amount of talking would make him careful; we could only take our chances for escape.

Our road led through a very beautiful undulating country: the Russian River bottom on the right, farms and vineyards lining the road. The purple fruit of the latter gleamed very invitingly through the green foliage of the vines, and arriving at the vineyard of a friend we supplied ourselves liberally with the delicious fruit. We passed Cloverdale, a town beautifully situated at the point where the Russian River debouches from the mountains and flows through the valley. The wagon-road diverges here; that to the left goes onward past Sanel and Ukiah to the extreme north. Leaving this road and Cloverdale to the left, we crossed the dry bed of the river, then over a mile of level road; and passing Sulphur creek, in the pellucid waters of which were a number of Indians bathing, and which we knew by experience were famous for trout, we pushed on up the mountain road, which we

were told was twelve miles long. Our intended encampment for the night was half way up this tedious road, at a ranch which had been occupied some time before, and the only one on the hill. Evening was coming on fast, our team was showing weariness, and it became doubtful whether we could reach a place where water was handy and food for our animals could be obtained before dark.

It was just dark when we reached our station. The Doctor recalled his experiences in the early days of California, and began preparations for supper. Jehu attended the horses, and to our German friend was awarded the privilege of being dish-washer. He was evidently not pleased with the situation — I have never seen a man that was — but he could not cook, get wood and water, nor feed the horses. He filled his position creditably. The night came on rapidly. It was too dark to do justice to the cooking; but hungry men are not severe critics, and we soon prepared for bed, and with a blanket spread upon the ground, sought "tired nature's sweet restorer." The stars shone very brightly above us, the pleasant murmur of a brook a short distance from us soothed with its liquid music. The camp-fire gleamed out beneath the grand old oaks which were around us, and casting a fitful glare on their foliage above, they looked like vast arches deepening away until lost in the shadow of distance. Any one who has slept under the trees in a clear atmosphere must have noticed how near the sky seemed, when lying on the back looking with upturned face. The heavens seem to "bow and come down," and embrace us on every side; they appeared as if just above the tops of the trees, and the twinkling stars, like faint jets of light, throwing a dim radiance over our great chamber. The scene in all its quiet solemn beauty had so impressed us that none were sleepy but our knight of the dish-rag.

The conversation, at first general, soon became confined to the parson and doctor, and naturally glided into the science of the stars: the gorgeous tracery of the heavens mapped out in the far-off ages, perhaps under the clear skies of Chaldea, and afterwards transformed by the beautiful imaginings of the poetic Greek into many legends; and then we came to the achievements of modern astronomy. Rising on one arm, the Dominie called attention to the bright star Alpha, in the constellation Lyra, the dimensions of which are so vast. "Well has Herschel declared," said he, "the undevout astronomer is mad! Place its centre on the centre of our sun, and its circumference would overlap our earth half a million of miles."

A long shrill whistle, ending with something like "Whew, what a whopper!" broke from Jehu.

"Yet," said the Doctor, "vast and grand as that is, it is but one sun, around which no doubt revolve orbs as much greater than this earth as is that sun greater than ours. And it is one only of thousands, ay, millions; yet we puny men, the little inhabitants of one of the smallest spheres even of our own system, arrogate to ourselves so much of the Great Eternal's attention that we think He disrobed Himself of His glory and came and dwelt on this earth, to do what He has never yet done: keep us poor mortals from exhibiting our supreme selfishness. Can you as a sane being believe of so great

a Being, if such exists, that He would continually trouble Himself about so insignificant a thing as man?"

A slow, gurgling, grunting sound, gradually increasing in intensity until it rang out on the night air, burst from the nasal organ of the Teuton; he was fast asleep. The Doctor too succumbed. We also slept. How about the Parson? Did he ponder this suggestion all night? Who can tell? For when we opened our eyes, the early sun was just tinging mountain-top and fleecy cloud with hues of gold and purple splendor. Just then a little bird flew on a twig of the tree overhead and began a sweet soft chirrup, attracting each eye.

"Look!" said the Parson. "Is it any evidence because we love the song of yon little bird, when we can appreciate the grand music of the masters, that we are less great in our manhood? Is it any evidence, because He loves the sparrow and notices its fall, He is any less in His Godhead?"

The Doctor did not reply, but hurried to the brook to perform his ablutions, and soon our camp was alive with preparations for breakfast. We had encamped in a small valley containing not over ten acres, very narrow, a steep hill descending on one side and then sloping away gradually forty or fifty yards to a beautiful stream, cold and clear as crystal, along which grew heavy and thick clusters of bushes. The whole place seemed perfectly alive with quail, and Jehu and the Dominie soon had a splendid mess of them for breakfast. The hill on the farther side of the stream rose very abruptly, and at its base some mountaineer, attracted to this wild spot, had built a log-house, fenced in the valley, planted an orchard which had begun to bear some fruit, and there he and his family were living shut out from the world by stream, mountain and forest. From this ranch the Doctor had procured fresh milk and eggs. He prided himself on his knowledge of the culinary art, and with the quail made a stew the dwellers of Olympus might have envied; the coffee was delicious. The cook was an expert in the mystery of slap-jacks; we could not but admire the easy grace with which he threw them high in air, and then dexterously caught them as they descended in the frying-pan whole and unbroken. Our Teuton watched the process with undisguised admiration. He was a man of great promptness and energy. Seizing the pan, he essayed the trick, but his calculations were incorrect—turning slap-jacks was not his forte. It rose gyrating and twisting in the air, but when it descended hot and greasy—a second after Teuton was bathing a nose which appeared like a boiled lobster, in the cool waters of the brook.

By the time our blankets were packed, our cooking-utensils put away, our horses made ready for starting and ourselves prepared, it was late. The sun had risen above the mountains, and we began to feel its heat. We knew that save a lunch of bread and cheese we would have nothing to eat until evening. Our dinner had to be procured too, and so our guns were prepared. The hill we were ascending was very steep. One of our horses had shown symptoms of failing the day before, and we dared not tax them with the load we would add to them. Jehu drove; the Parson, Doctor, and Teuton arrayed themselves in hunting attire and started with light steps to

hunt for dinner. We had not gone far when up jumped a hare—"one of the big fellows that looks almost like a young mule," said Jehu, afterward relating it—right before Teuton. "Dere he goes! Dere he goes! Stop him! Stop him! Stop him! Shoot him!" he exclaimed, dancing around in his excitement, and at the same moment bang! bang! went both barrels of his gun; and there he stood, hat off, his gun pointed at the sun, his face pale as death, his eyes starting from his head, the rabbit with ears low down running away as if scared nearly to death. The Dominie looked rather suspiciously at Teuton. The Doctor made the trees and mountains ring with laughter, and the trio from that moment made up their minds hunting was somewhat of a dangerous pastime. Solemnly and many times did Dominie adjure Teuton to be careful of that gun; and carefully did he evade any attempt on the part of Teuton to fall behind him. "If I am to be shot," said he, "I object to being shot in the—from behind." The Doctor on the other hand seemed to enjoy the whole proceeding, and to watch Teuton's escapades seemed to be the relish in his trip. The writer could not but sometimes indulge a quiet smile at the inquiry propounded to his own mind: Why it was the Parson seemed so averse to going to that happiness he believed would be his when he "shuffled off this mortal coil"? and why the Doctor should be so careless as to going to that cold oblivion and nothingness his creed taught him remained for him?

We had been prepared for a steep and toilsome ascent, but the half had not been told. At first game seemed plenty, and the excitement and enjoyment in obtaining it, together with the freshness of the day, made our walk pleasant; but soon the sun's rays were intense. The portly Parson, the lean Doctor, the now phlegmatic Teuton, were alike bathed in perspiration. The hill grew steeper and steeper. We reached one point only to find that another steeper and harder to ascend arose beyond it. We threw our game away to lighten our load, and wished we could serve our guns the same way. The road was narrow and dusty. We shouted for our wagon, but it was too far ahead for Jehu to hear us; at least he said so afterwards. Greasewood and chaparral bounded each side; not a sign of shade. We could not have penetrated on either side ten feet. Hotter and hotter grew the sun, steeper and steeper grew the hill, until weary, dusty, tired, we suddenly overtook our wagon, and in a single turn of the road a scene of unparalleled beauty and glory burst on our view. A simultaneous shout burst from each. In an instant all weariness had gone, and the selfish and irritated feelings which had prompted us to murmur at Jehu's getting ahead of us were gone with it. We stood on the pinnacle of a mountain: its craggy sides were dark and forbidding, the road thither narrow and wearisome under the burning heat of a noonday sun, but in an instant every feeling of weariness or irritation was dissipated. Stretching out below us reposed a rolling, undulating country, dotted all over with groves. Here and there a house, with its smoke curling above the chimney, rose above dark green foliage, and then at the further boundary the beautiful waters of Clear Lake glistening, twinkling, and shining in silver sheen. On one side the grand old form of Uncle Sam raised his scarred and

sombre sides in towering grandeur, and on the other a succession of lovely valleys stretched far away until lost in the distance, or a range of low hills sharply defined against the horizon. The Doctor stood after the first shout transfixed at the scene. The Parson reverently lifted his hat, and turned toward the Doctor as he said: "The hill of life, its weariness over, will not Faith as she gets a glimpse of the hereafter lose herself in the sunlight of God's beautiful home?" Teuton seemed to drink in the scene with his whole soul, and Jehu broke the renewed silence with a whoop that startled a large hawk near by who soared away from us with a harsh scream.

The descent of the hill was easy. We stowed ourselves away in the wagons, and our horses even seemed to have caught the inspiration of the scene, and jogged along merrily, while we could only talk over the sensations we experienced when the scene burst upon us. Three hours brought us through a very beautiful, though still uncultivated county, to Lakeport, situated right on the borders of Clear Lake, and where we get a splendid view of its waters. We had intended to encamp here, but as we had ridden along, memories of the tales and legends of the Blue Lakes had been revived, and we determined to push along as rapidly as possible.

The road from Lakeport to the Blue Lakes is very beautiful from its variety. At one time by the side of Scott Valley, radiant with its fields of waving corn and green vegetation, then by little homesteads where their possessors were clearing away fields for the future; fires on every side, trees, bushes and shrubs disappearing that corn and wheat and barley should take their place. As we approached the lakes the signs of civilisation began to disappear, the country grew wilder; here and there a settler's cabin, and the well-made road over which we travelled, alone bespoke the fact of the white man's dwelling there. We had met many Indians at first, but none after we passed Scott's Valley. At one place the road led through a dark wood of oak, maple and other forest growth, that reminded us of the homes of years gone by, when the forests of the East greeted us with their brilliancy in autumn. Oak openings were frequent, in which the quail and gray squirrel seemed to abound. Driving through one of these openings, we approached a house, near which were a few acres of cleared land; and as night was coming on apace, we determined to accept the hospitalities of a magnificent oak which stood a hundred yards or so from this house. After dinner came sleep. The rising sun called us to breakfast, and we began preparations for our early visit to the Blue Lakes.

After leaving this ranch, the road led through a dense mass of oak for a mile or so. It was swarming with small game, and we had many a splendid shot at mountain quail and squirrel. On the way we encountered an old Sacramentan, and very like old times did he look. He wore a true Forty-niner's garb, blue flannel shirt, heavy overalls, and a huge knife stuck in the leg of his right boot. For shovel and pick however he carried a rifle and game-bag. His house too corresponded with old times. It was built of shakes—a rough kind of shingle used in early times—had a ground-floor and a bunk. A cool, clear spring near the house furnished us with water. He joined

our party, and half a mile brought us to the lower lake. The road is only twenty or thirty yards from this lake, but so dense was the growth of oak and underbrush that we could only occasionally catch a glimpse of its waters as we passed by. Our Sacramento friend had advised us to encamp at the lower end of the middle lake, and thither we went. A large valley or flat lies between the two lakes. It is studded with giant oaks, and under one of them we pitched our blankets, intending to spend a week on the spot.

Each was now left to his own resources for enjoyment. Teuton had on the journey manifested a mania for buying, selling, and exchanging everything that came to hand. He wandered to the house of some settlers about a quarter of a mile off, and at night I heard had made an offer for the lakes and all the adjoining mountains. Jehu was off with his horses securing fodder. The Parson we had long since discovered was happier with a fly-hook and reel, and prouder of his rod than aught else. He was a true "successor of the Apostles" in being an active fisherman; so he started for a good place to fish. The Doctor pulled out a sketch-book, and wandered away. The road is built some distance above the lakes, but gives a fine view of the upper and middle lakes. They lie in a deep gorge in the mountains. On either side the approach is very precipitous; and on the shores of the middle lake I could not find twenty feet of beach. Bending over the road at the distance of one or two hundred feet from the surface, it seemed as if we could look right down into its clear pellucid waters. The stillness of death pervaded the air: not a breath disturbed the water, not a sound of living thing was heard. Stretching myself beneath an oak, I could look on the waters of the middle lake from end to end. They were as darkly, deeply, beautifully blue as the ocean, and as unruffled as a mirror. There was a dreamy mystic air about the place—the grand and towering mountains, the umbrageous trees, the quiet depth of the lake—that calmed and soothed me. I began to feel the delight of a new sensation. I looked upon the mirror-like lake, and almost wished to see the beautiful and graceful fish-form, with its liquid but fatal blue eye, rise to the surface, that I might gaze upon it and try whether the tales were true. At that moment the waters of the lake were disturbed a short distance from the shore, and a large fish some three feet in length leaped out, making a splash that was really startling in that awful stillness. We spent the day by the side of the middle lake. Its beauty had enchained us to the exclusion of every other thought. Nothing alive was seen save an occasional rattle-snake, or a fish as it leaped from its watery home, breaking the silence. As the sun went down the scene became indescribably beautiful. Every hill was bathed in a mellow splendor, the green tops of the trees were tinged with a deeper green, and the surface of the lake was a sheet of gold and purple. We strolled toward the camp, and found quite an addition to our party, among whom were several ladies. The Doctor was preparing some fish the Parson had caught for dinner, and their frying emitted savory odors. The quail-stew was in full process of cooking, and the aroma of coffee promised a good repast.

Dinner being ready, we gathered around our hospitable board with

fine appetites. The fish were pronounced splendid; they were a variety I had not seen in the State. One of our number making this remark, the Dominie said: "I think, gentlemen and ladies, we are feasting on one of the dishes most esteemed by the ancient Romans — the small pike. They valued this fish just in proportion to its smallness of size. We are told that at one of the extravagant banquets of Apicius, or of Æsop, the famous tragic actor —" none of us knew to what extent the discourse of our parson on Roman entertainments would have been prolonged, if our Sacramento friend had not at this juncture interposed with a tone of impatience: "Little pike! The Romans were fools. They ain't worth the fire that cooks them. Here we get 'em weighing from four to twenty pounds, splendid fellows, four, five, six, and ten feet long." "Bah!" said the Doctor. "But," said Jehu, "I have hearn tell they are bigger than that." "Yes," said Sacramento, "they are *pro-di-gious*." The word was pronounced with a very decided emphasis on the penultimate. "Why," he continued, "I have seen fish in this lake twelve feet long myself, and there is one that is *enormous*. Many Indians have seen it, and they have all kinds of stories about it. You can't get one of them anywheres about here; it lives in the middle lake. They think if one of them sees it they will die; but that is a mistake, it is only when the fish sees *somebody* he dies." Jehu sat silent, with open eyes and mouth and maudlin look. We could all see the deep interest he took in the conversation.

Dinner being concluded, and as all had become interested in the immense yarns of Sacramento, one of the number inquired, as we sat around our camp-fire, if he knew any of the Indian legends connected with the lakes. "I jist can," said our friend; and we were soon listening to a series of "fish stories" that could not have been excelled for vigor of imagination in any place in the world. The climax came at length. "Why," said our friend, "there is that big fish here I told you about that has been seen — I have not seen it myself," said he, "but I have seen the big wave it makes once or twice, when it comes to the surface and then sinks down. Its head and back are beautiful, they say, and it reaches half way across the middle lake." As the middle lake is half-a-mile wide, we all broke into an incredulous laugh, save Jehu, who was "goll-darned sartin it wur thar, fur he had seen a man who seed another whose child saw it and died next day."

"Have any white men seen it?" inquired another of our number; and now came out a perfect torrent of corroborative testimony. There was Col. K., sen., he lived just over the hill, and we might go see him. He didn't believe in the fish at all, so he made a little boat for his son on the lake. One day the little fellow was rowing along and saw a beautiful fish looking up at him from the waters. The boy, far from frightened, put out his hands towards it and seemed about to jump overboard. His father, who was standing on the shore and saw the action and the fish, in the agony of desperation shouted to his son. The fish instantly disappeared, the boy dropped in convulsions in the boat, and died next day.

"Epilepsy," said the Doctor, who would not believe anything.

"Think his dad would let him go out if he had 'lipsy?" said Jehu, who believed nothing he couldn't see.

"Again," said Sacramento, "a band from Ukiah came here once on a pic-nic. They sat on a point which hangs over the lake, and played sweet music for hours. The people loved to hear it reverberating among the hills; suddenly a great wave broke on the shore—a fin shone above the surface. All started back in alarm and fled; but the bass viol, being a portly man, and having a portly instrument, could not get along very well. The fish saw him, and next day *he* died—both as if they were drowning."

We spent the evening until a late hour listening to these tales, and finally one by one drew our blankets and went to sleep. Some hour or so afterwards our sleep was broken by a deep groan that startled us all; it was followed by a yell that raised us to our feet. The feminine portion of our number broke out in a scream, and the mountains echoed back the unusual noise breaking their accustomed stillness. It was all caused by Jehu. He declared he had lain thinking of the monster of the deep, when the sound of a mighty splash in the waters had aroused him fully, and he saw an immense fish with distended mouth and jaws and fiery eye swimming toward us; he screamed to awaken us, and the monster disappeared. As this was not according to the usual habits and appearance of his or her fish-ghostship, and even Sacramento declared it was *rediculous*, Jehu at length became convinced he had been dreaming, and our sleep for the remainder of the night was unbroken.

The morning came calm and beautiful. Our party was again divided. Some determined to visit the lower lake, some the upper. Jehu alone declared his intention to climb an overhanging rock, whence he could look down on the waters. This rock was known as the Lovers' Leap, whereon the Ukiah minstrels had perched themselves, and, as I afterwards learned, was the scene of the legend's birth. As Jehu turned to go, the Parson exclaimed with an emphasis that caused us all to smile, "Well, of all the inconsistencies, that man beats! He refuses to believe in the vastness of Alpha in Lyra, and yet has perfect credulity in the size of that fish."

I determined to go legend-hunting for that night. I had learned from Sacramento that an old Indian named Chochis-agua—"The Water Struggler"—who had once been chief of the Lake Indians, but had grown so old he had abdicated in favor of one of the younger members of his family, knew the whole of the legend. He was silent in the presence of his tribe; but alone with the white man, and a few reals in expectancy, would open his mouth, and the legend might be learned. Old Chochis-agua lived some miles from the lakes on the road to Ukiah, and near Coyote Creek. There was his principal rancheria, and there he was most likely to be found. A lady who was on a visit to California, and had become deeply interested in the story of the mysterious fish, determined to accompany me the next day in search of the abdicated monarch, from whom we expected to gleam the legend of the Blue Lakes. We found the rancheria; it was near the bend of the stream Coyote Creek, and on the borders of a copse of willows. Stretched lazily and idly in the sun were a

half-a-dozen young Indians and their squaws, engaged in an occupation very familiar to every one who has seen anything of Indian life—catching the inhabitants which teem in their fertile heads, and disposing of them in a way very shocking to those who are indisposed to use such diet. On inquiry we learned he was down the stream, and we turned towards the place indicated. “Is it possible there can be a poetic feeling in the breasts of those hideous savages?” said my companion, a lady of culture and refinement, as we turned from this camp of Digger Indians we had visited, she for the first time to see something of savage life and learn something of savage literature. It was hardly surprising the question should be asked; the external appearance of the Digger is not more prepossessing than was their occupation. There is nothing in their bearing or manner at all impressive: their faces at best are not alive with the playful changes which thought or deep feeling show; but stolid, brutal, while their habits are filthy and disgusting in the extreme. In addition to the hideousness of their features, most of the matrons were in mourning. Their sorrow for the dead is expressed in their apparel by a total neglect of it; in their persons, by daubing lines of pitch around their foreheads, down the cheeks, across the nose, along the arms, and in the form of a St. Andrew’s cross upon their breasts, extending from each shoulder to the lower ribs. The effect produced is sickening. The lady who asked the question had come to California with a vivid recollection of the Indians of Cooper’s novels, and her imagination had added all the novelist had failed to express; and with an exalted idea of the Indian physique, as well as the Indian characteristics, when she learned there was a rancheria in the neighborhood she was as anxious to *see them* as she was to hear the story. It was with difficulty she could be persuaded to remain and seek the old chieftain after seeing his tribe. We found him an old, very old man. His head was white with many snows, his limbs trembling, his steps supported by a large stick. His head was crowned with an old straw hat; a shirt and pair of overalls completed his attire. A long career, hunting, mining, roaming in California had given me some acquaintance with the Digger tongue. It is a compound of a gibberish of their own and the “greaser” Spanish of Mexico. Their words are few; so are their ideas. I greeted him with the common “*Buenos días, Señor!*” to which he responded, and I immediately went to work to ask what he knew of the Blue Lakes. In an instant the old man was mum. There is a way of arguing with the Indian which is as resistless to him as it is to most Indian agents, the only difference between the two being, it takes less diplomacy and fewer words, as also other things, with the Indian than with the agent. I drew from my pocket a two-bit piece, better known as a quarter of a dollar. The old man looked, but was silent. Another—they jingled; he looked more keenly, but was still silent. Another, and jingled them together; there was an uneasy look about the old fellow, but no words. Another—the old man looked hard at me, at the money, then all around to see if any one of his tribe was in sight. I made a motion as if to put the dollar in my pocket. The old man threw up his hands deprecatingly. At last he spoke: “One dollar two bittee.” I hesitated, then slowly drew out another quarter, and learned

THE TRUE LEGEND OF THE BLUE LAKES,

which I will give as near as possible in the language of Chochis-agua, his English not being very extensive.

"In the time of long ago, moons and moons gone by; the big rains have come and risen on the plains below ten times since then" — as there is a very heavy rain-fall, flooding the plains and washing the mountains, about every ten years in California, I suppose the old chief means about one hundred years ago — "from the Big Water,* a big canoe came filled with the pale-faces and blue eyes, all with hair clothes on like big white bear — hair sombreros, hair clothes.† The wind had blown many, many suns from there," pointing to the north; "and the pale-faces out on big water could not get home. Nothing to eat, no water, no aguadiente — all sick. They came to Teco Yante.‡ Teco Yante Indians went down to bay to see pale-faces. Never saw pale-face before. Indian then good Indian; no drink fire-water, no have big sick — go hunt heap deer, heap antelope, heap bear — go fight — heap scalps. Humboldt Indians§ go see pale-faces; give pale-face heap eat. Now pale-face bad man; bad man bring fire-water, kill Indian, no good. The Humboldt Indians and Ukiah Indians no been friends. Both tribes go to war with thousand braves; all gone now — gone as the snow on the peak, gone as the green grass when sun grows hot. || Five pale-faces stayed with the Humboldt Indians. Two of them crossed the Black Mountains and came and lived with Ukiah. Bad for tribe to take the pale-face — all bad. When they come, Indian heart grow pale, and Indian squaw get bad. Indian chief gave them the pipe, and acorns; taught them how Indian cooked their food, and draw bow; taught them spear the fish and catch the deer, and set him in council of braves. The pale-faces knew much; taught Indian much — strong men — big run. Young Indian brave no match pale-face with spear and bow; soon beat in race and hunt. Humboldt chief and Ukiah chief each had one daughter. Chochis-agua know nothing of Humboldt chief daughter; but Te-co-nee, the soft eye, daughter of Ukiah, fine squaw. Old squaw down there. Ugh!" And never was there a more contemptuous accent than that thrown around the word "ugh!" as used by him then. It was a visible evidence of his opinion of the vast difference between the "good old times" and the new; it was also an evidence of the esteem in which men of all nations hold the very females they degrade, or companion with in their degradation.

"Te-co-nee loved strong white-face, and soon he took her to his lodge; and before two rains came, a little daughter was in the pale-face lodge. They call her Bin Te-co-nee, or the soft blue eye; for like Indian, long black hair and red skin; yet her eye pale-face eye — like there," and he pointed to the deep blue sky overhead. "Little Bin Te-co-nee, or Soft Blue Eye, grew seven rains, and already was as fleet as a fawn, and as graceful as a bending willow. Te-co-nee loved her, Ukiah loved her, and all tribe thought she would be big medicine. When her father went on the hunt she would wait his

* The Pacific Ocean.

† Evidently Russians.

‡ Now Humboldt Bay.

§ I shall use modern names, as they are known to Indians themselves.

|| It requires a Californian to feel the force of this simile.

coming back, and on his return her feet would fly toward the hunter like the antelopes from him, her long black hair streaming out like the horse's tail,* and her blue eyes gleaming like the sky when the sun sinks beyond the big water. Then pale-face would snatch her up and kiss her, and bear her on his shoulders where Te-co-nee would always wait to meet the pale-face. It was under big oak tree, where she first saw him.

"Seven rains had come and gone, when one day there came to Ukiah's tribe another pale-face. As soon as the others saw him they ran to meet him, and threw themselves in each other's arms, and kissed each other many, many times. Then big feast; big deer cooked whole. Ukiah Indians went to Bin-agua—blue waters—and there speared big fish; heap big fish at that feast. The pale face that came had little boy with him, eight rains old. He was named Un-te-ha—snake with noise. And Bin Te-co-nee and Un-te-ha soon played, and sat under big oak, and went out in woods together, as though they had known each other forever.

"One moon the pale-face there, and Ukiah found he had taken Humboldt chief's daughter to his lodge. Un-te-ha, her boy—Ukiah no love Humboldt—fight much. He steal much Ukiah horses, and so Ukiah no love to see Un-te-ha with Bin Te-co-nee. One day Un-te-ha and Bin Te-co-nee out in forest—bear came—Un-te-ha run away—leave Bin Te-co-nee. Ukiah much mad—call Un-te-ha little coward. One day Un-te-ha and Bin Te-co-nee play in Ukiah's lodge; pull down bear robe. Ukiah come home—ask who pulled down robe. Bin Te-co-nee say: I did it, Ukiah. Un-te-ha say nothing. Ukiah call him little coward; tell Te-co-nee no let them play together. One more moon and Humboldt pale-face go away. Pale-faces talkee—talkee much. Come Ukiah and say—have friends in Humboldt country—want to see friends; carry Te-co-nee and Bin Te-co-nee along. Ukiah say no; I keep them until you come back. Pale-face talkee—talkee Te-co-nee—two days he gone. Kissed Te-co-nee and Bin Te-co-nee—he cry and feel bad. Come back kiss again. Go. No come back. Te-co-nee go sit under big oak tree. Look—look. No come back. One moon go—two moon go. Te-co-nee go every day sit under big oak tree. Look—look; no come back. Te-co-nee feel bad. Ukiah take big bear, six horses, heap big fish—send to Humboldt. Where pale-faces? He send back: "All gone—big boat come, all go, no come back. Then Te-co-nee get sick—much sick. Medicine man come. No good. Te-co-nee sit—sit under big oak. Look—look. Te-co-nee all little—no body, big eyes. Medicine man build house—big fire. Put Te-co-nee in house, dance, shake his medicine-box; come holler in Te-co-nee ear, try heap to make Te-co-nee well. No good. Te-co-nee die. Then Ukiah take Bin Te-co-nee and all tribe—go to Bin-agua, where big mountains—make lodge there. Eight rains go by. Ukiah big fight with Humboldt; take much prisoner. Un-te-ha one. Bring all to Bin-agua. Bin Te-co-nee see Un-te-ha; Eye grow bright—said nothing. Ukiah put braves around house

* Not so poetical to us as to the Indian, whose whole soul, like an Arabian's, is centred in his horse.

where Un-te-ha — kept seven suns. Bin Te-co-nee never go near house. Ukiah think Bin Te-co-nee no know Un-te-ha. Seven suns bring bad Indians out. Kill um — big kill. Heap dance. Un-te-ha come. Tied to tree. Braves go to shoot him. Bin Te-co-nee run up to Un-te-ha, throw arms around him. Braves try to pull her away. No come. Ukiah come. She tell him kill Un-te-ha, kill her. Ukiah say no, and take Un-te-ha to house. No let Bin Te-co-nee see him.

“Bin Te-co-nee wait seven suns more. Ask — ask Ukiah to see Un-te-ha once more. Go to see Un-te-ha. He say he love her much. She love him too. They talkee much ; no one know what but one old squaw. Ugh ! Ukiah send and take Bin Te-co-nee away. She ask Ukiah no kill Un-te-ha. Ukiah say yes he will next day. That night big moon. Bin Te-co-nee go to house where Un-te-ha was. No one see her. Cut thongs on Un-te-ha. Un-te-ha go away ; she go with him. Brave see him run, give war-cry ; all jump up. Old squaw run to Ukiah. Tell him Bin Te-co-nee and Un-te-ha talkee, talkee ; go to big rock over Bin-agua ; jump off together. Love so much, die together. Ukiah run round lake ; there on rock Bin Te-co-nee and Un-te-ha. Just then big war-cry — Humboldt Indian war-cry. Un-te-ha hear it ; he give whoop too. Give Bin Te-co-nee push, and run up mountain. Bin Te-co-nee fall in. Ukiah call big coward, and let fly arrow. Humboldt Indian come. Big fight — burn camp, take squaws. Ukiah run to rock ; jump in water ; hunttee, hunttee. No Bin Te-co-nee. Braves fight all night. Humboldt Indians gone, and Un-te-ha gone. Ukiah go one day to big rock ; two braves with him. Old squaws on mountain cry much, paint black. Looked in Bin-agua ; cry Te-co-nee, Bin Te-co-nee ! and then big fish come — beautiful — look like woman — soft blue eye. Look up, see Ukiah, see braves. Ukiah stretched out arms, said Bin Te-co-nee, jumped in water. Ukiah no more. Next day braves cold, feel out, feel out, gurgle, gurgle ” here putting his hand to his throat — “gurgle, gurgle, die. Heap braves, heap squaws see big fish ; all die — all drown no water. Indian go away — no more to Bin-agua. Bin Te-co-nee big fish looking for Un-te-ha — big coward, big coward, snake with noise.”

Here Chochis-agua ceased, I supposed with emotion, and turned away to respect his grief. “Ugh ! ugh !” he cried in an instant, “give me one dollar two bittee.” It was given him. He jingled it for a few moments, looked apprehensively towards the camp, drew up the flap of his shirt and hid it away. Looking at the lady, who had grown interested in his narrative and came nearer as he had proceeded, he said : “Fine squaw, fine squaw ! How much for your squaw ? Give you two squaws, ugh !” I shook my head, and we turned away. The old warrior growled something for a moment, and then shouted, “Give me piece baccy !” We kept on our way, and were soon out of sight and hearing.

B. R.

A NORSEMAN'S APPEAL.

FROM THE NORWEGIAN OF C. F. CNUTSEN.

The fearful flood-tides of October 1872, that laid all the islands and coasts of Denmark under the stormy waves of the Baltic, though little noticed by our American newspapers, were, whether we regard the loss of life or the destruction of property caused by them, among the most awful of recorded human calamities. All civilised men will, therefore, give their sympathy, if they can give nothing more, to the effort that the Scandinavians are making, both in their fatherland and in their colonies, to raise help for those that, by this frightful inroad of the sea, were left homeless and bereaved. For this island-folk of Denmark, as well by its glorious history as by the splendid traits of its existing character, the fidelity of its religious convictions, the sturdiness of its patriotism, and the unsurpassed richness of its literary and artistic development, is as deserving as any in the world of the world's admiration. It is for them, then, that a Norwegian poet, at one with them in heart, though separated by the accidents of politics, has just made to his countrymen in Norway the following poetical appeal. Of the poet I know nothing but his name and his genius. Of his verses, I would say, that if many could read them in the original, I should feel afraid to publish any effort at translation. For in grace of varied versification, in nice harmony of language, and in rich felicity of poetical diction, good Scandinavian poetry, more than almost any other, has that peculiar charm that defies the translator. I am comforted, however, by thinking that some, to whom the poetical treasures of the North are closed, may be glad to see, even through the chinks of a translation, the fervent glow of the unknown original.—TRANSLATOR.

HELP FOR DENMARK!

“DENMARK, lovely land of meadows,
Girt with watery wall!”

So the song ran that we echoed,
Boys, when we were small.
In that bulwark there are breaches,
And, beside the long sea-stretches,
Death in garner-graves has laid
Bounteous harvest, freshly made.

Once again old Denmark's sea-wall
Lets a foeman in;
But this time no human legions
Trample down her green:
Nor from this last fierce invader
Can her children's valor save her:
Swords are dropped and heads hang low;
'Tis a friend that strikes the blow.

Yes, the blue sea, that has carried
Danes to fame before,
Has in fickle fury ravaged
Denmark's lovely shore;

Like the slain on field of slaughter,
Lie the dead along the water,
And a weeping nation stands,
Broken-hearted, on the sands.

Oh! ye Norsemen, well remembered
Are those days of pain,*
When the blood-red flag of Denmark
Signalled us in vain;
On the field where Danes were dying
Our blue Norse-flag was not flying;
No! vile state-craft then repressed
Love that labored in our breast.

Now the blood-red flag of Denmark
Signals help again;
By the sea-shore sit our brethren
Weeping o'er their slain:
If of late blind fools have spoken
Words by which blood-ties were broken,
Let our Danish brothers feel
That we Norsemen love them still.

To the signals of their sorrow
Let our blue flag fly,
As when through a rifted storm-cloud
Gleams a glad blue sky.
To us Norsemen be the glory
First to hear their sorrowing story!
Love shall make the gifts more dear
That to them their brothers bear.

T. R. P.

* The poet here refers to the war-times of 1866, when the peace-party at home and diplomatists abroad succeeded in forcing Sweden and Norway to withhold their help from Denmark, and thus quietly to see her crushed by the German armies.—Tr.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH.

MANY of our readers, not directly interested in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, will question what sort of university is this, where is it, and what its aims? On a former occasion we presented the history, incidentally, of the University of Georgia, one of our oldest Southern institutions; we propose to-day to advert to the very youngest — conceived a year or two ere the late war rushed over us with its blighting effects, barely nurtured into being when trodden under the rude steps of armies; but after all, and even amid the disheartening years following, more trying to patriots' souls than the years of war themselves, resuscitated, and now, while we write, under the blessings of a gracious Providence growing stronger from year to year. When years, nay generations shall have rolled by, and this work of Christian devotion shall have grown into those proportions which would place it alongside the great English Church-schools of Oxford and of Cambridge, the name of Leonidas Polk will be even more fervently commemorated, if that be possible, by future sons of the South, than it is by those of the present generation, who lived in his time and passed with him through sunshine and storms alike: because Polk is the originator of the thought, and one of the first founders of this University.

In the summer of 1856, Bishop Polk of Louisiana addressed a letter to the Bishops of North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Texas, in which he drew their attention to the idea of establishing a Church University of the South. It is true, as Bishops Polk and Elliott of Georgia jointly remarked later, that the Southern States had not been indifferent to the subject of collegiate education. Each of these States, at a very early period of its history, had founded a university, upon which it was intended to concentrate the patronage of the State Legislature. Could this policy have been adhered to steadily, free from the interferences of popular clamor or religious differences, the University which is the subject of this paper might have been unnecessary. But in a country like ours this was impossible. Each denomination was anxious and ambitious to have its own college; patronage and means were thus more and more withdrawn from the State universities. While education was more diffused thereby, and a collegiate course placed within reach of a large number, both complete scholarship and the very highest rank of a university were not attained, and have not been reached as yet by any Southern State-school south of Virginia. These thoughts are pointedly expressed in the following extract from the above-mentioned first letter of Bishop Polk, worthy of preservation even in a historical point of view:

“Institutions there are within the pale of all our dioceses, upon a more or less enlarged scale, and of greater or less excellence. They have been established either by State patronage, or founded by one or

other of the religious denominations surrounding us, and are doing what they can — and, in some instances, with eminent and honorable success — to supply a public necessity ; but whatever their degree of excellence may be, they do not meet the wants of our people. In the minds of many, they are not upon a scale sufficiently extended or full to offer advantages comparable to those to be had abroad, or at the institutions of highest grade in the Northern States of our Union ; and for that reason are set aside, and our children are expatriated, or sent off to inconvenient distance, beyond the reach of our supervision or parental influence ; exposed to the rigors of an unfriendly climate, to say nothing of other influences not calculated, it is to be feared, to promote their happiness or ours. Our dioceses are all comparatively new, some of them but of yesterday. They must therefore be expected to be feeble — too feeble singly to rear any such establishments as could occupy the commanding position or offer the advantages I have indicated. But what we cannot do singly, we may with great ease do collectively. I believe now is the time at which we may found such an institution as we need. An institution to be our common property, under our joint control, of a clear and distinctly recognised Church character, upon a scale of such breadth and comprehensiveness as shall be equal in the liberality of its provisions for intellectual cultivation to those of the highest class at home and abroad, and which shall fully meet the demands of those of our people who require for their children the highest educational advantages, under the supervision of the Church.”

During the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States at Philadelphia in October, 1856, the Bishops included in the above invitation issued a pastoral letter to their several dioceses, unanimously resolving to attempt the foundation of a university upon the amplest scale. In it, after speaking of the great responsibility which rested upon them as the chief pastors of the Episcopal Church, to make suitable provisions for the training of the young in learning and religion, and after having in the outset expressed their sense of the high character and eminent services of many institutions already existing in the several States, they say :

“It is believed, nevertheless, that the whole ground is not occupied ; that the work to be done is beyond the power of the laborers who are employed in doing it, and that the entrance of another institution of a high grade upon the field to be cultivated, so far from being uncalled for, should be hailed as a welcome ally.” And another extract we make from this address of eminent men, of whom, at this day, but two or three survive, and the terms of which sound prophetic in view of later developments, and which might, moreover, be written with equal justice and application at this very day :

“Nothing is more common than to hear it affirmed that the hopes of mankind are suspended upon the success of the experiment in government now being made in these States. The success or failure of this experiment turns entirely on the degree of the intelligence and the character of the moral sentiment which shall distinguish the masses of our population. These masses are but the aggregation of individuals ; and the responsibility and duty of originating and sus-

taining institutions whose offices go to the point, directly or indirectly, of enlightening them, is therefore obvious and imperative. And we may add, if there ever was a time in the history of our republic at which good men were called upon more than at another to unite upon efforts to found such institutions, the present is that period. At no time in all the past have we been so threatened with the spread of the wildest opinions in religion and government; and at no period, therefore, has there been so great a call to put into operation and multiply agencies, whose high conservatism shall furnish us with the means of making fast the foundations of the State, securing a sound and healthy feeling in the social condition, and preserving in their integrity the great truths of our holy religion."

Let us record the names of these first founders who subscribed this first general call: James H. Otey, Bishop of Tennessee; Leonidas Polk, Bishop of Louisiana; Stephen Elliott, Bishop of Georgia; N. H. Cobbs, Bishop of Alabama; W. M. Green, Bishop of Mississippi; Francis A. Rutledge, Bishop of Florida; Thomas F. Davis, Bishop of South Carolina; David Pise, Francis B. Fogg, and John Armfield, of Tennessee; W. T. Leacock and George I. Guion, of Louisiana; Henry C. Lay, Charles T. Pollard, and L. H. Anderson, of Alabama; W. W. Lord, of Mississippi; Alexander Gregg, of South Carolina; M. A. Curtis and W. D. Warren, of North Carolina; and J. Wood Dunn, of Texas.

With extraordinary unanimity and enthusiasm the people of the Southern, and especially Southwestern, States responded to this address. Sixty persons gave, or subscribed, within a few weeks over four hundred thousand dollars. A location was most judiciously chosen, a university domain of ten thousand acres was secured, a charter of incorporation was passed on January 6, 1858, by the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee, with imposing ceremonies the corner-stone of the main or central building was laid in the same year in the presence of thousands. On February 8, 1860, upon the models of the most distinguished American and European schools of learning, the Constitution of the University was completed, the work of the joint labors of Leonidas Polk, Stephen Elliott, Francis H. Rutledge, Henry C. Lay, David Pise, George R. Fairbanks of Florida, James Hamilton Couper, and Francis B. Fogg. Buildings arose, the work went bravely on, when the rude shock of war arrested it. On the memorable retreat of the Confederate army across the Cumberland Mountains, the buildings were fired by the Federal troops, all the surveys, books, and records were destroyed, and this pious work seemed, though but begun, already destined to be numbered among the things that were. And a brief time after, its founder, then a Lieutenant-General in the armies of the Confederate States, was struck by a cannon-ball of the enemy as he scanned the lines of the opposing hosts from the crest of one of the ranges of the same mountain-system on which the favorite conception of his mind had been reared. Those who were near General Polk during the Confederate war, know how frequently his mind reverted to this his pet scheme, and how often he adverted to it. At the conclusion of the war, Stephen Elliott, Bishop of Georgia, then among the

few survivors of the original founders, endeavored to reanimate the work, but his days were numbered too; he died in 1868. Now, but one of the original Bishop-founders survives: the Bishop of Mississippi, Dr. Green, the present Chancellor of the University of the South. To him, and to the present Bishop of Tennessee, Dr. Quintard, properly belongs the honor, without disparagement to the other subsequent co-workers, of having attempted the re-establishment of the University. This attempt was in the form of an address of the Board of Trustees of the University of the South and appeal of its Commissioners, published at Nashville in 1867; and it inaugurates the second era of the institution. It met with little encouraging success under the depressing circumstances of those years. At last, during the attendance of Bishop Quintard at the Lambeth Conference in England, in 1867, a movement was inaugurated by the Rev. Francis W. Tremlett, the incumbent of St. Peter's Church, Belsize Park, London, among English churchmen, to assist in the re-establishment of the University. It secured the hearty concurrence of the late Primate of the English Church, the Archbishop of York being chairman of a committee selected to make an appeal to clergy and laity. The funds subscribed enabled the Board of Trustees on the 18th September, 1868, to formally open a junior department, "and it stands to-day a witness before the world of the unbroken unity of the Church and an enduring memorial of the Lambeth Conference."

The last Vice-Chancellor's report gives us a brief and interesting view since that time:

"The Junior Department of the University of the South was opened on the 18th of September, 1868. There were but nine pupils present at the opening. The chapel, with its two wings, served as a schoolroom and as recitation-rooms. There were two buildings, 'Otey Hall' and 'South Wing,' capable of accommodating twenty to twenty-five students, and there was another building, 'Tremlett Hall,' in progress, intended to accommodate some thirty more. This was the entire 'plant' of the University, and this was chiefly the result of the money Bishop Quintard had collected in England. As private residences, there were the cottages of Major Fairbanks, of Bishop Green, of Bishop Quintard, Dr. Knight, and Mr. Tomlinson. At the *dépôt* of the railroad, where the considerable town of Sewanee now is, there was one solitary building, the freight *dépôt*, in which the Messrs. Tomlinson kept their store; and there were two log-cabins, nothing more. The entire population of residents may have numbered fifty or sixty souls. The forest swept up in nearly unbroken solitude to this little nucleus of civilisation. At 'University Site' some fragments of rocks, nearly concealed by the undergrowth, attested the place where a little less than ten years before, amidst the throng of thousands of spectators, the eloquent voice of Preston had cheered the hearts of his hearers with the bright promises of the future; and where Polk and Elliott and Otey, and that galaxy of the fathers of the Church, had united to consecrate the spot to the Christian training of coming generations.

"Such were the aspects on the day of the opening. The following year (1869) gave visible signs of the life which began to revive in the

University. About 100 students added their names to its rolls. In 1870 the number swelled to nearly 200, and in 1871 and 1872 the average of pupils was over 230.

"This influx of numbers was accompanied by a corresponding development of resident population and of material prosperity ; until now the picture, which four years ago shone with so still, sombre, and feeble a light, flashes with the life and activity of a growing and prosperous enterprise. First, additional dormitories for the students were built by the authorities of the University. Then came additional teaching rooms, and the chapel was enlarged and embellished. Aided by the liberality of Judge Gray, of Texas, a most comfortable and commodious grammar-school was built, capable of seating 130 to 140 pupils. Handsome dwellings rose on all sides within the radius of half a mile of the chapel, until now we can count by the dozen cottages, halls, and houses, whose many lights on the summer evenings gleam through the trees and turn the quiet woods into a romantic picture.

"At the village of Sewanee, where we lately had but one or two cabins, forty or fifty shops, stores, and dwellings are formed into streets, or perched upon the adjacent hills.

"To the enterprise and devotion of one gentleman much of this wonderful development is due. Mr. Hayes, a citizen of New Jersey, devoted to the Church, of ample fortune earned by his own industry, was attracted by the fame of the undertaking and by the capabilities of the place. He leased some hundred acres of land from the University, and planted it with fruit-trees and grape-vines. He brought out the machinery of a saw-mill, and has added to it other machinery for building purposes. He liberally supplied the lumber and wood-work necessary to the erection of houses, and invested his own capital wherever needed to aid and to stimulate others. He is now putting up his own dwelling on a beautiful height overlooking the great valley that stretches a thousand feet beneath to the west and north far away from the foot of the mountain, and with apparently unflagging interest he continues to prosecute the work before him. This is one of the answers vouchsafed to our early and continued prayers that Heaven might raise up a succession of benefactors to the University.

"To render more precise the statement of the growth of the University, let us turn now to facts and figures. Since the 1st of January, 1870, twenty-four dwelling-houses have been erected within half a mile of the chapel ; all of these are neat and tasteful, and some of them handsome buildings. Ten of them are of the value of \$5500 and over, including their attachments of dormitories and outhouses ; seven are of the average value of \$3000, and the remaining seven of the average value of \$2000 each. These do not include the buildings put up by the University. At and about the town of Sewanee there have been built one large stone store at a cost of \$6000, and other stores, buildings, shops, and dwellings, to the number of between fifty and sixty, averaging in value, say \$1000 each. Taking the aggregate of buildings, improvements, stocks of goods, machinery, etc., introduced, it is safe to assert that \$200,000 of capital have been

invested here in the past three years. This is surely most encouraging. From a few scattered buildings, with a scanty population of fifty or sixty, we have grown into a town of one hundred buildings and a population of 700 or 800 residents. Where there were a handful of scholars and two or three instructors, there is now a university with nine schools fully organised, teaching 230 pupils, with a faculty numbering in all fourteen professors and teachers. The accommodations that were replete with fifty or sixty pupils have expanded into ample room for three hundred.

"Of the society thus thrown together here and charged with the personal care of these youths, it was well observed by a distinguished citizen of South Carolina, that it was only after a great social convulsion upturning the order of society that such a community as this could be collected, where so much refinement of manner and gentle breeding, coupled with moral and Christian worth, have collected together for such a work. It is difficult to conceive of a community the social aspects of which could be more attractive to a man of intelligence and culture, especially to a Southern man whose heart has been bound up with the fortunes and the misfortunes of his native land.

"*What we most need now* — and it is surely a modest aspiration — is a building or buildings of a permanent character to give the world assurance of our progress, and we need besides additions to our library and to our apparatus. If our friends will respond to the appeal of Bishop Quintard — or rather of the Board of Trustees, whose messenger he is — even in the limited sums needed for these purposes, he will not have worked in vain. The future of the University is no longer doubtful; it is only a question as to its rate of progress. With the aid which the friends of the Church can give to it, without injury to themselves, its growth and expansion will be made rapid, and its sphere of usefulness correspondingly enlarged."

We now turn to a description of the site of the University, taking the main facts from the report of the Board to whom this important subject was confided in 1857, and as corroborated by our personal experience. The selection was made with grave deliberation. At a meeting held in July, 1857, at the Lookout Mountain, a committee of location was appointed, consisting of one trustee from each diocese, whose business it was made to examine all the suggested localities. Colonel Walter Gwynn, of the Blue Ridge Railway, was requested to organise a corps of civil engineers, with instructions to examine minutely every locality which might desire to present its claims. To a meeting held in Montgomery, November, 1857, the corps of engineers reported in full. Gentlemen from these respective localities were examined minutely as to their healthfulness, accessibility, climate, water, building materials, and centrality. The trustees were heard; it was resolved that no locality should be selected which did not receive a two-thirds vote. After a long balloting, SEWANEE was selected as combining more advantages than any locality which had been examined. This selection must be considered in connection with the objects which the Southern dioceses had in view. Any locality, therefore, which would give anything like general satisfac-

tion, must occupy a central position, inclining as much as possible toward the West, where naturally lies the future growth of the Church. But it had to be central also in regard to salubrity. This limited the choice considerably, and confined it within an area extending from Atlanta, Georgia, to McMinnville, Tennessee, east and west, and from Knoxville to Huntsville, Alabama, north and south. Another point was, that for Southern boys the proper vacation of a university is the winter, when they can engage at home in out-door exercises and sports. To let them have these precious months, the university must be placed where the climate will permit them to apply themselves during the hot months of summer to their studies. Had there been within these limits a city of 50,000 to 100,000 inhabitants, combining with the refinement of large towns the facilities which cities afford for the conduct of life, and offering undoubted healthfulness, it probably would have been selected; but no such city offered itself. It was unanimously agreed that it would be preferable to create a society around the University which should receive its tone from the University, and be in a measure dependent upon the institution. That this was a wise decision is shown by the fact that probably no more delightful society can be found during the summer months than at Sewanee, even now in the very youth of this great enterprise.

Sewanee lies upon the elevated plateau of the Cumberland Mountains, about 1900 feet above the level of the ocean, possessing a climate equivalent to that of Flat Rock in North Carolina. It is above the level of all intermittent disease, and is abundantly blessed with the purest water flowing from under the sandstone capping of the Cumberland Ridge. It is covered thickly with excellent timber: oak, chestnut and walnut. It has all over the very best building stone, and can command by easy approach the limestones and marbles in which Tennessee abounds. It has coal mines at its very door; superior coal on the University domain itself, providing fuel at very reasonable rates. There lies at its foot, connected with it by railway, one of the richest farming countries of the West. When a lowlander hears of a mountain location, he at once conceives of a lofty peak, covered over with rugged rocks, whose summit is to be reached by severe and toilsome labor. But this Cumberland plateau is not a series of rugged peaks, but a wide table-land, having upon its summit a level area of from two to twenty miles in width, upon which a railway runs for fifteen miles past the very doors of the University. When this summit has been reached, there spreads out before the eye an area with just enough undulation to make it picturesque, covered with large timber, with a rich underbrush of grass, and with springs of purest freestone water of great capacity, in one case of as much as one thousand gallons of water per hour. From this summit the visitor is delighted with scenes of unsurpassed beauty; with points of the mountains running in fantastic shapes into the valleys like promontories into the ocean; with wooded slopes stretching down into the cultivated lands, and mingling the wildness of nature with the improvements of man; with fat valleys rich with the bounties of Providence; with an almost boundless horizon spreading away toward the far West. And these views vary at a hundred points of the University

lands ; for it is the peculiarity of this sandstone formation to break into gorges, and to open up new scenery at every turn. The soil is capable of producing the very best vegetables, specimens of which bear comparison with any in our city markets. The surrounding farmers are doing well, and on the same plateau, twelve miles distant from the University domain, has been established since 1868 the now progressive and flourishing Swiss colony in Grundy county, Tenn. This Cumberland plateau seems to have been formed by God for the benefit and blessing of the valley of the Mississippi and the cotton-growing regions of the Southern States. Forming the eastern limit of that immense valley, stretching, with that peculiar formation of a sandstone table-land, for one hundred miles across the State of Tennessee, easy of access at many points, it has already become the summer resort of many distinguished Southern families of planters and merchants, who desire to recruit their families during the summer months, and are yet unwilling to be separated from their interests. The time is not distant when this whole plateau, as University Site now is, will be covered over with villas and colleges and watering-places, and will teem with the most refined society of the South and West. This will be the place of meeting of the South and West ; and Wilmington, Charleston, and Savannah will here shake hands with Mobile, New Orleans, Nashville, and Memphis, and cement the strong bond of mutual interest with the yet stronger ones of friendship and love. Sewanee is in connection by rail and telegraph with every portion of the South and West. The railway of the Sewanee Mining Company passes by the door of the University, and five miles from it, below in the valley, unites at Chohan Station (or Cowan Station) with the Chattanooga and Nashville Railway at the western end of the great tunnel which here pierces the Cumberland Mountains. All travellers from the valley of the Mississippi reach Sewanee by way of Nashville ; those from the Atlantic coast, Virginia, and North Carolina, by way of Atlanta and Chattanooga. The salubrity of the climate is beyond all question. It is free from fevers of all kinds ; it is above the region of cholera. The thermometrical range in summer seldom exceeds 80° ; and the winter climate is not nearly so severe as that of the Virginia and Northern colleges, to which our sons are still freely sent. One remarkable feature of this plateau is the dryness, which is evinced by the lack of lichens upon the trees, by the entire absence of moss or parasites living upon humidity, and by the freedom from decay of the fallen timber. After a tree has fallen for years, and the bark separates from it, it separates without any decay of either bark or wood. Pleurisy and pneumonia are almost unknown. But whatever may be the severity of the winter climate, it need not be encountered by the students. It is well known that October and November are two of the most delicious months upon the plateaus ; and the University vacation is so arranged as to dismiss the University about the middle of December, and allowing the usual period of vacation, work is not resumed until the middle of March. So much for the location ; now one word on the organisation of the University.

The Bishops of the ten Southern dioceses which originated this work, with ten clerical and twenty lay trustees, compose the Board of

Trustees. A Chancellor, now the Rt. Rev. W. M. Green, Bishop of Mississippi; a Vice-Chancellor, now General Josiah Gorgas, late Brigadier-General and Chief of the Artillery and Ordnance Departments of the Confederate States army; a Secretary to the Board of Trustees; a Treasurer; an Auditor; a Comptroller; a Commissioner of Buildings and Grounds; a Registrar; a Recorder and Mayor, constitute the administrative officers. The Vice-Chancellor, assisted by the Hebdomadal Board of Professors, are the academic authorities. The following schools are contemplated in the original statutes: 1. Greek Language and Literature; 2. Latin Language and Literature; 3. Mathematics; 4. Physics; 5. Metaphysics; 6. History and Archæology; 7. Natural Sciences, with cabinets and garden of plants; 8. Geology, Mineralogy and Palæontology; 9. Civil Engineering, Construction, Architecture and Drawing; 10. Theoretical and Experimental Chemistry; 11. Chemistry, applied to agriculture and the arts; 12. Theory and Practice of Agriculture, with Farm attached; 13. Moral Science and the Evidences of the Christian Religion; 14. English Language and Literature; 15. French Language and Literature; 16. German Language and Literature; 17. Spanish Language and Literature; 18. Italian Language and Literature; 19. Philosophy of Language; 20. Rhetoric, Criticism, Elocution and Composition; 21. American History and Antiquities; 22. Ethnology and Universal Geography; 23. Astronomy (with Observatory) and Physical Geography; 24. Political Science, Political Economy, Statistics, Law of Nations, General Principles of Government and Constitution of the United States; 25. Commerce and Trade, including the History and Laws of Banking, Exchange, Insurance, Brokerage and Book-keeping; 26. School of Theology; 27. Law; 28. Medicine; 29. Mines and Mining; 30. Fine Arts. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 20, 23, 25, and 26 are now represented in the present organisation of chairs; certainly a most gratifying exhibit in a term of four years. Those now existing will be enlarged, and those lacking created as soon as the growing resources of the establishment shall warrant, and strictly in accordance with the provisions of the original constitution. The degree of A. B. may be conferred on such as shall have passed the examination necessary for graduation in the schools of Moral Science and Evidences of Christianity, Greek, Latin and English Languages and Literature, Mathematics and Physics. The degree of A. M. is only conferred when in addition to the above the following have been absolved: Metaphysics, French, and any other Modern Language and Literature, Theoretical and Experimental Chemistry, Political Science, Rhetoric, Criticism, Elocution, and Composition. Fellowships are conferred on such Masters of Arts as have excelled in any one of the following schools: Greek, Latin, or English Language and Literature, Physics, Mathematics, Metaphysics, Chemistry, or Natural Sciences. Each Fellow to have \$500 per annum, and suite of rooms free of rent for five years. Three fellows are to be elected every year.

The University, while the school of the Church, is not a Church school in a sectarian or limited sense of the term. It was to be, according to the first conception of the great and noble Polk, open

to all Southern boys, of whatever denomination their parents might be. This was expressly proclaimed in Bishop Polk's first appeal; and with a broad and liberal spirit the Boards of Trustees before and since the war have given expression to this declaration at various times; and the practical experience of the writer of these lines has shown him nothing to combat this idea. On the contrary, so well begin the aims of this institution to be appreciated over our country—"this idea," as Bishop Beckwith, of Georgia, has eloquently said, "of establishing a grand University here in the South to educate our own young men and prepare them to develop the resources of the country, to *unite religion and science in the training of our future rulers*,"—that young men from other denominations and from other lands are already enjoying the healthful mental and bodily training which it offers. The distinguishing traits, to our mind, of this University will be in the future—and they are so to a great extent already—height and breadth of scholarship, moral and physical strength of its graduates; and we add, not as the least important feature, a healthful and strict, and at the same time just and parental, discipline, such as will in vain be sought in any American institution with which we are acquainted. What our American boys and men lack is not so much opportunity for learning—these are attainable and widespread over our country, good and very good—but to have instilled into them from early youth that veneration of and obedience to authority and exalted work of which we have not the remotest idea, but which above all distinguishes the great Church Universities of England and the great Continental schools. This veneration is the very cornerstone of what we most need for the perpetuation of our political faith and the maintenance of a Southern civilisation—conservatism. At a time when political and moral barriers are seen falling on all sides, those who think they bear still in their bosom the slightest care for the future of this Southern country, should bestir themselves to re-establish obedience at home and aid all those who earnestly strive to replant it in our schools and universities. We believe, even were the present and future advantages of this University of the South as low, in point of scholarship, as we know them to be high, that, with its present incomparable system of discipline, it would still achieve one of its chief aims: of sending out into the world high-toned, strong and physically well-trained *young gentlemen*; young gentlemen not in a mere conventional phrase, persons who have not the first attribute of a young gentleman about them, but really and truly young gentlemen, such as a Washington or a Chief-Justice Marshall would have understood by that term. Those who feel an interest in these questions—and what honest parent does not?—we may safely counsel to go and see; since a sojourn of but a few days at the University of the South will amply corroborate whatever in favor we may have said of this youngest, but most promising of all Southern Universities.

F. SCHALLER.

ETIENNE.*

BY EDMOND ABOUT.

[Translated for The Southern Magazine.]

THE three following months glided away as swiftly as the last day of vacation. Etienne and his wife might rise never so early, night always came upon them unawares; they had not even had time to breathe. "Another day gone!" Hortense would exclaim. "One day less to live, and life is so beautiful with you!"

Advantage had been taken of their long stay in the city to correct the style of certain buildings, and to put the two wings of the château again in harmony with the main building. Terraces were made in the park, winding paths marked out, the water bounded by fresh turfs, and a parterre laid out, swarded, and planted with flowers. There only remained to alter the interior, as in the city, but in an entirely different spirit. Every season has its comforts, and the beauty of a country residence consists in its affording full scope for the special pleasures of summer. There should be little or no tapestry; the walls and ceilings should be painted in oil colors, with pretty floors of larch, which should be scrubbed every day; the furniture strong rather than soft; no carved or silk work or rich colors, but space, air, and light in abundance. Let there be as many rooms as possible, for one may anticipate sudden irruptions, but with the greatest simplicity in each; the guests use them only for sleeping and dressing; the only luxury to offer them here is a superabundance of linen and water. The whole ground-floor should properly be unappropriated territory, being open to all. The parlors, the dining-room, the pantry, which should be an unfailing cupboard, the billiard-room, the library, the hunting-hall, and the kitchen, should all be on the same floor, so that one can walk about comfortably without having even a door to open. All the rooms should be flagged, except the parlors, where one might take a fancy to dance some evening or other; the kitchen should be spacious enough to admit of ten hunters and their dogs drying themselves under the mantel-shelf at the same time, and clean enough to admit of the fashionable ladies of the château going there to make a plum-pudding or half a hundred pancakes, if such should be their pleasure. In this hospitable spirit Etienne directed the transformation of Bellombre, doing little for show, scarcely anything for his own comfort, immensely much for the comfort of his guests.

For years past Monsieur and Madame Célestin had been in the habit of spending their summers at Bellombre. The colossal woman

*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Turnbull Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

exercised control over the expenses, the ex-notary kept his eye on the vintage ; both, in their leisure time, would play a formidable game of piquet with the curé of Saint Maurice. The good Hortense, mindful of everything, reflected that these worthy people might be somewhat frightened by the elegant and gay amusements of September. She found a way of isolating without excluding them, so that they might not be constrained to amuse themselves any longer than they wished. A summer-house, formerly occupied by the keeper, and lying detached on the edge of the park, some twenty yards from the village and forty from the parsonage, was fitted up for their sole use. Hortense forgot neither the tastes of the old people, nor their habits nor their fancies ; they were surrounded with numerous relics speaking to them of Bersac senior ; and, to spare the gnome's self-love, Etienne wrote to him with his own hand : "Bellombre belongs to you, my dear brother-in-law ; we merely have the occupancy of it, which we shall always be happy to share with you. But we expect a number of guests, who, I fear, will be rather noisy, for they are almost all younger than you or I. Whenever you desire to sleep in quiet, at a distance from the piano of the ladies and the blasts of the gentlemen, remember that you have all to yourself the inclosure and summer-house of Hazelwood. Madame Etienne reserves to herself but a single right in connection with this little property : it is to pay you her respects, and to have carried thither anything which may conduce to your enjoyment. It is needless to add that your apartment remains yours, and that two covers will always be laid for you at the château." Célestin thanked the author with visible emotion. "You treat me," he said, "like a great spoiled child." "Honor to whom honor is due!" replied Hortense ; "and we are so entirely happy that our hearts yearn to give others joy."

Autumn was one continual fête. Hunting, the vintage, excursions, improvised balls, games of every description, a marriage projected during a boating trip, excellent fishing in a neighboring pond, and a hundred other diversions which I do not remember, kept the company merry to the middle of November. Guests departed, returned, forgot themselves in the whirl of pleasure, tore themselves away, went back to their occupations, and one fine morning were at the park-gate again, their arrival wholly unexpected. It was a perpetual going to and fro between the city and the château ; the servants spent half their time carrying hither and thither new toilets and head-gears, for the ladies vied with each other in elegance, whilst each gentleman strove to excel in good-humor and stout appetite.

It was found, upon calculation, that the whole fashionable world of the city had, during the season, filed by under the plane-trees of Bellombre. Now, unalloyed pleasures leave you gay for some time after ; to the splendor of brilliant days succeeds a pleasing twilight. A single ball or promenade sometimes suffices to put the province in good spirits. What with fun, laughter, and closer acquaintanceship, a feeling of universal kindness spreads from one soul to the other, like a honey or milk spot ; the desire to continue the fête, or to get up another, fills every mind and quickens generous impulses ; the question is who shall return his neighbors the kind welcome he has

received. There are no longer any misers or cross-grained persons ; corks fly spontaneously ; tightly-locked strong-boxes open of themselves in the middle of the night, and the crowns dance in a circle around the room. These periods of pleasure are prolonged by the force of things, in consequence of the first impetus and the acquired gaiety. Ask the old inhabitants of the province ; there is not one in a thousand but will tell you : "We had a splendid time in such and such a year, and also the year after."

The small capital where the Count de Giboyeux bore sway was a scene of merriment for three months, thanks to the inauguration of Bellombre. The following winter was one series of balls and dinner parties ; the theatre was so well patronised that the manager, to his great astonishment, did not fail. They lengthened out the winter, hastening the amusements of autumn as much as possible. There was no dull season for the votaries of pleasure.

Bellombre again saw within its walls all the guests of the past year, and several others besides. The fame of the château had spread to a distance ; it was tested and admitted within the circumference of more than fifty miles that the most generous lord, the happiest husband, the gayest talker, the freest drinker, the most accomplished horseman, the most successful hunter, and the best fellow in the world was M. Etienne, the converted man of letters. His beauty and his obstinate dandyism scared away neither prudes nor jealous men — something incredible. They knew him, they saw him enamored of his wife, and too happy to desire or regret the least thing.

If once in a while the reading of a letter or newspaper, the criticism of some new work, the announcement of a five-act comedy, the praise of an unknown young author, would make him melancholy for a quarter of an hour, Hortense was the only one who saw it, and the gentle creature unbosomed herself to no one, not even to him. She did marvel at times that a great writer like Etienne should not have written aught for more than two years. The fact is he did not even answer the letters of his friends ; and but for this memorandum-book, into which he threw a few lines now and then, one would have supposed that he was afraid of writing-paper. She made all possible excuses for him. "He is resting," she thought. "After the exhausting work which preceded our marriage, two years of recreation are not too much perhaps. And then he loves me so fondly ! I occupy his whole mind as well as his heart ; could another thought find room there without partially dislodging me ? All is well as it is."

The fashionable people who frequented his house did not even ask themselves why he was no longer a man of letters. It seemed quite natural to them for a man to stop writing plays or novels as soon as he had wherewithal to live and cut a figure. Now-a-days literature is regarded as a business, like everything else. Who is to blame ? I know not ; perhaps the literary and dramatic societies who fill the newspapers with their commodities. Why then should a person amenable to the tribunal of commerce, a dealer in written paper at so much per line, continue his business after having acquired wealth ? Distinguished tailors retire when they have made a fortune, and so do stock-brokers. Some exceptional individuals, who write without being forced to do so, are a source of astonishment to the province.

Not that true talent is less admired there than at Paris. The young people of the capital considered it an honor to live in the same city with Etienne. They pointed out his mansion to strangers, they bought his books and humbly carried them to him that he might sign his name on the fly-leaf; public opinion placed him even above M. Laricot, a former cattle-dealer, who was, however, three times as rich and no prouder.

Upon learning that he had fixed the day for his arrival in the city, the committee of the theatre, composed of nine or ten young men of fashion, arranged a celebration in his honor. They solicited the manager to mount his drama of *Silva*, and five new scenes were ordered for the occasion. All the citizens agreed among themselves to keep the secret and give him a surprise; *l'Impartial*, which he took at Bellombre, refrained from announcing the play. The wife of the receiver-general invited the Etiennes to dinner under the pretext that moving prevented their giving a party. They entertained the hero of the celebration so well that he went to the theatre, seated himself with Hortense in the first tier of a proscenium box, and saw the curtain rise without observing that the hall was crammed and flooded with light. It was not before the tenth cue that he turned to his wife and said:

"But what the deuce are they playing?"

"*Silva*, my love."

"Did you know it?"

"Slightly."

"This is treachery! We cannot remain here without covering ourselves with ridicule."

"You were not present at the performance of your pieces in Paris, then?"

"Never conspicuously; and besides people were not acquainted with me as they are here. Let us go!"

"And affront all the good people who are applauding you so very heartily? Listen! Besides the box is full, and our best friends are holding you a prisoner."

He was furious, but what could he do? Having pondered well, he resolved to profit by the occasion to hear his play and pass judgment upon himself.

Silva is a well-constructed drama, a little too oratorical perhaps, but developed with a firm hand and full of pathetic situations. It was not Etienne's first work, but it was his first success. The play when new was represented forty times, answering to a hundred at the present day.

The troupe of this town, which was not one of the worst, surpassed itself on this occasion, sustained and carried away, as it were, by the sympathy of the audience. The latter applauded even the least excellent passages; they wept, they used their handkerchiefs, they cried: "Long live Etienne!" The number of persons in the box occupied by the author never grew less for one moment; friends and flatterers besieged the door between the acts. "Oh, my love," said the good Hortense, "how I thank you for staying! This is the most beautiful day of my life. Thank God! I shall not die without having delighted in your glory!"

"Happily it is over," he replied ; "we are rid of it."

He was mistaken. The curtain had just fallen amid bursts of applause, tears, and shouts ; but not one spectator stirred from his seat. The stage-manager having given three raps, the orchestra executed a triumphal march, and a bust of Etienne was exposed to view, surrounded by the actors in costume and other artists in black. A trap-door opened to the right of the spectators, and an actress appeared, clad in white, her brow encircled with a golden laurel-wreath. With a voice of emotion she recited a sort of dithyramb, ground out by a professor of the third form, which may be thus interpreted : "I, a city of thirty-five thousand souls, am the capital of the department where M. de Giboyeux flourishes ; I this day solemnly adopt the illustrious author of *Silva*, and of such, such, and such a work, of which there is a paraphrased enumeration." And concluding :

"Honor to thy works which our country adorn !
Honor to thy kindness the poor ever shown !
Honor to the future ! Honor to hope !
The future is thine, and hope is our own !"

How the parquette applauded ! And how the handkerchiefs waved the whole length of the galleries ! And the shower of bouquets upon the plaster-bust which the young artiste, by a sudden or premeditated inspiration, crowned, to the detriment of her own brow ! The whole audience turned towards Etienne with as much admiration, gratitude, and love as if he had saved the country within a few hours. As for him, he rushed headlong through the crowd of the obsequious, with Hortense in tow. Having gained the exit, he leaped into his carriage and returned, muttering : "The fools ! the blockheads ! 'The future is thine !' I understand now why Charles IX. and all the others fired upon the people. Never did more stupid game provoke a shot. This play, it is childish ! College declamation — puppets of the golden age ! I have made some progress since then. If I only wished ! if I applied myself to the task ! A new kind of drama is to be created — I feel it, I possess it ; but when ? how ? I am an astronomer at the bottom of a pit ; good-night, ye stars !"

Hortense embraced him on the way, pretending not to have heard him ; but a fortnight after the performance of *Silva* she feigned sulkiness, tried to pick quarrels about nothing, and finally said to her husband : "You are not a man of your word ; it was agreed that we should go to Paris every winter, and now one would say that you take pleasure in burying me in the depths of the provinces. So I have made a *coup d'état* ; we leave on the evening of the day after to-morrow, and we have rented a small furnished house in the Rue Bayard for the winter season. Rebel, if you dare, you wicked man !"

The most ingenious man in the world has less ingenuity than his wife. Etienne naïvely confessed the wrong he had done, and replied that he himself sighed from time to time for the unwholesome air of Paris.

I accidentally met them the day after their arrival. It was toward the end of November, on one of those half-sunny days which make all Paris run to the Bois de Boulogne. They were walking along the

margin of the lake, while their two-horse *coupé* was following behind. Etienne did not throw himself upon my neck, and he forgot to speak to me familiarly, thank Heaven ! but he welcomed me very cordially, presented me to his wife, appointed a day for me to call, and gave me his address. I had time enough to remark that he had grown neither fat nor gray.

It was soon known in the world of letters that he had returned to Paris. The newspapers which pique themselves upon being well informed announced that he had brought with him a novel, a comedy in verse, a drama, and a study of provincial life in two volumes. He had read his comedy in such and such a drawing-room, such and such a publisher had bought the novel, such and such periodicals were contending for the possession of the famous studies. All these accounts, said to be derived from a good source, contradicted one another, purposely it seemed ; I wished to satisfy my mind concerning the matter, and asked the author himself upon my first visit. "Bah !" he replied, "let them talk ; all people must live. You alone know that I have not written a word. It was a bargain concluded before my flight into the province, and I am fulfilling my engagements with a fidelity which costs me no effort. Good fortune has rendered me slothful with indulgence, like Figaro."

Madame Etienne was present at this conversation ; I thought I read in her eyes a good deal of astonishment, some uneasiness, and a lively curiosity which shunned expression. For my part, I tried hard to comprehend how a man so richly gifted could surrender himself to a living death. Whatever efforts he might make to prove his indifference, I did not believe him sincerely disinterested from glory.

His house was open to all eminent men in the world of art and letters ; he gave luxurious dinners and entertainments, where wit was freely expended. Two or three times, after some brilliant thrusts which gained him a victory over the most acute, I saw his eyes light up with pride. He seemed to say : "If I only would !" But almost at the same instant a cloud passed over his beautiful brow, reminding me that the poor man had renounced the right to wish.

To the world, which stops at the surface of things, Etienne appeared to enjoy himself hugely. He attended all the parties with Hortense. He did not miss one of the official balls, which were numerous that winter. Invitations poured in ; they appeared in three or four drawing-rooms the same evening ; the managers sent them box-tickets, and their servants were sick with a surfeit of concerts.

I remember sitting behind them at the first performance of a work of Augier's. Etienne laughed, admired, applauded, and suffered. "This is the true comedy," he said, "satirical comedy. What lashes ! they cut deep into the flesh. However, I am meditating something different, and if ever an opportunity — But what am I thinking of ? There is need of me, forsooth !"

Several theatrical managers, allured by the reports in the newspapers, made him magnificent proposals ; the supply of good works in the Paris market was already less than the demand. But he got as angry as a retired grocer to whose château one should go to buy a sou's worth of pepper. I no longer recollect what *impressario* it was

who, on leaving Etienne's house, said: "They contend that country air is soothing, and here I have just seen a chap whom planting cabbages has made as nervous as a guitar." He for a long time refused to see Bondidier, his publisher, whom he had esteemed for many years, and who owed him money. "If I receive him," thought he, "he will speak to me of my books, and, perhaps, inform me that they do no more reading in Paris."

At last, however, he called upon the worthy man, who had put himself to the trouble more than a dozen times without meeting him. M. Bondidier paid him a considerable sum, but did not dissemble that there was a falling off in the sale. "It is a law," he said, "which all my brother publishers have remarked: people insensibly forsake the authors who forsake themselves; they read those less and less who write no longer. When one works much, every publication causes its predecessors to become better known; I have seen a whole stock of unsaleable books, condemned to reduction in price, threatened with tearing up, rise of a sudden: the author had compelled the world's attention by sending forth a new work. Yours have an intrinsic value and an excellence of construction which will always be recognised; but they will sell slowly and fall into relative oblivion until the day when — I do not wish to sadden you, but true authors like you get full justice only the day after their death. Ah! if you had listened to me! That *Jean Moreau*, of which we talked so often at your house and mine, would have marked the culminating point of your career. You alone, of all our contemporaries, are able to write this book, the success of which is guaranteed by universal expectation. Consider, the novel of the Second Empire is unwritten! The world desires it, calls for it, hopes for it, wishing that it may come before the political crisis which will again throw light literature far into the background. *Jean Moreau*, as I understand it, and as you have conceived it, will put you in a class by yourself. I do not say that it will place you above Madame Sand or Mérimée, Balzac or Stendhal; but it will bring out in relief the traits peculiarly your own. You will be the winnower of our time, the man who beats our politics, finances, systems, prejudices, representative types, good and bad manners, with a strong but gentle hand, separating the chaff from the wheat. After writing such a work, you would enter the Academy without debate, as a ball enters the mark. I should publish your complete works, in octavo for libraries, in 18mo for popular reading, and will insure you a second harvest of glory such as you would never in your life have obtained without the success of *Jean Moreau*!"

The old publisher's eloquence affected Etienne profoundly. He returned home much moved, embraced Hortense, and said to her:

"Would you be very angry with me if I wrote a book?"

"I, my love?"

"Yes, you."

"I should be the happiest and proudest of women. I have long been thinking and asking myself why you write no longer. I feared that the world might accuse me of wholly monopolising you, of wasting your finest years to serve my happiness; but I did not dare

to say anything, Etienne, because you are the master and I am your maid."

"Then what is this that old fool of a Bersac has been telling me?"

"Célestin?"

"Of course. He made me swear by your head, or little less, not to print another line."

"In the newspapers, yes; he had frightened me of the newspapers on account of those battles, you know, and of those blotches which are worse than sword-thrusts. But a book! a book by you, which will be read, admired, quoted everywhere! My heart beats high at the thought of our seeing it together in the windows. You must dedicate it to me, do you hear? I want posterity to know the name of an ignorant little creature, with a feeble mind, but who divined your worth, and consecrated her life to you."

Etienne's countenance beamed with joy. In his transports he imparted to his wife the substance of the novel, sketched its outlines, dwelt upon the principal episodes, and wandered off into a thousand details which seemed divine to the humble fanatic. "We will never stir from Paris again," she said. "I love Paris, a little because it was there we met, and still more because it has just restored you to yourself."

"Nay, my darling; spring is near, and it were better to return to Bellombre. How often have I walked there, musing on this book which would never appear. There I shall again find a thousand ideas hanging from the branches of the trees, as the soft wool of a flock of sheep is caught in the bushes by the roadside."

Their trunks were packed, and they prepared to take leave of old and new friends. Etienne did not deny himself the pleasure of telling us that he was going to set to work again, and that *Jean Moreau* would be finished in a year. I, who remembered all, could not believe my ears. "So you have tamed Célestin Bersac?" I asked.

"The poor man never dreamed of restraining my liberty. It was a misunderstanding; errors go for nothing."

A few of the faithful, of whom I was one, tendered him a farewell dinner on the evening before his departure. The cloth happened to be spread in the same hall of the *Café Anglais* where we had supped together some years previous. He amused himself drawing a comparison, and gave me one of those looks, full of meaning, which belonged to him alone. I proposed a long toast, too long perhaps, to the success of *Jean Moreau*. Some of the company suppressed a yawn, but two tear-drops hung upon Hortense's beautiful black eyelashes.

Twenty-four hours later they dined privately in the great dining-hall of Bellombre. Etienne made it a point of honor to begin *Jean Moreau* the same evening. He wrote only five lines, for he had retired late the evening before, and the journey had somewhat fatigued him; but those five lines were equal to laying the foundation-stone. The difficult thing in art is to apply one's self to a task; whatever is begun may be looked upon as half finished.

The fact is that he dashed off the first two chapters in six weeks; the three following ones were completed between the thirtieth of April

and the thirty-first of May ; this being one-fourth of the book. The Bersacs again took possession of Hazelwood about the beginning of June. They had their daughter-in-law and her two children with them. George had recently shifted to the marines, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and was on his way to Cochín-China. Célestin feared that he would die without ever seeing his dear son again ; the grief of separation, added to the fatigues of old age, caused him visibly to decline. They exerted themselves to divert and console him ; Etienne treating him with all the more consideration because he was worried by scruples, and because he felt ill at ease in the presence of the aged original. One evening when they had succeeded in cheering him up a little, he said to him : " A piece of news for you, my dear Monsieur Bersac. I am at work."

" I congratulate you. Idleness is the mother of vice."

" But guess upon what. A novel ! "

" I hope it will amuse Madame Etienne."

" And the public likewise," put in Hortense.

" I believe you are mistaken, my dear. The public cannot be amused by a book which they will not get to read ; and, if my memory serves me, Monsieur Etienne, in marrying you, interdicted himself from henceforth publishing anything."

Etienne turned slightly pale. " But," he said, " I can revoke an interdiction pronounced by myself."

" Yes, if you have no obligation toward any one but yourself."

They spoke of other things, and a quarter of an hour afterwards Etienne returned to his work.

Every time the remembrance of Célestin drew off his attention, he would make a gesture as of one brushing away a fly. " And what," he murmured, " what would the world say if I sacrificed my future to the manias of an old fool ? "

The original plan of *Jean Morcau* was discarded ; he formed another and much broader one, allowing more space to the province. All the types which he had observed since his marriage, the Bersacs themselves, entered into the outline and there stood prominently forth. He worked at least four hours a day, but not above six. Inspiration never absolutely failed him, yet his ideas came faster at one time than another. Sometimes he would work from morning to evening upon half a page, sometimes he filled three sheets with his bold, regular writing, always distinct, and recalling the beautiful autographs of the 17th century. There were few erasures ; the practice he had acquired in writing enabled him to cast his thoughts like a metal in fusion. He had never prepared two manuscripts of the same book, or borrowed the copyist's hand, and every one of his works went in a lump to the printer's.

Hortense, who watched him with maternal anxiety, wondered to see that *Jean Morcau* possessed without absorbing him. In proportion as he advanced in his book, ideas for a novel, a comedy, and even a vaudeville, came thronging upon his mind. He threw upon paper more than twenty plans without interrupting his great work.

Strange to say, he had never had more time. He found opportunities to reply to the letters of friends, and even of persons

indifferent to him ; he wrote through thick and thin. His pen cut and his inkstand full, it required no further effort.

His temper of mind seemed more even, his spirits more cheerful, his heart more tender than in those days of fullest leisure and absolute repose. He lavished affection upon his wife ; far from desiring to shut himself up in his study like so many others, he insisted on the house being thrown open, attracting people and making all around him gay. He could be seen at table, at the chase, at the rural promenades, more lively, merry and brilliant than ever. He was again the potent, many-sided being, ready for anything, whom I had admired, not without a little fear, the evening of our first meeting ; yet he never saw Célestin but an imperceptible cloud would darken his good humor.

One day, being alone with the octogenarian, he said to him very plainly : " My dear sir, the book is progressing, and I give you notice that it will appear."

" Much good may it do you, sir ! "

" In a word, confess that its publication will not injure you."

" The question is not about me. Man has the choice between good and evil here on earth."

" Give me your opinion frankly. Do you think that prior to my marriage I entered into any engagement toward you ? "

" Yes ; but what do you care for that ? "

" I care a good deal, confound it ! "

" The world is at your feet ; you have no need of the esteem of a poor old man like me."

" Very fine ! I desire to be esteemed by everybody, without exception, my dear sir ! For an engagement to be valid, it must be founded upon reason. If I had asked Hortense's hand of you, and you had made your conditions, I should hold them inviolable, however absurd they might be ; but my wife was dependent on no one when she chose me. Is this so ? "

" I confess it is."

" You came and told me that she was frightened of the newspapers, and I, dropping with fatigue from excessive work, replied that I had more than enough of literature. Do you call that an oath ? "

" If you are quite sure of not swearing, my dear sir, you ought to feel perfectly easy."

" I do not. You see that I am vexed. If you were just, you would remember all we have done for you of our own free will, and say one word, one single word, which would set me at ease."

" You acknowledge then that I have a right to hold you to your promise or release you ? "

" No ! "

" Very well."

" But supposing I did ? "

" You would give me the alternative between distressing you and taking upon myself the responsibility for a publication contrary to my ideas, pernicious to morals, and certainly disrespectful to the majesties of heaven and earth. This is why, my dear sir, you will do well to consult yourself only. I have no means of compelling you."

If the oath you took in my presence now appears onerous, you can violate it with impunity, and even reap some profit and some earthly glory."

Etienne was exasperated. He approached this flighty, dull and inert being from a hundred sides; neither kind treatment, prayers, nor reasons were able to prevail with him. As the knights in the legends weary themselves with cleaving in twain a pale phantom, so he spent his strength against this inertness. However, he finished his book.

It took him a little longer than he expected. He wrote the first word on the seventeenth of March and put the final stop on the third of September. This piece of news was received at Paris, and the well-informed papers announced that *Jean Moreau* was in press, although the manuscript was still at Bellombre.

During the summer, Célestin, having been seized with the bronchitis, came near dying, and a certain individual had taken a lively interest in the progress of the disease; but the cursed old fellow recovered, and grew not a whit more pliant. When Etienne perceived that death would not come to his aid, he besought Madame Bersac's support, imploring the bearded woman in behalf of poor *Jean Moreau*. Célestin appeared to relent; he promised to authorise the printing after the book had been read, expurgated and endorsed by six respectable persons, the choice of whom he reserved to himself. This was re-establishing censorship, neither more nor less. The author burst into a fit of laughter, and there negotiation stopped.

The most beautiful day in Hortense's life was the day her dear husband, having re-read *Jean Moreau* from beginning to end and made the final corrections, placed the manuscript in her hands, and said: "Here, my love, you have the best production of my brain. No doubt I shall write other things, but I do not feel capable of anything better. Take this book. I do not present it to you, for it was yours before its birth. To you I owe the leisure and happiness of which it is the fruit."

It was eleven o'clock at night. All the guests at Bellombre were sleeping as one sleeps only in the country after hunting. Etienne went to bed, and Hortense seated herself by his side and begged permission to read one chapter. She read two, three, so many that Etienne fell asleep. He awoke several times and found the lamp still burning brightly. "Go to sleep, dearest," he said.

"Presently, my love. It is not late, and I am so happy."

In the morning about eight o'clock he stretched out one of his arms, opened his eyes, and discovered that he was alone in the large bed. His second thought was for the manuscript he had entrusted to his wife; *Jean Moreau* was no longer there. He rang the bell for the chambermaid. "Where is Madame?" he asked.

"It is a good hour, Sir, since Madame went out."

"With a book? a packet having the shape of a book?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Did she go into the park?"

"No, sir; she went to the village. But here is my mistress."

Hortense threw herself upon her husband's neck. "I have read it

through," she said. "I did not close my eyes; it was impossible to tear myself away from your book. How excellent it is! How true! How beautiful! You are right, Etienne; it is your masterpiece; still more, it is yourself!"

"What have you done with it?"

"Do you think me a woman who would lose what she holds dearest? No, my love, you may ease your mind."

"You have locked up the manuscript?"

"Securely. Never doubt."

"With what a strange look you say that!"

"You perceive, then, that I spoke falsely? So much the better; I am satisfied. Your wife cannot conceal anything from you, even though it were for a great good. You will approve what I have done, I am sure of it."

"But speak!"

"Nay, if you frighten me I shall be unable to say anything. Your disputes with my brother-in-law, his opposition, your scruples, the misunderstanding between you, have caused me pain and excited my pity. I never doubted your right, but I sometimes asked myself whether it would not be cruel to afflict the poor old man. The perusal of *Jean Moreau* inspired me with a heroic resolution. It is morally impossible for an intelligent being to object to the publication of such a book after having read it. I went to Célestin's, and I said to him: 'Read and judge us!'

"Unfortunate woman! My clothes! Shall I be in time?"

"What do you fear?"

"Everything. It will be my death. I feel that it will be impossible for me to re-write the work. And I never thought of taking a copy!"

He hastened away.

Célestin Bersac was sitting in front of the summer-house of Hazelwood, dancing one of his grandchildren upon his knee. "Monsieur Etienne," he said, "your visit does me great honor. May I trouble you to walk in? You appear agitated; I trust nothing has happened to Madame since she left us half-an-hour ago?"

"Ah! then you admit that she has been here this morning."

"Of course. She brought a certain little work, which she deigned to submit to me for my humble appreciation."

"Where is it?"

"In the house, I think, if it has not flown away."

Etienne breathed more freely. "Sir," he said, "you will have the kindness to return me those sheets. You shall read them, I swear it; but in a few days, when the manuscript, of which I have no copy, has been transcribed."

"At your service."

The little old man restored the child to its mother's arms, and entered the house followed by Etienne. The two stopped in a sort of drawing-room, where, from the wall, Bersac senior in his judicial robe looked down, as if counting and appraising at a just valuation the old arm-chairs of Bellombre. "It was here, Sir," said Célestin, "that I received Madame's visit. I do not know exactly where I put the waste paper you speak of; but by dint of looking — No, in faith! the manuscript is not here. Did you value it much?"

"More than my life!"

"I am very sorry your sheets are gone. Do you wish to search the house?"

Etienne coldly replied: "It is unnecessary; your word will suffice. Only declare upon the honor—"

"Upon whose honor? Mine or yours? You have taught me the value of a word of honor."

The poet asked himself whether it would not be best to make short work and strangle this old monster. Célestin divined his thoughts, and said: "I am eighty years of age, my dear Sir. My son is at Saigon, and you will hardly go that far to begin a quarrel with him. The courts: they might perhaps sentence me to pay damages in the sum of two or three thousand francs. Act as shall seem to you most advantageous and most honorable."

"What harm have I done you?"

"Scarcely any. You derided me at Paris in enticing away a person whom I watched night and day; you possess a fortune belonging of right to me, and a wife whom I destined for my son. You are the cause that George, my only love, made but a poor marriage, and that perhaps he will die in a remote corner of the earth. You are young, tall, and handsome; I am old, small, and ugly; you have met with nothing but success, I have met with vexations only; you have been crowned with laurels on a stage where I was pelted with apples: in truth, I should be very unjust did I not love you with all my heart."

"But your religion prohibits hatred and revenge; it condemns theft, and yet you have stolen from me the work of my life."

"The Church has never prohibited the destruction of bad books. I am a man who would have forgiven all, if you had kept on good terms with us."

"Then you have destroyed —"

"Nothing, my dear Sir; your sheets are lost. Shall we both search for them again?"

Etienne felt that he was going mad, and, fearful of committing a crime, he fled from the house. He reached the château in time for breakfast, and dressed as carefully as usual. Hortense was uneasy, but he did his best to reassure her. Some of the guests think they recollect that he ate gluttonously, and spoke much during the dessert, the thread of his thoughts breaking every now and then. About two o'clock he went out on horseback, and did not return. They looked for him the whole night through, but in vain. The anguish of his wife was heartrending.

Whilst they were searching the rivers, ponds, and forests of the neighborhood, he entered my chamber at eight o'clock the next morning. He appeared to me profoundly sad, but rational. "I was born," he said, "to produce always, like all true artists. This long idleness which they imposed upon me has, unknown to myself as it were, rendered me unhappy amid all the sweets of life. I was never fully content; something was wanting, and I could not tell what; I had a nostalgia for work. My trip to Paris opened my eyes, and I set to work; a kind of revolution took place in my mind; the ideas which had accumulated within me overflowed with such impetuosity

that I could no longer control them. That was a unique phenomenon ; the like shall not be seen again. It would be as impossible for me to recommence *Jean Moreau* as for the Neva to recall the mountains of ice which it has precipitated into the sea."

He very frankly related his flight from Bellombre, and how he had taken a roundabout way to gain a neighboring station where he was unknown ; but I was not able to extract from him the reason of his departure : he did not know himself what brought him to Paris. He exhibited a violent aversion for his wife, saying at the same time that he had adored her till the day before. "I will never forgive her," he said, "for believing in the integrity of that old monster."

It was during this visit that he entreated me to write and publish his history, for the instruction of his contemporaries. I made fun of his mournful presentiments, and wished him to take breakfast with me. But he excused himself upon the plea of having some urgent calls to make. "I must see Bondidier," he said ; "they expect me at the printing-office ; and, besides, I have not yet secured my room at the Grand Hotel."

Having work to do that day, I did not go out before five o'clock. The first persons of my acquaintance whom I encountered upon the boulevard ran up to tell me of his arrival and of his extravagant conduct.

A few minutes after leaving me, he entered a bookseller's shop and asked for the sixth edition of *Jean Moreau*. The clerk replied that the work was announced, but that it had not yet appeared. "You lie, scoundrel," he cried, seizing the young man by the throat ; "the first five editions have all been sold this morning !" The same scene, with variations *ad infinitum*, was renewed in several shops.

He breakfasted at a celebrated restaurant of the Palais Royal, ate like a pack of wolves, poured the anchovy sauce into his wine, and, piling up all the newspapers upon a table, ordered the waiter to set them on fire. The proprietor of the establishment, who knew him well, saw that his mind was distempered, and exerted himself in vain to calm him.

Whether from compassion or curiosity, a number of people followed him. He stopped before the stall of a well-known bookseller's shop in the Rue Vivienne, reading aloud the titles of the books and inquiring after the health of the absent authors. Uttering a cry of joy all at once, he rushes into the shop, seizes an 18mo volume, seats himself upon the counter, and says : "Listen, all of you !"

And for more than a quarter of an hour he read, in a clear, thrilling, happy, and sympathetic voice, a chapter from *Jean Moreau*. The seven or eight persons who heard him declare to this day that they were spell-bound, believing that they saw the first part of an unknown masterpiece. Never had a more acute, sound, and caustic mind scourged the abuses and absurdities of the present age. The reader's art doubled, if possible, the merit of the book ; but suddenly, without any reason whatever, he changed his tone, and unstrung a bead-roll of cynical enormities. He finished with dancing about and tearing up the poor book — one of Madame de Gasparin's very moral romances !

The same evening I sent a dispatch to Bellombre. Madame Etienne arrived in time to nurse and weep for him, but too late to exchange a thought with him.

Some of the newspapers did not hesitate to attribute his malady and death to the excessive use of alcoholic drinks, which he detested, and of tobacco, which he never touched.

V.

Hortense again retired into the depths of the province, bearing with her the remains of her husband. Next to nothing is known regarding her life; the old Bersac mansion is closed. The poor widow, who has grown terribly old, they say, vegetates, in deep mourning, in a corner of Bellombre, near the tomb of the man whom she accuses herself of having killed. She weeps as on the first day, and sometimes prays with strange fervency; but her devotion is irregular. One would say at times that she fears obtaining too high a place in heaven, which might remove her eternally from *him*.

Bondidier keeps her informed of business matters, the widow of a French writer having an interest in her husband's productions for thirty years. The edition of his complete works has met with a success beyond expectation; the volumes are stereotyped, and they sell as regularly as Musset's tales or the two novels of Stendhal. During the few years since his death Etienne has acquired more than he did during his whole life. Hortense recently wrote to Bondidier: "Enough! Send me no more money. I am only too rich, alas! Every moment I imagine that *he* is pursuing me with benefits, and that the money is saying to me: '*He* did not make as good a marriage as you!'" Bondidier replied: "Ah, Madame, what would the amount be if we had *Jean Moreau*!"

Last Monday the old curé of Saint Maurice, having just come from the burial of that small fagot of dry wood, Célestin Bersac, presented himself before Hortense. "Madame," he said, "that good man has made his peace with the dead and the living. You would never see his face after that fatal event; but he prayed that you would forgive his offence against you and your lamented husband. His repentance was sincere; he earnestly wished to prove worthy of the Divine mercy, and to restore to our poor church the steeple which Robespierre and Marat destroyed in their hatred of God. 'Father,' he said to me, 'you will carry to Madame Etienne this sealed packet, which we two locked up in the safe of your sacristy, on the fourth of September 186-, at a quarter of eight in the morning. It contains papers of value, the sale of which in Paris will probably furnish the sum you require.'"

Hortense broke the seal, and found the manuscript of *Jean Moreau*.

The work is in my hands. It will doubtless be published some day or other.

A STORY OF NINE TRAVELLERS.

CHAPTER XXV.

RESCUED. OLD HAUNTS. THE WIDOW SHORT.

THE day after the storm was one of quiet beauty. A bright autumn sun was shining, the sea had grown almost as placid as a quiet land-locked lake, the wind had gradually subsided until only a light breeze was left to stir the distress-signal that floated over the *Harvest Moon*. So complete a wreck was the good barque that she could no longer be guided on her way homeward, and Captain Barker with the remnant of his crew could only labor to patch her up and keep her afloat, with the hope that they should at last drift across the path of some friendly vessel and thus escape. Fortunately their supply of food had received but little damage, and there was no immediate danger of starvation; but the season was one of storms, and another such as they had just passed through would not leave a timber of their hull afloat, or a vestige to tell their sad story. It was therefore with eager eyes that each man when on watch ranged the circle of the horizon in search of a sail that should inspire them with the hope of an early rescue.

"Come, Romer," said Captain Barker, as he handed his glass to Armero, "try your keen eyes, and be sure you discover help, for we sadly need it."

"Ay, ay, Sir," was the response, and Carlos mounted the temporary lookout that had been hastily constructed, and proceeded to sweep the whole range of vision with a restless eye that in its eager gaze let nothing escape. Two hours passed in silence, and noon was fast approaching, when those on the deck saw him start as if shocked by an electric-battery, and then bending forward, as he directed his glass toward a given point, he cried out in shrill, sharp tones: "Sail ho! Starboard bow!"

In an instant Captain Barker had climbed up into the lookout, and seizing the glass, fixed it on the point indicated by Armero's finger, while he at once engaged in speculation and thankfulness.

"Yes. No. Yes, indeed, it is a three-master, bearing nor'east, all sails up; she'll pass in a mile of us. The breeze is just right for her, and she stands well up to it. Thank God!" Then calling out to the men below, he said: "Almost safe, lads! Rig up all the old canvas you can, save your breath until she bears nearer to us, and then shout like a thousand furies."

The speck of canvas grew, until it seemed like a small cloud low down near the horizon; a little longer, and it stood out with shape well-defined against the sky, its nearer approach causing the Captain to continue his soliloquy. "Yes, she sails beautifully, beautifully; eight knots easy, I dare say. English built; and homeward bound I hope. Still bearing down, Romer?"

"Yes, Sir. No; she's changing tack, bearing more north."

"Great heavens! that would be too bad! Shout, lads, with all your lungs; we must never let her slip by!"

Shout after shout went up from the little band, and the moments they were held in suspense seemed like ages; for all felt and seemed fully to realise how much depended on their being discovered now.

"They see us, Captain!" earnestly exclaimed Armero. "See! they again change tack, and are bearing down upon us!"

"Sure, Romer?"

"Yes, Sir. Watch her steadily, and see how she grows upon you."

"True; you are right. Shout louder, lads!" and the Captain led off with a roar worthy of the highest type of the British lion, while the men, emulating his effort, made the air ring with their huzzas.

Soon came the answering shout from the friendly vessel, and then with joyful hearts they saw a little boat dancing on the water, impelled towards them by sturdy arms and warm hearts, eager to rescue them. Strong men who had bravely struggled with the storm and nobly borne the hardships of shipwreck bowed their heads and wept as the boat came alongside and they received the hearty greetings of its crew.

It was with mingled feelings that the Captain and the remnant of his men left the dismasted hull of the *Harvest Moon* and sought refuge on board the *Dolphin*, a staunch English craft, only a few days out from Havana, and on her homeward voyage to Liverpool.

Captain Barker had made many voyages in the *Harvest Moon*; he knew every plank in her decks and every nook and cranny about her from stem to stern; and as she slowly drifted out of sight, he watched her as a father might a wrecked and ruined child floating on to inevitable destruction, and shading his eyes with his hand turned mournfully away, saying, in tremulous tone: "Good bye. We have rode through many a storm together; I loved you well, but now we part, and I shall never again see another *Harvest Moon*."

"Cheer up! cheer up! Captain," said a voice very near to Barker as he bade adieu to his wrecked vessel. Turning, he saw standing by his side a tall, portly-looking man, with light sandy hair and side-whiskers, his face brimful of good-nature, his eyes beaming with good-feeling and sympathy, his broad honest palm already extended to bid his unfortunate fellow-captain a most hearty welcome. In the hurry and excitement of getting from the boat on board the vessel, Barker had paid but little heed to any one who might be standing on the deck, and the captain of the *Dolphin* had considerably waited a little while to give him time to grow calm before coming forward to offer his sympathies and extend the hand of welcome.

"I suppose you are the captain of this vessel, and I must thank you in real earnest for coming to our rescue," said Captain Barker, as he grasped the offered hand.

"Yes, Sir. My name is Hunter, and our vessel is the *Dolphin*. No thanks are due for duty done."

"Hunter! Are you Captain Heber Hunter of Hull?"

"The very same."

"Then you should know me, 'Honest Billy Barker of the *Harvest Moon*'; we were in port at Bombay together once."

"My old friend! how glad I am to see you, although it makes me sad to see the wreck of your noble ship. Keep up a stout heart; you did all that man could do to save her. She goes down after a noble struggle; and remember, you and your men have a hearty welcome on board the *Dolphin*. We have plenty of room, no lack of rations, and with favoring winds may hope now for a prosperous voyage; so cheer up!"

No one could long remain despondent in the genial atmosphere that surrounded Captain Hunter, and the two captains were soon making themselves comfortable over a substantial dinner, growing more and more communicative at its close over a rare old bottle of port, with a relish of genuine Stilton; while the rescued crew were feasted to the full in the mess-room of the *Dolphin*, and soon drowned the memory of their toil and danger in a glass of Jamaica rum. The *Dolphin* encountered heavy weather before reaching the Channel coast, but passing through in safety, arrived at Liverpool in a little more than three weeks after picking up the crew of the *Harvest Moon*. Both captains went ashore together; the one to report his arrival, the other to report his vessel to her owners as a total loss.

As they were about parting at a street-corner Captain Hunter said hopefully: "Come with me, Barker; 'tis only a little way to the office of my owners, and after reporting I will go with you to see yours. You go on a sad errand and need company. I've had the same thing to do before now, and it goes hard against the grain."

"Indeed it does, Hunter. This is my first total loss, and it almost makes me swear off from the sea."

"Tut, man, take your turn at ill-luck like the rest of us! It is surprising to me that you floated at all after such a blow as you describe. As good luck would have it, *we* only caught the rear of it, *you* bore the brunt. Be thankful that you lived through it. Make up your mind that it is one of those things that couldn't be helped. Report loss to your owners, and we will then be as jolly as we can over a good dinner at 'The Adelphi.' What do you say?"

"I don't feel jolly, Hunter, but won't mind the dinner; so let us hurry up and dispatch business."

And now we must bid temporary adieu to our two captains, leaving them comfortably seated at a small table in the public dining-hall of "The Adelphi," where, with a keen sailor's relish, they are discussing hot-joint and all the etceteras of an elaborate dinner, as they pledge mutual friendship and drink to the memory of the *Harvest Moon*.

Armoro has once more reached London, and as he calls a cab and orders the driver to take him to the old number in St. James street, many conflicting emotions crowd upon him, and his excitable nature becomes so moved as almost to produce a nervous chill. He had lodged here when there was a price set upon him, and when every day he had in safety passed detectives on the street. So thoroughly had he impersonated two characters that none of the roughs with whom he had planned and executed daring breaches of the law (with the exception of Hardy Flint) knew at any time where he lived. The

only man who had known him in all the phases of his crooked character had suddenly been called to his account, and now the prime mover in the Sparks conspiracy was left to complete alone his own work, or free to retrace his steps, and there remained no witness against him. He was so occupied by memories and chaotic plans for the future that he started visibly as the driver drew rein before the familiar door and called out: "'Ere's the place, Sir. You've no luggage?" and with a questioning glance at his passenger, he held open the cab-door.

"No luggage. Here is your fare," and the driver watched with curious eyes as he turned away to see "who would let that queer man in," while Armero impatiently pulled the bell and rapped the knocker twice in quick succession before it could possibly be answered.

"Slow as ever, Solon," was Armero's first salutation. "The devil will get you, because you are too lazy to keep out of his way."

"It's sometimes wise, Sir, not to be in a hurry to open the door; one might let the devil in. But I'm ever so glad to see you, Mr. Carlos. Where on earth did you come from? The mistress said just now nobody but you ever rung a bell like that. And where is your luggage, too?"

"I brought no luggage, Solon; don't ask so many questions. Any one occupying my rooms?"

"There has been, Sir: a half-pay naval officer; nice gentleman, Sir, he was, too, and he only went down to St. Leonard's this morning; he was in poor health, Sir, and had to find —"

"That will do, Solon, the captain may go to Davy Jones for aught I care. Tell Mrs. Short I have come and would like the use of her parlor while mine is being set in order."

Solon Rattey, the head-servant in Mrs. Hannah Short's lodging-house, was one of its fixtures. He had been placed there through the influence of Armero, who had befriended him for certain service rendered while he waited in the chambers of Agrippa Clinch, Esq., in Chancery Lane, years before. The service performed had given Armero a singular power over the thin, sharp little Solon, who seemed ever after the willing servant of the man he had served; and now, when bidden to acquaint Mrs. Short of the presence of his master, he placed a chair for him in the hall and trotted off to execute the command with all possible speed.

Mrs. Hannah Short was most inappropriately named, for she was taller than the average of her sex, nor was she short in any of her ways or works; in short, she was graceful in person and handsome in features, with bright blue eyes, rosy complexion, pretty teeth, and saucy-looking dimples that dotted each cheek whenever she smiled in her most coquettish way. She had been a widow ten years, although still on the sunny side of thirty; and doubtless nature and art had combined to teach her "when to sigh and when to smile." Nor was she less informed as to which style of cap was most becoming to her. She had in a reasonable space of time after the demise of Eli Short, lightened her mourning, but still wore the jauntiest little mourning caps with jet pins, and out from beneath crept, apparently at random, a profusion of wavy chestnut curls, that could not fail to give a girlish

grace to the woman who knew so well how pretty and innocent they made her look when she laughed and tossed her head. The late Eli Short had been a careful man. As the London agent of a large manufacturing establishment in Sheffield, he had succeeded in putting by a snug little sum; and the widow, by shrewdly investing the amount, might have lived on her interest from "the funds." She had invested to some extent in this way, but preferring a life of activity as well as independence, she had purchased the house in which she now lived, and added to her income by taking a few lodgers, and, in rare cases, a table-boarder.

Mrs. Short had been much admired by sundry lodgers, including a chemist, a Calcutta merchant, a retired naval officer, and in one instance a dashing captain in the Horse Guards; but to all appearances she was as far from matrimony on the day of Armero's arrival as she had been at any time since her widowhood began. Treating all attentions with a reproachful willingness to hear, she had declined all offers with so much soft decision as to take away from each suitor all shadow of hope, or even the credit of a successful flirtation. She is now sitting in a bright little parlor at the back of the house, near a window looking out upon a bit of garden hemmed in between the walls of neighboring houses. Her window-seat is filled with beautiful flowers, and suspended by a cord just over them hangs a large bird-cage with its door left open, while the little feathered inmates make themselves quite at home among the flowers, or perch upon the back of Mrs. Short's sewing-chair. There is a knock, the door opens, and the frightened birds take refuge in their cage, while their mistress, laying a piece of fancy worsted work upon a linen stand, turns toward her servant with the question: "Who rung the bell just now, Solon?"

"It was Mr. Carlos, Mum, and you wouldn't know him if I didn't tell you it was he."

"Why should I not know him, Solon?"

"Because he is all dressed up like a sailor, Mum, and looks as brown as a pea-pod, and like he'd been sick too."

"Well, why did you not show him up?" And Mrs. Short arose and took a careful survey of her handsome face and figure in a large mirror at one end of the room, at the same time giving a nervous twist to one of her rebellious curls.

"I just came up, Mum —"

"Solon, how often have I told you about calling me *Mum*; it is strange that you, who can speak so correctly, should adopt the Irish servant's slang. You have called me Mum three times now; what should you say?"

"I beg pardon, *Ma'am*, I should have more respect to you and the memory of Master Agrippa Clinch. I will say *Ma'am* in future."

"Well, go on."

"Master Carlos is come, *Ma'am*, sends his compliments, and wants to know if you can spare him your parlor until his apartments be ready?"

"Tell him no, Solon, but I will share my parlor with him until his is ready if he has learned to behave himself since he went away." And Mrs. Short re-arranged the folds of her dress, gave another twist

to her refractory curl, and, as Solon closed the door behind him, with a saucy toss of her head and a mischievous glance that she doubtless intended to use again very soon, laughed audibly.

There could be no mistake in that quick nervous step and hurried rap; and the widow, all smiles and roses, called out merrily: "Come in, wanderer!"

Carlos needed not a second bidding; the door was quickly opened, and Mrs. Short advanced to meet him with extended hand, saying: "And where has the bad boy been that he returns in such sorry plight?"

"I came near going down among the coral and sea-weed, sweet Mistress Han; and is *this* your warmest greeting? You know so tame a welcome doesn't suit the 'bad boy,'" and Armero quickly caught the widow in his arms, and amid her muffled shrieks and blushes kissed her at least a dozen times.

"Oh! you wretch," she exclaimed, as almost out of breath she laughingly shook her little clenched hand at him, "sit down this instant! Did Solon deliver my message?"

"And much I cared for that! I never expect to behave like other folks. You may shake your fist again, and call me wretch too for another dozen kisses; is it a bargain?" and Carlos made as if he were going to initiate the new bargain without delay.

"If you do! Just see now how you have ruined my cap and tumbled my hair, you frightful creature: if you were not an old friend I would refuse to let you stay in my house another minute!"

"Well, I will give you a new cap for another dozen. I did not know your kisses were so sweet before."

"Just hear him! Oh! what shall I ever do with such a saucy creature in my house? You grow worse than ever; age does not improve you one bit."

"It does *you* though; it is the difference between the bud and the full-blown rose. I am charmed, really, to see how well you look, sweet Mistress Han. The wonder is that some one has not spirited you away in all the time that I have been wandering."

"Come, Mr. Carlos, enough of your nonsense; are you not ashamed to be so impudent to me? I know that you are an old and true friend, but think of what the gossiping neighbors would say if they only knew that you had dared to kiss me, not once but a dozen times! It is a scandalous proceeding, Sir," and the widow again frowned, pouted her pretty lips, and endeavored to look angry.

"Smile again, my bonnie lassie, and I will promise not to be so extravagant in the future," said Carlos, with mock humility. "Forgive me now, and we will take a late breakfast or early lunch together — whichever you choose to call it — as a memorial of our truce. Women as well as men grow generous under the genial vapors of the breakfast-room. While you look to the breakfast I will go into my trunks and see if I cannot find apparel there better suited to present company. I know now why you were so incensed at the kisses," and Carlos took a glance at his sailor's suit, then making a low bow, walked quickly out of the room and up the familiar stairway to his old quarters.

The widow had not recovered from the effect of Carlos's greeting, but was still laughing and blushing by turns before the mirror, when her little pantomime was interrupted by a knock which she recognised as Solon's familiar signal. Quickly seating herself in the sewing-chair, and snatching the fancy work, her fingers were busy when Solon entered.

"Did you ring, Mum — ah — Ma'am?"

"Yes, Solon. I wish a hot lunch prepared immediately; Mr. Armero has had no breakfast — tell the cook to be quick about it."

"And the master's gone out *so soon*, Ma'am?" questioned Solon as he glanced around the room with a wicked grin.

The widow blushed, but quickly said: "He has gone to his room, Solon; deliver your message to the cook, and then go to him, he may need you."

"Yes, Ma'am," was the response, but still Solon remained irresolutely standing, first on one foot, then on the other, not unlike some half-frozen goose on a frosty morning. At last, with the tip of his tongue displayed at one corner of his mouth, he ventured to say:

"Be you very glad, Ma'am, the master's come?"

"Yes, Solon, I am always glad to see your master."

"And it's lucky too, Ma'am, the half-pay officer's gone."

"Yes, very fortunate."

"And I'm glad the Captain in the 'Orse Guards don't come any more, Ma'am."

"What do you mean, Solon?"

"Only there might some time be a little scrimmage, Ma'am, and I know *who* would get the best o' that — wouldn't it be funny?"

"Go this instant, Solon, and do as you are bid — you forget yourself," was Mrs. Short's energetic response, and her wiry "man of all work" dropped the foot which he had held in uneasy suspense, and making good use of both his pedal extremities, soon disappeared through the doorway, and was heard all the way to the kitchen laughing with a chuckle peculiarly his own.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A GROUP OF POETS.

III.—ANDRÉ CHÉNIER.

IT has been complained that the French literature is monochrome, like the gladiators whom Horace describes as always painted with red ochre: such and such a poem is blue, another is yellow, in another scarlet dominates, everything is modelled according to shadow and light; in no work are the scattered tints of nature all brought together and harmoniously wedded. There is some show of justice in the complaint. To take simply the poets we have touched upon: Baudelaire is curiously rich in pale spiritual grays; de Musset in warm Titianesque backgrounds; Chénier in the light of the antique chambers, where on excavation, we are told by Gautier, the walls are covered with animals that terminate in foliage, winged chimæras, geniuses springing from the chalices of flowers, palaces of quaint architecture, a thousand caprices and pleasantries. The light falls upon his poems from above as in the Pompeian houses, striking at the first leap the ever-playing marble fountain, a circle of sculptured colonnades, or a group of bronze satyrs by Lysippus. The prevailing color with him is hard to catch; it is like the maze of Arras-tapestry where Flanders red interblends with Tyrian purple. The same reproach of oneness may be made to any literature save to that which the great exceptional figure of Shakspeare represents. It is our glory to form the exception to all such generalisations. To the honest seeker there is after all a certain pleasure in the uniform. A vague eclecticism has spoiled more than one clear poet; Greek philosophy has in more than one instance given away to Neo-Platonism. After dwelling in the shadow of an author through weeks and months, we are loath to leave it for the garish light of more tinted individualities. The eyes are tender; there is an unction, a well-doing in the gentle abiding atmosphere of a writer that we shrink to part from, to which we are pleasantly used, wherein we can dream and live at large, as in a pavilion stretched for us by the prescient kindness of authorship. When we lay aside our favorites for a new acquaintance, somewhat the same feeling is evoked as in European art-galleries on leaving the tenderly-lighted cabinets of Italian painters, through which there are the sweet shadows of the Christian past, for the great babbling, noisy, glowing salon, where the masterpieces of Paul Peter Rubens writhe and junket as in a frolic of Kuklops. We are struck as it were by the lightning of a new genius: it is the Typhon of Scarron after the Titans of Hesiod; the effect is for the moment disagreeable; the clear wine that had mellowed into amber repose is stirred up anew, and the lees film it like a mist. Then again the same result ensues after a thorough loving friendship with the benignant types of Rubens, on entering the presence of those absurd little Holy Families of the Cologne school, that seem to have gathered all the angles of Euclid

into their elbows, necks, and feet. The complaint, therefore, however just, turns rather to the profit of individual authors. It is not the Eastern olive through which the fragrance of all fruits is perceived; it is the lotos or the myrrh, the lilies and the parsley of Horace (*ne vivax apium neu breve lilium*), the violets and poppies of Vergil (*palentes violas et summa papavera carpens*), which we look for and in which we take real delight. The literature that has engaged us in the last two papers is fertile in genial spirits who derive their whole geniality from the single pervading tint that at all times and tides runs through their work, and is to it the crier of the Eastern tale. The old masters were fond of adding the autograph, the "*Al. Dürer faciebat*," at the bottom of their pictures; but it takes no skilful critic to decipher the more poignant autograph of a manner, a breath, a grace, a revealing consciousness, that tells the whole secret and discloses to us the whole fine hidden structure of the artist's nature. We need no critic to tell us that the Dying Gladiator is a divine cry in marble. It is for the vulgar science of the anatomist to pry into the wisdom of it, and inform us that there is a muscle in one of the arms that is not found in the human frame. "It is only in a series of authors that we get the perfect octave." Still it was the key in *D* on which Beethoven composed his glorious mass. Through all those wonderful harmonies the single key soars and pierces like a wild swan; it is the voice of the poet, it is the anointed head of Saul. It was thus that *Athalie* singled out Ioas from among the children that served in the temple.

When we tell over to ourselves the genius that early death has taken from us — Marlowe, White, Chatterton, Keats, Shelley, Hallam — we are prone to think ourselves unique in these irreparable losses. It is forgotten that there were Körners, von Kleists, Hauffs, Müllers, von Hardenbergs, for whom Germany mourned. Nor has France been spared: Théophile, Malfilâtre, Gilbert, Loyson, Chénier; these are some of the young immortals whom the gods loved and took away. What beauty, what further completeness they would have added to their literature, we can only conceive from what they have left behind; rich legacies enough, though there are but a few trembling lines on the faded parchment. Sainte-Beuve has some beautiful speculations on this subject in his essay on Euphorion, where he laments the countless poets and historians who have not survived the ages, but who perished both in the original and in the translation. He represents them — whom we see by Livy's preface to have been oppressively numerous — as rushing to the banks of the Styx, and stretching forth their arms in speechless yearning to make known even their names, if not their lost works; as pursuing the boat that carried the small number of noble surviving figures, motionless and serene in the light, and calling gods and men to witness for the crying injustice of this second death. For they had once enjoyed the sweets of fame, — these Galluses, Philemons, Euphorions, Callimachuses, Menanders, Partheniuses, — this swarming book-life of Alexandria with all its sunny and prosperous philosophies; this spot where the swarm of bees settled and filled the world with their hum; this antique Leipzig with its *Philologenverein*. We might speculate too — like St. Bonaventure on

the souls of dead infants — on the unuttered thought of those who died prematurely and left with us only a bunch of the figs from the Promised Land. But speculation is useless : there is no Ægina to be robbed, no monastery of St. Gallen to be explored. Let us therefore to our critical work.

There was a queer coincidence between Chénier's birthplace and the tastes that afterward so strongly developed in the young poet. He might be called the last of the Byzantines, the joint product of the Crusades and of Greek art—the poetic successor of Anna Comnena and the long roll of Oriental historians. Through his mother Greek blood flowed in his veins, through his father the blood of the Western Empire. He was born at Constantinople in 1762, while M. de Chénier held the position of Consul-General of France to the Sublime Porte. The wit and beauty of his mother were celebrated. She was the sister of the grandmother of M. Thiers, the president of the French Republic. It is interesting to see how the old Greek blood divided into two streams and formed the most brilliant historian of the Consulate and Empire, and the most delicate imitator of Tibullus and Theocritus. The one is a Roman under the twelve Cæsars, the other might be a contemporary of Alcibiades : lively, practical, the one ; graceful, tender, the other. One cannot help thinking of a youthful poet who sang naked the victory at Salamis ; on the other hand, a vision of Capræan luxury and lawlessness will rise. They represent—these classic kinsmen—the two great principles that for centuries were locked in deadly conflict—Roman sense and Greek idealism. The one might recall Thorwaldsen the father, stone-cutter and carver of vessel-prows, industrious, sober, acute, sympathetic ; the other Thorwaldsen the son, chiselling Elysian fancies, Adonis, Hebe, the Christ, the three Graces, chiselling exquisite candelabra after the descriptions of Pausanias, peering among the masses of white marble for the Jason, the noble male beauty, even the Madonna that lay there. With Chénier it is hard to say whether the pagan Elysium or the Christian Elen—whether Phryne in the bosom of Hyperides or Jesus in the bosom of Mary,—had more force. As a painter he would perhaps have represented Christ on the Cross as a dying Adonis—as was remarked of the painters of the Dark Ages. Attic luxury would have given to the severe and sublime faces of the Apostles the lips of Antinous. Tertullian would have cried out that the divine figures that he created were possessed with demons, and would have luxuriated in the prospect of his torments in the other world.

M. de Chénier returned to France some twelve years after the birth of this third son, the famous André. Not however before the latter had felt the influence of that mysterious trade-wind that from all antiquity has been blowing over the fields of Greece from the East, redolent of all sorts of passionate worships and myths, legends of Astarte and nonsense of gymnosophs. The fact of his birth in the olden Byzantium seemed early to have impressed him with a precocious knowledge of what the fact meant. The *purpurcum lumen*, after hovering over several of his brothers, finally settled upon him. They were children of talent ; he was the genius of the family circle.

Say what we will, much depends on where a man is born. Great cities are the Mother Lupa that picks up the fatherless babes, be they a Jewish lawgiver or the grandchildren of Amulius. They are fostered and become kings and founders of kingdoms. Surroundings that are mean and mousing, without the pageantry of a history, without the genius that broods over great multitudes living together, patch a race of Bœotians at whom the wise Greeks loll the tongue. Beginning in Constantinople and ending in Lutece is no mean preparation for a life-work. These were the terminal points of Chénier's activity, the ends of the great bow, the points where the fulcrum of the philosopher rested and by which he has in effect moved the world.

The usual fog of uneventfulness hangs over the early years here as elsewhere up to the twentieth. He knew Greek at sixteen—which we learn not by any confession à la De Quincey—and attended the College of Navarre at Paris. Like Vauvenargues and Alfred de Vigny, he was early smitten with a passion for military life; but soon disenchanted, the young sous-lieutenant quitted the Strasbourg barrack, and revisited Paris to spend all his leisure in ardent study of the ancients. Then the old story of genius, over-study, sickness, and Æsop the hunchback stepping in like an antique Voltaire with the sneer and the moral. No amount of fox-and-goose wit could prevail upon Chénier that such ardor would lead to harm, and that sharp reactionary illness would set in if he did not cease rising before day to worship his favorites.

There is something very striking in this serene pursuit of forgotten lore at a time when such momentous things were in the air,—the Revolution of 1776, the Revolution of 1789,—the grave, earnest Puritan, the bloodthirsty and supple Gaul, struggling for life on either side of the Atlantic—Jefferson and Robespierre, the Continental Congress and the “*Amis de la Constitution*.” And yet with all his ideal ambitions, few men have been more actively interested in their own time. The very strength that he drew from those fresh and distant sources was expended in efforts to enlighten the political ignorance of the day, and instil into it some of the temperance and the self-restraint of ancient times. The passion-play of 1789-94 has been often enough depicted without entering into details; it is no Byzantine picture with meek saints in a golden background. It is stormy as *Salvator Rosa*. Upon the sinister canvas of that time this pure young face stands out in ineffable relief, full of benignity, a face cut upon a carnelian, a soul chiselled into a gem for the finger of a Cæsar. All else so full of revolt and guilt, this alone beaming with the innocence and the purity that were brought into the world two thousand years ago. About the same time the idyll of Paul and Virginia was hovering like a sweet feverish dream in the brain of Bernardin, one of the sweetest poems that ever sprang from the human heart, a whiff of fragrance from the tropic seas. So the *lacrima Christi* is drawn from the heart of Vesuvius.

It might be thought that there was little enough time for tranquil withdrawal into the society of Latin and Greek sages where the air was alive with electric sensibility. The men of the 7th Thermidor were breathing the same atmosphere with himself, inhaling deathful

poisons where he was drinking in the sweetest anodyne for misfortune and pain. Marie Antoinette was beginning the lovely pastoral of her girlish life in the gay palaces of Trianon; dairymaid, horsewoman, coquette, and queen, with less of the black eagle of Austria in her than the white lilies of France—the sweet life that resembled more the blooming wilderness of Fontainebleau than the trim gardens of Versailles, akin to the swans that swim on those immemorial waters, descendants of those she fed. The young king was studying and shrinking from court, gathering maxims from Fénelon and translating Gibbon into French, amusing himself with Maurepas' epigrams and wondering at Turgot's philosophy, while all through the land famine and misrule had changed the "salpêtre into powder." The American outbreak was the igniting spark. So many beautiful poetic existences were beginning, so many were closing. The tomb had just closed on the great lights of Ferney and Montmorency; the *Contrat Social* had just instilled its enchanting wormwood into all hearts, from Marseilles to Brittany; Burns was awakening in the North and Béranger in the South, to sing the rights of man and the dignity of independence. Like evil spirits, Voltaire and Rousseau, when they were able to live no longer themselves, had left the world with a curse. They had flung Greek fire into human society. The air was full of them; Jean Jacques beat at the hearts of more than twenty millions, and his books lay under the pillow of shopkeeper and politician—an Orsini-bomb in which there was something more dire than flame and explosion. Since the world began, perhaps there was never such susceptibility to new and strange doctrines, to general enthusiasms pervading entire populations, to panics of hope and fear—a sort of great congregational singing soaring over Europe and lifting commonplace men into heroes. We see in the French of to-day the emotional children of that epoch, the pale offspring of the mothers who had to weather Austerlitz and the Hundred Days, back to Marat and his devils—the mobile beings who retain in themselves the passionate and sensitive reminiscences of those sickening years of fright and despair alternating with sublime hope in Bonaparte, when they were still in their mother's bosom. Imagine those who leapt unborn at the news that travelled like fire of the glories of Marengo, of the disasters of Moscow: what could they be but a people who at one time would utter themselves in the tears of the *Autumn Leaves*, and at another in the capricious and brilliant miseries of the *Mystères de Paris*?—a sort of monomaniac that wept and raved, smiling into being air-castles of Utopian republics, and then falling into ecstasies over constitutional monarchies. We have the exact psychological product of '89 and 1814 in many an orator who now ascends the tribune at Versailles and glares with fire-eyes at every antagonist that picks up the gauntlet.

On the other side of this sea Chénier dwelt in a land where every tree fabled the metamorphoses of Ovid, where every cloud was dipped in Sicilian sunshine. There is scarcely a tone in him, except toward the last, that betrays the swift agony of the years antecedent to 1794. All is peace with him. There is the ring of fauns' feet, the gambols of satyrs, the dewy breath of river-gods, the sparkle of Pactolus, the sweet breath of Vergilian flocks—no cry as of an arrow-stricken doe,

such as pierces the ear from the writings of Gilbert. All is sunlight, quiet, shadowy, mysterious as the apple-gardens over which Priapus rules, as we catch them in the antique epigram. It is a glade in a Ruysdael landscape, where pure jewelled water quarrels against the rocks into silver form, speeding away into voluptuous glooms, with the great gnarled tree-trunks and branches twisting up into organ-pipes to give forth soft wandering music. Found in an Italian monastery in Petrarch's time, his works would afterward have been precious stowed away in the Laurentian or the Ambrosian library, as the relics of a delicate eclectic poet in whose mind as in an alembic lay the choicest works of the pagan genius—a sort of Aulus Gellius, who spent the winter-nights in Athens in gleaning for the connoisseurs of Adrian's time morsels that still delight philologers and critics. There is far more of antiquity than of the Dark Ages in Chénier; more of the legendary ring of Polycrates than of the famous carnelian of the Florentine museum whereon is engraved the portrait of Savonarola; more of a triumphal entry of Bacchus with maenads, silenuses, lynxes, than of the solemn outgoing of crusaders to Jerusalem. It is the thyrsus, the dappled leopard's skin, the purple robe that Tuscan mariners take for a king's mantle, the golden horns that the Greek sculptors concealed in their representations of the Indian Dionysos, rather than the bishop's crook, the white toga, the shirt of mail, the marshalled clergy of a mighty Christian uprising. When we analyse the music of his verse, it is a Phrygian flute, a timbrel, a breeze flowing through the reeds of the Simois, the table-music of the old Romans as they lay and dined and listened to the heroic ballads of their forefathers in sunny ease—not the hymn of a Last Supper, or the soft breathing of voices in twilight churches where Boccaccio's lovers have their rendezvous. All of modern romance is as if it were not for this curious forgetter, this courier who with the flurry of an Athenian herald rushes in to tell us news of the beggar Homer, of a young Locrian, of Arcas and Palemon, of Mount Ceta, of a captive, of an idyll of Bion. Even when he describes contemporary events, it is in a manner so veiled, so obstructed with allusion, so remote, that one is reminded of the traveller who could not get to Thebes for the sphinxes that lined the roadside. All his facts have, so to speak, their heads lopped off, mutilated like a Hermes, or if not mutilated, so clothed on with classic reminiscence as to read more like the chronicles of a *Pontifex maximus* than a record of genuine event. The poet Gray shadows forth somewhat in his completed cycle of years what André Chénier might have become had not an early and violent death carried him off. Goethe, in a chorus of the *Iphigenie*, has nobly represented the fall of those whom the gods once delighted to honor:

“Der fürchte sie doppelt
Den je sie erheben;
Auf Klippen und Wolken
Sind Stühle bereitet
Um goldene Tische.

“Erhebet ein Zwist sich,
So stürzen die Gäste
Geschmäht und geschändet
In nächtlichen Tiefen.

“Sie, aber, sie bleiben
In ewigen Festen
An goldenen Tischen.”

Chénier's works are the most pathetic commentary on his brief life — almost all fragments. His method of working was to construct a sort of tessellated pavement for which he had prepared the bits of marble, the designs, the harmonious colors. There they all are, heaped up in their unfinished pathos, monuments of loving toil, snatched from his full hands at the moment when they were about to be cunningly put together — pieces of a bell in each of which sleeps the wonderful tune that might have become far more perfect if wedded into a marriage-bell of sweet sounds. It is almost like turning over the leaves of an ancient — these *Poésies d'André Chénier*; you almost expect to look for foot-notes, annotations, glossary, a *prolegomenon*, or the mystic references to old Dutch or Venetian issues with which modern editions of the classics abound. Fragments from Sappho, Pindar, Bion, Ovid, Propertius, Plato, Euripides, Oppian — at one time “a little idyll of Meleager on the Spring, and then a single verse of Moschus,” a paraphrase of some rich thought of Plato's or a distich from Tibullus — abound, all so inextricably tangled and braided together that it is next to impossible to discern between the original and the borrowed, between the warp and the weft. You see the artist behind the Gobelin tapestry; you watch the twinkle of his nimble fingers; you admire their deft cunning; you wonder at the sly grace of the figures that start up in such magical profusion under his hand; but you cannot tell where thread joins thread, or how the violets become burning scarlets, or how the colors take form and life and stand before you in such inimitable daintiness. In a poetical epistle to a friend he gives some interesting particulars of his proceeding; how he would take a phrase or a turn from an old author, and by a twist — as a Spanish caballero his cigarette — charge it with a new thought, give it new being, breathe a soul into it, give it a tongue and limbs, touch its lips with flame, make it eloquent and alive. His effort was, we are told, to engraft the Greek genius on French poetry; to go beyond the Louis XIV. bombast, and do over again, more perfectly, the work of Ronsard. There was much in his way: the road was barricaded with the mighty peruke of Racine that frowned from beneath its mountains of curl and powder on every innovator; there was the ferule of the grammarian Malherbe, the stony epic of Chapelain, the buffoonery of Panurge, the obstacles of a national temper whose truest representative Guy seemed the clipt and emasculated nature of the park of Versailles; a language always kept clean-shaven, ruffled, starched, powdered, in the blue-and-gold of Louis XIV. uniform; a gay, sprightly, godless, prosaic people, full of *insouciance* and empty of responsibility. Truly, no light-armed opponents! It might well be a labor to frighten the stoutest-hearted. Chénier went almost unconsciously to work, following the bent of his nature, doing all the more successfully from absence of purpose what two hundred years of stock-jobbing with the “*vicilles filles d'Olympe*” had come far short of.

To the foreigner there is still a little stiffness, a little flesh about some of these poems. We see the elaborately frisured heads of the tritons of the Grandes Eaux, the belted and sworded sea-monsters spouting rivers of water from throats that belong to Middle-Age

griffins. It is hard for the orthodox Gaul to cast off the incubus of the age of Louis Quatorze; it sits upon the whole literature like a monster owl — a sort of Michel-Ange dome hovering over St. Peter's. Until this pitiless bugbear is ousted with huge outcry and wing-flapping, Frenchmen will always write as if they had Boileau's knife at their throats. There is no end to the worshippers of this portentous bird that nods its spectral head at every innovation, and breaks into wild laughter when the young owlets depart from the ancient usage. Starving penny-a-liners refer with pride and regret to the Grand Monarque, to the amplitude and bounty of the royal hand, to the mighty folios of the accountant-general, wherein stand armies of pensioners and beneficiaries, among whom good, dear, stupid Chapelain gets thousands of crowns, and poor Molière this notice: "*Sa morale est bonne, et il n'a qu'à se garder de sa scurrilité.*" Almost the solitary instance of independence of mind in that century came from Richelieu, who suggested to the poet Colletet to change the word *s'humecter* for the picturesque verb *barbotter* in the monologue to a tirade on the king's palace (*Les Tuileries*).

— La canne s'humecter de la bourbe de l'eau! —

Such novelty, such use of the right word in the right place was never heard of before. Poor Colletet almost swooned — and stuck closer than a brother to his nonsense. The hankering of the French mind after an epic has caused the world untold misery. Every French poetaster with an ounce of genius considered an epos of twelve thousand verses absolutely essential to his salvation. It is said there are no less than two dozen in the frightful period between Chapelain and Voltaire. So the *La Pucelles*, the *Franciades*, the *Henriades*, the very mention of which creates a yawn.

Chénier happily confined himself to more modest themes. For twenty-five years he remained an "unedited glory." M. Latouche, in his touching notice of Chénier's life, recounts the difficulties that he experienced in obtaining the MSS. that contained his literary remains. Little was published during the life-time of the poet: he shrank from venturing his thought before the world during that era of madness and fanaticism, as if the delicate blossoms would wither under the breath of revolution. The bad of misgovernment had become the worse of anarchy and rebellion. It was a spectacle for men and angels — this great France, with its sunny vineyards, its happy tempers, its eloquent past, its bright social philosophy, suddenly in wan eclipse, sun-darkened, tempest-tossed, weltering in blood, the fable of nations, the victim of the malign Eumenides. It is inconceivable to us to-day, even under the blaze of a hundred histories. In the first days of the Terror, Chénier was prevailed upon to quit Paris and withdraw to Rouen. He had made himself odious to the reigning party by a stern and vigorous opposition to the principles of the Jacobins; he had celebrated Charlotte Corday in verse; he had attacked Robespierre; he had even entered the lists for the amiable and defenceless king. Through the *Journal de Paris*, established by himself and his friends, he continually preached tolerance, concord, forbearance; he was equally averse to democratic violence and feudal

iniquities, to brigands with pikes and brigands with red heels, the tyranny of patriots and the tyranny of Bastilles, the privileges of court-dames and the prerogatives of market-women. Enlightened, just, dispassionate, he did everything to ward off the sombre policy of the Red Club and its irremediable consequence. Bleeding as it were from being torn so rudely from his beloved studies, he threw himself with glowing feeling into the vanguard of those who had France earnestly at heart, and wrought with enthusiasm for the maintenance of order. Nothing could be more unpalatable to the "friends of the constitution."

At Rouen and Versailles he remained quiet for a while, when the sudden news that one of his friends had been arrested at Passy made him fly to Paris. Here he was surprised, detained, judged *suspect*, and dragged to prison. Paris, we are told, was meanwhile in mourning through the decrees of the revolutionary tribunal. The only safety for prisoners, says M. Latouche, was the oblivion into which they fell by reason of their very multitude. Chénier's brother, the author of the history of French literature, had become the object of Robespierre's particular hatred. There was therefore no hope for André himself after he had set foot within the fateful precincts of St. Lazare. In prison he retouched many of his poems, and composed others through which we see heaven's light as through the loophole of a dungeon. Even here that marvellous serenity was preserved, a store of which he seems to have laid up from his tranquil and noble intercourse with the ancients. There are few sights more affecting than this young poet giving in prison and in heaviness the last touches to a fame that has since won for itself such tender sympathy. We are reminded of many examples where immortal works have gone on despite misery and depression: Diderot at Vincennes, Voltaire in the Bastille, Bunyan in Bedford jail, Cervantes in Barbary; none affects us like this. Heroism has seldom given an instance of more generous or more high-born fortitude.

He left three portfolios of MSS., which have been published by the great Faubourg St. Germain house of Charpentier. The first in their unachieved state might be likened to the legends cut with pain and tears into the solid walls of prisons; abrupt, pregnant, a story that has no visible end, unfinished from very weariness; a date, a name, a strange, sharp cry that wrings the heart, a line from some forgotten book, a sentence that ended with its author on the scaffold or the rack. They shut like a sensitive-plant when you attempt to unriddle their meaning. In these brief elliptical sketches lie the materials for the lapidary that, like the opal, as some one says, owe their chief beauty to a defect. Brief as they are, they have "the grace of Lafontaine, the fire of Tibullus, the delicacy of Theocritus."

The second portfolio is the half-open flower, more than the bud, less than the blossom in its radiant ampleness; a little dew, a little sunlight, a few whiffs of warm vaporous summer would push apart the leaflets and unveil the throbbing and sweet-breathed interior. But the wan prison-light did not suffice; the fair summer-time did not come; the pale little verselets remained embryonic, like the tiny angels in Correggio's frescoes that only have heads and wings. Of

these might be enumerated the idyllic fragments, many of the elegies, the philosophic poem *Hermes* in imitation of Lucretius, and others, all replete with striking imagery, keen realistic painting, strong feeling for the objective, vivid reproduction of fact. There are some through which the moonshine trembles as through the Coliseum on an August night, full of glow-worms, full of mystery and tenderness. They come in contact with life at a thousand points and sparkle wherever they touch it. At times you stumble upon a little fragment that may prove to be a piece of a Roman amphitheatre, or a column with flowered capital, or a frieze covered with *bassi-relievi*. It is always worth while to stop and examine. This division of Chénier's work forms a museum, a Hôtel de Cluny, where objects stand not so much in their rightful places as massed together for class-effect. There is more than antiquarian research, more than mere display of archæological vanity; there is genius, order, informing spirit. The statues all stand in living and breathing attitudes, as if they had just ceased the most delightful of revels on your entrance and were still palpitating with secret happiness; the faun dances, the Graces cling lovingly together, the pallid huntresses have their bows bent, the drapery is just slipping from the voluptuous limbs of a bathing nymph, the wealth of turreted curling hair has just burst the fillet and is streaming down over the shoulders of the Bacchante — all is abandon, frolic, lissome merriment.

The third portfolio holds what is most interesting to us — the fruit, the flower expanded into a cup for all sweet dews and odors to dwell in. There is the *Pyrrha sub antro*, the tomb of Vergil overlooking the blue Neapolitan sea, the tell-tale jar that smells of stolen Falernian. Even the antique has seldom reached extremest beauty than is found in "The Blind Man" (*L'aveugle*), perhaps scarcely the noble hymn to Apollo itself. *Oaristys* might be rendered into Doric and pass for a Sicilian pastoral. "The Young Patient" (*Le Jeune Malade*) is a simple, bright, touching picture thrown off by an adroit hand; no meagre silhouette, but a canvas full of bright profiles. "The Beggar" is himself an eloquent alms to literature. It was claimed for Chénier that he did for France what Homer did for Rome: as a translator he equals the original. In Horace we see the sunken piers, the broad Greek basis on which the superstructure rests — the luminous perspective of poet behind poet, as in the Valley of Tessin mountain beyond mountain. We enjoy a double feast: there is a remote sweetness that is wafted to us from the maker of the poem, faint, delightful; then the nearer and intenser enjoyment which the translator conveys through his own kindled sense — the hurrying rapture of possession and communication. So in Chénier's verse. You see the little Memories ever busy at his elbow; but they are clad in light. There is no anger at such genial appropriations. It is a joy to see the "Student Anselmus coming out of his bottle." The smiting marionnettes that used to trip forth with their wooden legs and curtsy to the world as "O Muse!" in the invocations to heroic poems, have lost their wooden souls and become transformed into a troop of sparkling sylvan creatures of the gloaming fresh from some quest of Pan. We are grateful for the transformation. It is the

magic of sympathetic talent creative in spite of itself, sprinkling the juice of love-in-idleness into our eyes and transporting us to a pagan fairy-land. So round a poor, paltry "Pyramus and Thisbe" gathers the bewitchingly quaint elfin drama, leaping from it like a sprite from an acorn. So from a handful of commonplace fables Chénier deftly evokes a swarm of lovely images that float airily around us and tickle the imagination like a straw.

Chénier accompanied the Comte de la Luzerne to England, where, like Heine, he passed many despondent weeks. He did not fancy the English, whom he calls as "sad as their cloud-girt sky." The "sweet name of France was always on his lips." Ever since that tender plaint —

"Adieu, plaisant pays de France,
O ma patrie
La plus chérie,
Qui a nourri ma jeune enfance" —

this longing has been coining itself into golden ballads. So with de Musset. What is there in this "plaisant pays" that is so attractive? Even in the prison of St. Lazare Chénier felt it, heard the *ranz des vaches*, was smitten with a strange yearning to be free. Vain efforts were made by his gray-haired father to secure his release. On the 7th Thermidor, 1794, only two days before France became free forever from the dominion of Robespierre, his death-warrant was signed. He appeared before the tribunal, says M. Latouche, without deigning to speak or defend himself. He was declared the "people's enemy," convicted of having written "against liberty" and defended "tyranny," and was finally accused of the crime of trying to escape. There were some of the noblest of France in the car that bore him forth to the guillotine — Montalembert, de Montmorency, Baron de Trenck, and Loiserolles, who died to save his son. On the way their last talk was about poetry, "for them the most beautiful thing on earth." Racine was the subject of this last conversation. They began to repeat favorite passages from the tragedies. André thought of the first scene in the *Andromaque*; he died with this in his heart.

J. A. H.

REVIEWS.

Middlemarch: A Study of Provincial Life. By George Eliot. New York: Harper and Brothers.

NO title could be more accurate than that which calls this book a study of life. It is evident from every page that the author has the conscientiousness as well as the genius of her calling, and that she has bestowed upon this work the most careful intellectual labor. While the leading characters are wrought out with a care and insight almost unequalled, personages of the second, and even of the third order of interest, are struck out at once for us clear and sharp by a few masterly touches.

The style has been not less carefully elaborated. Every word seems to have been especially chosen for its place, and with an eye to the effect to be conveyed, as an artist selecting his particles of bright or pale color to work into his mosaic.

As we may conclude that the book itself will be in the hands of all our readers, we shall give no sketch of plot or exposition of the personages, but confine ourselves to a few observations on George Eliot's mode of handling the various characters she introduces.

In regard to the personages of this story, we may divide them into two groups: those in which character is shown in process of development, or otherwise affected by exterior circumstances, and those in which the character, however displayed by circumstances, is fixed and stereotyped. The former will of course be the most interesting, such as Dorothea, Casaubon, Lydgate, Bulstrode, and Ladislav: the rest, such as the Garths, Sir James Chettam and Celia, Mr. Brooke, the Cadwalladers, etc., etc., are shown to us as *being*, not as *becoming*.

Dorothea is, of course, the most careful study in the book. There is, perhaps, a faint reminiscence of the author's earlier creation, Romola, in the design; but Romola was phantom-like compared with the living truth of this enthusiastic English girl, with the vague noble aspirations, who wastes her young life upon the cold and really shallow scholar, Casaubon, because she believes him great, wise, and full of noble purposes. Step by step we are shown the process of her painful undeception: how she learns that he is arrogant, narrow-minded, unreasonable, and capable of that meanest form of revenge—that of punishing another for the self reproach we feel at having done them wrong. But even those faults her enthusiastic temperament might have come to regard as spots on the sun, had his “soul” been really as “great,” and his intellect as grand as she believed; and the cruellest parting from her illusions is where she comes to see that he is a mere plodder and groper, without even a clear definite purpose, and that his life has been spent in gathering useless rubbish, of which even she can discern the futility. Then to crown all, comes

his attempt to harness her to the chariot of his reputation after he is dead, by extorting the promise that she will give her life to continuing his futile work. There is perhaps no more striking passage in any fiction, than that where, after his death, she takes the "*Synoptical Tabulation*" which he had drawn up for her guidance, and seals it up, first writing within the envelope, as if replying to the dead, "I could not use it. Do you not see now that I could not submit my soul to yours by working hopelessly at what I have no belief in?—DOROTHEA."

And yet when we look at Mr. Casaubon's character as a whole, it is really tragic. Conscientious, upright, ambitious, laborious, he has given his whole life for a purpose in which he could not but fail, and now that it is too late for him to begin anew, he has to close every avenue by which might enter the suspicion that his life is a failure. In Dorothea, for awhile, he has the wondering unquestioned homage he craved; but no sooner does he discover that she too can think and question, than she becomes to his mind a critic weighing his work and finding it wanting, and he closes his heart against her and is more solitary than before. Far sadder than the prisoner in his cell of stone is he who moves where he will, yet whose soul is in a dungeon from which there is no escape.

An exact contrast to this is the married life of Lydgate and Rosamond. The pathos of Dorothea's situation lies in her husband's cold repulsion of her ardent sympathy; that of Lydgate's is in the refusal or incompetence of Rosamond to sympathise with his hopes and aims. When he would speak of what he meant to do or had done in science, if in her better mood, she listens with mild disgust and tacit mental protest; if in her worse, she coldly reminds him that his practice is falling off. And yet this, though it is the slow death of a soul, is not the sorest part of his trouble. It is cruel pain to a manly spirit to think that he has, however blamelessly, brought the woman who trusted in him and placed her life in his hands, to suffer privation and sorrow. This is sharp pain, even when the wife is one of those earthly angels who bear such hardships as if they were a wreath of flowers. But when the wife, strong in her conscious propriety, and in her want of love, turns upon him with pathetic reproach which he can not answer, and regrets which he can not say are unjustified — if he still loves her, it is a torture to wring the stoutest heart.

The banker Bulstrode, again, is a tragic character, most skilfully drawn. The man is no hypocrite: his prayers are genuinely contrite, and his belief sincere. He believes that by upholding, through his acts, example and influence, the cause of religion, he will atone for that secret crime of his. He believes that the general good he does, and which his ill-gotten wealth enables him to do, compensates for that special wrong. His dread of detection is caused less by the apprehension of disgrace, than by the conviction that it would be a sign that Heaven had not accepted his expiation. His better nature shows itself in his unvarying kindness and real, if undemonstrative, affection for his wife; and it is rewarded at the moment when all others had forsaken him, and when, as the consummation of his punishment,

he knows that she knows the truth. We extract the scene which follows Mrs. Bulstrode's discovery of her husband's guilt.

"She locked herself in her room. She needed time to get used to her maimed consciousness, her poor lopped life, before she could walk steadily to the place allotted her. A new searching light had fallen on her husband's character, and she could not judge him leniently. The twenty years in which she had believed in him and venerated him, by virtue of his concealments, came back with particulars that made them seem an odious deceit. He had married her with that bad past life hidden behind him, and she had no faith left to protest his innocence of the worst that was imputed to him. Her honest ostentatious nature made the sharing of a merited dishonor as bitter as it could be to any mortal.

"But this imperfectly taught woman, whose phrases and habits were an odd patchwork, had a loyal spirit within her. The man whose prosperity she had shared through nearly half a life, and who had unvaryingly cherished her—now that punishment had befallen him, it was not possible to her in any sense to forsake him. There is a forsaking which still sits at the same board and lies on the same couch with the forsaken soul, withering it the more by unloving proximity. She knew when she locked her door that she should unlock it ready to go down to her unhappy husband and espouse his sorrow, and say of his guilt, I will mourn and not reproach. But she needed time to gather up her strength; she needed to sob out her farewell to all the gladness and pride of her life. When she had resolved to go down, she prepared herself by some little acts which might seem mere folly to a hard on-looker; they were her way of expressing to all spectators, visible or invisible, that she had begun a new life in which she embraced humiliation. She took off all her ornaments and put on a plain black gown, and instead of wearing her much-adorned cap and large bows of hair, she brushed her hair down and put on a plain bonnet-cap, which made her look suddenly like an early Methodist. . . .

"It was eight o'clock in the morning before the door opened and his wife entered. He dared not look up at her. He sat with his eyes bent down, and as she went toward him she thought he looked smaller—he seemed so withered and shrunken. A movement of new compassion and old tenderness went through her like a great wave, and putting one hand on his, which rested on the arm of the chair, and the other on his shoulder, she said solemnly but kindly,—

"Look up, Nicholas."

"He raised his eyes with a little start and looked at her half amazed for a moment. Her pale face, her changed, mourning dress, the trembling about her mouth, all said, 'I know;' and her hands and eyes rested gently on him. He burst out crying, and they cried together, she sitting at his side. They could not yet speak to each other of the shame which she was bearing with him, or of the acts which had brought it down on them. His confession was silent, and her promise of faithfulness was silent. Open-minded as she was, she nevertheless shrank from the words which would have expressed their mutual consciousness, as she would have shrunk from flakes of fire.

She could not say, 'How much is only slander and false suspicion?' and he did not say, 'I am innocent.'

In truth, full of rare humor as this book is, the ground-coloring is deeply tragic. It would seem as if, in the author's view, Destiny were under some tacit pact to frustrate all high purposes, and disappoint all enthusiastic hopes. Casaubon's toilsome life, Dorothea's ardent visions, Lydgate's hope of scientific discovery and elevation of his profession, Bulstrode's scheme of personal expiation and religion helped by his example, even poor Mr. Brooke's ambition of getting into public life and doing some good there, are all disastrous failures. And these are the only ones that have anything like ideals before them. On the other hand the successes are the small material ones of a better income, a larger house, a carriage or a horse; and they fall to such characters as Celia, Fred Vincy, honest Caleb Garth, or worthy Mr. Farebrother, who, with all his merits, is not in the least "apostolic."

As for Dorothea's second marriage, it certainly seems to us — though the author may not so have intended it — as scarcely less a failure than the first. Bright and airy as Will is, with his glittering hair, and beaming smile, and boyish ways, one can not feel that his nature was the rock to which such a woman as Dorothea could make fast her affections, or on which any one could build any considerable superstructure of confidence. Mrs. Cadwallader's sarcasm of the "Italian with white mice," never entirely quits our memory. We can not but fancy that she clung to him more from revulsion of feeling than deliberate and well-grounded choice.

And it is for these failures, these lost ideals, that the author has the deepest sympathy, and when she refers to them it is often with words that tremble with pathos — not the loud outcry which writers of her sex usually give, but the strong repressed feeling that gives a quiver and vibration to words otherwise calm.

Nor are her sympathies deep only, but they are broad. The narrow consciousness, the petty life of the Featherstones, the Waules, the gossips of Middlemarch, and the lower depth of the Dagleys and the Fords, who scarcely know anything but that they are poor and suffer, while others are prosperous — she enters into them all, not only with a keen sense of humor, but with unspoken pity, almost love.

In truth, it is her vivid sympathy that makes her humor so fine and true. What can be more life-like than poor Mr. Brooke, rich, good-natured, well-meaning, with his mild ambition to get into Parliament, and his chaotic mind like a bundle of loose thrums, where pulling at one drags out a dozen tangled together, but never any continuous thread. Hear him make an attempt to speak from the hustings:

"I am a close neighbor of yours, my good friends — you've known me on the bench a good while — I've always gone a good deal into public questions — machinery, now, and machine-breaking — you're many of you concerned with machinery, and I've been going into that lately. It won't do, you know, breaking machines: everything must go on — trade, manufactures, commerce, interchange of staples — that kind of thing — since Adam Smith, that must go on. We must look all over the globe: — 'Observation with extensive view' must look

everywhere, 'from China to Peru,' as somebody says — Johnson, I think, *The Rambler*, you know. That is what I have done up to a certain point — not as far as Peru; but I've not always stayed at home — I saw it wouldn't do. I've been in the Levant, where some of your Middlemarch goods go — and then again in the Baltic. The Baltic, now.

"That reminds me, if I wanted a precedent, you know — but we never want a precedent for the right thing — but there is Chatham, now: I can't say I should have supported Chatham, or Pitt, the younger Pitt — he was not a man of ideas, and we want ideas, you know."

How finely is this contrasted with the sharp-tongued Mrs. Cadwallader, who is the very embodiment of keen-eyed common-sense, and always hits the very bull's eye of the subject. She remarks, on hearing of Dorothea's intended marriage:

"We are all disappointed, my dear. Young people should think of their families in marrying. I set a bad example — married a poor clergyman, and made myself a pitiable object among the De Bracys — obliged to get my coals by stratagem, and pray to heaven for my salad oil. However, Casaubon has money enough; I must do him that justice. As to his blood, I suppose the family quarterings are three cuttle-fish sable and a commentator rampant. By-the-by, before I go, my dear, I must speak to your Mrs. Carter about pastry. I want to send my young cook to learn of her. Poor people with four children like us, you know, can't afford to keep a good cook. I have no doubt Mrs. Carter will oblige me. Sir James's cook is a perfect dragon."

Sir James speaks of Mr. Brooke's being perhaps deterred from his Parliamentary schemes by the prospect of the expense. She rejoins:

"That is what I told him. He is vulnerable to reason there — always a few grains of common-sense in an ounce of miserliness. Miserliness is a capital quality to run in families: it's the safe side for madness to dip on. And there must be a little crack in the Brooke family."

Sir James suggests that Mr. Cadwallader might remonstrate with Mr. Brooke about Dorothea's engagement.

"Not he! Humphrey finds everybody charming. I never can get him to abuse Casaubon. He will even speak well of the bishop, though I tell him it is unnatural in a beneficed clergyman: what can one do with a husband who attends so little to the decencies? I hide it as well as I can by abusing everybody myself. Come, come; cheer up: you are well rid of Miss Brooke; a girl who would have been requiring you to see the stars by daylight. Between ourselves, little Celia is worth two of her, and likely, after all, to be the better match. For this marriage to Casaubon is as good as going to a nunnery."

Again, quite a different type, but as carefully drawn, is Mr. Borthrop Trumbull, the eloquent auctioneer.

"Surely, among all men whose vocation requires them to exhibit their powers of speech, the happiest is a prosperous provincial auctioneer keenly alive to his own jokes, and sensible of his encyclopædic knowledge. Some saturnine sour-blooded people might object to be constantly insisting on the merits of all articles from boot-jacks to

'Berghems,' but Mr. Borthrop Trumbull had a kindly liquid in his veins: he was an admirer by nature, and would have liked to have the universe under his hammer, feeling that it would go at a higher figure for his recommendation."

We have him under the doctor's hands:

"Mr. Trumbull was a robust man, a good subject for trying the expectant theory upon — watching the course of an interesting disease when left as much as possible to itself, so that the stages might be noted for future guidance; and, from the air with which he described his sensations, Lydgate surmised that he would like to be taken into his medical man's confidence, and be represented as a partner in his own cure. The auctioneer heard, without much surprise, that his was a constitution which (always with due watching) might be left to itself, so as to offer a beautiful example of a disease with all its phases seen in clear delineation, and that he probably had the rare strength of mind voluntarily to become the test of a rational procedure, and thus make the disorder of his pulmonary functions a general benefit to society.

"Mr. Trumbull acquiesced at once, and entered strongly into the view that an illness of his was no ordinary occasion for medical science.

"'Never fear, sir; you are not speaking to one who is altogether ignorant of the *vis medicatrix*,' said he, with his usual superiority of expression, made rather pathetic by difficulty of breathing. And he went without shrinking through his abstinence from drugs, much sustained by application of the thermometer which implied the importance of his temperature, by the sense that he furnished objects for the microscope, and by learning many new words which seemed suited to the dignity of his secretions."

Further on, we have him in his glory, though the immediate subject of his eloquence is only a book of riddles: "No less than five hundred printed in a beautiful red. Gentlemen, if I had less of a conscience, I should not wish you to bid high for this lot — I have a longing for it myself. What can promote innocent mirth, and I may say virtue, more than a good riddle? It hinders profane language, and attaches a man to the society of refined females. This ingenious article itself, without the elegant domino-box, card-basket, etc., ought alone to give a high price to the lot. Carried in the pocket, it might make an individual welcome in any society. Four shillings, sir? — four shillings for this remarkable collection of riddles, with the et ceteras. Here is a sample: — 'How must you spell honey to make it catch lady-birds? Answer — money.' You hear? — lady-birds — honey — money. This is an amusement to sharpen the intellect: it has a sting — it is what we call satire, and wit without indecency."

The lot was "finally knocked down at a guinea to Mr. Spilkins, a young Slender of the neighborhood." How many who read this will remember that Slender when anxious to make himself agreeable to Anne Page, asks his man Simple if he has *The Book of Riddles* about him, and learns that it has unluckily been lent to Alice Shortcake?

But these are broadly marked characters, to be drawn with a bold outline. And yet she is equally at home with those dim twilight in-

telleets, so exasperating to the logical mind, whose ideas are but a confused groping in a mist, and whose inferences are drawn in ways that there is no finding out. Take, for example, the gossip at the public house about Mr. Lydgate's medical skill:—"Mrs. Dollop became more and more convinced by her own asseveration that Doctor Lydgate meant to let the people die in the hospital, if not to poison them, for the sake of cutting them up without saying by your leave or with your leave; for it was a known 'fac' that he had wanted to cut up Mrs. Goby, as respectable a woman as any in Parley Street, who had money in trust before her marriage—a poor tale for a doctor, who, if he was good for anything, should know what was the matter with you before you died, and not want to pry into your inside after you were gone. If that was not reison, Mrs. Dollop wished to know what was; but there was a prevalent feeling in her audience that her opinion was a bulwark, and that if it were overthrown there would be no limit to the cutting-up of bodies." How finely is the mere rumor that he wanted to cut up Mrs. Goby, strengthened to authentic fact by her having had "money in trust before her marriage."

Or the same lady's appraisal of Mr. Bulstrode:—"As I said when Mr. Baldwin the tax-gatherer comes in, a-standing where you sit, and says, 'Bulstrode got all his money as he brought into this town by thieving and swindling'—I said, 'You don't make me no wiser, Mr. Baldwin. It's set my blood a-creeping to look at him ever sin' here he came into Slaughter Lane a-wanting to buy the house over my head. Folks don't look the color o' the dough-tub, and stare at you as if they wanted to see into your backbone for nothink.' That was what I said, and Mr. Baldwin can bear me witness.

"And this Doctor Lydgate that's been for cutting up everybody before the breath was well out of their body—it's plain enough what use he wanted to make o' looking into respectable people's insides. He knows drugs, you may be sure, as you can neither smell nor see, neither before they're swallowed nor after. Why I've seen drops myself as made no difference whether they was in the glass or out, and yet have griped you the next day. So I'll leave your own sense to judge. Don't tell me!"

On an intellectual plane one grade higher are the voracious Featherstone brood, who have settled like a flock of buzzards in the house where their rich brother lies dying, with his testamentary dispositions unknown. Every one of these has his character given, from the dismal unctuous Mrs. Waule, and the more openly greedy Solomon, down to the stupid young Cranch; while all are generalised with a scientific precision, in a paragraph ending,—“In fact there was a general sense running in the Featherstone blood, that everybody must watch everybody else, and that it would be well for everybody else to reflect that the Almighty was watching him”

Pass again from these to kindly, honorable, wisely-simple Caleb Garth, who found thoughts so abundant and words so scarce; to his faithful, shrewd wife, with her bit of pride in her superior knowledge of grammar and geography, and who can lay down sound views about nouns and pronouns to her children, while she wields the rolling-pin;

to the thoroughly healthy and lovable nature of Mary Garth, with her sentiment tempered by epigrammatic common-sense, that gives her an undercurrent of quiet amusement in all she sees. It is not until we have looked at the various types (of which we have touched but a few) and seen how they are analysed and shown to us living and thinking, that we get a perception of the breadth and penetration of George Eliot's powers.

Middlemarch seems to our mind to mark the furthest point of removal that has yet been reached by the novel from its starting-point. At first it was simply a story of incident — of heroic or erotic adventure, in which the interest centred in the calamities or successes that befell the puppets of the story, the perils that environed them, or the marvels they saw; and not in the personages as crushed by the calamity or striving with the peril. If there were any ethical purpose, it was that simple one for which Photius so highly praises Antonius Diogenes, that in his story "the evil-doer, though he may seem again and again to escape, is brought finally to suffer just penalties; and the innocent, though thrown into great peril, are brought out safe and sound at last."

In *Middlemarch* the incidents are nothing except for their effect on character. One or two ill-sorted marriages, the loss of an expected legacy, omission of a direction to a nurse, are shown to be events upon which the whole tragedy of a soul may turn, and so of infinite moment. And instead of preserving absolute impersonality, except in the way of pointing a general moral, the author goes with us every step of the way, admiring, pitying, judging, excusing, as sympathising and as amused as we are ourselves with her little living world. No writer that we know of has carried this sympathy so far as George Eliot; and this with her extraordinary creative genius, her insight, and her wonderful mastery of expression, entitles this book to rank with the masterpieces of fiction.

W. H. B.

The Philosophy of Art. By H. Taine. Translated by J. Durand. New York: Holt & Williams. 1873.

THIS little book, while properly forming an introduction to the author's essays and lectures on the fine arts, may be considered an introductory chapter to all his works, for in it he points out the direction that his criticism takes, and the general laws that underlie all his views of æsthetics.

He here explains how each work of art must be studied as a portion of three aggregates: the entire production of the individual artist; the school to which he belongs; and contemporary society generally — since these together give all the conditions which determine its existence and character. The object of Art is next studied; and a result arrived at by a series of inductions which we will sum up in the author's own words:

"We have now arrived at a definition of a work of art. Let us, for a moment, cast our eyes backward, and review the road we have passed over. We have, by degrees, arrived at a conception of art more and more elevated, and consequently more and more exact. At

first we thought that the object of art was to *imitate sensible appearances*. Then, separating material from intellectual imitation, we found that what it desired to reproduce in sensible appearances is the *relationships of parts*. Finally, remarking that relationships are, and ought to be, modified in order to obtain the highest results of art, we proved that if we study the relationships of parts it is *to make predominant an essential character*. No one of these definitions destroys its antecedent, but each corrects and defines it. We are consequently able now to combine them, and by subordinating the inferior to the superior, thus to sum up the result of our labor:—"The end of a work of art is to manifest some essential or salient character, consequently some important idea, clearer and more completely than is attainable from real objects. Art accomplishes this end by employing a group of connected parts, the relationships of which it systematically modifies. In the three imitative arts of sculpture, painting, and poetry, these groups correspond to real objects."

Next the laws of artistic productiveness are studied, and the reasons given for the predominance of any particular form of art at any period. This division of the work—though perhaps tending too much to decisive generalisation, the author's foible—is especially interesting. He shows why sculpture was the dominant art of Greek antiquity, architecture of the middle ages, painting of the Renaissance, tragedy of the seventeenth century, and music of modern times.

It is true we may stop to inquire whether tragedy was not as characteristic as sculpture of the Periclean age of Greece, or may feel a little suspicious that so brilliant and clever a writer would have found reasons equally satisfactory and convincing if it had happened that the middle ages had excelled in music and the modern period in painting; but we are not disposed to raise questions while we are following his clear, systematic, and beautifully illustrated exposition. Whether we agree or disagree with a writer like Taine, there are always profit and pleasure to be had in following his thoughts.

THE GREEN TABLE.

FEBRUARY 19th, 1872, the "Joint Select Committee to inquire into the condition of affairs in the late insurrectionary States" made their report to Congress. This report, comprised in thirteen 8vo volumes, each one containing six hundred to seven hundred pages, I have examined pretty closely, seeking information concerning affairs at the South. The first

volume contains the preliminary reports of the majority and the minority of the committee; the other volumes embody the testimony *in extenso* which was taken by the Committee. One branch of the majority report is devoted to the report of Mr. Stevenson, of Ohio, on the debts and election laws of the Southern States. The general conclusions arrived at in these several reports are pretty widely known, and I do not propose to traverse them, since nothing could be effected by so doing. One point, however, which is insisted upon both in Mr. Stevenson's report and in the general majority report, deserves, I think, special attention, because it states that to be a fact and now existing which, as I am sorry to believe, is certainly a possibility of the future, and a dreadful one. The charge is briefly, that the legislative and other corruption which is ruining the South cannot be laid at the gates of any one party or class; that it affects all the stages of society, "bringing to the same level patriot and rebel, white and black, the old citizen and the new"; that "that public abhorrence of corruption which is the safeguard of popular government seems wanting or dormant," and that "even the old aristocratic class, to whom we had been taught to attribute sentiments of chivalric honor, have not scrupled to bribe officials."

Passing by unnoticed this fine sneer at the "old aristocratic class," which being rather out of the range of Mr. Stevenson's vision, must expect to be misunderstood by him, I will remark that there is both a positive and a negative refutation of the committee's assumption that the complicity of the real Southern people was a condition *sine quâ non* of the corruption under consideration. The negative refutation lies in the simple fact that, so long as the real Southern people managed their own State affairs for themselves and without the kind assistance of the carpet-bag gentry, this corruption did not exist. The positive refutation consists in the further fact that the presence of this peculiar Northern element in Southern matters, and its active participation therein, is sufficient to account for all the phenomena of the corruption in question, various and monstrous as they have been. I pass by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, leprous to the bone; I pass by the New York "rings," and content myself with simply calling attention to Kansas, the State that once bled at every pore in order to fire the Northern heart, and now, its wound healed, reeks ordure through every chink, to disgust the Northern nostrils. Now bleeding Kansas in the excitements of 1854 and subsequent years was settled with the best specimens of the various classes which have dropped in upon the South since the war ended. All the isms had representatives in that witches' cauldron; all the fanatical frenzies sent delegations to dance around it. "Earnest" men, we are told, and earnest women too—all of them intent upon a single purpose, and willing to be martyred for it; the concentrated essence of Radicalism, in fact. John Brown got his recruits from Kansas when he was preparing to raid on Harper's Ferry. Rev. Col. Higginson got his lieutenants thence when he organised the first negro regiments at Port Royal. It is and has long been in fact the place of all others to recruit in, whether you wanted a fanatical preacher or a horse-thief, a free-lover or a murderer.

Well, the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church, we know. What sort of broth do we get out of the Kansas cauldron? The ism-tinctured Legislature of free Kansas is to-day more corrupt than the negro concern in South Carolina or the black-and-tan misery in Louisiana. Nowhere is there such notorious and open bribery; nowhere so much plunder, such hideous inefficiency. Township, county, State, everywhere money buys everything but good honest service. The proof of this is so patent that it needs not to be dwelt on. Nobody denies it, no more than Senator Pomeroy denies his little railroad jobs that have put ten or twelve millions of dollars in his pockets, nor than Senator Caldwell denies that he purchased his election as senator for the sum of \$175,000, part cash, part paper.

That is the point then. Kansas, settled by Northern Radicals, earnest

fellows, intent and servid for freedom and for planting a higher-law commonwealth — a far better class too they were than the majority of the out-at-elbow hungry poor devils who came South — became what we see through their kindly offices unassisted. Now empty that deadly mixture upon the South,

“Cool it with a baboon’s blood,”

and, gentlemen of the committee, I do assure you that you will not need to fetch in the “old aristocratic class” to enable you to account for Southern contemporary gangrene. The gruel will be thick and slab enough without.

But that word gangrene implies a dreadful danger, and let the Southern people take heed to it, for the danger exists. There is but one chance of keeping the South so that she will be worth saving when the time for her final political redemption comes, as it will eventually come. That chance lies in the fact of her better people, her real people, remaining free from any taint of the political demoralisation which pervades the country. So soon as the better people, driven on by despair, by business needs, by the bad influences of the sights ever before their eyes, of rascals prospering continually and honest men excluded from their just opportunities and rightful industries — so soon as these classes, concluding that because they cannot destroy the corrupt combinations of carpet-baggers, scalawags and negroes, it is right to buy service of them, become hagglers in the markets of corruption and try to outbid the professional hucksters therein, *actum est de Republicâ* — it is all up with the South. While those whom we distinctively know as “our people” keep aloof from such contaminating things, and preserve their political virtues as severely and as chastely as they preserve their social virtues, there will always be a hope for the future, for there will always be a leaven in reserve with active energies sufficient, under favorable circumstances, to leaven the whole lump and bring back the country to the integrity of its primitive periods. But, if these fail us now in the hour of need and darkness, all fails us, and we may never hope for better things than our present bitter environments.

I have said that the danger exists, and I think that the occasion calls for plain speaking. During the war, when the best of the Southern people were in the field, a set who are now principally scalawags and Radicals, managed by their evil predominance in civil affairs and in the commissary and quartermaster’s departments, to precipitate fatally the final issue of the great struggle. “Speculators” were then able to corrupt the instruments of government and obstruct the game of war. Take care, men and brethren. The endeavor is being constantly made to invoke among you a spirit quite as fatal as that which kept Lee’s army from getting meat and bread by too eager pursuit of and too frantic speculation in the poor luxuries that eluded the blockade. If “our people” fail under the combined pressure of adversity and temptation, there will be need for pity for the whole civilised world. We will not fail, we cannot fail, if the Titan’s blood be still in our veins as of yore, for that will still give us power

“To suffer woes which Hope deems infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power which seems omnipotent;
To love and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent.”

E. S.

THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE may justly claim the merit of having given the impulse to a joint action on the part of the Southern States in regard to the important subjects of Direct Trade and Immigration. Those of our

readers who have read with care the exhaustive paper on these subjects which appeared in our April and May numbers of last year, will not be surprised to learn that it has been read, copied and commented upon in all Southern States. To show the growing interest felt in these vital subjects we may mention that virtually, within the past few weeks, the advocacy of Direct Trade and Immigration and of a closer union with the Western States, with whom our South-Atlantic and Southwestern States have the most marked and intimate interests in common, has resulted even in a Senatorial election. General Jno. B. Gordon, whose key-note was these subjects, was elected a U. S. Senator, and upon that issue mainly, with great enthusiasm. This election signifies a new era in our political life in those few Southern States, at least, where the native white elements have fully regained their ascendancy. It means that the material future prosperity of our Southern country must no longer be unrepresented in the halls of Congress.

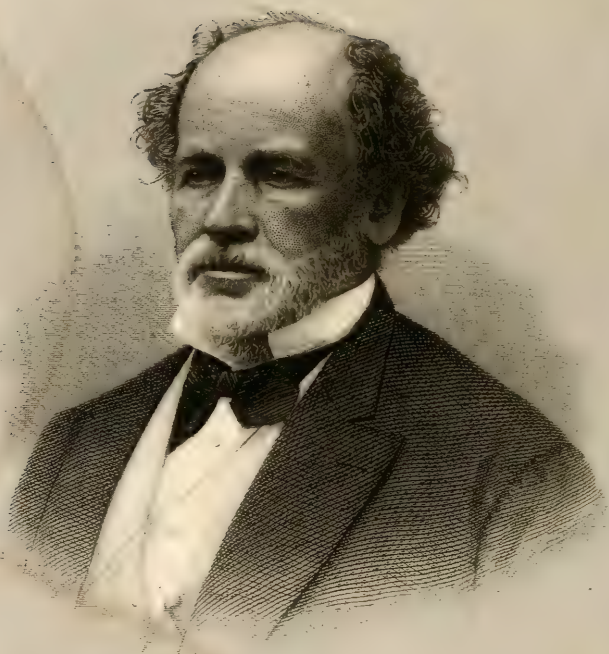
While this Magazine is going through the press, the Southern States meet in Convention at Augusta, in compliance with a call, the language of which is from the same pen to which we owe the paper on "Immigration of Capital and Population." This document, which is too long for us to quote entire, is signed by the committee of gentlemen appointed for the purpose at the session of the Georgia State Agricultural Convention, of which committee Gen. Gordon is chairman. It calls upon the planters, farmers and mechanics of the seven States south of 35° N. L., and upon the citizens of their chief commercial cities, to meet the Georgia Agricultural Society for the purpose of bringing about a united and general action on the part of the Cotton States in furtherance of the great objects of Immigration and Direct Trade. A cordial invitation is also extended to the Chambers of Commerce of those Western cities in which the trade of the South and West centres, to be represented at a convention in which great common interests are to be discussed.

We look forward to this meeting as one of happy omen, not only in a commercial but in a political point of view. The interests of the West have always been almost identical with those of the South; and nothing in reality divided them but the question of slavery. Slavery being at an end in the South, the wall of partition is down: why should they not stand side by side in maintaining their common rights and promoting their common interests? They as well as we are now tributaries of the East. In the words of the address—"At the expense of the South and West a huge commercial wealth and preponderance has been established, which quickly and surely is progressing in its ulterior aims of imposing eternal commercial impotence upon two-thirds of our common country. This commercial preponderance also means political power. . . . Already the arms of this monopoly are seeking the sole possession of all lines North and South; let us likewise seek to counteract it by the establishment of lines East and West."

We hear much talk about a restoration of peace, harmony and good will. May it soon come; but let it rest, not on the merely sentimental basis of forgiving and forgetting, but on the solid rock of common interest and interdependence of prosperity, on a hearty union to maintain right and resist wrong, and a firm resolution that while the rights of no section or interest shall be invaded, they shall not be allowed to include among those rights the privilege of treating the rest as if they were feudal vassals subject to gabelle and octroi, taille and corvée, at their will and pleasure.

The April No. of THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE will contain A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE COMMODORE MAURY, with a *fine* portrait engraved on steel.





W. J. May

THE
SOUTHERN MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1873.

M. F. MAURY, LL.D.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY, as his name indicates, was of French descent on the paternal side. The fourth son of Richard Maury, he was born on the 14th of January, 1806, in Spottsylvania county, Virginia.

When the subject of this sketch was in his fourth year, his father, a farmer by occupation, emigrated to Tennessee, and established himself near Franklin, a village about 18 miles south of Nashville.

After obtaining such elementary instruction as the "old-field" schools of that period and region afforded, young Maury, in his sixteenth year, entered Harpeth Academy, then under charge of Rev. James H. Otey, afterwards Bishop of Tennessee. The quick, active mind and studious habits of the youth soon attracted the notice and secured the regard of his instructors. As long as the good Bishop lived there existed between him and his former pupil the warmest friendship.

In 1825, having obtained a midshipman warrant, he left his school and entered the United States Navy. At that time the government had established no Naval Academy, and the young appointees commenced at once the active duties of the profession. The most prominent officers were, of course, those who had attained rank during the war with Great Britain, known as that of 1812. Though as gallant a body of men as ever battled with the elements or the foes of their country upon the high seas, many of them possessed limited scientific attainments, and their conversation was not particularly didactic, abounding more in the sea-slang and vigorous expletives than the terms of science. It is not difficult to imagine how new and strange

to the youth reared in the wild-woods must have appeared his narrow quarters in the crowded steerage, and the rigid routine of a man-of-war. The surroundings of our naval tyro were little conducive to study. But it soon became evident to the companions of his own grade, as well as to his superiors in rank, that he had resolved to master the theory and practice of his profession, and was steadily pursuing that object regardless of all obstacles and difficulties. Active and observant, he soon merited and acquired a reputation for strict attention to the various details of duty, and consequently was generally selected for any special duty appertaining to his grade and out of the regular routine. Meanwhile he had set himself earnestly to work at the purely scientific branch of his profession. It is related by some of his companions of that period, who, as many rollicking youngsters are wont to do, thought more of palatable "grub" and pretty sweethearts than of conic sections and spherical trigonometry, how they used to laugh at his chalking diagrams on round-shot in the quarter-deck shot-racks to enable him to master problems while pacing his watch. With no better text-book than an old Spanish work on navigation, he applied himself resolutely, with the aid of a dictionary, to the task of acquiring a new language, and, at the same time, such nautical information as the book might afford.

During the first year of his service, he visited the coast of England in the frigate *Brandywine*, which remained some months in British waters. But being entirely dependent upon his pay as midshipman, which at that time amounted to only \$19 per month, he was unable to visit many places of interest which he might have done had he not allotted about half of his slender revenue to one of his sisters. It was only by careful management that he made the remaining moiety meet his necessary expenses. Nevertheless, while at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, he made what he then considered a vast addition to his small store of books by the purchase of a copy of *Norie's Epitome of Navigation*.

After a cruise in the Mediterranean, the *Brandywine* returned, in 1826, to New York, and having been refitted, sailed for the Pacific as the flag-ship of the squadron on that station. Maury was transferred from the *Brandywine* to the sloop-of-war *Vincennes*, then on a cruise around the world. The change was a fortunate one for the student, who found his accommodations in the smaller vessel much more favorable for study than the crowded and noisy steerage of the frigate. When not occupied with his regular duties, or such social intercourse and amusement as courtesy demands among companions on shipboard, he applied himself earnestly to his books, and made such progress that when the voyage was completed he had prepared a set of lunar tables. This performance, though an earnest of his subsequent achievements in science, was of no practical importance, for, upon his return home, after a cruise of four years, he found to his annoyance that his idea had been anticipated.

The *Vincennes* having been paid off, Midshipman Maury was at once tendered the position of Master in another vessel, but he declined the appointment, and remained on shore to prepare for his examination, which he passed with credit.

In 1831 he was appointed as Master to the sloop-of-war *Falmouth*, which had been ordered to the Pacific station. Advanced to the grade of Passed Midshipman, and doing duty as Master, he had a stateroom to himself in this vessel, and in addition to his own small store of books, he had the use of a fine collection belonging to a richer messmate. It was during the voyage of the *Falmouth* to Rio Janeiro that his active mind conceived the idea of the celebrated wind and current charts which have since accomplished so much for the commerce of the world. This was the first occasion on which he bore the responsibility of navigator, and he was naturally anxious that the passage should be quick. Before leaving New York he had searched in every direction for authentic information as to the winds and currents to be considered, and the best path to be followed. He soon found that but little really valuable information was to be had. Here was a great want which he resolved he would one day supply.

It was on this voyage that he observed and began to speculate upon the curious phenomenon of the low barometer off Cape Horn, and it was upon this subject that he wrote his first scientific paper, which was published in the *American Journal of Science*. But the labors of his pen did not end here, for it was on this cruise that he prepared for the press a work on navigation, the materials for which he had been during several years gathering in his mind. Having been transferred from the *Falmouth* to the schooner *Dolphin*, he performed the duty of first-lieutenant in that vessel until he joined the frigate *Potomac*, in which he returned to the United States in 1834. The ship was paid off at Boston, and the young author had leisure to bring out his work, which was published in Philadelphia under the title of *Maury's Navigation*. This was a bold step in an officer of no higher rank than Passed Midshipman, and while some of his own grade — perhaps envious of his attainments — attempted to sneer at his effort, many of the older officers good-naturedly ridiculed or roughly scouted the idea of one so young in the service being able to instruct any one in the science of navigation. But the book, like its author, made its way in spite of all obstacles. It was favorably noticed by some of the highest nautical authorities in England, and in time became the text-book of the United States Navy. During this leave he visited Virginia and was married to Miss Ann Herndon, to whom he had been engaged for years. Soon after this the government determined to send out an exploring expedition toward the somewhat neglected South Pole. Maury was selected as astronomer, and also tendered the appointment of hydrographer to the expedition; but learning how it was to be organised, he declined any place in the enterprise, and was allowed to remain on leave.

In 1837, after twelve years of service, Maury was promoted to the grade of Lieutenant, and not long after had the misfortune to have his right leg broken at the knee-joint, an accident which made him a cripple for life. For several years he was unable to walk without crutches. Physical activity, and especially a firm footing, seem so essential to a seafaring life, that most men would under such circumstances have abandoned the profession. But though Lieut. Maury's aspirations for distinction in active service were all crushed, he re-

solved to adhere to his profession, and serve his country on land, since he was disabled from service afloat. And there is no doubt that he owed his celebrity, and the world the inestimable benefits of his labors, to this fortunate mishap.

He first wrote a series of articles on naval reform and other subjects of national interest, which were published mainly in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, of Richmond, Virginia, over the *nom de plume* of Harry Bluff, and under the general caption of "Scraps from the Lucky Bag." The incognito was for a long time preserved, but the essays attracted much attention, and were so generally approved by the navy that the officers, defraying the expenses by subscription, had large editions of them printed and circulated. They exposed so clearly and forcibly the abuses and inefficiency of the old Board of Navy Commissioners, as to break it up and lead to the adoption of the present Bureau system of individual accountability. They also led to the establishment of the Naval Academy, and indeed to almost all the reforms and improvements by means of which the efficiency of the navy was about that time so much increased. Maury's repeated and earnest advocacy of the measure induced the establishment of the navy-yard at Memphis. This project was opposed by a few naval officers of mere quarter-deck range of thought. Envious of the rising projector, they captiously asked, "Who ever heard of a navy-yard eight hundred miles from the sea?" But Maury's clear perception comprehended many truths far beyond the utmost stretch of such little minds. His plan was approved by the Government, and at Memphis was established the navy-yard, where, under his direction, Lieut. Marr — afterward lost at sea — conducted a famous series of observations upon the habits of the Mississippi, setting the example to the War Department, which ordered additional observations, since so elaborately discussed by General Humphries of the engineer corps.

Lieut. Marr was directed to make an accurate cross-section of the river opposite the navy-yard, and to observe for 365 consecutive days the velocity of the current near the surface and bottom, for the purpose of ascertaining the volume of water passing that point daily. Also to take daily a measured quantity of water, evaporate it, and note the amount of silt or solid matter it contained. He was to observe daily and note the temperature of the air and water, the amount of evaporation and precipitation. The first year the continuity of the series was broken, and he had to begin again and go over the work so as to have a complete series for one year. These observations, patiently and carefully made, formed the foundation of all that subsequent research has revealed of the habits of our grandest river. Lieut. Maury also originated and earnestly advocated the plan of establishing water-marks or river-gauges at all the principal towns on the Mississippi and its tributaries, in order that captains of steamboats and others interested might every day be accurately informed through the telegraph what stage of water might be found in any of the tributaries. It was believed that a record of these river-gauges, properly kept, would enable intelligent observers to determine the effect upon the stream below of a freshet in any tributary or set of tributaries.

While devoting his attention to our great "inland sea," in which he took such lively interest, Maury advocated as a national work the enlargement of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, so that in case of necessity war-vessels might be passed from the Gulf to the Lakes, or *vice versa*. His papers on this subject created a profound impression, and particularly in the Northwest, where they were received with enthusiastic commendation. They were spread upon the journals of the Legislature of Illinois, with a vote of thanks to the author.

When Congress had under consideration the subject of the cession of the drowned or overflowed lands (belonging to the Government along the Mississippi) to the several States in which they lay, Maury, at the request of one of the Senate committee having charge of the subject, prepared an elaborate report and a bill providing that the States should proceed to reclaim these lands according to a common plan to be matured by competent engineers selected for the purpose by the General Government. It has since become evident that had his plan been carried out, immense advantage would have been gained and enormous loss and damage avoided.

Comprehending as clearly as any man of his time, and ever alive to, the commercial interests of the country, he brought forward and advocated, in a series of papers, the advantages of the warehousing system, contending that the Government was no more called upon to provide warehouses for merchants than it was ships for importers — that the true plan was to leave the construction and preparation of warehouses entirely to individual enterprise. His clear and full argument in favor of his policy made a convert of Mr. Calhoun, and won such general favor that a bill providing for the adoption of the system was brought forward in Congress and passed.

It was in 1842 that Lieut. Maury, then in the 36th year of his age, and the 17th of his service as an officer of the United States Navy, was appointed Superintendent of the *Depôt for Charts and Instruments* at Washington ; which, under his careful and skilful management, became the famous National Observatory and Hydrographical Department of the United States. Those who have only casually examined such institutions, after they have been brought into complete working order, can form no adequate idea of the amount of patient labor required in their organisation and progressive development. Probably no man could have been found in the country better fitted than Maury for this difficult duty, and he worked with the zeal and energy that were expected of him. He was now in a position to carry out some of the many projects he had conceived for the benefit of his country and the commerce of the world. We have seen how, eleven years previous, upon assuming his first responsibility as navigator, he had observed the want of trustworthy charts to show the winds and currents to be encountered by mariners, and had resolved to supply this great desideratum. From the old log-books, which since the establishment of our navy had been stowed away in the Department as rubbish, he extracted with much labor all the valuable information they afforded. Having collected from every reliable source data relative to the voyage between the United States and Rio Janeiro, the first chart of the series was at length completed. Its

value was not at once appreciated. In the nautical, as in other professions, there is prejudice against innovation, and it was some time before any master could be induced to make a trial of its merits. At length, Capt. Jackson, commanding the *W. H. D. C. Wright*, of Baltimore, determined to trust the new chart and follow the new track. The experiment was a complete success, for he made the voyage out and back in the time often consumed by the old traders in the outward passage alone. There was now no hesitation about the use of the new chart, and the reputation of its author was greatly increased. He then drew up the form of a log containing columns for such facts as would be useful in carrying on his important work. These were furnished to the masters of vessels bound for foreign ports, and they were invited to join him in collecting data for making other charts, which were furnished as they were issued to all who thus assisted him. An active interest was soon excited, and in all parts of the world he had intelligent and zealous assistants. By such combination of effort a vast amount of information was gathered, reduced to system and utilised. The value of his system being now fully demonstrated, Maury was authorised by the Government to solicit the coöperation of European Powers in the establishment of a general system of meteorological research at sea. Copies of the charts and sailing directions were furnished without charge to the public vessels of all countries, and were also distributed gratuitously to the masters of merchant-vessels, in consideration that each one so furnished should keep a record in the prescribed form, and at the end of each voyage forward it to Washington, or to Admiral Fitzroy's office in London. It was Maury who originated the Maritime Conference held at Brussels in 1853, and at which England, France, Russia, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and the United States were represented. England, Holland, and Russia at once agreed to establish offices to coöperate in the development of Maury's system of research, and their example was soon followed, more or less closely, by nearly all the governments of Europe. The establishment of the Meteorological Department of the British Board of Trade was one of the results of that Conference.

With the increased facilities for obtaining information brought about by the working of his system, Maury proceeded to the completion of his "Wind and Current Charts, and Sailing Directions." When considered merely with reference to the amount of money saved by their use to the commerce of the world, their value can scarcely be calculated. In *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*, May 1854, the matter is thus briefly set forth :

"Now let us make a calculation of the annual saving to the commerce of the United States effected by these charts and sailing directions. According to Mr. Maury, the average freight from the United States to Rio Janeiro is 17.7 cents per ton per day ; to Australia 20 cents ; to California 20 cents. The mean of this is a little over 19 cents per ton per day ; but to be within the mark, we will take it at 15 cents, and include all the ports of South America, China, and the East Indies. We estimate the tonnage of the United States, engaged

in trade with these places, at 1,000,000 tons per annum. With these data, we see that there has been effected a saving for each of those tons of 15 cents per day for a period of fifteen days, which will give an aggregate of \$2,250,000 saved per annum. This is on the outward voyage alone, and the tonnage trading with all other parts of the world is also left out of the calculation. Take these into consideration, and also the fact that there is a vast amount of foreign tonnage trading between those places and the United States, and it will be seen that the annual sum saved will swell to an enormous amount."

At a reunion of distinguished scientific men, held in honor of Maury in London, it was stated by Sir John Pakington, the chairman, that the practical result of the researches instituted by our great "philosopher of the seas" had been to lessen the expenses of the voyage of a 1000-ton vessel from England to Rio, India, or China, by no less a sum than £250; while in the voyage of a ship of that tonnage to California or Australia and back, the saving effected was £1200 or £1300.

During the preparation of the charts he collected the materials for his great work entitled the "Physical Geography of the Sea." This book was soon translated into several languages, and read with delight in all parts of the world. The discussion it contains of the Gulf Stream is especially interesting. It would be impossible within the limits of this brief sketch to convey any adequate idea of this great work, in which so vast a number of interesting facts are collected and systemised, and the general circulation of which completed the establishment of Maury's fame throughout the civilised world. By no less an authority than the renowned Humboldt he was declared to be the founder of a new and important science. The principal Powers of Europe recognised the value of his services to mankind by the bestowal of various orders of knighthood and other honors. France presented two gold medals and tendered the insignia of the Legion of Honor; Austria presented her great gold medal of science, and Prussia did the same, adding, at Humboldt's special request, the "Cosmos" medal; Russia tendered the order of St. Anne; Denmark, that of the Dannebrog; Belgium, the order of Leopold, and Portugal, that of the Tower and Sword. Gold medals were struck in his honor by Norway, Sweden, Sardinia, Holland, and Bremen. The Pope established distinguishing flags to be worn at the mast-heads of all vessels from the States of the Church whose masters would co-operate at sea in the new system of research. Those whose journals were approved by its founder received military rank from the government, and became entitled to salutes as they passed its ports. His Holiness also forwarded a complete set of all the medals which had been struck during the Pontificate, as a mark of appreciation of Maury's services in the cause of science. Even before his fame became so wide-spread he was fully appreciated by one of the most sagacious of our Presidents, Mr. Tyler, who at one time wished to place him at the head of the Navy Department. Indeed, in such estimation was he held by several administrations, that for a number of years he quietly controlled the naval policy of the government, and saved the country the expenditure of vast sums by restraining the

disposition to run hastily into what were believed to be great improvements. When steam had become an element of maritime warfare, there was a great disposition in naval circles to build up a fleet of side-wheel steamers. But Maury quietly urged upon the Secretary of the Navy and Congressional committees the policy of awaiting the result of the many experiments then being made by England and France, who, suspicious of each other, were expending enormous sums in building vessels which soon had to be altered or laid aside.

It was then that, perceiving the change that rifle-guns, hollow shot and steamships would bring about, Maury proclaimed a new era in naval warfare—that of BIG GUNS AND LITTLE SHIPS. Under the old system the power of a man-of-war was expressed by the number of her guns, some having as many as 110 or 120. He predicted that in future wars few vessels would have more than six. Experience has showed how sound was his judgment.

Among his other writings he pointed out how the introduction of steam as an element of naval warfare had made it necessary to change our system of coast-defences. In 1851 Congress suspended the appropriation and directed that the Secretary of War should obtain the opinion of experts. Lieut. Maury being called upon, declared that casemate-forts such as line our coast were no longer sufficient to guard the entrances of our harbors against steam men-of-war and heavy guns. He proposed that open batteries and earthworks should be substituted. The late war fully established the correctness of his views on this subject. The open works and sand-batteries were the most formidable obstacles which the Federal fleet had to encounter.

Maury was the first to introduce a systematic attempt to fathom the deep sea by a regular series of soundings, a work which he undertook as early as 1848, and in which he was ably assisted by Lieut. Brooke, afterward so distinguished in the Confederate service, and the inventor of an ingenious apparatus for bringing up specimens of the ocean's bottom. These experiments revealed the fact that the poet's fancy was correct, and that the bed of the deep sea was *ooze*, not hard and rocky as some had supposed, but soft and downy. These investigations, thus originated by Maury, led to the discovery of the telegraphic plateau, the successful laying of the Atlantic Cable, and some of the most important facts touching the physics of the sea ever revealed to man. A Pan-European association has been projected for carrying on these researches.

While laboring so assiduously in behalf of his own government and the cause of science, Maury was called upon by other governments for advice and assistance. When the Emperor of the French was considering the subject of an inter-oceanic canal across Nicaragua, he took the matter out of the hands of his ministers and referred it to the Chief of the Observatory at Washington, with the assurance that he would abide by his decision. After mature consideration, Maury pronounced it injudicious as a *French* measure, and the project was abandoned. The government of Chile, through its minister, made an effort to secure his services as the head of its scientific department. Many honors were conferred upon him which are more

prized by men of science than those bestowed by princes and potentates. He was elected a member of many learned societies in various countries. Among these were the Academies of Science of Paris, Berlin, Brussels, St. Petersburg and Mexico. The University of Cambridge, England, invested him with its degree of LL.D. So also did some of those of Germany.

We have now followed the subject of this imperfect sketch to the summit of his prosperity. The National Observatory under his careful management was daily increasing in usefulness, and from nothing had sprung into the first rank before the world. A great astronomical work upon which he had been long engaged was progressing satisfactorily, and other projects which he had devised for the advancement of science seemed on the point of realisation, when the great storm of war came upon him in the midst of his careful labors. When his native State withdrew from the Union, she called upon him to resign his place in the navy. He did so and went to Richmond, where he was appointed Chief of the Sea-coast Defences. In this post he assisted in fitting out the *Virginia*, or *Merrimac*, for her short but destructive career, and contributed in various ways to the defences of the Southern ports. This action of his, in connection with certain rivalries and jealousies which had been developed during a year or two preceding the war, furnished occasion at the North for specially strong criticism of his course, some even representing him as no longer a scientist or a philosopher, but a mere charlatan; and so was furnished another illustration of the unreasonableness of prejudice and partisan feeling.

When it became known in Europe that Maury had resigned his place in the Federal service, he was solicited to become the guest of Russia, where every provision was to be made for his comfort, and to enable him to continue the researches regarded as so valuable to the world. This invitation as well as a similar one extended to him by France he declined, Virginia wanting him.

In 1862 he went to England, where he was most kindly received, and became the guest of Admiral Fitzroy. While in England he wrote several able letters to the London press, defending the Confederate cause, the true nature and merits of which were but little understood in Europe. On his return, at the close of the war, he offered his services to the Emperor Maximilian, who appointed him Commissioner of Immigration.

On the fall of Maximilian's Empire, he returned to his native State and accepted the chair of Physics in the Virginia Military Institute. In 1871 he was elected to the Presidency of the University of Alabama, and was much disposed to accept the position, but finally declined.

While in Europe he prepared, by permission, for the son of the Grand Duke Constantine and his cousin Alexis, schoolboys together, an elementary work on physical geography, which by imperial orders was translated for the schools of Russia. It was during the latter year of his stay in Europe that, surrounded by the abundant facilities and aid to be found in London, he devoted himself to the preparation of his geographical text-books for schools, which have been published

by the University Publishing Company of New York and Baltimore, and have already attracted wide attention for the freshness of interest with which they invest the subject, and for their natural and philosophical method.

No man was more fully alive than Commodore Maury to the fact that the agriculture of the South was an unfailing source of renewed prosperity; that like Antaeus (if we may use a hackneyed figure) it was from the earth that she would gain restoration of her strength. Hence he enthusiastically favored and persistently urged all measures looking to the improvement of agriculture. One of the most important results which he expected to flow from his great plan of constant systematic scientific meteorological observations all over the world, was the immense benefit that would thence accrue to agriculture. At the National Agricultural Congress, held in St. Louis, May 1872, in what we believe was his last public address, he strongly urged the importance of an international conference between the leading agriculturists and meteorologists of all countries, looking to the definite organisation of such a system. He pointed out the approval which it had received from the most eminent men of science in the world, and the benefits which would immediately accrue from it; and while regretting the indifference of the Federal authorities, urged his fellow citizens to use their influence in its favor in their several States. Private interest in question he had none. "The success of the scheme," he said, "will benefit all of you more than its projector. I am under the ban of the nation, and can hold no office in it — neither State nor Federal. The moment the government takes hold of it, my association with it ceases. I can not share in the honor of helping to organise, or of assisting to carry it out. I have no farm, neither do I cultivate a parcel of ground. Therefore I say, though I advocate this measure so earnestly, there is no one in the land who is less to be benefited by its success than I."

In the summer of 1872 he made a tour in the North and West, from which he returned with health very seriously impaired. The best efforts of medicine were unavailing to stay the advance of disease, and it was soon seen that his hours were numbered. He had himself formed this opinion, before it was announced to him by his medical adviser. With the calmness and method which characterised all his acts, he set his temporal affairs in order, and then awaited the close with resignation and Christian faith. In the words of the *Lexington Gazette*, "He requested that when the physician pronounced him dying, he should be informed of it. After dissolution had begun, he was asked if he was aware of his condition; he answered he was. He retained his consciousness till within a brief time of his death. As the supreme hour drew near, he turned to his son, Col. R. L. Maury, and asked, in the language of the ruling passion, 'Do I seem to drag my anchors?' The answer, 'They are sure and steadfast,' gave him a gratifying assurance. When he had been silent for some time and supposed to be speechless, Colonel Maury approached him and inquired his condition. He responded with marked distinctness and emphasis, 'All is well.'"

Thus, on February 1st, 1873, his spirit passed into the hands of

Him whose glorious works he had spent his life in studying with reverent admiration, and whose wondrous laws he had sought out in the highways of the waters, in the springs of the sea, and in its most secret depths ; in the wind that "goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north, and returneth again according to his circuits," in "the balancings of the clouds," and in "the ordinances of heaven."

In conformity with his wish, his body was placed, with appropriate ceremonies, in the Lexington Cemetery, in a vault facing the grave of Stonewall Jackson.

We understand that Commodore Maury left two completed works in MS. One, his *Physical Geography*, which is the concluding book of his Geographical Series, and which received the author's final revisions, will be brought out, we are informed, in the spring, by the publishers of the Series. The other work is an Astronomy for Schools, also in readiness for the press.

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ON THE STEPS OF THE BEMA.

STUDIES IN THE ATTIC ORATORS.

BY WAY OF PREFACE.

MANY years ago, when it first became my duty to prepare exercises in Greek composition, I turned to the Attic orators as the best models for the grammatical work of my classes. The historian and the philosopher might count on leisurely readers, the orator must speak so as to be understood at once ; and this necessity of transparency and directness is a matter of great importance to a teacher of grammar. But even the orator might be tempted to furbish up his great orations, to complicate his periods, to perfect and to spoil the utterances of the *bema* ; and so of all the speeches I preferred those that were less likely to have invited the labor of the file and the unction of the lamp. At first it was hard for the young philologist, in the flush of his enthusiasm, to neglect the great masterpieces of Demosthenes and to plod through the lawsuits of Isaeus ; to turn from causes that embodied the political life of Greece to causes that involved only a few drachmae. But here as elsewhere the field that seemed so arid was found to have its green spots : the fountain bubbled up from the dry jaw-bone. Even Isaeus was not all a bore ; and from these neglected minor speeches and minor speakers I gained a clearer insight into the wonderful life of antiquity than I

could have done by the most careful dissections of the *Philippics* or the ambassadorial swindle. And then apart from the themes which of themselves bring the student into contact with the daily life of the people, there is no little delight in the sense of reality, which is so painfully lacking in encyclopædias and manuals with their ticketed stores, and in sketches of ancient manners and customs which only put further off what they undertake to bring before our eyes.

I am free to say that I have never been able to enjoy such books as the *Gallus* and the *Charicles* of Becker. The unreality of the whole thing is far more evident than in less conscientiously constructed historical romances. The certainty that at every turn the erudite antiquary is ready to draw chapter and verse on you, keeps you uncomfortably on the alert; and the memory of the scholar is constantly on the strain to recall the original home of this or that piece of the tessellated work. The execution must needs be coarse, the effect incongruous. It is a mixture of Florentine and Roman mosaic — here a chip from a horse-block of a grammarian, here a polished slab from the Attic theatre. The scenery, the dialogue, the plot, are all of the most conventional character, and the merest novice can feel that these lay-figures are no men and women, but tailor's dummies — no living, growing trees, but rows of pegs for classical quotations. In all such books you are sure to meet the same extracts, the same jokes, the same scenes. The fishmonger precedes the trapezite in *Wheeler's Life and Travels of Herodotus*, just as the fishmonger precedes the trapezite in the *Charicles*; and the same fragment of *Alexis* does duty in both. Now this is no way to get an insight into any life, ancient or modern. We who teach languages know that as soon as we can get the pupil out of the bondage of isolated sentences into the freedom of continuous reading and continuous writing, both scholar and master feel an immense relief, and the progress becomes joyous as well as rapid. We all crave the varied play of organic motion. Life, like language, refuses to yield up its secrets to him who cuts it into slabs by means of persistent ratchet-wheel and remorseless circular-saw: excellent boards and irreproachable saw-dust, but no life. Now these so called scenes from antique life insult our understanding as well as our taste. They pretend to be groves of *Academe*, while in fact they are saw-mills. They are after all nothing but encyclopædias in disguise, and that a very flimsy disguise; and everybody by a correct instinct hates to be cheated into the acquisition of knowledge, useful or other.

It is true that at the first glance the plan of these studies may seem to coincide with the dictionary method; but the difference is this, that while it will be necessary for the sake of unity to keep certain points in view, such as swindling, murder, assault and battery, domestic infelicities and the like efflorescences of social life, we shall not exhibit them outside of their true environments, but quietly follow the course of each story, and watch the eruption of our police *Vesuvius* from our position in *Torre del Greco*. What harm if we try to make an impression or two on the molten lava with a modern copper?

NUMBER ONE.

PASION, OR PERFORMANCES ON THE DODGING TRAPEZE.

I don't go to the circus ; or rather I have long since ceased to go to the circus, even under its old-fangled name of hippodrome. Spangled petticoats and stockinets, dancing horses and daring riders, Mazeppas and Boadiceas, strong men and funny men, clowns and ring-masters, have no charms for me. Indeed, that particular ginger was never especially hot in my mouth. Since my circus-going days the feats have become wilder and wilder, or, at all events, the names have become grander and Greeker. *Acrobat*, which was an exotic in my boyhood, is a household word now, and chief among the attractions which I see displayed on the huge posters are "Performances on the Flying Trapeze." These performances on the flying trapeze result sometimes in a Homeric descent to Hades, and hence, no doubt, the popularity of these feats ; for your groundling delights in the shivers. Somehow this modern trapeze never fails to remind me of the ancient trapeze. *Circus and ring are the same word, as any etymologist will tell you ; *banco* and *saltimbanco*, bank and mountebank, are both of the market-place. Arena and 'Change share their technical terms, from the legitimate sport of bull-baiting and bear-baiting to the unlicensed hunt of the Bengal tiger.

The ancient trapeze was the ancient bank, the trapezite was the banker.

Now, as I said before, I am not writing an encyclopædia, and I am not going into a history of banks and banking. I hope never to be pedant enough to blush for not knowing the meaning of a classical word when I do not know the meaning of its English equivalent ; and as peculiar circumstances have made modern banks and modern banking matters of perfect indifference to me, so I do not see why I should get up an enthusiasm on the score of the details of the trapezitic trade. I merely premise that this trade, like any other, had its great dignitaries and its small fry, from money-changers and pawn-brokers to grand bankers and sublime underwriters. If I were given to digressions, as I am not, I would here take occasion to discourse very learnedly, with the help of the fathers, on the character and functions of the money-changers and dove-sellers of the Temple at Jerusalem, and further enlarge on the intensely mercantile cast of the Greek mind as shown in the odes of Pindar ; but I leave these themes to other people who have not so much to do.

The temptation to swindle in this trade, as in all others, was very great, and the allusions to the confidential character of the transactions are frequent and melancholy. The occasional laudations of honest trapezites excite rather than quiet our suspicions. So in a fragment of Isæus the speaker represents himself as moved to advocate the cause of a certain banker, because once when he was reported as slain in a naval combat, the trapezite had informed his family of an amount which he had deposited at his bank, and turned over every *chalkus* to his representatives. Certainly the praise of the individual seems to be at the expense of the class ; and the famous epigram of Theocritus produces on the mind the effect of a life insur-

ance advertisement. Translated into the slang of the day, it would run somehow thus :

"This Company is always fair,
With North and South deals on the square;
You pay your annual premium,
And you'll get cash'd when you go *hum*.
Some other Companies may try
To cheat your widow when you die;
We plead no tubercles, no gout —
We'll plank the cash when you peg out."

The *trapezita* of Plautus is the typical character.

I am a made man. I have posted up my books;
I've counted what is other people's, what's my own:
I'm rich if I don't pay to others what I owe.

The inference is irresistible that he will not pay if he can help it, and yet the very next instant he pays.

This model trapezite appears in the *Curculio* or *Weevil*, and is admirably drawn. The parasite *Weevil* is not a novel figure in the ancient comedy of manners; but the trapezite *Wolf* is not of so frequent occurrence, and the portraiture of him interests us by the blended sneer and swagger, by the droll balance between a sincere desire to cheat and an honest dread of losing credit. In this play we find a lively dramatic representation of one of the common swindles of the time. The parasite *Weevil* steals a signet-ring from a successful soldier of fortune, and by the help of this voucher gets out of the banker's hands a large sum that had been deposited with him to the soldier's credit.

Weevil. Pray, are you the man —

The banker *Luco*?

Wolf. I am.

Weevil. Then *Therapontigonus*

Presents to you his compliments and kind regards,
And bids me hand this note to you.

Wolf. To me?

Weevil.

Ay, ay :

Here take it, look at the seal. You know it?

Wolf.

Oh! Of course :

Where a man-at-arms is cleaving an elephant with a sword.

Weevil.

He bade me beg you, if you valued his regard,
To do without fail what is written in that note.

Wolf. Let's have it ; let's see what is written there.

Weevil.

All right :

'Tis at your service, so I get what I want of you.

Wolf (reads). "The soldier *Therapontigonus* *Platagidorus* sends
His best regards to *Luco* as a friend to friend."

Weevil (aside). I've got the fellow: how the gudgeon takes the
hook!

Wolf. "I beg you and entreat you that you give the man
Who bears this note the sum you wot of. (Signed) T. P."
Where is he? Why didn't he come himself?

Weevil.

I'll tell you why.

Because we arrived but three days since in Caria
From India, and he wants to have a statue made
Of solid eighteen-carat gold, that is to be
Full seven feet high, memorial of his mighty deeds.

Wolf. What for?

Weevil.

I'll tell you what for. Persians, Paphlagon,
Sinopians, Arabs, Carians, Cretans, Syrians,
Rhodes, Lycia, all of Eathamhope and Drinkhamdown
And Donnybrook Fair and Fleetwood and Bobbylonia,
Loosatia, Titicaca, Borrioboola-gha,
One-half of all the nations that exist on earth
He quelled them by himself in less than twenty days.

Wolf. Whew!

Weevil. What do you wonder at?

Wolf.

Why, simply, if they were

Penned like so many chickens in a single coop,
He had not made the circuit of them in a year.
I know you come from him, you tell such whopping lies.

Credo hercle te esse ab illo, ita nugas blatis. The identification of the servant by his master's livery of lies is one of those Shakspearian touches that makes Plautus so delightful. Overcome by this twofold evidence, the letter and the lies, the trapezite surrenders. When the Simon Pure appears to demand his money, the coolness of the banker in the face of the storming soldier shows a conscience void of all responsibility. His vouchers are all right — the seal and the stories. And for aught we can see, the comic poet keeps much more closely to the ancient law than the ingenious Mr. Charles Reade to the modern. In such a case the trapezite was doubtless clear. But when the party to whose credit money was deposited was personally unknown to the trapezite, it was customary to enter a memorandum indicating the persons who were to assure the bank of the identity of the claimant when he should present himself.

But the banking business had its drawbacks then as now. Runs on banks seem to have been even more frequent, and Athens was not a stranger to the urgent borrowing of Wall street.

However, it is high time to get to our title. Our representative banker is Pasion. This Pasion was the Torlonia, the Baring, the Rothschild of Athens. The student of the orators soon becomes familiar with his name. In his time he played many parts. In his younger days he figures as a rascal; as he grows older he becomes more and more respectable, until at last no name stood higher on the Attic 'Change than that of Pasion; and when he died he bequeathed sundry fat lawsuits to the advocates of Athens. For the early part of his career we must consult Isocrates.

Nestor and Isocrates are a couple of associated bores — associated by age and eloquence. I don't like honey, and hence by reason of Homer's compliment to Nestor's more than honeyed tongue, if I am ever tempted to skip in Homer, I am tempted to skip Nestor's speeches. I don't like Isocrates overmuch, and partly because of

Milton's compliment to him. In a weak moment the republican poet called the republican orator that "old man eloquent," and gave all English scribblers an immortal phrase. Would that our "old men eloquent" could, like him, be killed "with report." But if the reports of their speeches cannot kill our "old men eloquent," no report ever can. Of course there is no withholding from Isocrates the highest praise for clearness, smoothness, elegance of diction, elevation of style, correctness of sentiment, dignity of deportment, and all the other charms which commended him to the editorial mercies of the late Prof. Felton. But he is a bore for all that.

Fortunately our present line of studies does not take us through his sermons to Demonicus and Nicocles, for the genuineness of which I am ready to vouch, on the principles of internal evidence as just laid down by Sir Maccus Plautus. "I know they are by him, they are such awful bores." His deliverances on political subjects must have been amusing to that crafty old sinner, Philip of Macedon, but we can hardly fancy his taking the time to peruse the superelegant lucubrations of a gentleman who dreaded the sound of his own feeble voice. But all these concern us not, and our interest concentrates on one of the minor speeches — the *Trapeziticus*. Isocrates does not tell a story as well as Lysias, who indeed is unequalled in rapid dramatic narrative; but he is clear, and here and there vivid. We will tell the tale after him in our own way — somehow the *dramatis personæ* of Hamlet have entangled themselves with the characters of the *Trapeziticus*, and if the result is a little discordant it simply cannot be helped.

The Hon. Polonius Sopaeus, High Functionary at the court of Bugaboo Satyrus, King of Bosphorus, the Denmark of those days, had a son, whom we will call Laertes, for want of any other name. Him the old fox sent on his travels with two ships, combining, in the canny Greek fashion, merchandise and sight-seeing. The young man took up his abode in the great university town of Athens, the Wittenberg of the period; and for aught we know to the contrary, attended the lectures of Prof. Socrates Sophroniski, whom we judge by his name to have been a learned Pole, undoubtedly the most popular itinerant lecturer of the day. S. Sophroniski himself had been a curb-stone broker, unless he be sadly belied, and might claim a notice on that score; but many years separated the "lame duck" of the Attic 'Change from the philosophic swan of the Phaedo, and even if Laertes knew Professor Socrates, it must have been in a social way. Even if he knew him? Why, he must have known him. No ancient Callirhoë, no modern town-pump better known or more effusive than Socrates the son of Sophroniscus and Phaenarete. Our speech must be referred to the last stadium of the Peloponnesian war; and what dweller, nay, what sojourner at Athens did not know Socrates then? And what is more, Menexenus, after whom Socrates called his baby, was the particular friend of this Bosphorescent blood.

At Athens Laertes was introduced to the banker Pasion, then a rising man, and kept his account with him. After a time Polonius Sopaeus fell into disgrace with his master. It was rumored that he was aspiring to the throne, and that Laertes, his son, was too intimate with the exiles from Bosphorus. The father was arrested, the son

was ordered to give up his money and return home ; if he refused, the extradition of him was to be demanded of the Athenians. In these straits he unbosomed himself to Pasion ; for as the modern gentleman has no secrets from his doctor, so the ancient gentleman seems to have had no secrets from his banker, and the great general Timotheus was not above borrowing bedding and plate from this same Pasion for unexpected company. So Laertes stated the case with charming frankness. "If I give up everything, and anything should happen to the old man, I run the risk of losing all that I have on both sides of the water ; if I don't turn it over, I get both my father and myself into ill odor with Satyrus." So the two concocted the following precious plan : Laertes was to give up everything except what he had in Pasion's hands ; and to cover up his tracks more effectually, he was to assert that so far from having money in Pasion's bank he owed a considerable sum to Pasion and other bankers, due of course to unlucky speculations in Eirene stock. The commissioners from Satyrus, nothing doubting, accepted the statement, and Laertes could now venture to go to Byzantium and feel his way homeward. But to this end he wanted his money. Unfortunately the opportunity was too tempting for Pasion's honesty ; "the deposit was worth the shamelessness," or as we should say, "the gold was cheap at the brass," and the banker had his young Bosphorescence on the hip. If he attempted to stay in Athens, the Athenians would give him up ; if he went home, his father and himself would both be extinguished by the plissant and iracund Satyrus ; if he went anywhere else, the banker cared not a *figo* for his talk. Of course all due conventionalities were kept up, and to Laertes the banker pretended that he was hard pressed and could not pay conveniently ; but to Laertes's friends, whom the unfortunate young man sent to find out how the land lay, he used great plainness of speech, and said that he did not have a copper of Laertes's money. The only course for Laertes to pursue was to pursue none.

Meantime good news came. Satyrus had repented him of his suspicions, Polonius Sopaeus had been restored to favor, and Laertes's sister, whose name was doubtless Ophelia, a very pretty Greek name, was to marry Leucon, better known as Hamlet.

When Pasion found this out, afraid of exposure, he spirited away his servant, who seems to have acted as teller, for fear he might act as teller again ; and then invented the plausible story that Laertes and his friend Menexenus had bribed the servant into letting them have six talents of his master's money, had smuggled him off, brought this counter-charge and demanded the testimony of the very man whom they themselves had got out of the way. The dodge was completely successful, and Laertes was forced to furnish security for the six talents with which Pasion had charged him.

There was no hope for Laertes except in producing the missing slave. The Greeks attached an unreasonable importance to the testimony of slaves under torture, and rated it above the evidence of freemen. The withholding of slaves from torture was tantamount to confession, and no trick more common than eliminating an inconvenient witness of the sort. So Laertes and his friends, in the absence

of a detective police, went to look for the slave themselves. While Laertes was ransacking the Peloponnesus, the servant turned up at Athens, and Menexenus demanded that he should be put to the actual question. Pasion declared that his servant was no slave but a free-man, and could not be tortured, and so got him out of the judge's hands.

But it seems that the scandal was damaging to Pasion's business, as it well might be, and he offered to give up the servant to the inquisitors. The parties met at the Hephaesteum — let us call it the engine-house — and Laertes ordered the inquisitors to flog the boy, and rack him until they thought they had got at the truth. But the inquisitors had not counted on acting as torturers, refused to apply the actual question, and tried to decide the dispute by turning over the servant to the tender mercies of Laertes himself. This proposition Pasion declined, and offered to pay the money if the inquisitors decided him to be in the wrong. Of course the inquisitors had no right to decide the matter, and so the wrangling found no end.

However, Pasion became seriously alarmed for the credit of his bank, and sent to Laertes requesting a private interview. The temple of antiquity was church, bank, club-room in one, and a favorite rendezvous. So they met at one of the temples on the Acropolis. In ancient times the shawl served the purpose of the modern apron in crying-bouts, and men cried as freely as women. Friend Pasion covered his head with his shawl — mistranslated a cloak — and began to weep. Like all embezzlers — ancient and modern — he had been driven to this course by stress of circumstances, and would try to make it all right in a short time. Like almost all men who have been swindled, Laertes was willing to hush the matter up, if he only could get back his money. Lying and compounding a felony were small matters in that classic land. Pasion agreed to go with Laertes to Pontus, and there pay the money, so that distance might enhance the secrecy of the transaction. Satyrus himself was to be the umpire in the whole business, and the forfeit was to be fifty per cent. of the amount due. A merchant who traded to the Bosphorus kept the written agreement, with the understanding that if the parties came to terms the document was to be burned; if not, it was to be delivered to Satyrus. But Laertes's friend Menexenus was determined not to let Pasion off so easily, and brought suit against the perfidious banker on his own account. Thus pressed, Pasion adds one more fraud to the others, bribes the servants of the merchant who had the keeping of the contract, and substitutes for that damning document a full retraction of all the charges brought against him, Pasion. And now Laertes brings the law to bear on him, and gets the speech-writer Isocrates to write his speech, which we dismiss with the sweet assurance that there was a great scoundrel on the one side or on the other.

After this suit Pasion became more circumspect, and, let us hope, more honest. At all events, when we next meet with him, all parties agree to extol his memory. Among the speeches of Demosthenes — sufficiently authentic for our purpose — there are several composed in the interest of Pasion's son, Apollodorus, and it is but fair that we should present the other side of the table and show the honest

trapezite a victim to his confiding disposition, his unsuspecting good nature. For instance there was Timotheus, the great general of that name, who undertook to swindle the estate of Pasion out of a large amount—4438½ drachmae, if I have figured it up correctly. It is not an overwhelming sum in dollars and cents, but the purchasing power of a drachma in those days was not to be despised. One of the items in the bill against Timotheus is two silver *phialae*—certainly dog cheap at 100 drachmae. Timotheus's debt to Pasion was a debt of honor; there was no pledge, there were no witnesses. Perhaps we may see a little poetic justice in this. Pasion trusted Timotheus as the young Bosphorite had trusted him years and years before; and as Pasion had played fast and loose with the testimony of the slave, so Timotheus tried the same trick on Pasion. The circumstances of the case must not detain us, but one point in the speech deserves mention. Apollodorus, the plaintiff, thinks it necessary to give his intelligent audience an explanation of the marvellous accuracy of his statements. He actually tells them that bankers are in the habit of keeping books and entering their payments and their deposits, so that they may know the state of their accounts. Imagine the ironical applause with which such a piece of useful information would be received in a country like ours, where "day-book" and "ledger" are household words, and "posted" and "indorsed" current phrases. Can it be that the Athenians were so ignorant as such a statement implies? Not necessarily; but the Attic orator seems to regard a noonday clearness as an essential part of his work. He may suppress in the interest of his client, but what he states there is no possibility of mistaking.

In his preface to his translation of the *Antigone* of Sophocles, Boeckh says that he has designedly given his rendering only that degree of intelligibility that the original had for the countrymen and contemporaries of the poet, and thus not obscurely intimates that the common run of Athenians could not have followed the greatest artists in every turn of their thoughts. With certain limitations this may be true, especially of the lyric and choral poetry of the ancients. We moderns sing with great delight and admirable expression songs that fall below all human comprehension. Why may not the ancients have gone as far in the opposite direction? But, as I said in the opening words of this paper, transparency and directness are necessities for the Greek orator. What he says, be it narrative, be it argument, be it a column of figures, must stand out before the mind of his audience. What the Greek jurymen cannot compass he does not believe. A budget of millions, a complicated financial report, he would utterly reject. To him only those figures do not lie that he can carry in his head, and that a head not over-familiar with mental arithmetic. Demosthenes knew his Athenians; and when in his speech against Laptines he had occasion to divide 400,000 by 300, he deliberately does the sum before the people. One-thirtieth of 300,000 is 10,000, and one-thirtieth of 100,000 is 3000 or thereabouts—hang the fractions—say, 13,000. If he had said 13,333⅓ they would not have believed him.

As our studies will bring us in contact with sinners chiefly, and we

have considered Pasion both as sinned against and sinning, we might be content to dismiss our trapezite here, but the domestic history of the man claims a brief additional notice. When he came to die, Pasion bequeathed a faithful freedman of his, his bed and his board, his wife and his bank. Himself of humble origin, himself formerly a slave and similarly favored by his old master, Pasion preferred to leave his property and family to the care of an attached and grateful friend, rather than in the hands of a graceless spendthrift such as his son Apollodorus seems to have been. Many years after the death of the banker, Apollodorus brought suit against Phormio ; and among the speeches of Demosthenes we find two which present the relations of Apollodorus, the son, and Phormio, the freedman, from very different points of view. The old witticism about Demosthenes the cutler's son, who like Demosthenes the cutler, sold swords with charming impartiality to both combatants, finds an excellent illustration in these two speeches, for now Phormio is berated for marrying above his station, and now Apollodorus is snubbed for sneering at a better man than himself. But whether Apollodorus or Phormio be up or down in the oratorical seesaw, matters not ; the memory of Pasion is sacred to every speaker. Old Isocrates may grin a toothless grin when he hears his name ; but Pasion was a good man, for he died rich.

B. L. GILDERSLEEVE.

THE LATE LORD LYTTON.

THE intelligence of the death of Lord Lytton, coming as it did without any previous announcement of his danger, was well calculated to produce in both hemispheres a profound and painful impression. For more than forty years he had been in different characters a prominent actor on the public stage, and his age was not such as to forbid the expectation of further rich fruits from an intellect at once vigorous and mature. No such hope, however, can be realised now, and nothing remains for us but to examine the results of his active and laborious life and count over the treasures he has left us. For ourselves, we approach this task in no carping, scarcely even in a critical spirit. As none would have recognised more readily and cordially than he, his works must of course be subjected to the trying ordeal of time and of severe criticism : if found worthy to stand they will endure ; if not, they will have served

their purpose and will pass away. It is vain to attempt to smoothen an author's path to immortality by covering up his defects and exaggerating his merits. In dealing with the lives and actions of individuals, biographers and historians may employ such arts with much greater prospect of success. The real truth concerning actions, even the most conspicuous, is often difficult to evolve; motives are still more frequently obscure and doubtful; but when an author has put the last touches to his work and given it to the world, it stands alone, to be tried and judged on its own merits. Neither paternal nor friendly partiality can do anything permanently in aid of its reputation. We shall not in the case before us attempt to anticipate the verdict of posterity. The immortality so often and so arduously sought is of difficult achievement. It is not every writer who is entitled to repeat the proud boast of the Roman poet:

"Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam"—

or the prophetic lines of the English—

"But there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire."

Nay, it is by no means to every meritorious and fascinating author that such language can be allowed; rewards like these belong in literature as in other pursuits, only to the few.

Lord Lytton's own generation has pronounced its verdict clearly and emphatically. He goes before the court of posterity with whatever advantage this can give him; meanwhile it is not our part to anticipate the decision to be rendered hereafter. Standing, as it were, beside the open grave of a great man, we can feel no disposition to criticise harshly his defects or shortcomings. The sudden close of this long, brilliant and varied career is, we conceive, eminently fitted to excite sentiments of a very different kind. The man who has given us so much pleasure, has awakened in us so many emotions, has suggested to us so many reflections, whom we had almost come to regard as a friend and companion, is no more. He can give us nothing further; we feel no desire at present to pick flaws and point out faults in what he has already bestowed. The occasion then, we think, is not favorable for a minute and impartial examination of the late lord's productions. We purpose, on the contrary, merely to glance at some of the salient points of his career and peculiar characteristics of his genius.

There are more reasons than one which render the death so lately announced to us by the terse cable dispatch, an event peculiarly impressive. Bulwer—for it is difficult to make the early familiar name give place to the later—was the last of the great English novelists that commenced their career at about the same period. The old generation is dying out, we must look for new men to succeed them; but where are they to be found? Nay, even if their equals or superiors were at hand and waiting to entertain and instruct us, we could not, without a pang, see the last link broken that united us to an elder age. Moreover, Bulwer was an eminently representative man

of a class which there seems a strong disposition just now to abate as a nuisance, the long-descended, high-spirited, cultivated and polished gentlemen of England. Will the feverish life of the future afford opportunity for such careful study and elaborate culture? If we are to have no more such men, it is natural that we should feel the more keenly the loss of so fine a specimen of a class about to become extinct.

Again, various as were the fields of the late author's literary activity, marked as were the differences between his works, and striking as were the contrasts between his characters, he yet projected with wonderful distinctness his own individuality into his writings. On every book, however they may have differed, he left his peculiar impress, which the least sagacious critic could hardly mistake. It was like hearing the same performer on a great variety of instruments. Hence it was that between the appreciative reader and himself there arose a close and interesting relation. When a thought peculiarly Bulwerian appeared there was a smile of pleased recognition; when he seemed to run counter to his ordinary tone of reflection, a start of surprise, followed by an immediate effort to reconcile the apparent contradiction, was the result. Thus there ran through his writings a twofold interest. On the one hand, we were interested in the work; on the other, in the writer, his views, his sentiments, his own personal development and progress. Hence it is that even those of his fictions least meritorious as works of art are never devoid of interest. This strong individual nature impressing itself so constantly upon his writings, produces a feeling for the man distinct from the author, and causes the intelligence of his death to communicate a shock to many of his readers, which at first sight might appear unnatural in regard to one known to them only through the medium of his works. Somewhat in contrast with this peculiarity is another, not less strongly marked, which we have already glanced at, viz: the marvellous variety of his productions. If we look only at his prose fictions, it is sufficiently astonishing that the man who wrote *Pelham* should also have written *Zanoni*—that the author of *Harold* should have been the author of *What Will He Do With It?*—that *The Last Days of Pompeii* should have proceeded from the same pen as *Paul Clifford*. But this is by no means the whole. The great novelist has also been a poet, an essayist, a historian, an orator, and a dramatist; in almost all these fields has achieved decided success, has met in none with decided failure. There is something wonderful in such breadth of range, such comprehensiveness of culture. When we recollect that he has in addition been a man of fashion, a student, a traveller, and an active politician, that in the intervals of original composition he has given relaxation to his mind, not by complete repose, but by applying himself to translation, and that he has written a political pamphlet of which more than twenty editions were called for within a few weeks, and a comedy which had a longer run on its first performance than *The School for Scandal*, we may well stand astonished at the spectacle of such almost incredible intellectual activity. In this life there seems to have been no time set apart for repose or relaxation; his only rest

was change of labor. It is this "many-sidedness" which has enabled him to attract readers of such various conditions and characters. He has sentiment for the romantic, reflection for the thoughtful, information for the curious, wit, knowledge of the world, and narrative interest for all capable of appreciating them. Old and young, serious and light-hearted, the retired scholar, the gay votary of pleasure, the ardent dreamer, the active man of business, all can find in his works something suited to their respective characters and tastes.

Closely connected with this eclecticism of character and culture is that knowledge of the world with which his pages abound. He seemed to have taken for his motto,

"Homo sum, et humanum nil a me alienum puto,"

and to have adhered to it faithfully. He labored assiduously in the vocation he had chosen; he studied much and variously; his life was as full and as various. Nothing that "comes home to men's business and bosoms" seemed to him unworthy of attention. No class of society, no marked individual type was devoid of interest for him. Man, as he existed in his own England or in foreign countries, at the apex or the base of the social pyramid, was the object of his zealous and unwearying study. His interest never flags in tracing the progressive development of individual character, in pointing out the possibilities open to human nature; in either extreme he is equally at home. He has drawn with the same masterly hand the portrait of Lord Lilburne and of Jasper Losely. His own unflagging interest in the characters which he presents and the pictures which he paints, sustains the interest of the reader. When we have once entered into his conception, it is almost impossible not to sympathise with the zeal and earnestness with which he sets himself to work it out.

In the case of many authors the public verdict is almost unanimous as to their best work, or, at any rate, as to their two or three best works. Not so with Lord Lytton. In a large circle of admirers perhaps no two could be found to agree upon his masterpiece, and each would maintain the claims of his favorite work with equal confidence. Striking as are the peculiarities of his style and his thoughts, his severest critic could not say of his productions, with even the appearance of truth necessary to give currency to the sneer, *Ex uno disce omnia*. Another peculiarity which distinguishes all the various classes of his writings is the polished and scholarly air by which they are pervaded. Not that they are by any means free from defects of style and language. It will be remembered that he laughingly confessed to Lady Blessington his inability to contend with grammatical difficulties. Nevertheless, there is an air, a grace, difficult to define, impossible not to feel—a nameless something breathing from his pages that unmistakably proclaims the scholar and the gentleman. This is partly due, no doubt, to that exquisite taste which, as Lord Brougham has observed in his sketch of Fox, intimate acquaintance with the classics bestows; partly also to his thorough familiarity with the *beau monde*. There existed in him an extraordinary combination. He was a patient student and an indefatigable writer, but he was also a man of the world and of fashion, an *habitué* of the most

exclusive circles, a distinguished member of the most brilliant and polished society in Europe. Herein consists one great charm of his writings. On the other hand, any tendency which this might have been supposed to foster towards partial and contracted views in art, was more than counterbalanced by that various and almost universal interest, that energetic spirit of inquiry and research, which we have already noticed. Thus we are not surprised to learn that he spent his college vacations in rambling on foot through England and Scotland, that he made a horseback tour about the same period through France, and that he obtained a commission in a cavalry regiment — nay, so far did this spirit of adventure, this desire of exploring the various and complex modes and phases of life carry him, that it has been conjectured that he at one period joined for a short time a gypsy tribe in their wanderings. "Reflection in one's chamber and action in the world," he writes to a friend, "are the best critics. With them we can dispense with other teachers; without them, all teachers are in vain." Few physicians have adhered so closely to their own prescription; but he might well have added study to reflection. This omission, however, proceeded from no want of appreciation of the advantages of study; for no man theoretically or practically rated them more highly than Lord Lytton.

If we turn now from the examination of the late distinguished author's intellectual peculiarities as displayed in his works, to contemplate briefly the events of his life, we are struck at once and forcibly by the fullness and variety to which we have already adverted while commenting on his writings. Never was presented a better illustration of the great dramatist's oft-quoted line:

"And one man in his time plays many parts."

Even in his youth he might have exclaimed with his own Maltravers, "*J'ai vécu beaucoup dans peu d'années*"; prolonged as his career was to the borders of age, he seemed to have concentrated a score of ordinary lives into his sixty-seven years, so various were the spheres of his activity, so diverse the objects of his pursuit.

Not less noteworthy are his perseverance, his patience of labor, his indomitable resolution to succeed, or, at least, to do all that in him lay to command success. Failure seemed but to add new zeal and energy to his efforts. The fact that he had succeeded in one thing made him not an iota better satisfied with defeat in another. He was not content to be a successful novelist, and abandon the drama after the somewhat discouraging reception of his first venture in that direction. The partial failure of the *Duchesse de la Vallière* on the stage spurred him on to the production of *The Lady of Lyons*. The night of its first appearance was one of double triumph to the author. He had made a successful speech in the House of Commons, and reached the theatre in time to hear the thunders of applause which greeted the first performance of his play. What must have been his reflections as he recalled the hostile critics who had derided alike his pretensions as a dramatist and as an orator?

It is well known that Bulwer made more than one false start before he achieved reputation by the publication of *Pelham*. Making all due

allowance for any defects and shortcomings which vigilant critics may have been able to discover, beyond all question this is a wonderful production for a youth of twenty-three. What wit, what piquancy, what knowledge of human nature and of society, are here ! And then how fresh and original is its tone, how great the powers of observation and description, how remarkable the stores of information which it displays ! The progress of this work in public esteem was at first slow, but before many months had passed its success was assured, and the fame of its author established. Both in England and on the continent it produced an extraordinary sensation. Its youthful author did not pause, however, to enjoy at his leisure the intoxicating draught presented to his lips. Nor did he, as is so often the case, display a moment's hesitation in risking the renown already won by trying a second venture. With characteristic energy and daring, when the printer's ink was scarcely dry upon the last page of *Pelham*, he staked his already won reputation upon the success of *The Disowned*. Then in rapid succession followed volume after volume of fiction, meeting of course with various degrees of success, but presenting no instance of discreditable failure, and on the whole constantly extending and elevating his fame.

Outside of his own more peculiar department, *England and the English*, *The Student*, and various miscellaneous essays attest the activity and versatility of his mind, and his unwearied energy at this period. As might have been expected, the strain upon his constitution was too great. He was obliged to retire from the editorial chair of the *New Monthly Magazine*, which he had assumed in addition to his other avocations, and seek in foreign travel the restoration of his health. But even under these circumstances he did not abandon his intellectual labors. He has told us in one of his essays that "a brain habitually active will not be ordered to rest." Here no doubt he drew upon his own experience. A little further on he gives his recipe for the cure of an overworked brain : "Change the occupation, vary the culture, call new organs into play, restore the equilibrium deranged in overweighting one scale by weights thrown into another." If he did not, at this period, change essentially the nature of his occupation, he, at any rate, employed his powers upon new scenes and new subjects. The fruits of his Italian tour may be found in *The Last Days of Pompeii*, and *Rienzi*. He says in one of his letters that he experienced the gloomiest forebodings in regard to the fate of the former. The result by no means realised these anticipations. It is one of the most interesting and successful of fictions dating from the classical period. The task accomplished was a most difficult one ; indeed the work may be considered, we believe, as *sui generis* of its peculiar type.

It was after his return from this visit to Italy, and on the occasion of Sir Robert Peel's being requested to form an administration, after the fall of the Whig government, that Bulwer wrote his famous pamphlet called *The Crisis*, in support of the Melbourne party. It was brilliantly successful, and Lord Melbourne, on the return of the Whigs to power, offered the author one of the Lordships of the Admiralty, accompanied by apologies for not being able at the time to

tender him a higher position, and promises of speedy promotion. The offer was declined, and the brilliant and successful pamphleteer continued to devote himself principally to literature. We have not space here to follow him through the various phases of his political life, as he develops from a progressive, in his youth, into a conservative in his maturer years, from the supporter of the Reform Bill of 1832 into the opponent of the Reform Bill of 1860. Neither is it possible for us now to enter upon an examination of the long catalogue of brilliant and successful works which bear his name. It might well have been thought, previous to the appearance of the Caxton novels, that he had exhausted all the possibilities of variety that lay open to him as a romance writer, and that nothing in a new style could reasonably be expected from his pen. In these works, however, he struck into a fresh and rich vein, which he worked with his accustomed vigor, and with even more than his accustomed success. They are the most generally admired and popular of all his fictions. Thus at a time when, considering the number of his previous productions, it might naturally have been feared by his friends that he had in technical phrase "written himself out," did the literary veteran baffle the assaults of hostile critics, and surpass the expectations of his warmest admirers.

We are well aware that in the foregoing pages we have performed but half, and that in the judgment of many the least important half of the critic's duty. Indeed, Poe has gone so far as to say that the pointing out of beauties was no part of the critical office. To this dictum we can by no means assent, but we readily admit that it should not be confined to the bestowal of praise, however well merited. We have forbore to call attention in this article to the faults and blemishes of Lord Lytton's performances, not because we were by any means unconscious that they existed, but because the nature and scope of our notice did not render it necessary; and it was more consonant with our inclination, under the circumstances, to dwell upon the lights than upon the shadows of the picture. His productions have been subjected repeatedly to the ordeal of unfriendly criticism. Their merits have been scrutinised with no partial eye, their faults exposed with no sparing hand. He has not owed his renown to the partiality or the forbearance of critics. Undoubtedly, he will hereafter be submitted to the crucible of close and severe scrutiny before his claims are finally decided upon. The time for this, in our judgment, has not yet arrived. Had we intended to attempt a critical examination of Lord Lytton's works, we should of course have entered at large into the less pleasing portion of the subject. There is no reason to shrink from it. The lights in the picture are sufficiently broad and strong to bear the contrast of some shadows. That there are such shadows, imperfections, defects, and blemishes, no sane admirer would attempt to controvert. But after all due allowance has been made for these, there will yet remain enough amply to attest the large generosity with which he has discharged his obligations to his country and his age, and to vindicate his claim to the epitaph which he so long ago expressed a desire to have inscribed upon his tomb:

"Peace to his errors -- he hath served mankind."

A WINTER LESSON.

BUT yesterday the world was bleak and drear,
The wintry wind with anguish unavailing
O'er forests stripped, o'er meadows dun and sere
Swept by in ceaseless wailing.

The desolate earth, despoiled of all the gems
Set by the loving hand of Spring and tender,
Of Summer's rich and changing diadems,
Of Autumn's regal splendor —

Sits a discrownèd queen, with vestments torn,
Her beauty fled, her happiness departed;
Sees her sore wretchedness, crouched and forlorn,
And weeps all broken-hearted.

And thus night's shadows gather o'er her head,
Bowed in the agony of bitter sorrow;
No kindly star its friendly radiance shed,
Nor hope shone for the morrow.

Come, blessed sleep! thou sweet strange mystery,
And give some promise of a new creation:
Lo! the day dawns — the world awakes to see
A glorious transmutation.

Far as the eye can reach, a robe of snow
Enfolds her softly, late so unbefriended,
While kindling in the East, the morning's glow
Makes her attire more splendid.

Field, fell and moorland, knap and craggy scar,
Where yonder gorge the rugged road discloses;
The sacred mounds whose marbles gleam afar,
Where hallowed dust reposes;

The zigzag fence, the rude unsightly rail;
The straggling furze, the ragged hawthorn hedges,
From whose frail shelter whirrs the frightened quail;
The river's rocky ledges;

The huge wood-pile, the neighboring barn well-browned;
The distant homestead, desolate and cheerless;
The idle harrow and the patient ground,
Wear Winter's mantle peerless.

The fleecy down sleeps on the sloping croft,
Drapes the bare rocks, the mountains grim and hoary;
The sturdy forest branches bear aloft
Their feathery plumes of glory.

Ah! whose the Master Hand that in one night
Can cause such swift, such silent transformation,
Changing to beauty, matchless, calm and bright,
Such dreary desolation?

Hath some kind Power selected as His bride
This sinning earth, of all Heaven's radiant cluster,
And clothed her in this glistening robe of pride
Of pure and fadeless lustre?

Doth incensed Justice thus her cause uphold,
Her wrong to judge and her award determine,
That tenderly her form He doth enfold
With his own spotless ermine?

Or, in the consciousness of innocence,
Hath she arrayed herself in pristine beauty,
Still plodding, stainless, as her best defence,
The royal road of duty?

Not thus, O Earth, thou winnest such reward:
Unworthier worshipper ne'er looked to Heaven;
The mercy-woven garb is from the Lord,
Thy dower is Christ-given!

O sinning soul! this lesson is for thee:
Through Nature's voice, God speaks in wondrous sweetness;
Guilt-stained and vile, Christ's robe of purity
Hides fully thine unmeetness.

ROGER GRAHAME.

GLENGOLDY.

PART II.—LILY.

“OH, Lily, is it true at last?”
“Oh, Goldie, my jewel, are you sure it's yourself?”

Then these two sisters, parted for five long years, and passing up the years that near womanhood by far unlike paths, clasped their arms about each other and cried a little for their very joy.

Lily recovered first, lifting her glorious golden head from its nest in Goldie's arm.

“Goldie, tell me everything you have done all this time.”

“Tell me about yourself first; I am sure your story is a prettier one than mine.”

“No indeed. I am tired of everything, and of myself most of all.”

“Tired of everything in Europe?”

“Oh, Goldie, I wore the charm off of everything. I was so enthusiastic at first; now I am bored, tired. I never shall know what it is to cry at the theatre again; I don't believe any opera-singer could send her voice to my heart any more. I am weary of compliments. I have frittered all my heart away, at least all those parts ever devoted to men; but oh, Goldie, there is just one little pure place left for you.”

There was a pause.

“Then you are heart-whole from all lovers, are you?”

The pause came again. Then a white hand sought Goldie's neck, and Lily's head went down.

“Goldie, don't let us have any secrets, we two. I never told a soul before: I loved somebody once; he doesn't care for me now.”

“And did he?”

“Oh, Goldie, I was happy once!”

“You will be again.”

“No, he will never come back to me. I will tell you all about it some time. He was, oh, so handsome, Goldie; such a manly figure, and such a clear, bright, sunny face! Uncle Phil said he was a reckless, wild lad, but everybody liked him. Aunt Eleanor had a gracious, kindly way with him that she has with few people; and I liked him, and flirted with him for a while.”

“And then?”

“Oh, it was all silly and confused and wild. I fell in love with him after a while, and he said he loved me. After he said so—oh, Goldie, no one else ever dared to touch my hand. But he kissed me as a king might, as royally, as courteously. People call it fast,” she broke off; “they say we girls will repent if we do that. He kissed me, and he does not love me now. But I am not sorry. I can feel his kiss like fire; I can feel his arm around me when I am so desolate, so alone, with no one in his place; and it comforts me. Once

when he loved me, he gave me all his heart in a kiss. It was like a baptism. I—oh, Goldie, Goldie, he will never kiss me more!”

Goldie's hand was over her face, her arm leaning on the table. A memory so like this made the stormy sigh shake her bosom and set her lips quivering.

“I did not tell you how he left me. Well, Goldie, he is not good; he is rather skeptical, I think, or at least careless. So am I careless; I couldn't preach. But he was wild too. Still he gave up a great many things for my sake, and one thing we had a pledge between us, never to drink wine or anything of the sort. It was very hard to make him promise; but he did, and eluded temptation with an easy grace especially his own, and I thought him—Well, well,” she said, impatiently breaking in upon herself, “one night we had a little quarrel. He tried to make me break two engagements to dance because he disliked my partners, and dance with him. One was a little old Frenchman, a dreadfully immoral old wretch; but he wanted to get married, and I believe Guy dreaded the effect of his title. The other—you'll meet him this winter perhaps, but I don't care—a conceited, handsome fellow; I hate him!—Mr. Clarence. Now Uncle Phil introduced them, and Guy wanted me to cut them; and I wouldn't, and he went off angry and flirted all the evening with some one. Of course I flirted with his pet aversions, and did all I could to be even with him. But how it was I shall never know—during the evening I grew faint and sent for Uncle Phil to take me away; and as he came this wretch handed me some wine. I did not know what it was till I had taken half a glassful and got my senses more about me. I shuddered and started to put it aside, when I caught Guy's eye. He glanced at me and gaily drank the health of his new adoration. I emptied my glass and went away. Oh, Goldie, it seems such a miserable trifle to have broken a girl's heart!”

She did not cry, she sat looking calmly into the fire.

“He wrote to me once a little note after I had sent back everything. I wish I had kept that one thing—I *might* have had it; and it was so loving and reproachful. But I tore it across and enclosed it in an empty envelope to him.”

“Oh, Lily!”

“I am just as glad of it as ever I can be!” said Lily, flushing. “Though I shipwrecked my whole life I should never regret it. I didn't tell you the worst. He came to see us the next day after the party, and asked me if I had had a pleasant time, and I said—oh, fool!—I said ‘No; did you?’ and he said, ‘Yes, the had enjoyed it all hugely.’ It was after that I sent everything back, and he repented, and then it was too late. They left Paris the next week, and came back to New York, he and his mother and sister. His sister Belle calls on me; I don't know if she knows we were ever engaged. I was not happy many weeks. Goldie, comfort me!”

The golden head sank down again, and Goldie's heart went sorrowing over the story. It was all so strange to her; so sad, so frivolous, so pitiful. The old, old story—not new, but sadder for its very frequency. And this had happened to her sister, her beautiful

Lily, who had bewildered her the day before by her beauty and grace and shining dresses ; whose life, from the glimpses Goldie had caught of it through not too frequent letters, had seemed some far-away, wonderful, fairy dream of life. She knew that her only sister was the pet of her childless Aunt Eleanor, that her uncle's wealth lay at his niece's feet, and that for five years Lily had been blossoming into womanhood, adored and humored, and being led through the pleasant places of the old world. Now she pitied Lily profoundly ; the radiant butterfly who fluttered in the sunshine of the gay world in which she lived, but whose real life had "crept so long on a broken wing."

"Don't bother," said Lily at last, looking up to the earnest eyes and sorrowful lips above her, "I'll not die of it. You'll see how bravely I'll get over it. It won't hurt me long ; I'll forget it."

"Can you? After all, is it best?"

"What better?"

"I don't know. Sometimes it is better — isn't it?— to take the cross and bear it patiently until God sees fit to remove it. He will remove it, I believe, when we become patient under it. I believe it is His will that we suffer."

"You are not so wicked as to believe that God creates and gives to the world sin and sorrow?"

"I believe sorrow through sin, and all sorrow and sin, though His enemies, He makes serve His good will ; and He brings us good from evil, and we get strength from bearing heavy crosses."

"My good child, you see I kick and struggle under mine. I suppose I can get used to this frolicsome mode of proceeding through life after a while."

"Oh, Lily! you cannot bear it or lose it so! I think you loved him too well to forget him."

"Oh, Goldie! I did, I did love him! But that shall not spoil my life for me ; I don't believe in being sentimental. I'm very matter-of-fact ; nothing hurts me much, or if it does,—

"I cry my cry in silence, and have done :
None knows it."

"Lily, will you never dress for dinner, thoughtless child? You are keeping your sister." Mrs. Goldsboro' stood in the door smiling a little at the two idle maidens who had utterly forgotten the important business of life. A woman of noble presence and gracious beauty, her handsome attire falling about her with that charm everything of hers possessed — Mrs. Philip Goldsboro'.

The girls began hastily to make their toilettes, and Mrs. Goldsboro' swept across the room to go down stairs by another way. A moment she paused by Goldie, and then suddenly taking her niece's face between her hands, she pressed down her eyelids with two kisses, and said gently :

"You are very like a lovely mother, Goldie."

Flushed and happy at the unexpected notice, Goldie said nothing, and Mrs. Goldsboro' went her way. She found Caryl and her husband chatting in the dining-room, and walked up to the former and

leant against his breast, while he encircled her with his arm, and giving one hand to her husband, stood there chatting before the fire, till Mr. Goldsboro' went to meet his nieces, hearing them at the top of the stair.

"Caryl," Mrs. Goldsboro' said abruptly, "that Goldie has a face might drive one mad. You have had a good chance to fail in love."

But Caryl's sister being Goldie's aunt and Mr. Goldsboro's wife, he only jested at the idea.

Their uncle met the girls at the foot of the stair. He nodded to Lily — she never was a child whom he caressed, in her airy, calm, graceful indifference ; but Goldie was already infinitely dear to her uncle, and he kissed her and led her in to dinner, which made its appearance simultaneously with Laurie Garnett, Goldie's first cousin, and son of her Aunt Laura of Brooklyn.

The gaiety of the winter had begun. Caryl having promised to stay until after Christmas, went with the party a great deal, but he seemed to tire of it. Goldie could not understand this ; she enjoyed everything heartily. With the deluded idea of women, she also imagined that her elegant toilettes should make her fairer in Caryl eyes ; with the way of a man, he appreciated dress very little, and never thought of it as heightening the rich color of her face, those earnest long-lashed eyes, or the soft darkness of her beautiful hair — nay, she had not even her old power over him. The beautiful, noble patience of her face, the growing purity and womanliness of it, that fall, was not so apparent. She was sparkling, flashing, merry again, a very child in her enjoyment — a very sweet and fascinating child it was, too — yet he could mock at her and tease her, and laugh at her follies now in a new way. Yet she was farther from him ; for with the natural fortune of a beauty she was drawing around her many admirers ; and, naturally still, she at first was enjoying — ay, revelling in the admiration she commanded. He said little ; he stood back in opera-box and at theatre, "old, rugged, and poor," and let the gay throng adore her and Lily. Yes, even took pride in that his wild-rose was still more sought than the courtly Lily ; yet with a bitter pride, and thinking that his day was over, and he was called upon to give her up to some one worthier of her.

Lily was amused at Goldie. She felt so much older, and enjoyed seeing her sister receive her first homage. She never thought or cared if she had more or less attention than Goldie, for her own lovers were abundant still ; and Goldie was so glad of her success, so truthful and fresh, so innocently gay and happy. Every one fell in love with Goldie's own sweet self, after falling in love with her beauty.

If Lily had been left in quiet to observe Goldie, however, she might have suspected that some one's power saved her from any heart-scratches in all her affairs. She did not see the tender gladness with which Goldie turned to Caryl Erle if ever he took her away from the others, nor knew how restful, how content she was when Caryl took her to himself, and let her talk to him clearly

and from her heart, beyond the fashion in which she talked to others ; for even Caryl wondered at times if he, even he, was dear to his young queen, Goldie.

* * * * *

A rustle of silk, a light laugh in the hall.

"Oh, Cousin Laurie! how lovely! Thank you, I have another promised me. Give it to Lily."

"I wanted *you* to carry them, Cousin Goldie," said a slightly disappointed voice. "I leave it to you: if the other bouquet is prettier, take it; but if mine — now that's fair!"

"It could hardly be prettier than this." Goldie looked lovingly at it — lilies and forget-me-nots and rich geranium leaves, all favorites of hers.

"Take it, then," said Laurie Garnett pleadingly.

"No. I have not seen the other; but I must take that."

"Well, I won't give this to Lily, that's all!"

"Pettish child! She'll have one, never mind! There! give me them! I'll let them stay on the table in our dressing-room."

"Will you? There, then."

Goldie went up-stairs and deposited the flowers in her room. Coming down she just glanced into the parlor where Laurie and Lily were chattering together, and though Laurie broke off in the middle of a sentence to cry "Come in!" she went into the library. The moonlight was streaming on the floor, and Caryl stood at the window in the moonlight alone.

"Ah, Goldie!"

"Are you there?" She came over to his side.

"Here are your flowers," he said, with a gesture towards the table.

"It is not so pretty a bouquet as Laurie's, I am afraid."

"How did you know he had one for me?"

"I heard you refuse it, and had not the magnanimity to go and tell you you had better take it."

"What are these? Pansies — oh, how sweet!"

"Pansies for thoughts," said Caryl gravely. For sake of that sentence, perhaps, those flowers were kept so long. They stood there together in the moonlight some time, Goldie never lifting her eyes from the flowers, simply because she felt his eyes were never lifted from her face.

"Goldie," he said at last, "take your choice between the bouquets. I think the other is prettier."

"Do you?"

"Yes, I do. If you had rather carry it, do so."

"If I had rather?"

"Yes. Hadn't you?"

No answer.

"Had you rather carry mine?"

"Don't you want me to?"

"I think I should advise you to take the other; it's a better choice. You see I'm so old, I should hardly be expected to care for bouquets and such trifles; my young days are over, you see."

"You are thirty to-morrow."

"And you nineteen before long, and Laurie and Lily both twenty-one last month. Laurie cares a great deal now for bouquets and such things ; he minds it very much your not taking his to the ball."

"And you wouldn't? If you don't care, I believe I will take his," very carelessly, yet keenly conscious of a double meaning under all.

"Take his, then."

The pansies went up-stairs, the lilies and forget-me-nots came down. So Goldie went to the ball. And he had calmly advised her to favor Laurie ; for he *did not care*. She took it to heart.

It was this night Goldie was the most beautiful woman in the room. She did not dance at first, and had a crowd about her. Aurelia Dash was there, and inquired who it was.

"Miss Ashe."

"Which Miss Ashe?"

"The darker one — Miss Goldsboro' Ashe."

"Ah! Does she take? Well, I'd imagine so. She is quite a girl of the period ; very strong-minded."

"Indeed?"

"She has quite a reputation in the country. Does any one know of that little escapade of hers last summer?"

No one did. The story was told.

"She is a very beautiful girl, after all," said one of the listeners ; a dozen ladies and gentlemen had heard the story. The ladies shrugged their shoulders ; the story began its rounds. Miss Ashe had killed a man last summer — and — and so forth.

Goldie caught it in its circle. She heard a gentleman laugh thereafter and remark :

"Oh, nonsense ! fine girl ! Pardon such a youthful indiscretion as manslaughter in *her*."

Lawrence had just persuaded Goldie to take a waltz. As the cousins circled slowly around the room, the graceful young fellow just out of college and the lovely belle, they were "the observed of all observers." Bowing her head a little now and then, Goldie recognised the greetings she received on every hand. Once she caught a glimpse of Dora Gleason ; again, with a little start, she saw Gay Carisbrooke waltzing, and with Charlie West, and as they passed each other and bowed, Gay said in a rapid whisper :

"Aurelia is talking scandal about you."

Goldie nodded gratefully and went on ; they were balancing in a corner presently. Aurelia, sitting there in a little crowd, anxious after all to display her intimacy with Goldie, bent forward and said :

"Good-evening, Goldie. I have been intending to call."

Goldie turned, raised her eyebrows, and bowed so slightly, so haughtily, that it was next to the cut direct. Aurelia colored and drew back, and the effects of the pistol-story were antidoted there, at least.

After the waltz, as Goldie stood smiling and talking with two or three gentlemen who were pleading for dances, Caryl came up to her and offered his arm.

"Excuse me," said Goldie to her circle, and with a bright smile and a gracious bow departed without ratifying any engagement.

Caryl led her out into the broad hall where a few couples were promenading.

"Goldie," he said, harshly, "I wish to request you not to begin round dancing."

"Why?"

"For excellent reasons. Will you promise me?"

"That tone, that look from you, never won anything from me, Uncle Caryl," said Goldie, quietly. "You speak with too much assumption of authority. I do not like your manner."

"I must beg, and plead and fawn, as every one else does, must I?" he asked, bitterly.

"You must at least behave with the courtesy of a gentleman, or conduct me to the ball-room at once," said Goldie. Her tone of reproof stung him.

"I am speaking for your own good," he said, very gravely still.

"Listen, Uncle Caryl. I have obeyed you very often; I have been gentle, I have been submissive, as I am to no one else. But I am not insensible to this fact: that you are the only person who knows me well, who is unkind to me. What do I gain by doing anything you ask me? Nothing—not even your affection. What then shall induce me to do what you order me, like a tyrant? Nothing. If you cared for me you could influence me. Stop! I would not hear you for a world tell me a word of your feelings for me; I desire not to provoke a single profession from you; I merely assert my dignity. Your *advice* must be given with a father's gentleness; your *opinion*, with a friend's courtesy; your *counsel*, with a brother's interest; but your *commands* I refuse to hear. I have been gentle long enough! I have let you despise me—you know you do!"—the bitter tears in her eyes. "You would not know in me the high-tempered girl I was; but I can be aroused. Oh, Laurie!"

Her cousin was coming to seek her. Her heart was hot and angry, her indignant words just pausing. Caryl could not speak.

"Our waltz!" cried Laurie, eagerly, offering his arm, and looking with astonishment at her stormy eyes. She took his arm, yet stopped, and turned with her old impulsiveness to Caryl.

"You don't care if I waltz just with Laurie, my cousin, do you?" she said, pleadingly.

"Do just as you please," he said, coldly.

Goldie turned and they entered the ball-room. Another moment and they had begun the waltz.

"What right has that fellow to '*care*' who dances with you?" Laurie asked in a low voice, presently.

"None," said Goldie.

"Is he in love with you?"

"No, oh, no!"

"Then what right has he to interfere between us?"

"None, none."

"And shall you let him?"

"No."

"Are you going to dance with every one?"

"No, I am not—not to-night, at least. But you are my first cousin. I don't see the harm; do you?"

"Not the slightest," rejoined the young man.

"Any more than if you were my brother?" half inquiringly.

"Not a bit more," reassuringly.

"Because you kiss Lily and me, Laurie."

"Just as if I were your brother."

"Before Aunt Eleanor and Uncle Philip."

"Yes, certainly. Just as if your mother was Laura and not Lily Goldsboro' when she was a girl."

"Exactly."

"And I may have every waltz to-night?"

"You, or no one."

"I wish Aunt Ellie's brother would go home."

"He will, after Christmas."

"Are you going to give him a Christmas present?"

"Perhaps so — I think not."

"Won't you give me one?"

"What shall it be?"

"Anything; something you make yourself."

"A pair of slippers? Braided?"

"The very things." (Laurie had three pair.)

"Green and gold on black velvet?"

"Exquisite. And what shall I give you?"

"Anything."

"I saw a lovely diamond ring — do you like diamonds?"

"Not in rings, much. You must not give me anything so extravagant."

"Why not?" said Laurie, the waltz being ended, leading her out to promenade. "I have plenty of money, and my mother likes to see me spend it, especially on you."

"How absurd! No, I will have no diamonds, nothing valuable. A book I would like."

"Not any rings?" half coaxingly, half mischievously.

"Not any rings, or jewelry of any sort."

"I will give you a cameo bracelet."

"I'll send it to your mother."

"Or a locket, with some of my hair in it."

"You are a goose. Come, I am tired of talking nonsense."

"Very well. Let's see; would you like to talk politics?"

"Nonsense," — emphatically — "worse than before."

"You're sarcastic. Theology. Come, now."

"You don't know anything about it."

"Neither law nor divinity? Medicine is nauseating. I must talk of domestic science, then — love, and all that."

"Well, if you want to talk love, I will show you some one to talk to. Come, I will never forgive you if you refuse. Gay Carisbrooke — she is lovely; you *shall* be introduced. I have only seen her one minute since that waltz, and she asked me who you were."

Laurie was presented accordingly.

"By the way, Gay," said Goldie, lingering, "how came you to honor New York this winter?"

"Marian made me come. She is my chaperone — fancy it! — she

and Charlie West. Brother Ned brought me up ; he wanted a little fun himself. There he is, talking to your sister."

"Is May here to-night?"

"Look at Charlie West waltzing with Aurelia! Yes, she is here. I wish Marian would waltz with Ned or some one, and see how he'd like it ; but she won't, good little thing."

"Where is she?"

"Somewhere ; oh, in the dressing-room."

Goldie went to look for her at once.

"Oh, Goldie, you beauty!"

"Marian, you naughty child, how long have you been in New York?"

"A week. Where are you all?"

Goldie gave her the address.

"Have you gone to housekeeping?"

"No ; we have a suite of rooms at the hotel. Charlie likes it better."

"Do you?"

"I am willing to give up anything to make him satisfied, and call me sweet."

"Poor little slave!" said Goldie, sighing and pitying, remembering her own girlish freedom. "May, do you think it is better to be married, or not? Now honestly, just with me."

"Yes, if you love your husband." (They all say that.)

"But if you don't love some one, but he loves you, gives you everything, is awfully rich, every one wants you to, would you then get married?"

"I'd think twice, dear."

Goldie sighed and stood silent.

"Why, is that the case with you?"

"Not exactly, but it may be."

There was a tap at the door.

"Oh, Charlie is going to take me home ; I have a headache. Goldie, kiss me good-night."

"You will be sure to come to see me?"

"Yes. Good-bye."

"I don't believe Marian is so happy as she was, or so loving to me, or so pretty and well," said Goldie, gloomily, walking down the hall.

"Goldie!" It was Caryl Erle. She paused. "I desire to ask your pardon for any rudeness of mine, and to ask you to make friends with me, because I am going away to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" She sat down at the top of a flight of stairs ; no one was near. "Why do you go?"

"I am telegraphed for very urgently."

"Some one who can't die unless you are there?"

"An old man whom I have relieved of several infirmities, and who thinks I am a perfect Pool of Bethesda."

"But you are *my* Pool of Bethesda, and I don't want you to go," said Goldie, between laughing and crying.

"What do you mean?" in a pleased tone.

"I mean," said Goldie, earnestly, "that I come to you blind with flattery, and you open my eyes. I come to you"—capriciously—"lame with dancing, and you stop me!"—with a little laugh.

"And you can do nothing but jest because I am going away?"

"No; I am in earnest. Oh, Uncle Caryl, you really do me good. I am glad you have been with me; you make me be my best self. You know the difference between me, the 'ego,' and what every one sees; you understand how, when I look best, I myself am silliest, vainest, gladdest of flattery, and talk most nonsense; and you do not like to see me so, nor do you flatter me when I am so."

"Are you ever so?"

"You know I am. I don't want you to go."

"Perhaps I will come back."

"Come soon."

"And you have forgiven my harshness?"

"Shall I prove it to you?" leaning towards him.

"Yes," eagerly.

"Then I promise not to dance round dances except with Laurie, not even with married men, till you come back to convince me it is wrong."

"Oh," in a slightly disappointed tone.

"There! you didn't care really."

"Yes, I am very glad."

"You don't look so," said Goldie, laughing. "What did you expect?"

"Nothing," he said, rising. "I thought perhaps—you are so much of a child to me—you did once, you know—we might 'kiss and make up.'"

"That was an unfortunate allusion," said Goldie, dryly and angrily. "When I think of that night," the beautiful crimson color surging over face and neck, "I—I hate you!"

He stood amazed a moment, and then followed her to the ball-room. The party left before long, and this was the end of Goldie's first ball; yet this is supposed to be—pleasure!

* * * * *

"Are you going?"

"I think you ought to be tired of my society by this time," said Belle Travers, settling her plumage like a dainty bird, as she stood preparing to take flight.

"By the way," asked Lily, quite carelessly, yet in a tone of polite interest, "where is your brother Guy? How is he?"

"Oh, he's in California, and has been, or thereabout, ever since September. He's with a party: an awful crowd"—glancing over her shoulder into the long mirror to see if the bows and flounces were sitting properly—"Gus Clarence,—Guy used to hate him,—Charley Burke—he's right steady, though—and Hal Clover—he is dissipated after a mild sort. Burke is Guy's crony."

"Is he going to live there?"

"I hope he's not going to *die* there. He never says when he's coming home. Good-bye, Lily. Take care about Rex McMorne—you make me uneasy, for he is quicksilver, and not for a plaything.

Miss Ashe, *your* lovers are all so desperate that I can't mention any one. Good-morning. Lily, good-bye."

"Lily, how did you do it?" asked Goldie, afterwards. "I could never have asked her."

"That is nothing," said Lily, coolly, "because Belle suspects nothing. But when I am suspected, then I am a little proud of my acting; it is really fine."

"And what of Rex McMorne?"

"Nothing. He is one man who loves me, and I am sorry for him. I am going to break with him before it is too late."

She essayed it that night. They two had the front parlor to themselves. Mrs. Goldsboro', in the back parlor, was playing Caryl's favorites, and wishing him there to listen — for it was January and he had not returned; her husband was pretending to read the newspaper, but really listening. Goldie and Laurie, exhausted with practising the Boston dip, were playing backgammon. Goldie persisted in setting Laurie into a cousinly place, and mocked at his attempted tender speeches, and otherwise thwarted him: and so Lily and Rex were alone.

"You have not been to the last two or three parties," said Rex.

"No, I am rather tired of it," said Lily.

"You kept society for a toy as long as you pleased, and now, like a child, you throw it away."

"No, it is no child's matter; I never considered society as a toy, but as a machine — for making matches — and I am disappointed in it."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, I have not been playing at all, as you were so simple as to suppose. I went seriously to work, and I am tired now. I did not ask so much — not an expensive article — little imported from Heaven. Only some brains, some taste, some education and position, and a quantity of money. I am very mercenary."

"If you were you would not say so."

"Yes, I find it pays. It bewilders people to tell them the truth; they don't believe it. Now you don't believe me; but I assure you if I could have what I told you I would gladly dispense with love, confidence, and all that in a match."

"I don't believe it."

"Of course you don't; you don't believe but that I have a soft heart somewhere about me, but I have none. I make-believe sometimes, but I don't want to deceive you; I haven't a bit, and wouldn't have."

"If one were given you," said Rex, softly, "what would you do? Keep and treat it tenderly?"

"I would give it back; I would never take it."

"But if it were given, and could not be restored?"

"It could be. I would make the giver hate me so he would snatch it back."

"You could not make me hate you."

"I could make you hate and despise me by telling you the truth."

"Tell me, would you refuse to marry me because I am poor?"

"I will never marry unless I marry a rich man. There, that is enough of it."

"No, it is not. I love you so much — no woman can utterly fail to appreciate a great love given her."

"I appreciate it so far that I hold it too precious to be given me. I am willing that you shall hate me, to get over it. Listen, Mr. McMorne. I have liked you; I think you talented, sincere, affectionate. I had no heart to give any one; I rather liked you because you were so innocent as to fancy I had. Now despise me, and become heart-whole; for this far I am good, that I am weary of ruining men. I seriously never intend to marry; if I do, it will be money that buys me. Besides being mercenary, I am very high-tempered; I am selfish to the last degree; I am careless on the subject of religion, and I seldom tell the truth, though I have just done so, desiring to do my duty by you."

"And you so beautiful!" said Rex, staggered.

"Yes, I am beautiful, or was. I forgot to tell you that I am exceedingly vain, and keep a list of all the compliments I can remember — no, that last is a story, I do not do that."

"Enough, enough," he said, hotly. "I am poor indeed; I have been robbed of the richness and treasure of love, of respect to woman-kind. Listen. Can you doubt that I despise all women when I say *I despise you!*"

"One moment! Do you dare despise all women? You had a mother once, Mr. McMorne. For shame!"

"That is the most womanly speech you have made this evening," said Rex, pausing, and looking at her bitterly. "And yet" — lower — "any one who knew me better could tell you not to allude to my mother. Adieu, Miss Ashe." He was gone.

"It was a hard thing to do," said Lily to herself, with a little dry sob. "I liked him. But he will get over that about women; they all say that; and he'll marry a good sweet woman some day." Lily did not know the well-known story of his mother; or that his father had ever pronounced the same ban on womankind, from the falsehood of the fairest of them to him. His mother, when Rex lay in his cradle, had dishonored his father's home and wrecked his father's life; the end of the pitiful old story ran, that she had died in a mad-house. Deprived of that pole-star, a mother's memory, Rex was without guide, adrift on the darkness of a wild sea.

* * * * *

"Oh, Goldie, are you awake? I thought you never would." Lily was standing by Goldie's bed, in the morning, looking pale and wan.

"What is the matter?" asked Goldie, sleepily.

"Take me in with you; I am cold." She nestled close to her sister, and turned on her her great blue eyes. "Oh, Goldie! I have had such a dreadful dream!"

"Well, it was a dream, then; think of that."

"About Guy," said Lily, and putting her face among the pillows, after a little pause, she began to sob. Goldie was touched, for Lily seldom gave way to any feeling. She tried to soothe her, but Lily broke in with the dream.

"A place — I saw it clear as life, Goldie — a dark and lonesome place among the hills; great black hills, with tall, dark trees. and at the bottom of the hills, where they all ran down together and ended in a deep, dimpled spot, there was a spring of water and a little stream; and Guy was lying there, with one hand over his face, quite dead; and there was blood, but I could not see where it came from. I saw him as plain as I see you, but as if in a dream, his mother standing on the side of the hill wringing her hands. Oh, that dark, lonesome place! If he dies out West I mean to go and look at the place myself, for I know I saw it. I know it will be foul play if he dies."

"Oh, Lily, it was only a dream. You were talking of Guy yesterday, and you must have imagined something of the places he would see and the great trees, and so you dreamed of it." And with this hurried explanation Goldie began to caress and soothe her sister. Lily grew comforted, and put her arms about Goldie's neck, for this loving and true sister was very dear to the weary little beauty, and she worshipped the face so much sweeter and more womanly than her own — more grave and womanly, even though at times so exuberantly glad and youthful, as was natural and right in one possessed of the great and good gifts of health and youth and beauty.

Yet Goldie's gaiety was checked of late. The dark shadows stalking in the train of fashion and pleasure were seen by her; the ghosts, the unsatisfying realities, the bodiless hopes. All life's gaiety was in *anticipation*; the *moment* never knew content and completeness; there was something lacking to every one everywhere. Who was happy? Aunt Eleanor? Not really, Goldie knew. Lily, poor, petted beautiful darling? No. Laurie, the bright young fellow fresh from college life? Was there not a haunting real pain in his eyes at times? Was Caryl happy? No; nor even May, nor Charlie; he was carelessly ignorant of real unhappiness, but he was not happy. She and Lily talked of it sometimes, and Lily with a dreary laugh said happiness was an old myth that men believed in long enough to incite them to make a few struggles, but no way ever found the goal, and the wise ceased to exert themselves. "The time I have been happiest," said Goldie thoughtfully, "since I have been here, was one Sunday afternoon I went alone to that little church with the ivy on it, and sat where it was the darkest and listened to the sermon and my own thoughts till they made a curious jumble. I need not say happiest; it was the *quietest* time. There is a great deal in rest."

"There is everything in it," said Lily drearily.

"And yet, Lily, my mind was questioning everything. I wondered if this life were *right* — my life. I have stood up for it, and ranted about the Bible's not condemning innocent pleasures, and religion not being gloomy, and the Christian ought to be the happiest person in the world — and that's so. Yet a true Christian might not be gloomy, and yet be above all this dancing and trifling we persist in calling innocent. He may have a quiet pleasure in his spirit above all this gaiety; I do believe some people have."

"If no one knows any greater happiness than ours, Heaven pity them!" said Lily bitterly. "But, Goldie, don't begin on religion. I have nothing to say to it; I never think of it."

"But we must think of it some day," said Goldie, a little shocked. "Oh, I ought to think of it oftener, Lily! I am letting other things crowd it out; I am not consistent, I am not true to it; and yet I have seen many a day when it was all the comfort, all the stay I had; yet I was happier then than now."

"I wish I had some faith," said Lily slowly, "to wait, to trust that all is ordered best for me. Goldie, you have so much more than I, you bear little disappointments better, and are sure to discover afterwards that it was better we did not have our own way. You bear physical pain so well, too, and I never could."

"I have been taught so hardly," said Goldie; "I have suffered so much in my little life."

"You are nineteen and I am twenty-one," said Lily, "yet you are something better for your life, and I something the worse for mine."

"Let us hope that death will be something better for both," said Goldie. "I cannot endure the thought of going on in this way, marrying at last into fashionable society and growing old. How humdrum! how horrible!"

"Yet how infinitely terrible is death!" said Lily, shuddering; "I cannot bear to think of dying. I, a white dead body—I, entered into that terrible eternity—so old, so wise, so far away from earth in that one moment of death!"

* * * * *

There is little use in following them through that winter. A continual round of gaiety and excitement in a retrospect is always hopelessly dull. The severest trial, the ordeal by fire that has to prove who has purity and firmness, is the gay season in a great city. Goldie's first season was rapidly passing away, was nearly gone. Few young girls have as little to reproach themselves with; her constancy and lingering tenderness for the quiet, far-away man at Glengoldy had done a great and good work for her. She enjoyed admiration sometimes, and yet that truest and tenderest love-speech ever written was her own thought,—

"Now all men beside seem to me like shadows,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!"

She listened to some one speaking, liked him, and then thought swiftly of some grave gray eyes, and all men were as nothing to her. Goldie would not and could not dissimulate with tender glances and hesitating speech; she never ebbed down to the level of mere society women and flirted; yet she was not so pure, she did not reverence human nature so much, she was not so trusting and confiding as she had been.

* * * * *

To-night is to be one grand party; every one thinks it will be in all probability the last grand affair of the season, for spring has come.

Lily is going to-night. She has been going to but very few of late; for Rex, her old lover, is dead, by his own hand, and she knew that it was because of her; the horror of it oppressed her.

"I never meant to do him harm, Aunt Eleanor! Goldie, you know I never tried so hard to do a man justice in my life. Poor, good old Rex! he believed in me so!"

Yet to-night she was going. Partly, Goldie thought, to bid defiance to the gossiping; partly, because there was a rumor that the California party had come back. That morning they had a call, and Goldie saw with pleasure that it was Mrs. and Miss Clover, knowing that Hal Clover was in the party.

Mrs. Clover and Mrs. Goldsboro' were deep in conversation when the sisters entered the parlor. Miss Clover, a doll-baby young lady of three or four-and-twenty, was artistically draped, sitting in statuette repose in an arm-chair, turning the leaves of an album. The girls sat down near her and commenced some proper and fashionable chit-chat, and Lily presented to Miss Clover's inspection a watch-case she was making for her Cousin Laurie's birthday. "How exquisite!" said Miss Clover—"I must make Hal one. And what are you making?"—to Goldie—"something for his birthday, of course."

"Oh, Cousin Laurie is too troublesome!" said Goldie, leaning back in her chair and smiling—"I am tired of making him slippers and pincushions. I shall give him five cents, and tell him to go make himself sick on molasses candy."

"Oh, Lily!" cried Mrs. Goldsboro', in a low, shocked tone from her tête-à-tête sofa, "that young fellow we saw so much of in Paris, Guy Travers, is dead!"

"Dead!" said Goldie, in a startled tone. Lily did not speak. Goldie, frightened for her, turning towards her, saw a sharp setting of her lips, and then a quiet, wondering expression came to her face, a look the consummation of acting, and knew that Lily was equal even to this.

"Shot himself!" said Mrs. Goldsboro', in the same shocked and horrified tone. "Oh, poor boy! how I pity his mother!"

"How was it, Mrs. Clover?" said Lily, rising composedly and crossing to a seat beside her.

"Oh, it was dreadful!" said the old lady, turning ponderously toward her. "He was such a wild lad, you know, my dear, and since he went West, a little after he came home from Europe, he was worse than ever. He got into a desperate quarrel with one of the party, Mr. Clarence, and they were to fight a duel; Mr. Travers was the aggressor, Hal thinks. They were to stand on each side of a running stream of water and shoot with a handkerchief held between them."

"Was it in the mountains?" asked Lily sharply; "a little stream of water?"

"Yes. They were standing at the foot of the hills, and the others came with an officer to arrest them—for they themselves had no influence to prevent either of them—and they had their pistols ready, and just as they came in sight—you understand, my dear?—I mean as Hal and Mr. Burke and the officer came in sight—"

"Yes," said Lily hurriedly. "Clarence shot him."

"No, no. Just then he turned his pistol, put it to his own head, and shot himself."

"How awful!" said Lily, in quite a natural tone.

"Awful! Charlie Burke ran to him, and he died instantly."

"Did he never speak again?"

"Not a word."

"How sad for his poor mother, isn't it?" said Mrs. Goldsboro'.

"Very sad," said Mrs. Clover, rising slowly; "and his sister, such a gay, lively girl, I shall miss her at the party to-night; she always comes and talks to me awhile."

The adieux were made after a few remarks about the party, and the visitors were gone.

Lily sat down again and went to work on her watch-case. "Aunt Eleanor, read us that story now, please," she said.

Mrs. Goldsboro' took up the last magazine, opened it, and said before beginning, "Is that lace on your sleeves for to-night, Lily?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I suppose we will go?" said Goldie, hesitating.

"Why, that is all settled," said Lily. "I wouldn't miss it for anything."

Then the reading began; then came Uncle Philip, Laurie, and dinner: the sisters were not alone until they went up-stairs to dress for the party. Lily laid aside her dress, combed her golden hair to the extreme top of her head, and sat down before the fire. Goldie did not care to speak. Lily was first, at last. "Oh, Goldie!" she said, with a despairing cry, "am I not grown heartless? Don't you see I don't feel it?"

"Lily, you are not true now, poor child! Why won't you take it and mourn over it honestly? Oh, this is dreadful!—mockery and sham, even in sorrow!"

"Sorrow?" said Lily, shortly and bitterly. "Oh, Goldie! was ever sorrow like unto my sorrow?" She turned from the fire a face wan and old; then the miserable, shining smile of self-mockery came back: she turned away. "Plenty of it, I dare say. This wretched world!" So she began to dress.

Goldie, with a little heart-broken sob, turned away to dress also. The fair dream she had woven for these two was dissolved, the natural, lovely ending of the romance was never to come, the dreariness and barrenness of actual life were there: Lily's Guy was dead!

* * * * *

"Who is that, Ned?" said a tall, dark gentleman standing against the wall, as some one entered.

"Miss Clover is the lady."

"Ah! Hal's sister—pretty child. Who is that?"

"Mrs. West."

"Old Charlie West and a wife! Well! Who are those? Ah! I know them—the Dashes, the Thorpes, Mrs. Wilson, the—yes, the Goldsboro's. Who is that?"

"Miss Ashe."

"You are mistaken," with a stern bending of the brows, "I know her."

"Miss Ashe it is. A perfect belle, but a charming girl; just out this season. Her cousin, Garnett, is with her."

"Ah! I know the elder Miss Ashe; *she* has been out some time."

"But is still very young; indeed, her sister is often thought by strangers the elder. Ah! there is Miss Lily!"

Charlie Burke glanced at her — so fair, so petite, so charming, with her wavy bright hair and lovely eyes. He moved towards her, then retreated. "I will wait," he said. He did not dance; he watched her, judging her, for two or three hours, his face growing darker and sterner and colder as he watched. One only mark of feeling he saw in her: she avoided him.

As a Strauss waltz began, Lily went eddying out into the room with Ned Carisbrooke, and Goldie with Laurie. Some one standing in a dark corner looking gravely on, waiting until the waltz was over, was then immediately at Goldie's side. "Goldie, one moment!"

"Caryl! When did you come?"

"Just to-night. Good-evening, Laurie. Goldie, will you give me a promenade, now; I may not stay long?"

"Certainly," she said, taking his arm. "How did you come here?"

"I came an hour ago, and hearing at the house where you were, I made a toilet and came after you. I am going away to-morrow, very likely."

"So soon? Why? We are going down in a few days ourselves."

"Don't let's talk of that yet," he said. "Tell me how you have enjoyed it all since I have been gone. Have you learned to tell fashionable fibs yet?"

"No, you prophesy falsely. Oh, Uncle Caryl, I was candid before on impulse, now I am truthful on stern principle. I despise it so — this sham! It has hurt me so, shocked me so! No, I do not find myself less honest. Society is about as it was before; I am rather tired of New York. How has it been at Glengoldy?"

"Horrid!" said Dr. Erle. He looked so excited, so mysteriously happy, that Goldie hardly knew him.

"What is the matter?" she said. "You are so funny."

"Am I?" he said, and stopped short. "Well, I must be very grave, for I mean to play father-confessor. Tell me all you have done wrong since I saw you. Have you been flirting?"

"N — no."

"Or dancing round dances?"

"Except with Laurie, no."

"Or falling in love?"

"No; I believe not."

"Are you sure?"

"Not quite," she said, laughing a little to herself. Then becoming very grave, she said: "I would like to tell you all about it. I am in danger of being married."

"Tell me, then," he said eagerly, leading her out to a cool place in the shadow of the stairs, and seating her and himself. "Now what?"

"It is really serious," she said, beginning to tell her little story truthfully, and hoping she knew not what from the recital; "It is that child Laurie. He likes me very much; yet he is rather scary, and I won't let him speak to me, so what does he do but go speak to Uncle Philip."

"Well?"

"And what does Uncle Phil do but come and tell me it is the desire of his heart, and quantities of stuff beside! 'Laurie is so handsome, Laurie is so rich, Laurie is so smart, Laurie is so distracted,' and all that!"

"And what did you say?" asked Dr. Erle, in a suppressed voice.

"What do I do but cry? I am furious! What is the good of holding the reins when a man is with you, if he goes and gallops off to your uncle when you're not there? Then Uncle Phil says he will love me whether I take Laurie or not; and I am to have half his fortune, since he is childless except for me and Lily, and I shall be a great heiress, rich enough to tempt any man I condescend to fancy; but he *hopes* I will marry Laurie. He doesn't want any one to feel bound to please him from gratitude; but he feels that it is not such a sacrifice to marry Laurie."

"And what then?"

"Well, I think Uncle Philip is ungenerous. He does not really think any one has a right to cross him, when one is so indebted to his kindness for everything, and he has placed me under obligations to him that I can never repay."

"So what did you say?"

"I required six months to decide it in. Laurie and Aunt Laura are going to spend the summer at Glengoldy, too; think how horrible!—when my only hope," said Goldie, looking up plaintively, "is that Laurie may fall in love with some one else in the meantime. I do my best to make him, I'm sure."

"And if he won't?"

"Oh, what is the use?" she said, wearily. "If any one cared—if any one tried to save me—but I must fight it ought all alone! If Laurie *will* love me, I may marry him, at last."

"And how do you really feel about it?" asked Dr. Erle.

"The thought makes me wretched!" said Goldie, stamping her little foot.

"Goldie, Goldie," he said, bending down over her, "do you love anybody else?"

The crimson color ran rioting to her lovely cheeks, and rushed over her round white throat. "No, no," he said, "I had no right to ask you!"

There came a long, terrible pause. "Let us go back to the parlor," he said, rising. She rose, too, silently, the wounded, wronged heart beating faint and low. How could he—could he—treat her so cruelly? Some one met her and claimed her for the Lancers. Caryl Erle turned away, went back to his sister's home, and before the party returned, fought out a long and hard battle. His pride was crushed at last; he could not yield her without one struggle. When Mr. Goldsboro' and he exchanged good-night, he stopped him with a trembling hand, and said, "Can I have a few moments' conversation with you after breakfast to-morrow? It is to decide my trip to Europe."

"Certainly," assented Mr. Goldsboro'.

But how could Goldie know how he loved her, or what he would do for her? She only knew that she had undergone a cruel humiliation, and that her heart was coldly handled. And she was an heiress, too;

she had told him so. Could it be that deterred him? No, a true love would not be ashamed; yet Caryl was richer than she knew. The old man whom he returned to see, in Briarley, was dead and had left the kindly young doctor a little fortune; wherewith Caryl had come up to New York to woo and wed, or woo and go to Europe, as Providence decided. He was glad and happy that he was rich enough to ask even Goldie now; yet now his honor bade him speak first to the match-making old man, her uncle; and the sky darkened.

* * * * *

Lily Ashe was never so miserable in all her life before as on that night at the party; but she was wild with the strain and excitement of concealing her anguish from the dark gloomy eyes she felt watching her so closely. She had never in all her life feared any one; but her fear of Charlie Burke amounted to a nervous terror. He would not dance; his harsh, half-scornful eyes followed her in her brilliant path; and she knew he would come up with her at last.

He did come to her. He bent above her his dark, stern face. She shuddered from head to foot, but he did not spare her. "I have a message for you, Miss Ashe. Will you take my arm?"

She took it, smiling, but she did not meet his eye, and her face was very pale. He led her out to the hall; many people were promenading. "Will you throw something around you and come out on the veranda?" he said.

"I will not be cold," she answered.

"Pardon me, the night is rather cool. You had better have a shawl."

She went submissively and brought a soft white cape, took his arm, and went out on the veranda with him. There they paused: she loosed his arm, refused a seat, and stood facing him. He began to speak in a strange, low voice.

"Every one supposes, Miss Ashe, that my friend died without a word; I have favored the supposition. His mother asked me if he gave no message for her; I told her 'no,' and so every one is deceived. There was one message, a message to you, a woman who wrecked a bright life and many hopes by her cruel flirting. I am to give you the message." He paused.

"Let me tell you something first," said Lily, in a clear, soft voice. "You have a cruel thing to do, and you wish to do it cruelly. I have but one thing to say which pleads for mercy — I loved him dearly!"

"And your manner to-night proves it?"

"Yes, it does. If I didn't care, why should I take pains to come to a party when I haven't been to the last half-dozen? Why should I be so wild? I cannot stop and think, yet; it would drive me mad. I cannot let any one think it subdues me. More people than I know have heard of that flirtation — and oh! Mr. Burke, I vow to you that I never loved but one man, and he trifled with me! I loved him truly and well. I know he sent me word he hated me, but you need not tell me so roughly."

"You are a strange creature," said Burke. "No, Miss Ashe, if my friend had sent you word he hated you, I could have forgiven you easier. He loved you as dearly as a man can. He bore a deadly

hatred for Clarence because he spoke disrespectfully of you ; and yet, when it came to the last, rather than shoot his opponent he chose to end a life that was miserable without you, and turned and shot himself."

She moaned, but never spoke.

"My arms received him. He said, 'Never let a breath of scandal touch her name from this ; and tell her I have never loved another woman, or kissed another woman, but her.' Then he dropped softly back on the grass, to die. And I have given the message."

"No other word?"

"He tried once more to speak. I could not catch his meaning."

"Oh, my God!" cried Lily, "Tell me all ! Oh, I would have understood him !"

"I could not ; he was dying."

"Dying!" She dropped her head back against a pillar : her flossy golden hair, her pale face, the unutterable misery of her eyes and lips—she was so lovely and so wretched, she made even the stern man pity her.

"Do not say I did it roughly," he said. "I loved him as if he were my brother, and I found it hard not to hate you."

"I would rather," said Lily, "I would rather die and give him back to you ; I would rather be in his grave, than live my miserable life and know him dead ! Though I most unutterably fear and dread death, I would rather die, than die with him so, as I do !"

"You should indeed be wretched," said Burke.

"What hope have I in heaven or earth?" she said, turning her despairing face on him. "Where is he? Where can I think he is gone? Oh, the horror, oh, the terror, the misery of doubting about his soul!"

"There is no use of thinking about that," said Burke.

"He is lost!" she said. "And I—I believe that one of the miseries of hell is, that if I die I shall never see him or see anything to comfort me or sweeten my bitter cup! Yes, look at me! I like it! I am pretty, am I not? Yet I believe when my blue eyes are shut, and my hands crossed, and my chin tied up, and I am laid out in my coffin, that I, pretty Lily Ashe, bright Lily Ashe, I, my soul, will go straight down to the evil angels. Every one will remember how nicely I waltzed and how sarcastic I could be, and all my little flirtations, and all my fun, and it will seem so strange, so sad, by that deep and dreadful grave. I believe even now a devil is amusing himself in my body, and the pure innocent spirit that was in me when I was a girl is gone away, or dead."

"Hush!" he said, shocked.

"I cannot," she said. "There is no one but you knows I am wretched, except my sister, and I cannot terrify her. I feel so wicked—so wicked! I wish I had only cried when I first heard it ; now I cannot. I only wish I knew something dreadful enough ; I would *swear*!"

"You will go mad," he said, "or drive me so."

"I wish you would kill me," she said, turning on him her dry, shining eyes.

Then because she was so miserable, the Heavens took pity, so that as she started to move she moaned, and sinking back into a chair, burst into tears. She remembered him, so bright and sunny-faced, her wild laddie; she thought of the thick moss growing warm and soft over him; of how noble and still he looked as she saw him in that terrible dream, and the sobs unchained the evil spirit in her, and he fled away. So she wept for Guy, faintly and softly at last, for a long, long time.

The tears unsealed the closed heart to her: he saw in her, if a sinning and perverse woman, one very sorrowful and desolate. He pitied her; she was so beautiful, so young, so tempted to be frivolous and vain. The dead boy loved her; why should he hate her utterly? "May I take you home?" he asked, gently.

"Yes, if you will," she answered.

He called a carriage, therefore, put her in it, and went in search of Mrs. Goldsboro', to whom briefly saying that Miss Ashe had a headache and he would have the honor of escorting her home, he returned, entered the carriage, and was driven in silence with Lily to her home.

It was a calm moonlight night. Lily was quiet now; she looked like some weary, grieved child who had wept and been forgiven at a mother's knee. There was an unutterable pathos in her whole expression as she gave Charlie her hand. "You were with him so long; remember all the good you can of him, and tell me. Don't cast me off; I know no other man would have been a better friend to him. Forgive me all you think against me, and come to see me before I go, won't you?"

"I will," he said, honestly. "I do not understand the mysteries of a love-affair; you may have been no more to blame than he. When I come to see you we will talk it all over, won't we?"

"Yes," she said. "Good-night. Oh, Mr. Burke, I am so truly sorry for everything wrong I ever did to any one, I am so sorry!"

"Don't cry any more to-night," he said pleadingly. "You are very sorry, I know; I am sorry for you, I do truly pity you. Good-night."

So he went his way.

"Poor little thing!" he murmured, turning homeward. And, "Poor little thing" was the sum of his meditations all the way.

* * * * *

Breakfast being over the next morning, Dr. Erle rose with a pale, calm face, and accompanied Mr. Goldsboro' into the library. An hour later, Mr. Goldsboro' came out with a hesitating step, pausing once or twice as if to turn back and revoke a hard sentence. But finally he took up his hat and left the house.

Some time later, Goldie having occasion to enter the room, was startled to see Dr. Erle sitting alone, with his head bowed in an attitude of perfect wretchedness.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked at last.

"Nothing," he said, rising, and standing erect. "It is only decided I shall go to Europe."

"By this evening's steamer?"

"Your uncle is gone to see if I can get a passage-ticket," he said. He passed her and went out.

Goldie sat there alone for several hours. It was Dr. Erle's turn, coming hastily in for one of his books, to find her there alone.

"Are you going?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, passing her, and then turning, he caught her hand. "Good-bye, then, my darling!"

Oh, the honest tenderness of that last, despairing word! She heard it long, long afterward, and remembering, "half believed him true."

* * * * *

The year is almost gone; it is twilight of the last day. All of them are at Glengoldy—all, save Caryl. Goldie, in the deepening twilight, with folded hands dreams the old year over again.

Lily has not awaked yet. She has been out with Uncle Henry, and has gone up-stairs and fallen asleep. Lily goes a great deal with Uncle Henry; he seems to care for her wonderfully; he seems to watch her with wistfulness and coming tears, like Goldie's own: for Goldie thinks all is not well with Lily. She goes about so wearily, and is so fitfully beautiful and strong. Lily seems to love her uncle, as he loves her, very dearly. She never misses one of his earnest, tender sermons at church. Sometimes Goldie thinks she goes to him for teaching, and that the shadow of death is not so dark to Lily, and that she does not cling to life as of old. She has dismissed all her lingering lovers; there is but one man who loves her. He is as near being a brother to her as it is possible to be; he writes to her constantly, and comes often to see her. Yet there is not a word of love-making in all he says; they both would feel it disloyalty; and yet, from something strong and true in his nature, she clings to him; and yet from the depths of a manly heart he tenderly loves and pities her. This one friend is Charlie Burke.

Laurie visits Glengoldy too. Goldie's heart is near breaking over him sometimes. She does not love him much, yet a little she loves him, in a sisterly way; and she does not like his swaggering, restless ways, and the "fast man" he affects, and the altogether disagreeable fashion he takes of showing that he is not going to die for love of her. Laurie is here, now, somewhere: Goldie does not care where.

Marian is at her mother's home. Poor little May! Goldie saw her yesterday; she was sounding the same anathema upon the world Goldie is so weary of hearing. "It is a cheat—life, all life; and married life most of all," Marian said drearily.

"Yet love is true," said Goldie.

"But he never loved me! He has cheated me; he has defrauded me! He does not love or honor me! You do not know what misery means, such as mine. It means despair. It means all bitterness and disgust. It means one coming to your room in the early morning with all manhood drunk with wine; it means serving and loving him as he is so; praying till heaven is weary, and wrestling with the angels for him. It means dying by inches for his sake, when nothing can avail. Oh, this is bitter! Oh, this is death! I know people blame us women for telling it. I know that suffering does not make the world merciful to a woman, that she must have more endurance

and strength with each load: but I—I can not bear it! I am too weak—too weak! All my beautiful, free, girlish life is over. All my life is bitter! I am cheated, defrauded, undone!”

Julian is not there. “He is in Woodlee, where Gay lives.” So Marian told Goldie. “I think Gay loves Julian, and I think Julian will marry her. I know he did not want to see you. He said one who loved you once was apt to love you always, so he went off to Gay.”

“I am glad he is not here,” Marian said afterward; “he could not bear this. And my mother—Oh, Goldie, my mother comforts me! And if my baby lives, and if I do—”

A well of comfort undefiled is in the thought. As joy and pain go hand-in-hand, so a woman, who suffers tenfold beyond a man's capacity, has compensation, purer peace, than men ever know.

The moon is risen while Goldie sits there at her dreams; above the clouds it is making its way—how deathful and how fair! A wide, solid bank of sable clouds, black and intense, shadowing the hills and valley below; and rising like an ascending spirit, the fair wan moon, from the cloud into a glory of drifting light. Goldie's hands are clasped, and her arms extended along the wide window-sill. The moonlight falls softly and tenderly upon her face.

It is one of those hours when one rejoices in loneliness; when the soul is seeking vaguely for something beyond itself—something not human, not frail—the undefined longing for the Divine, and the search of uncertain hands for the hem of His garment. This unreal, vague yearning is yet the farthest reach of the small soul for an Infinity which it cannot take in; this loneliness the most blessed forgetfulness of human and worldly things; and seldom, but sometimes, and oftenest, in the largeness, softness, and mistiness of moonlight, with silence, it is with us: the soul is on its travels, and the rare feeling is that we would not wish for the dearest soul on earth to be beside us; that to be called to the most purely beloved of earth would be a recall to earth and sense—a *lowering*, to what our passionate souls at times have felt the height of heavenly hills. Yet after awhile a sound smote on Goldie's ear, a faint sound far away; and it brought her thoughts slowly and sadly back to her beloved on earth. It was only Lily, coughing; and she was coughing very little, yet it made Goldie's lip quiver.

“Oh, if Caryl would come!” she thought. Not for herself; the old love was subdued and chained now by a resolute will. The pain and shame of thinking that he knew of her old unreasoning love was all that quickened her pulses now; yet from Laurie she knew something of the fact that he had asked for her—had asked for her carefully of his patron, and taken his refusal gracefully, she said to herself with scornful lip, when all his duty to her bade him be outspoken and honest even if they must really part. He was but a man, after all, who could not find the comfort in knowing that though apart, each other's name might go tenderly through one's thoughts and prayers, and a spoken love might justify lonesomeness and grief. No, he had been cruel and hard, and she would forget him. Yet, oh! that he would come to Lily!

Then the moonlight on her face showed soft large tears gathering slowly and rolling down her face ; for a child infinitely dear to Goldie had gone away, and she had sobbed then as now, "If thou hadst been here," perchance, perchance, my darling "had not died." Horace was dead, and died not there ; for when he drooped and sickened, his father came in haste and bore him off to the sea-side, and there he passed away. Then Goldie could only imagine the sand and the sound of water and the gray waves, the old white-headed waves, weary with the incessant swaying and dashing ; and in the hearing of the water was the silence of death fallen — a child with a shell in his hand lay dead. Ah, little life ! As the shell, when one listened, sang a song of its home interpreted by few, so the child's large soul had sung to her vague melodies of its heaven, and the sound was of yearning and wondering, even as that sad, remembering music of the shell. So Horace was gone back to the half forgotten angelhood that had made his childhood holy and beautiful ; and Goldie was glad that the pure, seeking, comprehensive spirit should go unsoiled and fair into the wonderful land beyond this. Yet, oh, her comfort, her gentle little lover ! he is gone.

The moonlight still falls softly and brightly, but Goldie's eyes are blinded with tears, the purest tears ever shed — tears to the memory of a child.

* * * * *

Lily comes in by-and-bye. Laurie comes up from the village with letters — two or three for his uncle, one for Aunt Eleanor from Caryl, which she reads hastily and folds away without comment, but with a bright face, and Lily's regular letter from Charlie Burke, "dear old Charlie," as she calls him with longing, sorrowful affection. The two sheets, written in the fine, manly hand, are read and put aside, and Lily asks Goldie to sing. Both sing well, but Lily cannot sing of late and calls on her sister often. To-night Goldie has walked so long with the ghosts and shadows of the past that her voice is aquiver with passion and regret. Laurie does not hear her sing often ; he does not have her often bear his presence so graciously as to-night, as he leans on the end of the piano and she lets him turn the leaves of her music.

When she has done and rises to go back to her window and the moonlight, he follows her. Laurie has always been a pet of Lily's, but Goldie is seldom so gracious as to allow him his cousinly privileges. To-night, however, she is half sad, half tender in mood, and she does not mind letting him hold one of her hands as she stands there with him ; in fact she forgets it and his very presence together, as her thoughts wander off in the moonlight. Her dreamy, abstracted manner irritates him.

"What are you thinking of?" he asks presently. "I believe you never think of me any more than if I were a tame cat purring after you. Goldie, do you ever give me a kind thought?"

"A great many anxious ones, Laurie," she answered, leaning back and looking sadly up into the boy's eyes. "I feel troubled about you. Not that I'm afraid that you won't get over caring for me" — with a sudden blush. "I haven't a doubt of that, I am not anxious

about that ; but I am anxious about your way of getting over it. I am afraid, Laurie,"—looking up very earnestly—"that you are not the good boy you used to be. When you told me you cared for me, you could tell me that you had tried to be a good boy always, that you had never drunk to excess or gone the bad way in any fashionable style ; and now if I were to care for you, could you think yourself equally fit to love me ? No, I am not meaning to flirt ; no, I have no idea of changing my mind. I only mean that you are not making yourself fit for any true woman's love any time, and that it pains me to see you so wilfully go wrong."

"I am not so bad as you think, Goldie," he says, in a husky voice. Goldie does not answer at first ; she is watching the white smoke from the locomotive as it rises from the valley in the moonlight. The nine o'clock train has come in, the train Caryl would come on if his sister had really written for him when Goldie suspected. She speaks in a moment.

"Laurie, I think you are not so bad as you might be, but I see you in danger of going to the worst. I do not think your mother sees it. I do not think any one does who will tell you but me—I who may have made you a little unhappy, and therefore long to rescue you from worse misery. Tell me truly, how many times last month in the city did you drink to excess ?"

His face is hot and flushed. She loves him for his mortification.

"Goldie, I am ashamed," he says, and pauses ; then goes on, impetuously, "Oh, good and true little woman, be my friend, and I will do anything for you !"

"I am your cousin, Laurie," she answered, "and always your friend ; but I want you to reverence your own manhood, not me. I want you to love and honor God's law, not mine."

"Cousin Goldie," he says, drawing both her hands in his, "I used to be a good sort of boy. I do not think it is natural to me to be wild, and yet I have gone so far wrong, there is so little hope for me in doing right that I scarcely know how to begin over."

"Laurie," she asks, brusquely, "do you ever say your prayers ?"

"No," he says, after a pause.

"And I know why," she says. "You men think it is soft and milk-soppy to do it. Why can't you go honestly and humbly down on your knees and ask your Father to be merciful to you ? Do, Laurie. Two or three devout moments, two or three honest thoughts of God may do so much of good. It is manly and noble, and above all, right to pray. I know you need it."

"Do you say your prayers always twice a day ?" he asked, rather suspiciously.

"Yes."

"And did you in the city, at the season ?"

"Yes, even then ; I could not give it up."

"Goldie, did you ever remember me in your prayers ?" he asks, with sudden feeling.

"Yes, often," she tells him ; "and oftener now."

"Then I will begin myself," he says, "and so far as the prayers of a man like me can avail, God will bless you for all you have ever done for me."

He has his arm about her waist, one of her hands fast locked in his. There is enough light even in the curtained recess to throw their shadows out against the snow and outline them at the window. There is a carriage coming past the window, it stops, there is a sound of feet in the hall, and Goldie's heart gives one convulsive throb. Laurie feels it leap against his arm; he feels the sharp, sudden thrill. He bows his head.

"Little cousin, I know I must give you up to one dearer than I. Only promise to be my friend, and give me one kiss yet, while they are your kisses, for 'auld lang syne.'"

"I am always your friend," she answers, "and no one will ever have a better right to my kisses than you, when I give them to you."

"I don't want you to deny it—I know it. Only one kiss, sweet!"

He snatches it as Mrs. Goldsboro' hurriedly draws aside the curtain. Goldie disengages herself, but Laurie feels the agonised throb again as she sees Caryl for the first time. But she extends her hand quietly.

Caryl shakes hands with her coolly; with Laurie, cordially; says that everything looks so natural and homelike, and that Goldie looks remarkably well, much better than if she had spent the winter in New York, and so turns away again.

* * * * *

Time goes on. Nothing new happens in the life at Glengoldy till one January night. Goldie remembers after how it all began. How she was standing at sunset looking out on the hills—those changeful, beautiful mountains that absorbed so much of her attention. It had snowed the night before, and at this sunset the eastern hills were exquisite, and the dim rare blue of that sky over them. The far faint hills seemed almost losing themselves, dissolving like a dream into that ethereal, faint sky, except for the line of sun-reflecting snow crowning their beautiful, faint sunny places and tender, dim glooms. The snow was in the gorges between the shadowy dimples of the fair slopes, and sometimes in a long dip of mountain stretched its faint white beauty far and wide. A little above the hill-tops lay a long line of curling clouds, white and foam-like, here and there piling up into exquisite masses, a nearer edge delicately outlined on the farther heap, and the rosy glow of the western sun upon the whole. Higher up, the blue clear sky—how better could it be painted?—

"A tender glow, exceeding fair,
A dream of day without its glare."

Lily was directing a letter, and Caryl stood waiting, hat in hand, ready to go to the post-office. Laurie was reading at the window, and Goldie, looking out on the hills, stood with one hand on his shoulder. She would never bate one breath of her familiar and cousinly ways because Caryl might misinterpret them. Laurie was the only person who really knew what it all meant; *he* knew not only that, and the exact extent of her liking for him, but also, better than she did herself, that she was showing her liking merely because Caryl was there. Laurie was in the secret which she had not disclosed to

another soul there, and Laurie meant steadfastly to share his knowledge with Caryl and give her up ; but it was very hard just now, when she was choosing him out to put aside Caryl, and share her walks and talks, and, with woman's perversity, throwing away what she longed for.

When Caryl came back from the post-office Lily was singing. She seldom sang ; but to-night with a sudden power and sweetness her voice came back to her, and gave beauty to her simple song :—

"Oh, silence ! Oh, darkness ! Oh, days that he came no more !
Days when the sunset crimsoned, nights when the clouds drew o'er ;
The sunset crimsoned the door-stone, shadows were never a one ;
The cloud swept over the starlight, and light for my life was none.

"My heart went wandering weary, asking the reason why :
For fear of tears has he sailed without word, to the cold, clear northern sky ?
Or is it trouble the sorest, has my love forgotten me ?
Has he found him a fairer sweetheart, for the fisher's home by the sea ?

"The silence was drear, the darkness shadowed my soul, my life !
Silence broken by thunder, dark by the flash of a knife !
Oh, silence ! Oh, darkness ! The silence of buried dead !
Oh, darkness of narrow grave, with grass at the foot and head !

"Yet, oh ! my love who loved me, while I mourn for thee long and sore,
At last will be music and glory : I long for them evermore ;
And, oh, darkness and silence ! when trouble doth sore beset me,
I remember he waits for me yonder — I know he will not forget me !"

The charm of the darkening room invested her song, the pathos of her voice thrilled them softly through and through. The souls of those listening went softly away into a land of dreams and echoes, and it was as if a mist had unfurled and floated away and a charm been broken when she stopped.

She stopped, and the light faded out of her eyes. "I am so tired," she said ; "Goldie, let's go up stairs, I have so many things to tell you," she added, as they left the room. "I have something in particular to say."

Yet I think her courage failed her at sight of the appealing face of her sister ; Goldie's passionate pain and clinging love would be too much for her. She was ready to drift away beyond the shadow herself ; but to tell Goldie that she was going, and see her stretch out imploring arms after her, were too much.

She lay down to rest, and only said, as Goldie knelt by her bed, playing with the curly hair, "Tell Uncle Caryl he must tell you all he told me. Ask him to-night."

So when Lily slept, Goldie lingeringly left her, and coming down, found Caryl alone.

She wanted to ask him, yet feared it. She had tried before to discover what her uncles thought of Lily's illness ; but they were so evidently, cruelly smooth in talking to her of her only sister ! "Uncle Caryl," she said, "what have you told Lily ? Have you promised to make her well ? Was that what you came home for ?"

Caryl was startled. He wished that this duty had fallen elsewhere ; he could not but think that it was Laurie's part, since he was evi-

dently betrothed to her. "Goldie," he said, "I am afraid that I came for Lily — too late!"

He saw the doubtful, startled look leap to her eyes, and could not bear it. He opened the door abruptly, and left the room in search of Laurie. He met him in the hall, and stopped him. "Laurie," he said, "there is a very hard thing to do. Lily can never — she is in the shadow of death now. You, as Goldie's nearest and dearest, should break it to her. Tell her all has been done that can be, and comfort her. Stand by her, Laurie; you must be her support now, if ever."

Laurie had grown pale, his eyes were full of sudden tears of regret for the fair, dying cousin asleep upstairs. But he knew the truth must be told now. "Dr. Erle," he said, "I cannot comfort Goldie. She never had but one ruler, she never cared for praise or censure, comfort or anger, from any one but you."

"And *you*, Laurie."

"I? I love her, I have loved her long and dearly; I love her better, oh! far better than myself; and therefore I tell you that Goldie cares for you only. Go to her like a man and give her the only comfort the world has ever denied her, the only comfort she wants. Yes, I know her better than you do. I love her dearly as I say," — his face was white and full of contending passions, — "and therefore I would make her happy. Go to her."

Swept back, momentarily impressed with conviction by the earnestness of the boy's own conviction, Dr. Erle went back to Goldie.

She was sitting by the lamp, her hands clasped on her knees, her head bowed in a reverie. An empty envelope lay on her knee, with Lily's name on it, in Charlie Burke's hand.

She looked up, suddenly, for he took the envelope in his hand. She half rose. He dropped it; took both her hands in his, and to the startled, wondering face, told the old, old story of love.

No one came into the library again, for Laurie was having a long talk with his uncle, and preparing the way for Caryl; and the sweet old story was told through, and the sweet new life was begun. The blessed rest had fallen, now that Goldie had become patient in trial; and the sweet, sudden, gracious giving was wonderfully and strangely rich.

* * * * *

Next day, Laurie rode swiftly down Glengoldy's park to telegraph for Charlie Burke, to carry a letter and a message to Belle Travers.

* * * * *

Charlie came late that night, travel-stained and weary; he went straight to Lily's room, and the others left them alone.

"I never knew she loved him," said Goldie to Dr. Erle, sitting hand-in-hand with him on the deep window-seat. She has given herself up to Caryl's control again like a child, and the tender, masterful expression has come back to his face. She comes out from that sick room to him with anguish in her eyes, and with trembling lips; the suffering is too great. And he comforts her, he helps her to endure, he lets her give way a little to her tears and sobs, and then he soothes her and sends her back, like a rested child whom its mother has kissed and comforted.

Who, of all the old gay set knowing her in Paris and Rome, or in the first beauty of her season in New York, would recognise Lily Ashe in the pale, wasted figure, lying long and slender on the bed? Who would know the sweet beauty in the patient suffering face? Ah! little frivolous life, all its sweetness and glory and beauty have been drawn into the last few weeks and months of it, to adorn her for the burial. She is grown "perfect through suffering."

Lily has written to Belle Travers. She began to tell her all the story, eked it half out with pauses and little silences that told much, and has not strength to finish it. Yet her heart yearns over Belle. She loved her in the old days when they were so much together, and she wants to see Guy's sister and tell her of a little constant love she has borne her, even when they only talked fashions together. She wants Belle to know all and forgive all, and kiss her before she passes away and out into the great unknown. So she sends the half finished letter. If she never finishes the story, Goldie will, or Charlie, her true and tender brother. Laurie carried the letter to tell Belle how Lily lay dying.

The tears and sobs that Belle gives way to, with the sympathy of youth for another so young and fair, opens Laurie's heart to her. He is very sorrowful himself. He has lost Goldie; he is to lose a kindly, teasing, pretty little cousin more irrevocably still — Belle, in her deep mourning for Guy and her sorrow for Lily, comes home to his heart. One of these days — oh, prophet, we thank thee for telling it to us! — Belle will find one to be dearer and nearer than even the handsome brother so miserably dead, and Laurie will not grieve for Goldie always.

In Glengoldy, the brothers Goldsboro' have been sitting and talking together long. Now the minister has gone to his niece, and his brother Philip sits, mournful and desolate, alone. Mrs. Philip Goldsboro' glances into the room from that beyond to where he sits; she wonders if she should go to him. The old man seems desolate. Her duty is to go to him. Yet oh, how can he sorrow as she does? She has been wrapped up in the child from the time when she first saw the golden flossy curls and blue eyes, and now she must let go her darling. The old bitter cry comes to her also, "Was ever sorrow like unto my sorrow?"

Yet this husband of hers, he has faults. He wearies her at times, and is at times selfishly absorbed in his own feelings and plans; yet he loved her dearly. She knows her very presence could comfort him, even now; she rises, still young and beautiful Mrs. Philip Goldsboro', nine-and-thirty years of age. She conquers her reluctance, goes to her husband, and putting her arm around his shoulder, draws his head, the gray head of a man fifty-and-five years old, upon her shoulder. The tender caress and comfort of the beautiful wife take all bitterness from him, even now. She sees it. She knows she suffers most, yet she knows that his man's selfishness will never find it out. With a woman's unselfishness, she resolves in this hour of grief to love and comfort him forevermore.

Lily Ashe, our beauty, is dead.

Yield her, oh, clasping arms ! our Father has gently taken her into his own.

Lift the coffin-lid. Say, all who listen, what makes anything lovely in this ? What gives the peace and beauty to her smile ? What only avails ? What redeems this from the bare and ugly fact of death ? This only, that her soul is forgiven and saved, and gone "happy and pure to God."

A page in two lives is turned. One sees how bright the stars are when the night-cloud is swept aside. The new leaf is written with "Faith."

And for the other is written in letters of gold — "Peace."

And God keeps them both.

STOCKS.

NO one who has not witnessed the storm of excitement which periodically sweeps over San Francisco during a mining stock rise or depression, can form any adequate idea of its intensity. California street from Montgomery to Sansome, seems a perfect sea of confusion. The mining stock exchange is situated about half-way of the block, and within its walls a scene which can only be compared with Babel is enacted from two to four hours daily. The rapid call of the caller, the shouts and screams of the buyers, the hurrying to and fro of clerks and messengers, the intense excitement of the spectators, the varied emotions depicted on their faces as they see or hear the sales which have plunged them in ruin or given them fortunes, are wonderful to witness. The brokers then are in their glory. Their percentage, when they have any business, amounts to large sums ; but there is an amount of mental and physical excitement about their business which almost unnerves them when the stock market is in a feverish state for any length of time. Men have been known to drop in their seats perfectly overcome, and there have been frequent cases of prolonged illness caused by their labors. During the greatest excitement immense fortunes are made or lost in a few hours ; though it takes time, pains and labor to prepare for the struggle. Men combine to force certain stocks up or down at times, taking days of careful study to perfect their plans, and pursuing certain systems of buying and selling. They work so secretly that

apparently no one knows or suspects the persons who are most actively engaged ; but when the plan is once prepared, and the plot ripe, it bursts upon the city as startlingly as one of its severest earthquakes, and thrills and throbs all over the State. Then men see their fortunes crumble, their hopes blasted ; pallor settles upon their faces and despair in their hearts, and the seething mass of human forms which congregate about the stock-board bear in their faces unmistakable evidences of ruin. Some look hopeless, crushed ; some defiant, and ready to spring anew to the struggle ; for it is a struggle of the utmost desperation, a struggle almost of life and death to some. Sometimes, however, others see the first indications of a movement in certain stocks ; they see the drifting of it into certain silent channels without apparent cause, and they just as quietly watch and work to counteract the movement or render it unavailing. The same secrecy, the same caution, the same painstaking planning, go on side by side ; the bulls and bears are at work ; the same forecast is displayed, the same amount of brains is used — and it requires great financial ability to work these plans — and at the very moment when everything seems ready for a giant outburst, it only swells out a gigantic bubble, bursts, and the whole scheme fails, perhaps with the ruin of its contrivers. A capacity that would have placed its possessors at the very head of a world's financiers, has often been exhibited in these more than questionable encounters ; and though generally the defeated are forced to accept the situation, yet bitter animosities are often engendered, which are carried into other walks of life, and have ended in the bitterest and most unrelenting enmities. The brokers themselves are not very often the planners of these immense schemes, though some of them do engage in them ; and public opinion generally places the odium on the most active visible participants. If the ill effects of this state of affairs fell upon those who were absolutely engaged in the stock operations, the result would not meet with much sympathy ; but the mining-stock mania has spread its infection to every city, village, and hamlet in the State, and the principal sufferers are among those of small means, who have been inveigled into the plans of others by their tendency to excitement, or by the artful allurements of those that are interested.

At the time of these excitements it is not only the stock that causes the excitement that rises in value or is depressed, but all stocks feel the impulse. Any "wild cat" that may be thrown upon the market is greedily swallowed, and being procurable at low prices, is more generally "dabbled in" by the poorer classes. This gives an opportunity for a class of sharpers whose only brains are cunning and heartlessness, to ply their trade and catch the dupes. As with gambling, no age, condition, or sex is free from the infatuation stock speculation produces when engaged in to any extent. The business man and merchant invests his surplus, then his capital, then his credit. Before the hope of speedy enrichment, the principles of a life-time have been thrown to the winds, the miser's grasp has been relaxed, and the scruples of conscience dissipated in a moment. An instance occurring in the experience of a clergyman of San Francisco will illustrate the influence the mining fever has at times upon the poorer classes.

' Mrs. Spring was an Englishwoman, a widow, and a washerwoman. Her family consisted of herself and a son, who, growing up without much restraint, was a heavy tax upon his mother's patience and her purse; but by dint of industry and saving small sums which she had deposited in her rector's hands, she had accumulated the sum of one hundred and twelve dollars. In the spring of the year 1872 one of the wildest excitements ever known in the mining-stock market of California swept over the whole Pacific slope. Many months before, some of the largest mines in Nevada had been found on fire. The flames had spread with terrible rapidity; there was a fearful loss of human life, and all work in the mines had been suddenly terminated by the necessity of erecting new works and strengthening the protections for the miners. The fire had occurred just at the moment when the mines in which it proved most devastating were beginning to pay good dividends, and the small holders were very anxious to retain their shares; but the assessments made necessary for repairing were enormous. The price of shares steadily fell; the assessments required a fortune to keep them up, and the stock, or enough of it at least to control the mines, gradually came into the possession of a few. It was then announced that the work was completed, and large dividends were declared—then larger—then larger, until the stock rose in a few weeks from five dollars to hundreds, then more rapidly, until it sold for two thousand. The people—holders and non-holders—became perfectly wild. The shares in the stock were increased in order to decrease the price; but it mattered not whether a share was a foot or the hundredth part of a foot, people took but little pains to inquire. That which was offered was a share in the Crown Point, or the Kentuck, or the Yellow Jacket, or Hale and Norcross—a share of stock. If they could not purchase a foot, why, the hundredth part of a foot was declared a share; and so those who wished, could get a share. The influence extended from the large and rich mines to others. Some that existed only on paper rose to fabulous prices; and it is very doubtful whether, if all the mines in Nevada had been converted into the silver and gold they really contained, they would have yielded as much as was demanded for them. Into the wild speculative mania all classes plunged boldly. The merchant and the common sailor, the millionaire and the rag-picker, the mistress of the richest houses in the city and her scullion, were alike aroused and fired with the tales of sudden wealth that had flowed upon the lucky investors.

Among the rest Mrs. Spring felt the sudden dawn of a new-born desire for speedier gains than her lowly occupation allowed. Going to her rector, she drew from him the sum he held in her name. He thought it was for her son, and after a few ineffectual attempts to urge her to save her money for a rainy day, he saw her depart with a very radiant look for a woman who was about giving her all to a worthless, idle scamp of a son. A week or ten days passed by, and the rector's study was invaded by the weeping Mrs. Spring. "Oh! Doctor, Doctor!" she exclaimed as she entered, "it's all gone—all gone!—and whatever shall I do?"

"Sit down, my good woman, and tell me what is the matter," ex-

claimed the astonished minister. It was a long time before he could elicit anything from his disconsolate guest, but finally he learned enough through the sobs and tears to know that she had bought six shares of "Golden Chariot," for seventeen dollars a share — and it had fallen in price.

"But what did you do with the other ten dollars? You saved that, did you not?" he inquired.

"Oh! Doctor," exclaimed the weeping woman, "I thought I was going to get rich right away; and I didn't want but a few thousand dollars either. There's so many who have made piles and piles of money — poor women like myself — just by buying stock, and now to think — boo — hoo — hoo — it's all — all gone! Whatever have I done to be singled out to be treated so? — boo — hoo — boo — hoo! I'm sure I'm an honest, hard-workin' woman as anybody — and — and when I bought the stock, I thought how good it would be to have a nice — nice — boohoo — boo — hoo — dinner for my friends — and now to think it's all gone! all gone! Whatever shall I do?" and Mrs. Spring was the picture of desolate poverty.

The Doctor could scarcely repress a smile, though he sympathised deeply with the poor woman's distress and loss. "Well, well! What is the price of the stock now?" at length he questioned.

The widow drew the *Daily Chronicle* from her pocket, saying, "Why, Doctor, when I bought the — the — the — sto — sto — sto — stock, I thought I'd take a paper — a newspaper, so I could watch the prices — and when it got up — could sell — but it didn't go up — at all — and me and Mrs. Sprigg — that would have bought, but hadn't a red cent to her name — always looked too."

"What has it gone down to?"

She unfolded the paper very carefully — it was that morning's paper — ran her finger down the list of stocks, and burst anew into tears as she pointed — "G. Chariot, 14 bid."

"Well, my good woman, you have lost only eighteen dollars on the stock — twenty-eight dollars on the whole amount. Why don't you sell it now, and save your eighty-four dollars?"

"I thought of that, but Mrs. Sprigg says that wouldn't be any speculation: I must wait for a rise."

"But it may go lower. Now you may save something: why not do it?"

This seemed a new idea, and after some deliberation her tears cleared away, and she started to put it into execution.

Another ten days passed by, and on the morning of the tenth Mrs. Spring again made her appearance very early in the rector's study. Mrs. Spring was generally neat in her personal appearance and habits, but this morning a very evident change had taken place. Her dress gave evidence of having been hastily put on, her bonnet was all awry, her eyes bloated and blood-shot with weeping, as she with *Chronicle* in hand entered. "Oh, Doctor, if I'd only taken your advice, but the very next day it went up half a dollar, and I was sure it would go up more, and so was Mrs. Sprigg, and she ought to know, for her husband once bought some stocks — she says so — but now see, see" — pointing to the list.

The Doctor took the paper — “G. Chariot 8.” He again advised her to sell, and save the forty-eight dollars which yet remained. He pointed out to her the continued excitement she was undergoing, the bad effect it had already produced on her generally neat habits, and then added. “And worse than all, Mrs. Spring, these excitements unfit you for your duties. Now you have had that stock about three weeks, and I will guarantee that you have allowed all your home duties to stand still. You have not attended to your boy, trying to make home pleasant to him when he can be there; and I feel pretty certain you have not been able to do much work — an addition to your other losses. Excitements have a bad effect on the best regulated minds.”

“You may well say that,” she replied. “I haven’t done anything for a watching of them figgers; I don’t see my boy sometimes all day or evening. I read and read them lines a dozen times a day for fear I’ve made a mistake and forgotten or mixed ’em up. I can’t work. Whatever — whatever — oh! oh! I’d rather it was all gone at once, and then I’d have some peace of my life!”

“Go and sell then at eight dollars. You will have forty-eight dollars: consider it clear profit, and begin with that capital: it will be a good deal more than you had when you began to save before.”

The thought seemed to tickle Mrs. Spring greatly. She rose, adjusted her bonnet and dress before a glass in the study, and laughing a half-hysterical laugh, sallied forth, saying: “I’ll do as you say, Doctor; I won’t be fooling any more. I won’t, that I’m determined on,” and she stamped her foot with very decided emphasis.

“Don’t neglect. This will teach you a lesson and do you good,” were the last words she heard as the door closed.

Mrs. Spring walked very fast, and with an air and expression of great determination, for a block or two. She then began to walk more and more slowly; at length she stopped. “Teach *me* a lesson!” she exclaimed, as she did so — “teach *me* a lesson! — and do *me* good!” — and a smile of triumph broke over her broad, good-humored face. “What does he, a minister, know about stocks?” The smile broadened and deepened as, with a toss of her head, she took out her stock certificates, folded them up with a very fond look towards each, put them back in the book she carried for that purpose for fear they might get rumpled, and — turned her steps in another direction.

The next Sunday the minister missed Mrs. Spring from church — a very unusual thing. Her quaint-looking bonnet, big striped shawl, and quick motion during the services had never been absent before. Another Sunday, and again her place was vacant. The next day the Doctor met the son in the street. “What is the matter with your mother?” he inquired.

“Mother’s sick,” and the boy hurried on.

The Doctor directed his steps to the house. Mrs. Spring was sick and in bed, said the neighbor who opened the door. It was not Mrs. Sprigg. As he entered her room she turned away with a weary heart-subdued look, while a faint flush suffused her face; but summoning up her courage, she greeted him with a faint, wan smile. “Oh, Doctor,”

she said, before he had time to say anything but "How are you, Mrs. Spring?"—"Oh, Doctor! it's gone down to four dollars, and all my hard earnings gone. And they say it's a kind of gambling, anyhow. Oh, dear, that a woman of my age, that never did nothing to be ashamed of before—and a member of the church—should take up with such things at my time of life, too!—dear me! dear me! whatever shall I do?" The poor woman seemed heartbroken, and was convulsed with sobs.

"Now, my dear woman," began the Doctor; but she interrupted him with, "Oh, it's all of that nasty—oh, dear! oh, dear!—that woman Mrs. Sprigg. She got me to do it; and I know it was only because she envied me my hundred and twelve dollars. She said if she had it she'd know what to do with it and become rich, and I, like a fool, did it, and it's all gone! But didn't I give her a piece of my mind! She enticed me; she didn't like to think I had a hundred and twelve dollars and she hadn't nothing, and it's all gone, all gone!"

"Now, Mrs. Spring, listen to me. Let me talk with you a moment, and you may feel better, if you are reasonable. No doubt this unfortunate business has made you sick as well as caused you to lose a friend; and like all of us, you find repentance comes when the evil consequences begin to be felt. But I really do not think you committed any sin, except a waste of money, when you bought that stock."

"Don't you, Doctor?" rousing herself up a little.

"No. The money was yours: you had a right to do with it as you pleased; you could have bought any worthless thing with it you pleased. The evil was in something else—covetousness, which the Apostle calls idolatry; it caused you to 'make haste to be rich.' You were not contented with God's will, and to gain what He sent in the way of your daily avocation: the snare wiser heads than yours fall into—and it brings the same cares and troubles and vexations. Now, give me the stock; I will have it sold for you, and you will soon recover from all this foolish business. But, mind, I did not come to upbraid you, or to blame you for buying this paper. I knew it would work its own cure. I came to see you as a sick member of my congregation; but as you have alluded to it, I now offer to get your stock sold. Lose what you must, and begin anew."

The sick woman raised her hands to her pillow, and taking a small book from under it, turned over the leaves and took several oblong pieces of paper, on which the words "Golden Chariot" were printed in large capitals. She counted them one by one, read one of them over word by word very carefully, and handed the strips of paper towards the minister with a deep sigh.

He advanced to take it, and as he stretched out his hand to do so, the poor woman burst into tears, hurriedly drew them back, and putting them in the book again, closed it, and thrusting it in her bosom, exclaimed, "Oh, Doctor, suppose it was to go up?"

B. R.

A LAST RENDEZVOUS.

STARS in the heavens everywhere ;
Stars that tremble and wink and glow ;
Stars that start back with a broken glare
From the earth's clear shield of snow.

Over the cloudy hill-top, stars ;
Stars where the moon strays idly by ;
Stars where the twilight's dusky bars
Guard fast the western sky.

Ah, strange old dream of seer and sage !
In which of those gleaming orbs up yonder
Lurk the dark lines of the mystic page
That holds my fate, I wonder ?

Truly I know my life has not been
All perhaps that the Master meant,
When into this world of woe and sin
This special soul he sent.

The tares I have sowed in the harvest-field
Have somewhat choked the wheat, I fear,
And strange flowers bloom but half-concealed
By the wayside everywhere :

Flowers of many a deadly tree,
Whereof, I ween, nor in bud nor in blossom
Fills any mower his hand, nor he
That binds the sheaves his bosom.

And now to-night as I stand and wait
Here in the shade of the old church-tower,
What strange shadow of what strange fate
Haunts the dim twilight hour ?

Silence and peace on all around,
Not one echo the gloom to stir
Where, by the snow-clad burying-ground,
I pause and wait for her.

Poor Christine ! How often before
We have met and parted in the same spot !
Is it wise, I wonder, that now once more
Before it is all forgot,

We two should stand under Heaven's wide cope
And breathe love's vow and pray love's prayer,
Ere one go away to a golden hope,
And one to a dull despair?

How well I can see the face that will shine
Presently out from the close red hood!
The clear pure eyes that will answer mine —
So easily understood!

Yes, there are no deep thoughts, poor child,
Harassing, troubling, wearying you;
Brief wisdom yours, all unbeguiled —
You just love and are true.

And I, the man doubt-driven, tossed
From wave to wave as each false light lures,
'Twas a strange, sad fate, Christine, that crossed
My life's dark line with yours!

And yet, God knows, I thought till now
I could love you, child! Oh, how could I tell
That the old lost love, the old, old vow,
Whose final funeral knell

I thought had been rung by an iron fate
Years and years and centuries past,
Would yet unbar Hope's golden gate,
And crown my life at last!

But now her letter! I have it here.
How well my heart knows every word
That bids it fly past doubt and fear
Home like a wounded bird!

Almost the hour! She lingers late.
Has she forgotten? How goes the song
La donna è mobile? — but wait —
I will not do her wrong.

No; she will come, and we shall stand
Here once more as the moon sinks low,
Face to face and hand in hand,
Just once before I go.

Will she forgive me, my poor Christine?
Will she understand and say good-bye
In her own brave way, with the glance serene
That suits that calm blue eye?

Well, I shall know in a moment now,
For yonder's the click of the old lych-gate:
Why, child, it is after nine, I vow,
How long you have made me wait!

BARTON GREY.

WITCHCRAFT IN EARLY MARYLAND.

THAT a bishop of the Church of England should be found, scarcely three hundred years ago, uttering in a sermon before the Queen such words as these, is strange:—"It may please your Grace to understand that witches and sorcerers within these four last years are marvellously increased in your Grace's realm. Your Grace's subjects pine away even unto death, their colour fadeth, their flesh rotteth, their speech is benumbed, their senses are bereft. I pray God they never practise further than upon the subject." Stranger still, and revolting in the extreme, that men and women have been directly and personally accused of producing similar enchantments upon others, and have suffered for that ridiculous and unfounded accusation, death in its most horrible forms. Our own country has not been free from this disreputable persecution of persons who were often deluded into the singular belief that they were themselves what others persecuted them for—witches.

Maryland, it seems, has not had authoritatively recorded against her a single execution for alleged witchcraft; and she, too, was a commonwealth while the Salem witch-mania was in existence, and men and women were paying the penalty of their lives for the hallucinations of a deluded community. The first settlers of America brought with them from Europe a belief in the existence of witches. Between 1648 and 1655, six or eight alleged witches were executed in the Colonies. In 1688 an old half-witted Irishwoman was executed in Massachusetts as a witch. The mania broke out in all its fury in that colony in 1692. The pulpit, the bench, and the college were represented among the believers of this delusion. In one year nineteen people were hanged, and one pressed to death, on the charge of witchcraft; one hundred and fifty more were in prison, waiting to be tried; two hundred more were accused, while a large number suspected of witchcraft had fled the country. The ridiculous evidence upon which individuals were executed during the Salem witchcraft

mania, and patent inability of the accused to refute the charges made against them; strike one with surprise and awe. The learned of Europe actually were generally believers in this superstition down to the close of the seventeenth century.

While other colonies were persecuting supposed practisers of the art of witchcraft, Maryland appears to have called to judicial account one who was in a measure forced by his superstitious sailors to permit the execution of an alleged witch upon his vessel on the high seas. Farther yet did her enlightened settlers go. They held the calling of one a witch to be the subject of judicial investigation, and a suit is recorded in her court proceedings where an action for slander had been instituted against one man for calling another man's wife a witch. For these trials we are indebted to two "quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore" of rare date, preserved among the archives of Maryland. These contain the odds and ends of court proceedings in the province, transacted at the assizes held at St. Marie's, the time of which, with some of the records, runs as far back as 1637 — but three years after the settlement of the colony. These volumes are pronounced the exact transcript of older books which are mouldering with their weight of years in the Land Office at Annapolis. In many instances the records are incomplete, but there is enough remaining to give an insight into the quaint proceedings of those curious times.

In one of these volumes are found the depositions of two witnesses, which throw some light upon the hanging of an alleged witch in the good ship *Charity*. The records make no distinct mention of the trial of any one for perpetrating this outrage; but, by inference, it appears an inquiry was made into the conduct upon that occasion of the master of the vessel, John Bosworth. The depositions of these two witnesses, Messrs. Henry Corbyne and Francis Darby, are all that is given, and there is no judgment recorded. The records, capitalisation and orthography theirs, say:

"The Deposition of Mr. Henry Corbyne of London, Merchant, aged about 25 yeares, Sworne and Examined in the Province of Maryland, before the Governour and Councell there, (whose Names are hereunto subscribed,) the 23th day of June, Anno Domini 1654, saith:—

"That, at Sea, upon his, this Deponent's, Voyage hither in the Ship called the *Charity* of London, Mr. John Bosworth being Master, and about a fortnight or three weeks before the said Ship's arrivall in this Province of Maryland, or before A Rumour amongst the seamen was very frequent that one Mary Lee, then aboard the said ship, was a witch, the said seamen confidently affirming the same upon her own deportment and discourse, and then more earnestly than before, Importuned the said Master, *that a tryall might be had of her*, which he, the said Master, Mr. Bosworth, refused, but resolved, (as he expressed,) to put her ashore upon the Barmudoes, but Cross Winds prevented, and the Ship grew daily more Leaky, almost to desparation, and the Chiefe Seamen often declared their Resolution of Leaving her, if an opportunity offered it self, which aforesaid Reasons put the the Master upon a Consultation with Mr. Chipsham and this Depo-
nent, and it was thought fitt, considering our said Condition, to Satisfie

the Seamen, *in a way of trying her according to the Usuall Custome in that kind, whether she were a witch or not*, and endeavored, by way of delay, to have the Commanders of other ships aboard ; but stormy weather prevented. In the interime two of the seamen apprehended her without Order, and searched her, and found Some Signall or Marke of a witch upon her, and then calling the Master, Mr. Chips-ham, and this deponent, with others to see it, afterwards made her fast to the capstall betwixt decks, and in the morning, the Signall was shrunk into her body for the Most part. And an examination was thereupon importuned by the seaman, which this deponent was desired to take. Whereupon she confessed, as by her Confession appeareth ; and upon that, the Seamen Importuned the Said Master to put to Death, (which as it seemed he was unwilling to do,) and went into his Cabbinn, but being more vehemently pressed to it, he tould them they might do what they would, and went into the Cabbinn, and some time before they were about that action, he desired the deponent to acquaint them that they should doo no more, then what they Should Justifie, which they said they would doo by laying all their hands in general to the Execution of her. All which herein before expressed, or the same in effect, this Deponent averreth upon his oath to be true, and further sayeth not.

HENRY CORBYNE.

Sworne before us the day and Year above Written.

WM. STONE,
THOS. HUTTON,
JOB CHANDLER.

The same day, and before the same, Francis Darby, Esq., made his deposition that "upon the Same day, that one Mary Lee was put to Death aboard the Said Ship as a Witch, he, the said Mr. Bosworth, seeing him, this deponent, backward to assist in the examination of her, asked this Deponent why ; and tould him he was preplexed about the business, seeing he did not know how he might doo it by the Law of England. Afterwards this deponent . . . heard the same Mr. Bosworth give order that nothing should be done concerning the said Mary Lee, without speaking first with him, and after she was put to death or Executed, to the best of this Deponent's remembrance, he said he knew nothing of it, And this Deponent saith, that they were in an adjoining room when they treated about the business, as this deponent could not perceive anything either by Word or Deed whereby he gave order for her execution, or putting to Death, as after this, he commanded that they should do nothing without his order, and alsoon after the Execution, expressed he knew not of it, for that this Deponent hearing those words, ('she is dead') ran out, and asked, 'Who was dead?' and it was replied, 'the witch.' Then this Deponent entered the next room, and said, 'they have hanged her,' and then the said Bosworth, the captain, as it were speaking with trouble in his voyce, replied he knew not of it. All which hereinbefore expressed or the same in effect, the Deponent averreth on his oath to be true and further sayeth not."

The Court's judgment is not recorded.

"At the Court holden for the Province of Md., the 6th day of Oct., 1654," the following proceedings were had, by which will be seen calling one a witch in those days was not to be tolerated :

"Barko Herringe, aged forty yeares or thereabouts, sworne, saith, that Peter Godson and Richard Manship meeting in your Settlers' plantation, Richard Manship asked the Said Peter Godson whether he would prove his wife a Witch. Peter replied, 'take notice what I say ; I came to your house, where your wife layed two straws, and the woman, in a Jestling way, said, 'they say I am a witch ; if I am a witch, they say I have not power to skip over these two straws,' and bid the same Peter Godson to skip over them. About a day after, the said Peter Godson said he was Lame, and therefore would maintain his wife to be a witch !

BARKO HERRINGE.

"John Killey, aged twenty-five yeares or thereabouts, sworne, saith, that at the house of Philip Hide, Richard Manship said to Peter Godson, 'you said you would prove my wife a Witch.' Peter Godson answered, '*Gentlemen, TAKE NOTICE, I say I will prove her a witch, become witness you that stand by.*'

JOHN KILLEY.

"Margaret Herringe, aged twenty-three, or thereabouts (bad custos for the ladies), sworne, saith, that Richard Manship asked Peter Godson if he would prove his wife a Witch, and *Peter desired them that were present to take notice that he said, 'Your wife took four straws, and said in the name of Jesus, Come over these straws, and upon this your wife is a witch, and I will prove her one.'*"

After this witness the following entry of the amicable settlement of the action is made, the superstitious yet cautious Peter showing either a forgiving spirit or a wholesome fear of the law:—"Whereas, Peter Godson and his wife had defamed Richard Manship's wife, in saying, She was a witch, and uttered other slanderous speeches against her, which was composed and delivered by the plaintiff and defendant, before Mr. Richard Preston, soo as Peter Godson should pay charges of warrant and subpœnas in these actions, which Richard Manship desired may be manifested in Court that the said Peter Godson and his wife have acknowledged themselves sorry for their speeches, and pay charges."

The nearest approach to an execution on the charge of witchcraft, as far as we have been enabled to learn, was reached in Maryland in 1674. The author of the work to which we are indebted for the following extract, *The Annals of Annapolis*, was Mr. David Ridgely, State Librarian of Maryland for a number of years. He expressed the hope and belief that it was "the only judicial transaction of its kind to be found upon" the pages of the journals of the body from whence it was taken. It reads:—

"UPPER HOUSE, Feb. 17, 1674.

"Came into this House a petition of the Lower House, as followeth, viz :

"To the honorable Charles Calvert, Esq., Lieutenant General and Chief Judge of the Provincial Court of the Right Honorable the Lord Proprietary :

"The humble petition of the Deputies and Delegates of the Lower House of Assembly,

"Humbly sheweth to your excellency,

"That, whereas, John Cowman, being arraigned, convicted and condemned upon the statute of the first of King James of England, &c., for witchcraft, conjuration, sorcery or enchantment used upon the body of Elizabeth Goodall, and now lying under that condemnation, and hath humbly implored and beseeched us, your lordship's petitioners, to mediate and intercede in his behalf with your excellency for a reprieve and stay of execution.

"Your Excellencie's petitioners do therefore, accordingly, in all humble manner, beseech your Excellency that the rigour and severity of the law to which the said condemned malefactor hath miserably exposed himself, may be remitted and relaxed by the exercise of your Excellency's mercy and clemencie *upon so wretched and miserable an object*. And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray, &c."

The Governor acceded to the humane request with a singular provision. The proceedings of the same date in the Upper House give the following action:—"The Lieutenant-general hath considered of the petition here above, and is willing upon the request of the Lower House, that the condemned malefactor be reprieved and execution stayed, *provided that the Sheriff of St. Marie's county carry him to the gallows, and that the rope being about his neck*, it be there made known to him how much he is beholding to the Lower House of Assemblée, for mediating and interceding in his behalf with the lieutenant-general, and that he remain at the city of St. Maries to be employed in such service as the governor and council shall think fitt during the pleasure of the Governor."

E. S. RILEY, JR.

BÉRANGER.

Mes chansons, c'est moi.—BERANGER.

TOWARD the middle of January, 1833, in the sweet seclusion of Passy, sat an old man in a great arm-chair, chatting of the reminiscences of his youth, using a simple eloquence as he wrote that charmed all hearts, scattering wisdom and wit among his god-children, looking with such tender eyes on human folly, regarding with such amiable indulgence the peccadilloes of men, prattling like a child and a philosopher of a past that had been to him at once beautiful and sorrowful. It was a pleasant sight: Passy with its stately souvenirs of Franklin and Count Rumford, its ample his-

torical gardens, its serenity after the great *accouchement* of July ; the old philosopher in the chair, with a face revered by all France, with a head that had grown into a noble spectacle of silvery and reverend hair, with eyes reverted, dim with the dew of those morning reminiscences. It was a preface that he seemed to be writing — a preface that was to be an adieu. It did not begin gaily like the other prefaces. There was all the solemnity of a farewell in the deep gratitude which it began by testifying to the audience that had received the author so benevolently for more than twenty years. There was no gay allusion here as formerly to the threat to resolve in three volumes, octavo, the question why booksellers insisted on prefaces and why readers insisted on skipping them ; no witty glance at the embarrassments of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* in his efforts to compliment the charming marchioness as in 1815 ; no sly irony on the scholars that ransacked their brains to derive the words *flon-flon* and *tourdourihô* from the Greek and Hebrew. There was a soft reverie, a tender musing while the fires burned again along the lines of remembered youth, an evident effort to overcome emotion at the thought of the patriotic sentiment, the constancy, the disinterested devotion that had been shown him through so many trials. Amid the graceful explanations of the birth and period of his earlier productions there rose before the old man's eye the wistful face of the great Napoleon, the noblest object of his songs, the idolised epic that is written on every Frenchman's heart ; then the Cent-Jours, then the Bourbons, then the Citizen-King and the whole host of glorious memories that like Levitical priests blow their silver trumpets around the central figure of the first Buonaparte, all jotted down with nimbleness, gently or indignantly according as the sensitive and impressionable nature of the writer had recorded. It was strange how eloquent the fingers grew as they touched these vitalised reminiscences, how the eye sparkled with interior light, how the lines flew eager and breathless along the page like winged seed burning to find a lodgment, how the thought glowed long after it was written with a beauty and a steadiness that cling to it to-day. It was an old man taking leave of his people, a benefactor blessing the thousands that he had helped and loved, a father kissing his many children and calling down upon them the riches of a benignant Providence. It was Béranger taking leave of his songs. It was the *Chansons Nouvelles et Dernières* that he was prefacing, a prelude that was rich with the music of one of the most harmonious natures that had visited France. The world listened and wondered as the old man went on, telling with delicate grace and truth the story of a long and eventful life in language that was simply inimitable for artlessness and force. To some the benignant wisdom, the light-hearted philosophy of the Franklin of the widow of Helvétius was suggested, to others a Homeric simplicity and loftiness in the genius that had made a philosophic ballad of a drinking-song and wedded it to perpetual youth — Hebe to Hercules. In all there was the sense of an irreparable loss in this preface, for it contained a renunciation, and a renunciation that was final. It seems odd that one man can do the world so much harm by withdrawing from it his help, his genial and

gentle mirth, his word of cheer, his hand in the darkness, his indignant tears, his passionate remonstrances. It would seem such a man's mission to continually gainsay spiritual darkness in high places ; to throw up barricades against wrong in all the moral highways ; to march like Cæsar at the head of spiritual armies ; to die like the Roman monarch on his feet when his time had come. But a great and good thing had already been done in the life of this man : strong and sweet and sunny had been his warfare, although his philosophy was an indolent one, and indolence was his favorite vice. His weapon was a laugh, a song, a sword that was thrust home in a gay refrain, the teasing persistence of a chorus that returned and returned until it had acquired a victorious force and its moral purpose was done. It was the pæan, perhaps, even more than the phalanx that wrought such wonders for Alexander. The sunbeam is the most effective of the arms of nature. It is this sweet presence that is the familiar spirit at the fireside of this valedictory preface. As the recollections one by one were marshalled up from the past, and one by one dismissed with a blessing or a tear, it is as if the sun shone upon the glinting helms of a host assembled for the good and glory of mankind. There is nothing shameful among them, nothing that quails or hides its head ; and the old man smiles as he cuts his pen and sends it quivering through some proud story of independence or poverty snatched from oblivion and made luminous on the page of history. There is no manipulating, no artful adjustment by which the perspective is made more grandiose than the reality : it is the artless talk of a great man seen through the lens of the most crystalline of tongues, with no reservations, no *confiteors* to be added in an ugly appendix at the end of a life-history. Perhaps this is the pleasantest song he ever wrote — this last chat with his readers, in its crystal honesty, this high and holy spectacle of a soul that no imprisonment, no persecution, no wrath of archbishop or Bourbon could trample into silence when there was reason to speak, this serene self-measurement that so artlessly tries to shelter itself from popularity under apologies. Like a bell vibrates this clear, crisp prose that sometimes breaks into wonderful little lyric pictures, like frost-ferns on the pane. There is a sense of rhythm, of repose, of quiet strong will, of summer freshness, of autumn mellowness in these pages. Not garrulous, not egoistic, they constrain respect, admiration, reverence. . . . From momentous events he comes to describe his songs : masterly is the touch, acute is the analysis. He naturally shrinks like a father from pointing out too clearly the defects of his children. But there is fatherly wisdom in the observations he makes, a great sweetness in the deference he shows the people to whom they are bequeathed, a profound and sympathetic consciousness of the people's need for a literature. The pen grows talkative, and tells how its master did not know Latin, was not learned in the languages, was foolish and wild in youth, loved the people and wine and women and Buonaparte, was overflowing with all winsome philosophies, and did not take it ill of his old patched coat and his garret to disclose the secrets of honorable indigence. Perhaps it was never more interesting or more persuasive than in these confessions that have a

positive melody of frankness in them, a harmonious aptness to the framework in which they stand. The Dane Andersen (whom he resembles in more than one respect) could not tell of *The Loveliest Rose in all the World* with warmer hues or tenderer commemoration than does this capital story-teller, who differs from the other in that he sings his stories to the lyre and makes his fairies dance on the village green. It is pleasant to see this tranquil recapitulation in the evening of life, this settling of old scores, this rearrangement of armor after the battle and toil of the day, this adjustment of claims so purged of anger and partiality. Passy has grown greater since: Paris has spread out her suburban arms and amplitudes until the fair rural demesne has become one of a dozen such assimilations; but perhaps it will be long before any event more remarkable than this adieu of January 15, 1833, takes place there. In the song to which this event gives birth—a song which, like all great things, was born into the world amid pain and tears—the reason is given for this sudden and sharp swerving from the line of promise which the world had for a score of years so keenly and hopefully observed. It was the retreat in good order of a skilful general, drawing off his forces before they were diminished or destroyed, with colors flying and joyous fanfares in all the hope and prime of conquering strength. There were shadowy Cossacks on the horizon—elements of defeat and failure—which the poet saw betimes and prepared to meet with instinctive tact and resource. There was to be no sumptuous frozen zone of all the Russias that glittered like a toy before this general and then sank like a *Morgana* into a scene of disaster, blood, and humiliation. The first menace of the storm, the first key that shivered and threw the instrument into quivering discord, was reverently listened to, carefully heeded. Hence with all their impassioned sweetness, hence with all their Brazilian richness, the *Chansons Nouvelles et Dernières*, the last songs of Pierre-Jean Béranger.

If Béranger had been an antique poet, Ovid might have put down the 19th of August, 1780—the anachronism apart—as a *dies fastus*, a day in the calendar to be solemnised with thanksgiving to the gods for sending into the world the most joyous-hearted, the most tuneful of mortals. Pretty dame Béranger, the good and careful mother, no doubt saw in the birth-entry of this only son a fact that was pregnant with opulent possibilities. We are not told that the child came into the world sickly, squeamish, dying, like Pascal and Voltaire, with the germs of a life-long dolor that has thrown its halo over more than one great genius. Here was a child of glory, born without the sharp Pauline thorn, absolutely healthy, supremely cheerful, irrepressibly buoyant, no object of doleful foreboding, but saucy and sprightly and well to the heart's core. His very first recorded utterance was a joke, a sally on recovering consciousness after being struck by lightning. His pious aunt had sprinkled holy water copiously round the door-sill during the storm, but in spite of that, poor Pierre was struck and lay long insensible. After listening to the anxious conferences about what should be done, without being able to say a word, he suddenly cried gaily: “Eh bien! à quoi sert donc ton eau bénite?” (Well! what's the good of thy holy water?) Sainte-Beuve gives us

this anecdote. . . . A jolly household must have been that in the Rue Montorgueil, Paris, at his grandfather the tailor's, when this brilliant being enlivened it with his face, before he was sent off to Péronne to his benevolent aunt. It does not at all resemble the stately and sad boyhood of Victor Hugo with his grand royalist mother, his mysterious sadness, his unboyish preference for Tacitus and Juvenal, his sunless and sulphurous gloom. All is air, sunshine, gaiety, sportiveness; no brooding over the sublime historian and satirist of the Cæsars; no poisonous household discords; no travels to Elba, Spain, the province of Avellino, to extirpate Fra Diavolo and his bandits; no passionate fights with little Spaniards in behalf of the "grand Empereur;" no vague purple twilight, such as surrounds the author of *Les Misérables*, as it were with a sacred awe and mystery comparable only to that of early Pelasgic demi-gods. There is little drapery to this figure; no magnificent withdrawal into a Pagan twilight; no remoteness from the gaze of men; no flinching in the fine nude limbs, the manly open eye, the mirthful physiognomy; no formation of a *cult* round the spot where the divine fire of genius and song had fallen. You might have seen (had they been there to see) the spear-point that flashed in the hand of the sentinel, the shield that sweated blood, the red-hot stones that fell from heaven, the blood-stained sheaves that lay in the basket, the sun fighting with the moon as we see them in the naïve XXII. Book of Livy: so void of wilful sensationalism is this great poet's coming. After some years of service, and rummaging through Télémaque, Racine, and Voltaire (which happened to be in his aunt's library), he returned to Paris, not, however, before attending, as his biographers tell us, a school which had been modelled after the theories of *Emile*, and where, as elsewhere in the realm, the visions of Jean-Jacques had been practically realised. The chief thing here was to sport a uniform and compose big-sounding addresses on all public occasions. Such was the ideal of the Genevese doctrinaire; such was the initiation which Béranger received into life; such was the apostleship of the most advanced liberalism that was thrust upon him, and which became the mantle and symbol of his activities henceforth. Questions of social science, however, did not yet occupy, as they afterward did, all the high places of his songs. For a few months fortune smiled and enriched his father. There was a brief interregnum of wealth and independence. Eighteen months passed away, and with them the affluence that had wrapped its caressing arms round father and son, and imbued them with its expensive tastes. But with rare stoical nerve Béranger, with all the instincts of an epicure, cheerfully surrendered his luxurious habits and set to work to learn printing as a profession and support. His teacher fortunately took more interest in his genius than in his handicraft, and while he could not make him learn the mysteries of type-setting, managed to instruct him in versification, and encouraged the very decided inclinations to literature which the young verse-writer evinced. We learn from the song *Le Tailleur et la Fée*, that his grandfather was opposed to his becoming a "faiseur de chansons." The heavy wooden *sabots* were light enough on the feet of the young vagabond, "à la paresse, hélas! toujours enclin," and

he could not reconcile himself to remaining waiter-boy, printer, or clerk ("garçon d'auberge, imprimeur, commis"). Well did the fairy predict that his light songs would become dear to the French and solace the tears of the exile. It would be hard to forget the moved and tender tone in which in after-life he responded in one of his poetic epistles to the announcement that the *Chansons* had reached the Ile-de-France, and were sung there with as much enthusiasm and admiration as through the streets of Paris. The poet could not conceive how these airy little waifs could float a thousand leagues over the sea and find access to those far tropical latitudes. But it was this very airiness, this ethereal pathos, this drum-beat of immortal gladness, this generous sympathy with all men, that winged these tiny Mercuries and made them messengers of the gods even to the under-world. They were wondrous combinations of Air, Fire, and Earth, so that when they rose into the sky, they shone like pole-stars before the fancy, and travelled their perpetual orbits in beauty, on their errand of mercy and amelioration and soft human fellow-feeling. As in the natural world by the agency of shifting zones, so in these songs were the flora and the fauna of remote climes brought together so that each could recognise his own — *suum cuique* — strangely mixed, cunningly distributed, furnishing keys to every heart, unlocking every consciousness, so to speak, grazing chords that brought North and South together in one common and felicitous experience. No wonder therefore that their delightful wit and spirit were reverberated by the crags of the Ile-de-France and left trails of echoes in the intervening leagues. There was a common understanding between Béranger and the lovers of song, a pre-established harmony, a spacious margin for contact and recognition. There was no such thing as a misunderstanding possible, as a word to be toilfully looked out in any dictionary alien to the reader's heart. The first note of the sweet romance that Blondel sang roused the poor captive king and woke within him, like a swarm of golden bees, mysterious yearnings, dormant regrets. So the *chansonnier* might exclaim with just pride:

"—Aux bords du Gange assis,
Des exilés, gais enfants de la Seine,
A mes chansons, là, berçaient leurs soucis."

This young brain too, like so many others, swarmed with fervid dreams of great epics, long heroic poems, the pomp and majesty of the numerous Alexandrine. It was the exuberance of fertile youth conscious of its plenitude, stirring with vague creative instincts, feeling the advent of puberty, turning its blind inundating force to the highest as the only vehicle of relief, and then losing itself like the Rhine in the sands of the Netherlands. It was lucky for French literature that there were found friends and patrons to dissuade him from his projected epic on *Clowis*; else we might have had all those perfect little Anacreontics molten into some vast smoking and smouldering *Henriade*, with just light enough to illumine a disastrous failure. What would then have become of all those scintillating, leaping, laughing Nereids born in the purple of the sea amid foam and shells, and following the eerie blue fire-breathing horses of Poseidon — the

songs of Béranger — to be suddenly overclouded, appalled, dispersed by this Titan?

Unique as La Fontaine in the fable, perfect as Andersen in the fairy-tale, is Béranger in the song, and in precisely the same way. His life, grace and poetry arise from his mission to be a singer and nothing else, a maker of subtle little lyrics that have the wings of Eros, the bloom of the Asiatic Aphrodite, the aerial perspectives of Anacreon. He manages to find just the point, just the marvellous image in the Villa Hadriana, just the little dramatic episode that will give rise to those inimitable morsels of love-dialectics such as we enjoy in the *Ad Lydiam* of Horace, or the *Pélerinage de Lisette* of our author. Béranger was eighteen before the thought of composing songs entered his brain. It suggested itself to him as an amusement, as a pastime; and in the ease with which he gave himself up to it was recognised the unconscious Sibylline oracle that bade him walk this Via Appia to fame. Hence we feel in his first essays all the outgush, the rollicking merriment, the self-abandonment of a sport; a thing of ease, evanescent, ephemeral, not too profound; the twinkle and the fascination of the moment, bright but perishable it may be, with something that resembles a dithyramb; the first onward sweep of the fountain without stopping to form crystal pools to catch the images of the unfathomable stars in. One of the most memorable things that survived the Revolution was this harp of the poet, this triumphant lyre, the very magnetism of which seemed designed by Providence to make up for the "songless reign of the Revolutionary Tribunal."* That line from an old anthology —

"Ἀείδων ἔγων μὲν, ἐχάρασσε δὲ θεῖος Ὀμηρος"

(I sang, but divine Homer wrote) —

seems very applicable to this genial personality that could not put pen to paper without leaving it wet with some delicious song; the singer preëminently and perennially, in whom the singing mood outweighed all other, with whom to sing was as natural as to breathe, with whom life was instinct to the finger-tips with a music that scarcely needed a bidding, the pebble of an obstacle, the slightest wound to break forth victoriously. Nor did the poet see any hindrance to clothing the little cupids or fairies or goblins, or whatever they might be, in the delicate Racinian elegance of a Louis XIV. style. There was a perfection of form side by side with a perfection of *fond*, perfect in body and soul. They are fed on the manna that fell from the sky. Whatever of vagrant melody might be begging in the streets for an alms of noble words, was caught up by the vigilant artist and set to words that went like fire to the popular heart, and reappeared marvellously heightened, colored, perfumed, apotheosised to the *gamins* who before had found there but a nest of ribaldry. Grand Madame de Maintenon, queen of France and mistress of the king, soon forgot in the glories of Versailles that she had ever been poor grateful, graceful little Madame Scarron, who had been to America and lived in an attic, the wife of the author of "Virgil Travestied." Béranger did not forget these poor plebeian airs, these

errant Bohemians of the quais and cul-de-sacs, when he had immortalised them and made them by his surpassing talents queens of France. The promenader on the boulevards may hear any evening toward nine o'clock at the *cafés chantants*, amid much that is maudlin and objectionable, these sprightly airs mingling their saucy allusion, their strong, helping word, with the follies and revelries of the reckless Parisian canaille. It was the glory of the poet not to elevate vague memorial types, altars to an unknown god, obelisks over-written with hieratic symbols; but a man, a woman, with all their eloquent frailties; a great trait, the very presence of which was a flag of victory waving over innumerable battle-fields; a grandmother who talks exquisitely of the days when she was young; a good and lax *Camille*, who illustrates perfectly the manners of the time; an old vagabond, who in his misery and loneliness touches some of the profoundest questions in political economy; a suicide who teaches the divine lesson that there is no grief so bitter but that it is appeased by holy duties accomplished. These incarnations of principles that speak to the nation from the vivid realistic experience of courtesans, vagabonds, suicides, gourmands, attic philosophers, were the pulpits where the singer taught an ethics, a jurisprudence, a religion that crept through the thatch and hovered round firesides where no thunders of the Sorbonne, no elaborate exposition of the *Code Civil*, no lofty disquisitions of University fellows could penetrate or reform. Jouffroy might sit at the Collège de France and ingeniously lecture on the phenomena of dreams or the relative value of moral systems, but he could never from those remote distances hope to pass through the portals of poverty like the exquisitely sunny and captivating morality of *Le Troisième Mari* or *Le Commencement du Voyage*. These were worth many a folio on ethical law, many a digest of wearying statutes. Such power to compress deep and loving instruction into a handful of after-dinner couplets, to breathe in smiles the lips of Themis, has been given to few of the geniuses that have visited our earth. The *Falling Stars* is itself a whole epitome of human history, a universal history in a nutshell more complete than the issues of all the presses of all the printing-establishments on the globe. What more sublime requiem was ever sung over Waterloo than *Le Cinq Mai*? What sweeter sigh was ever wafted with benediction and tears to Napoleon than the *Couplets sur la Journée de Waterloo*? They must have penetrated to the old bronze warrior of St. Helena like the sweet odors of the palms of Tuat to the pilgrims of the Sahara. How much playful tenderness he could draw out of his old coat; what poignant and contemptuous sarcasm coiled its electric circles within *The Court Dress*; how as in the successive condensations and intensifications of a voltaic pile he heaps taunt on taunt and gibe on gibe in *The Coronation of Charles the Simple*! Poor *Charles Dix*! With the birds which, in accordance with antique wont, he caused to be released in the Cathedral of Rheims at his coronation, was released a whole flight of superstitions, ancient enormities, Ultramontane absurdities, ancestral tyrannies, which the piteous singer transfixed with his diamond javelin and pelted with inextinguishable ridicule. It is hardly to be wondered at that there were

judicial prosecutions, arrests, a fine of 10,000 francs, imprisonment for two months and then for nine. Some spot had to be found where to muzzle this lyric upstart, this ox that trod down the corn; some oubliette where to disarm — nay, were it worth while, to destroy this irrepressible champion of human rights, this bold and truculent tribune of the plebs. The humble proletariat was his joy; the grisette and the artisan were the objects whose simple happiness he loved to commemorate; the garret and the wine-cellar were the extreme points of his misery and his bliss. Lucien Buonaparte, an enlightened patron of letters, himself a poet, relinquished to him his pension at the University; the lowly position of expeditionary clerk, with a pittance of 1000 francs annually, was all which excited his humble ambition, a place which he filled for twelve years with intelligence and zeal. The liberties, not to say the licentiousness, of such songs as *Bon Vin et Fillette*, *La Bonne Fille*, *L'Education des Demoiselles*, *Traité de Politique à l'usage de Lise*, produced great scandal among the decorous guardians of morality at the University: Messieurs the students might be infected. So he was reprimanded and sent off with the menace that the publication of his next volume of songs would ensure his dismissal. The next volume was of course published as soon as the poems which it contained were ripe for the press. We are told that he did not even wait to hand in his resignation, but from the moment of publication ceased to put foot in the bureau of administration. Not even for this position, which seems to have been at that time his absolute and entire maintenance, would he for a moment compromise his dignity and swerve to the sceptre of intolerance. There is something bewitching in this untameable spirit, this never-failing smile at the petulance of the *black-gowned* gentlemen who circulated round Charles X.; this fresh, fragrant Gaulois independence which we see frolicking and rioting through *Gargantua*, the *Heptameron*, the *Essays* of Montaigne, the wonderfully clever old farce of *Maistre Pierre Pathelin*. Béranger is a typical being as Figaro is. You may see this being any day in the windows of the caricaturists of the Palais-Royal, the Rue de Rivoli, or the Place de l'Odéon. It survives with us in the engravings of Hogarth. It is a being wise, cynical, melodious, as full of tact and antennæ as a sea-nettle, shoulder-shrugging, apologetic, armed with a sneer that can draw blood, voluble, with its pocket full of deadly innuendoes, and withal a heart so light that it finds its personification in the hero of Mozart's lovely opera. To look at it, it seems powerless to harm; but it stretches forth its long thread-like blood-drawing arms into palaces and round thrones, and racks their possessors with inexplicable pain. It was a kind of reflex of that against which the late Emperor waged such uncompromising war in his proscription of the London *Punch*. It is this which to-day menaces M. Thiers with its strange omnipresent wrath. It was this in which Béranger found his most abundant resource. Yet it was a beautiful idealisation of this to surround it with all the charms and insinuations of music and make of it a superb work of art. In a memorable antique we have the figure of an ancient god of incomparable beauty bending his bow at the flying Python. In was in this attitude that Béranger stood when he ridiculed the vices or the

whims, the tyrannies or the liberties of the epoch. It was never in a disgraceful or cowardly attitude. Monarchy in his day was a Venus de' Medici concealing its poor trembling shame as best it could after the noble tragical dream of the Empire, cowering before the eyes of the people, conscious of guilt or of lascivious toying with the sacred prerogatives of constitutional right, ready to sneak off in infamous abdication or perish in the unctuous hands of the Jesuits. A single dart hurled at it made the whole fabric start and totter. No anathema could be too severe to blast into stillness the tongue that had dared to wag at the king. The best epitaph on the reign of Charles X. would be that it could not stand a laugh. Béranger knew this and he laughed at it cruelly, and made the *gamins* laugh at it, and set all France to laughing at it, so that the king and his ministers fell to counselling together and concluded to shut up the offending satirist in the prison of La Force. Instead of quelling, this proceeding seemed like green-house air to push the germs of satire into sudden and tropical efflorescence. Never was there a period of his artistic life richer in telling or tender song. He was the centre of a bouquet of cherishing sympathies. His friends heaped attentions on him, fêted him, crowded to see him; admirers in the provinces sent him baskets of game and rare Burgundian, Chambertin, and Romanée wines. From all these solitudes grew many a sweet verse of love or grateful thanks or patriotic fire or philosophic resignation, which the world would be the poorer for losing. . . . The immense social and political importance of these songs is not their slightest claim to a long and appreciative remembrance among his contemporaries and the generations that come after. A short-lived popularity (the most Homeric longevity, says Sainte-Béuve, does not now-a-days exceed fifteen years) was all that he expected. But assuredly the lips and hearts of men are the most enduring means of perpetuating an undying fame. We observe this in the poems that have come down to us from our Greek and Teutonic predecessors, preserved to us by oral tradition through long lines of minstrels and rhapsodes. Béranger's songs are so wedded to the national consciousness that we may safely predict for them an existence as well-defined as that which awaits the masters of history and the epos. In Homer we touch our remotest ancestors with our palpable fingers; in Béranger we are jostled and elbowed by all the throbbing vitality of the era. If life is a characteristic, then is this writer the most living of authors. He is no skeleton or fossil: here are breathing lungs, palpitating veins, a voice that rings like a trumpet. There is no death's-head at this banquet such as was brought in at Trimalchio's. It is a stirring panorama of directest humanity full of joys, needs, inspirations. Whatever was austere repelled, whatever was buoyant and sweet-tempered attracted him. We may deduce from *Le Dieu des Bonnes Gens* and *Le Bon Dieu*—as any one may do—the good-humored, smiling Being whom Béranger revered as his God—a God who was far from making a fast of life, or launching thunderbolts, or writing fine sermons, or twitting anything save hypocrites and spies. He was even a drowsy, negligent God, who slept late, swore a little, and said Devil-take-me at times. His heaven was a place of sun-

shine, pretty demoiselles, benign harvest-homes where great golden harvest-moons shone over vineyards of Muscat grapes, and the merry vintagers danced to the airs of Wilhem. At times, beyond these gaieties, there strike the deep chords of a beautiful hymn full of trust and hope, rising into a soft diapason, filling the eyes with involuntary tears. Perhaps in so short a compass no more speaking Christian regret was ever expressed than in those touching lines on the suicide of his two young friends, Lebras and Escousse. In a few brief words the poet soars into a magnificent pathos that is ablaze with the fires that burnt on the Mount of Olives. Sudden were the changes in him, for the piece that follows this is gay with the fiddle of *The Fiddler of Meudon*, like an *allegro* in a dead march. Long poems were tried, but elegies and eclogues, epics and Alexandrines were not his strong point. It was in those brief barbed *Gelegenheitsgedichte* that he excelled, the tiny fun of the tiny *Bauern* and *Bäuerinnen* of those wee Dutch genre-pictures, where on a bit of canvas, with a barrel, a beer-tankard, and three drunken peasants, Teniers and Adriaen Brouwer can evoke immortal scenes with the sunlight of immortal genius on them. His mood is as diverse and as deep-lined as that of Murillo, who will gather a crowd of melon-munching beggar-urchins in a corner, lit up by sweet Andalusian sunshine, and then transport us to heaven to the great presence of his Immaculate Conception, with its pedestal of adoring seraphs. In both there is the master-hand, the distinct kinship of the beggar with the Mother of God. For, after all, is not the beggar of this world the king in the other?

Mention has been made in the early part of this paper of the *Chansons Nouvelles et Dernières*. There is scarcely a poem among the fifty-six that compose this collection that is not worth its weight in gold, without which France would not feel a loss that could be supplied by no other writer. The collection begins with a picture of the prisoner sitting at his fireside in La Force, 1829, marvelling at the sweet company which his fire keeps him through the rigors of the winter, chatting with his *bon Génie*, building châteaux en Espagne, Swiss valleys, glaciers, torrents, lakes, mountains, herds, moonshine out of the glowing embers at his feet; letting us look, too, into the glowing embers of his heart, where solacing visions likewise rise and disperse in clouds of gleaming sparks. The glimpse which we get into this great kind heart, now lying in the white marble tomb in Père la Chaise — so gentle to misfortune, so lion-like in the presence of despotism — is a glimpse that is good and helpful. The diction has assumed a strange richness in this last work, the thought is sadder and more retrospective, the face has something infinite and unchangeable in it, like the little mermaid's after she has come into possession of a soul. Not that the prior issues were without this momentous quality; but in them the lively, the epicurean, the simply lyric and joyous, have the upper hand and fill the entire foreground. And, furthermore, as a critic remarks, Béranger had not yet discovered to its full extent the capabilities of the song, its ability to be transformed into something far more elevated and lofty, its aptness to become a high lyric agency in the amelioration of society, its birth

through epic themes into a heroic ballad, to be sung, were it possible, in the migrations of nations, to be chanted, as Valerius Maximus tells us the deeds of their forefathers were, at the dinner-tables of the Roman nobles. There is all the patient riches of the leisure of long imprisonment shed over this concluding chapter of a life-work, the slow gatherings of the winter evenings, when there was nothing else to do but to think and to sing. The poet, too, was now old enough to mingle with his lyric impulses the softened glow of recollection, and thereby create that fascinating atmosphere of half-sunny, half-dreamy melancholy that is the most delicate charm of this part of his life. He reverts to his youth, to the "souvenirs pleins de charmes" of the 14th of July, when the Bastille was taken and Mirabeau thundered against the court, to his friends become ministers, to the tombs of July, to his happy infancy, to Saint-Simon and Fourier, and all the visionaries that have made the human race dream a happy dream. There is a judicious mingling of the emotional with the didactic, the results of a peculiarly ample experience with the effusions of the heart. The straightforward rectitude of his intellect, the ideal honor of his dealings, enabled him to resist the most alluring claims of personal aggrandisement and uphold to the end a course of almost haughty self-abnegation. An amusing anecdote is related by biographers of his love of directness, an anecdote which serves too to illustrate an important phase in his literary method: "A poet of the Academy to whom Béranger, still unknown, was talking of his idylls and of the care that he took to name every object by its right name without the intervention of fable, objected to him: 'But the *sea*, for example, the *sea*, how will you say?' 'I will say quite simply the *sea*.' 'What!' cried the Academician, 'Neptune, Thetis, Amphitrite, Nereus, would you throw all that overboard out of gaiety of heart?' 'Assuredly,' rejoined Béranger." The narrator of this incident leaves us in the dark as to what gesticulations of despair, what passionate recriminations and expostulations this member of the *Quarante Immortels* went through with at this saucy innovation. Meanwhile the sea was the sea to this clear calm vision; there was no mythological go-between, no rococo screen embroidered with pretty sky-blue goddesses and sea-monsters and tridents and fabulous trumpery, to shield the reader from the awful shock of the reality; no quirk or subterfuge to economise emotions and save a scene.

In the lines to Chateaubriand we get an inkling of the far-reaching influence which that great poet exercised over him. There is something in Chateaubriand profoundly charming, though he is a weak figure, a *soprano* among authors. Béranger felt all the stateliness and grace of his style, that style, as it were, the *dernier gentilhomme* of French styles, about which there lingers something majestic and ample of the olden time, in which we recognise the silver shoe-buckles, the silk-stockings, the lace ruffles, the ermine linings, the costly accessories of a by-gone costume, wherein the imaginative needlework is more obvious than the comfort. Chateaubriand was imbued with antique culture as few Frenchmen have ever been, and perhaps read his Homer more diligently than his Bible. Béranger was absolutely without the rich dyes of classic association. It is

scarcely hazardous to state that he knew no language but the French ; but he knew all of that, every chink and cranny of it, and like the masters of the old seigneurial châteaux in the Dark Ages, possessed secret ways of access, subterranean galleries and staircases, skeleton keys that unlocked to him its most hidden resources. An old *fabliau*, an Italian romance, the work of a Norman trouvère, the infidelities of Lisette, a great sonorous ballad like *Le Juif Errant*, gave equal scope to his felicitous talent and developed his erudite acquaintance with all the stages of his native tongue. He could not, perhaps, like Littré, reproduce the epic poetry of antiquity in the French of the 13th century. This is simply a feat of scholarship with its stigma of pedantry. But he enjoyed, perhaps, more keenly than the lexicographer the sources from which Molière and Lafontaine got their delicious humor, the literature of those fun-loving centuries when the confères of the Passion and the clerks of Basoche called into being such amazing stores of mysteries and moralities, with all their lambent wit and indecency. . . . It would be of course an intricate task to trace all the phases of Béranger's political career, his love of the Empire after it had empurpled itself in remembrance with all the enchantments of the ideal, his obstinate resistance to the first and second Restoration, his delight at the expulsion of the Bourbons and the change that brought Louis Philippe to the throne, his somewhat grim acceptance of the second Empire when it came, despite its ideal attractiveness. His purpose was to spend the decline of life in writing the *memorabilia* of his career, and composing memoirs to assist in clearing up contemporary history. His songs are the best memoir that he could give. It might be well to contrast him, if space permitted, with Burns, Tom Moore, Arndt, Körner, even Tyrtæus, in the various moods that he appears in as singer convivial or aggressive. Whether, to notice a current theory, he was the only poet of the time who could have dispensed with printing and enjoyed an *oral* celebrity, does not devolve upon us to say. We are told that in the wild ferment of the Middle Ages there were painters who could not write their names and yet who filled their canvases with imperishable art. So the poems of Béranger might have been handed down from age to age like an old Norse lullaby, and been none the less tender and true, none the less fiery and impressive.

J. A. H.

THE PROGRESS OF RADICAL GOVERNMENT.

THE new rulers of the Republic, North and South, seem bent upon systematising their recently acquired sources of power, with a view to practical results. They have no notion of losing any of their conquests by neglecting to go upon and possess them. They are determined to fund their earnings for the benefit of the future, to consolidate their victories over the Constitution and the common experience of mankind, into the methodic madness of a "strong government" that promises at once the freedom and the enlightenment of the people. It is curious to note in how many and various directions this tendency towards centralisation reaches out, seeking for subjects for its transmuting action to work upon. Observing it, one is reminded forcibly of the blind but resolute and pertinacious endeavor, the cold insatiate rapacity of the Medusa, which, with mouth open and stomach hungry, sails softly and gelatinously along, its insidious filaments searching abroad in every direction for matter to assimilate, and defiling and poisoning everything that they touch whether they can use it or not. To do the thing justice, while it resorts to different and dissimilar pretexts, it works impartially throughout the land, north and south, east and west. Here, for instance, under the guise of reform, we find it subverting an ancient municipality and setting up instead a vicarious irresponsible government by commission, as is now being done in the city of New York. Here, again, in Louisiana, with certainly the excuse of atrociously bad government and scandalous anarchy (the parentage, however, of which, if the central authorities were to deny it, is well enough known to make them liable to the bastardy acts) we find the Federal government making for itself a precedent of interference in State affairs, with a corrupt judge for stalking-horse, that will be utterly intolerable in its final results. What is done in the case of Warmoth and McEnery, through Judge Durell, if permitted to go unrebuked and unpunished, will happen next time, partisan occasion demanding it, in the case of George Washington and James Madison. If the President of the United States can, upon any pretence whatsoever, pull down one governor of a State and set up another in his place, he can repeat the operation as often as the emergency occurs. In such a case the Governor of Massachusetts and the Governor of Illinois are no safer than the Governor of Florida, and the States are in reality States no longer, but *provinces*, as indeed the New York *Nation* lately called them with deliberate emphasis and wise anticipation.

Here, in another direction, we find the Executive kept apparently respectable by the consciousness and the *empressement* of power, and screened from common remark and vulgar inquiry by an impenetrable hedge of unscrupulous and ingenious subordinates, grimly but eagerly standing by to observe the waning strength and failing energies of Congress, broken assunder by its own corruptions and surrendering

one by one the fastnesses of its popular control of affairs. Will not the cloud of secrecy and silence which will overhang the conduct of national affairs after the abolition of franking and the curtailment of the printing of public documents, rain down upon us a storm of evils to which those redressed by these measures bear no sort of comparison whatsoever? Will not the factitious reform of the civil service, whereof there is now such a vast amount of unreasoning prate, consolidate in the hands of the Executive and its subordinate departments that vast appointing power which is now in a large measure possessed by the members of Congress? Add to this Mr. Creswell's amiable projects for perpetuating himself in the Post-office Department by seizing the telegraph and annexing it to the mails; Mr. Shel-labarger's attempts to frame an omnibus system of internal improvements by national aid, and to organise the Cabinet into a sort of Board of Trade, to act finally upon all measures of Congress intended to aid commerce; and Mr. Somebody-else's proposition that if the Constitution did not make the railroads compulsory servants of the Post-office Department, *quoad* carrying the mails, they should at once be constrained to become so, and the progress of the Government towards consolidation of power in itself becomes apparent enough.

Looking another way, we behold the Federal Courts undermined and attacked above-ground at the same moment. They are interfered with by the Executive; their functions are pruned and pinched off by Congress, as we train a growing vine to make it bear fruit of a certain size and flavor, or to cover an arbor or screen an outhouse. At the same time the undisguised partisanship, the bold debauchery, the ill-concealed corruption of some of the judges of more recent appointment, help materially to break down the popular respect and observance which alone can give weight to the decisions and opinions of this bench. How long can the moths of contempt and irreverence be kept out of the ermine when it is flung over the shoulders of such eager prostitutes as Bradley, Sherman, Busteed, Durell, and Bond, sycophants who, in addition to their more amiable vices, recompense themselves for the base fawning with which they crawl at the heels of authority, by snapping and snarling at all whom it is safe and politic for them to calumniate and lampoon?

In another direction we see a persistent and resolute effort made by the general government to snatch from the States the control of education, while at the same time the mild apostles of advanced Radicalism are shouting themselves hoarse in the endeavor to inculcate the necessity for making that education compulsory. Suppose this plan succeeds, and imagine our common schools everywhere under the direction of a central Board at Washington, teachers drawn out of Vermont and New Hampshire with all their nasal imperfections on their heads, text-books embodying that ready-made history and that peculiar philosophy which are thought the proper substitutes for truth and right reason since "the rebellion," and professors in our colleges graduated from Howard's nice little university at the capital, or sent down to us hot-livered and unannealed from Oberlin. What would become of our unhappy girls and boys? What "sea-change" will interpenetrate the Republic? The men who are attempting to

bring this sort of thing about, and who fortify their endeavor by quoting the census and displaying commercial statistics before our dazzled eyes, are the same men who have eviscerated Webster's Dictionary because it traversed their peculiar ways of construing the Constitution, and who have added new glosses to the Bible in order to harmonise its precepts with their Muggletonian muck-maggotry. What good will we be likely to take from compulsory education so furnished us, and the wealth that is to come in at the tail of it? We shall get the same recompense for our knowledge that Pietro Aretino got for his, when he bought luxuries and the means of profligacy by the practice of odious libelling and blackmailing, and by publishing or threatening to publish the scandals he had laboriously raked out of the sewers, or industriously sifted out from the exquisite tittle-tattle of bagnios. Three precepts made men of the old Persians: to ride, to shoot, to speak the truth, and, unless we are ill-advised, neither of these enters into the Radical schemes of national education ventilated by Mr. Hoar of Massachusetts, or by Mr. Perce, *sacciperifer*, of Mississippi.

These reflections naturally occur to us while reading the accounts which we receive of the "levelling downwards" processes (part of the general scheme of Radicalism) which are now being employed in such of the legislatures of the Southern States as are under Radical control. Thus the University of South Carolina, opened to the negroes, was yet found to be practically out of their reach by reason of the high standard of scholarship required for admission. Homer, Tacitus, Sophocles, Conic Sections, these to the yellow men are naturally stumbling-blocks, and to the black men foolishness, whatever they may be to the more dolichocephalic folks for whom their use was originally devised as the propylaeum to scholarship. But our colored brother must not be neglected; if he can't jump into the white man's clover-lot, and won't climb in, the bars must be let down for him to step in; and so, by recent enactment of Mr. Moses' legislature, the University of South Carolina has been converted into a high-school, where Sambo may get his diploma and witch the world with noble scholarship, without the necessity of scratching his poor head bare while delving for roots, or knocking his white teeth out in the effort to browse the celestial pabulum that matures in classic shades.

The present Legislature of Alabama, new fledged in Radicalism, and emulous of such examples as the above, proposes to "revise the laws." To that end, a committee of the Senate and House was ordered to be appointed, and the Lieutenant-Governor, who is ex-officio President of the Senate, appointed as members of the committee from that body to discharge this important and delicate duty — whom, does the reader imagine? "*The only five negroes in the Senate, all of whom are totally uneducated!*" Look at this for a moment. When the Maryland code of revised statutes was determined upon, the work was given to some of our most learned and experienced lawyers, and David Dudley Field is but a type of the codifiers who arranged the statutes of New York. It was the life-work of Edward Livingston to construct the great code of Louisiana, and to-day, in England, the leading barristers have been employed for years by Parliament to prepare the preliminaries for a digest of the laws of Great Britain. But

in Alabama, under Radical auspices, five ignorant negroes are found capable of doing the work.

As a fitting corollary to this, we see Judge Busted, afraid that he cannot swap offices with Humphreys without showing himself more palpably radical, issuing his mandamus to the Legislature of Alabama to elect an United States Senator forthwith, and have no more nonsense about it. This judge — the Honorable Richard Busted — who, before he came to decorate the United States Circuit Bench of Alabama, was one of the familiar ornaments of the New York Police Courts — has a quick sense of which way the wind blows, and what will be pleasing to the central powers at Washington. He has but one rival in his method of instructing a jury, and if Bond keeps quiet much longer, the Honorable Dick stands a fair chance of going to the head of the class. A recent charge of his, to a mixed jury in a criminal case which he tried in Montgomery, is quite a model in its way. We give it verbatim :

“Gentlemen of the Jury :— I shall not insult your intelligence or tax your patience by making any lengthy charge in this case. The defendants have not offered any testimony whatever. The case for the prosecution has been made out fully and completely, both as to the law *and the facts*, by unimpeached witnesses. If you believe the evidence, and you have no moral or *legal right* to disbelieve it, you *must* find the prisoner guilty. It is true as has been said by the counsel that the United States wants no innocent man convicted ; but it is also true that the United States wants no guilty man acquitted. Take the jury, Marshal.”

One would think juries were of small account in Busted's court. The jury thus addressed, however, composed of six negroes and six white men, all radicals, presumed to differ with the Honorable Dick, and acquitted one of the prisoners after twenty minutes' deliberation. We are not advised whether the judge sent the jury to jail for contempt of court or not. But, will not Busted be the very man to interpret the revised statutes of Alabama when they are completed? Can fitness find more exquisite adaptation, even in gloves and old shoes? Can Radicalism devise better means to hasten its progress?

E. S.

A STORY OF NINE TRAVELLERS.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE RIDE TO RICHMOND. TAKING ADVICE.

OUR readers must now go with us back to Old Virginia, and to the nine-passenger coach as it rumbles away from Holly Tavern, taking the road in the direction of Richmond. There were several strange passengers besides our party of five, and when they were snugly stowed away inside there was little room left for any way-passenger that might chance to seek a ride.

In striking contrast with the stormy night on which they had arrived at Holly Tavern, was this beautiful morning, with its bright sunshine melting the feathery frostwork that covered field and forest until all nature seemed glittering with jewels. The air was so pure and invigorating that all were glad to permit Johnny Conklin to roll up the curtains and let the sunlight and breeze roam at will through the coach, even Mrs. Sparks finding her shawl and furs a sufficient protection, and seeming to delight in all her surroundings and to forget for the time that she was an invalid. Mr. Sparks was in a most cheerful mood, and could be heard crooning in a low tone snatches of an old song, while he kept time by tapping his cane against the floor of the coach. Miss Bettie Flinn, never out of spirits, found food for merriment in watching her young friends Ronald and Elise, now and then playing off upon them some prank that would cause all the passengers to join her in making merry at their expense. Ronald was in fine humor, bore Miss Bettie's teasing with most commendable equanimity, and often succeeded in turning the laugh upon her with such force as to bring a rosy blush to her already florid cheeks.

After one of her most mischievous attacks Ronald turned quickly around, for Miss Bettie was now on the back-seat with Mr. and Mrs. Sparks, and with a twinkle in his eye that indicated a lucky thought, he said, "Mr. Sparks, pardon me for interrupting your song, but I wish to ask you if you have any knowledge of palmistry; I do not mean in the common acceptation of the word, but magnetic palmistry, such as is conveyed, for instance, by a gentleman when he tenderly squeezes the hand of a lady." Miss Bettie blushed deep scarlet and began to search on the top of her hat for her veil. "No, no, Miss Bettie, that is not fair; this is an open-field fight — no intrenchments. Stand fire like a brave woman," and coming to Ronald's rescue, Elise quickly caught the veil, removed it out of reach, adding, "Do, dear papa, enlighten us."

"Palmistry," said the old gentleman, "is the so-called art of reading one's fortune by tracing the lines in the palm of the hand; but this, I presume, is not exactly what Mr. Irving means. There is, or was when I was young, a peculiar language conveyed by means of

the hand. Many sentiments were thus silently expressed although no word may have been spoken, and I do not suppose that the young people of to-day are less informed about such matters than we were, my dear," and the old gentleman smiled significantly as he gave a side glance toward his wife. "I should say, Mr. Irving, if I witnessed the tender squeezing of a lady's hand by a gentleman, that he intended to intimate that which he would soon find words to express. I should infer that he was not insensible to her charms; and if it were of frequent occurrence, I should assuredly expect the usual denouement — courtship, succeeded by marriage."

"Unquestionably, Mr. Sparks, your decision is correct. Now for my application, as the preachers say."

Here Ronald was interrupted by Miss Bettie:—"Now, Mr. Irving, if you will only desist I promise to tease you no more during our journey; be generous, and let us play quits."

"That is a graceful surrender, Miss Bettie, but I cannot lose my application. Did you notice anything remarkably tender in the leave-taking at Holly Tavern, Mr. Sparks?"

"Yes, I did observe that Mr. Crowder and his good lady seemed to be seriously troubled at our departure, and the poor widow and little Elfie were loth to see us go; the Doctor too —"

"Ah, Mr. Sparks, now you are touching the tender spot. What of the Doctor?"

"Well, he seemed a little regretful; but we gave him so much to do, I really cannot see why he did not show decided pleasure at bidding us good-bye."

"Look at Miss Bettie, Mr. Sparks, and you will read the answer to your question. Could you only have seen as I did the tender pressure of her hand as he assisted her into the coach: it was a lesson I shall not forget."

"O ho! the Doctor and Miss Bettie! Well, it would not be a bad match," and with a quiet twinkle of humor in his eye, the old gentleman shook with laughter as he turned toward Miss Bettie, who, thoroughly discomfited, now took refuge in one corner of the coach, while she exclaimed, "It is ungenerous in you, Mr. Irving, to tease me so, and it is foolish in me to be so annoyed by such nonsense; but a trifle will sometimes annoy one more than a serious trouble, and the absurdity of all this is what worries me."

"Wait until you get to Richmond, Miss Bettie, and see how absurd it will be when the Doctor makes his appearance in search of one Mr. Flinn who lives on Marshall Street. I only hope I shall not leave for the university before he comes; it will be rare fun to see the grave and imperturbable Doctor really in love and going about a diagnosis of his disease in his most professional style."

"May I be there to see!" sung Elise, cheerily. "The Doctor was an easy prey, Miss Bettie, and how many of our fellow-travellers might have capitulated who can tell, had we been interrupted in our journey to Richmond?"

"Nonsense, child! I make no conquests, nor do I think of such things now. My sentimental days are over, and my time is taken up with practical every-day matters: my dairy, my garden, my weaving-

room, and the busy home-life that gives me all the occupation I desire. Dr. Sawkins is as practical as I am, and is more in love with his books, his horse, and the skeleton in his office than with any other objects. I should as soon expect to see the evil spirit that haunts Holly Tavern visit Richmond as the Doctor."

"Should he come, Miss Bettie?" questioned Ronald, provokingly.

"Should he visit Richmond while I am there, I should be glad to see him; he is very agreeable, and not so grave as you young people suppose. When he chooses to give play to his humor he can be jolly enough, and under a quiet exterior I am sure he hides rare social qualities."

"Pray tell us, Miss Betty, how you found out so much about the Doctor?" asked Elise. "He may be very good, and all that, but who would ever think such a dry old bachelor had any fun in him?"

"I use my eyes, child, and if there is any humor to be found in an individual I am sure to discover it. I hope the Doctor will come to Richmond; I should be willing to submit to Mr. Irving's teasing for the pleasure of bringing the old bachelor out."

The afternoon of the next day brought our travellers in sight of the ancient town of Manchester, with its quiet country-village look, as it rested half-asleep, on the hills overlooking the south bank of James River. Along the main street the coach rumbled, the sound bringing shopkeepers and idlers to their doors and windows that they might take a peep at the travellers, or give a familiar nod to Johnny Conklin, who seemed to know every man, woman, and child in the place.

At the post-office, where Johnny paused long enough to deliver the mail, a crowd soon gathered to question him as to the latest country news, the weather, crops, wayside gossip, and especial inquiry was made by the old postmaster in relation to recent tidings from the Holly Tavern mystery. "Caught him!" exclaimed Johnny. "Divil a bit, Sir; he is niver to be caught any more than lightnin'! He is gone; but whist! I've got the very gentleman aboard that fought him in a dark room somethin' less than half the night, and only let him go when he put a knife into him so deep," and Johnny, dropping his reins on the dashboard, measured with his right the length of his left hand. At this announcement all eyes were turned in wonder towards the coach windows, and those standing nearest ventured to draw still nearer, some even peeping in to see if they could not at a glance discover the hero of such an adventure.

"And I've got aboard the very lady, too," continued Johnny, "who was rescued from the river that stormy night I telled ye of, by this same gentleman; and her father and mother too are here — charming old couple!" Johnny made each announcement in a most emphatic stage-whisper, loud enough to be heard by his audience, but not so loud as to be intelligible to his passengers, and having wrought up the curiosity of the crowd to its highest pitch, he gathered up the reins, exclaiming: "I could talk to ye, gentlemen, about it all for hours, but the time fails me," and, with a crack of his whip and a succession of nods, winks, and smiles, he bade them good-afternoon, and urged his horses into a brisk trot, leaving his friends to discuss at their leisure the bits of news he had given them.

The toll-gate passed, Johnny, in strict conformity with a notice which had been placed at each end of the bridge, brought his horses down to a walk, and our travellers were thus afforded time to enjoy the splendid view which here meets the eye. Above the bridge, dotting here and there the rapids, could be seen a number of little islands, still green with a growth of grass and reeds, and looking like emeralds in their setting of spray and foam. The trees that fringed the river and the larger of the islands were now dressed in their most beautiful autumn colors, from deepest crimson to brightest shade of orange, intermingled with quiet russet and many-tinted green. The river was as clear as a summer-brook, reflecting as a mirror the amber, purple, and fleecy clouds that were spread as a couch in the western sky, while over all the scene the glorious autumn sun shed a mellow light, its beams glancing from the water in long, wavy golden lines. Ronald and Elise were not alone in their enthusiastic admiration, for Miss Bettie had just begged Mrs. Sparks to "look at the beautiful rapids," and Mr. Sparks had called out to Johnny requesting a halt, before Elise found words to express her appreciation of the scene.

"Oh, how lovely! Did you ever see anything half so beautiful, Mr. Irving?"

"I have seen this many times before, Miss Elise, but never when I thought it so complete. Johnny has halted just at the right point, for here we take in all its beauty: the rapids, the islands, the clouds, the sunlight, the shadows, the bridges, vessels in the distance. What a scene for a painter!"

"Could any painter reproduce this—such a mellow light, those soft, wavy clouds, the shimmer of the sunbeams on the water? Oh, Mr. Irving! I never saw any work of art like this; and man's best efforts are, after all, but feeble attempts to copy nature!"

Ronald enjoyed the enthusiasm of his young companion, whose life among the low sand-hills of Georgia had prepared her to see beauty in every hill and valley through which she had passed since reaching Virginia, and he pointed out each phase of this landscape with a new pleasure now, because it interested one in whom he felt a deep and tender interest. The whole party were reluctant to leave the scene, and watched from the windows its kaleidoscopic changes as the coach slowly moved on; nor were any of them sufficiently alive to the present to realise that their journey had really ended until aroused by Johnny's query: "And where would ye, ladies and gentlemen, be like to stop in the city?"

"Are we really here, Johnny?" asked Mr. Sparks doubtfully, as he carefully removed from his head a worsted travelling-cap and put on his broad-brimmed beaver-hat instead.

"Sure and we are here, Sir, all safe; no accidents this time."

"Well, Johnny, you may drive us to the Columbian Hotel," the old gentleman continued. "From all accounts there is no better house of entertainment, and I like its quiet respectability."

The Columbian was speedily reached, and to the astonishment of its smiling host, who came quickly to the coach-door, every passenger got out with the exception of Miss Bettie Flinn, who, bidding her

friends adieu for the present, gave Johnny the number of her brother's residence on Marshall street, where she was greeted most heartily by Mrs. Flinn and a veritable troop of little Flinns, who rushed pell-mell into the hall and front porch to see the big trunk brought in.

Miss Bettie's brother, Howard Flinn, was not unlike her in appearance, and was one of those large-hearted men who delighted in dispensing hospitality because it afforded him real pleasure, and fortunately his circumstances were so easy as to enable him to entertain with liberality. Few days passed during the year that some friend, or the friend of some friend, did not sit at his table, and there all found abundance without display, and such a welcome as only the truly hospitable can give. Bright and early the next morning Miss Bettie joined her brother and sister in the breakfast-room, and she was scarcely seated before Howard betrayed a large-hearted intention by asking: "Bettie, don't you wish little wife and I would go down with you after breakfast to call on the folks at the Columbian."

"Sister is going at any rate, Howard, and we would be delighted if you can only spare time enough to join us. Will you, now?"

"Oh, certainly. I never lose an opportunity to see a pretty girl, and I have great curiosity to take a peep at young Irving."

"You are a good brother indeed, and I shall take pleasure in introducing you to my new friends."

"No blarney, Bet. Say, little wife, how many vacant rooms have we? I can't bear an empty house."

"We have three chambers, Howard, you know, but Bettie occupies one."

"Exactly. We will put the pretty girl in with Bet, the old folks in the large room, and young what's-his-name in the other. I shall then feel that the house is comfortably full, and we can proceed to the business of entertaining."

"Gracious, Howard! I believe if you could not entertain otherwise, you would give a stranger your bed, and pillow your own head on a soft brick in the chimney-corner, and expect your wife to do likewise; but I am thankful we have the room to entertain Bettie's friends, and we will take the carriage down that we may bring them back with us."

All unconscious of this little plot the travellers were making a most sumptuous breakfast at the Columbian, when the servant brought in two cards on a waiter and handed them to Elise. "Oh, it is Miss Bettie!" was her first exclamation. "The dear creature! to think of us and come so soon to see us. And here is another card: Mr. and Mrs. Howard Flinn. Mamma, I will go immediately to the parlor, you and papa can come at your leisure." Ronald making his excuses, joined Elise, and the young people were soon greeting Miss Bettie with unfeigned cordiality, and Mr. and Mrs. Sparks coming in a short time afterwards, found them conversing with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Flinn, after the manner of a friendship fully ripe.

Three days passed swiftly by, and still Ronald lingered in Richmond. He had declined the hospitable invitation of Mr. Flinn, pleading engagements that necessitated his remaining at a hotel; but every afternoon and evening found him in the bright cozy par-

lors on Marshall street, and Miss Bettie took good care that the dear old people should have rest and quiet, while to Elise was given the agreeable task of entertaining her visitor. On this his last afternoon in the city Ronald came to take Elise out for a quiet walk ; and as he sat alone in the parlor waiting until she should be ready, he heard the rustle of a dress, a familiar step, and turned from the window where he had been standing in time to meet and give an answering smile to Miss Bettie's bright face. "Alone and waiting: the one a hard thing to be, the other still harder to do, Mr. Irving," was her first salutation.

"You never said truer words, Miss Bettie."

"Poor fellow! yours is a desperate case of love at first sight. Pray tell me now, how do matters go? Does the little Southern beauty smile or frown upon your wooing?"

"Indeed I cannot tell. It may be that you can enlighten me, for who but a woman can read the heart of a woman? She always smiles, Miss Bettie, but looks so tender and innocent all the while that I have never yet dared to do more than hint, for fear that I should startle and cause her to avoid me."

"Two precious little chickens! Startled indeed! Now, Mr. Irving, if you love Elise, tell her so; and if you meet with the reception which I hope may be in waiting for you, she will soon recover from her fright. There is nothing like a manly course. Frankness without audacity, with just enough of shyness to give a spicy flavor, is the most winning way to approach a woman, especially an inexperienced one."

"Bravo, Miss Bettie! I thought you were a novice in such matters, and lo! I find in you a most sage adviser. I shall follow your advice."

"And what advice has Miss Bettie been giving you, Mr. Irving?" said a soft, gentle voice, so near where he sat as to make him start and change color as he arose to acknowledge her approach.

"Make him tell you, Elise; be sure you do," said Miss Bettie, as she hurried out of the room as if to meet some pressing engagement, leaving the young couple free to take their ramble or to remain where they were in the full and uninterrupted enjoyment of their last afternoon together for many months.

An awkward pause ensued after Miss Bettie's departure, and Elise thought she had never heard the antique little marble clock on the mantel tick so loudly before. She could almost imagine that it was the tall old-fashioned clock that stood on the landing of the stairway at home; and when with a sudden warning click it began to strike five she almost jumped from her seat, saying as she did so, "I am ready."

"Five!" exclaimed Ronald, glad of anything to break the stillness. "Did you say you were ready? Then we had better go, for I wish to take you where we can see the last gleam of sunset, and it is a good walk from here."

The sun had gone down behind a bank of dark clouds, and the shadows were gathering thick upon one of the most beautiful of those hills that overlook the river; but our young friends still

lingered there and seemed unwilling to turn their steps toward Marshall Street. An observer would have easily perceived too that now all the childish restraint of the afternoon had disappeared, and in its stead there had been a rapid growth of tenderness and confidence. It grew at last so dark that they were brought to realise the lateness of the hour by the ruddy flash and glow from the furnaces on the river bank below, as the toiling laborers like spectres dragged out from the fires the blazing bars, or some chimney emitted a lurid light. "Pardon me, dear Elise," said Ronald, as he gave her his arm and turned to leave the spot, "for having kept you so long in the cool autumn air. I was too selfish, and I fear your mamma will be seriously displeased. But really I could not help it; you have made me very, very happy, and I shall try to deserve the treasure you have given me."

"You gave me back my life, Mr. Irving," was her trembling reply.

As Ronald rang the door-bell he heard Miss Bettie's quick step in the hall, and they were greeted by her uplifted finger as she exclaimed, "Well, runaways, have you been to Manchester, Rocketts, or Screamer-ville? I was just about to dispatch a servant to have the alarm-bells rung, and I really feared Mrs. Sparks would have a nervous spell. You are a naughty fellow, Mr. Irving, to keep Elise out so late."

"I plead guilty, Miss Bettie, and beg that you make peace for me with Mrs. Sparks. Miss Elise does not look the worse for her walk, and"—with a mischievous glance—"I am quite sure she has more roses now than when she went out."

Ronald now paused an instant, listened intently, then motioning with his head toward the parlor, asked, "What familiar voice is that, Miss Bettie?"

"Whose do you think?"

"'Tis the Doctor!" said Elise, gleefully. "Oh, Miss Bettie, I told you so. Mr. Irving, we will be decidedly *de trop* to-night."

"It is the Doctor, you foolish children, and he is making himself as agreeable as possible to Papa and Mamma Sparks. It seems that he is an old friend of brother Howard's, and this is not his first visit."

"Nor will it be his last," whispered Ronald.

"You provoking fellow! Come in and speak to the Doctor while I go and put the cook in a good humor by ordering tea; it has been ready this half-hour, and all has been kept waiting for you. Be civil, Sir, or I will not forgive you."

"Consider me under bond; the Doctor shall not exceed me in dignity, and when we tell you what beguiled us into so long a walk, you will doubtless be equally confidential; and then—a truce to teasing."

Ronald entered upon his labors at the university with a zeal stimulated by a new inspiration and a heart buoyed up by bright hopes for the future. Having made known to Mr. Sparks his attachment to Elise, he found the old gentleman quite ready to assent to the understanding that existed, after he had prudently consulted Ronald's friends to whom he had referred in the city; and at their parting most cordially did he extend to him the hospitalities of his far-off home in Savannah, and bid him God-speed in his work of preparation for the duties and honors that awaited him in life.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HAMPDEN SPARKS AT LAST APPEARS. HIS STRANGE STORY.

WITH slow step, examining each number as he passed that he might be sure of getting the right one, an officer in colonel's uniform was seen walking along Tottingham Court Road. His manner indicated that he was either a stranger in London or had been so long away as to have forgotten localities that might have been once familiar. At last pausing before a handsome residence with a broad flight of steps leading up from the street, he consulted by the light of a street lamp a card which he held in his hand, and said audibly, "I have it; this is the number, and I shall soon see face to face my father's old friend." With the measured stride of a soldier he ascended the flight of steps; rang the bell, and stood tapping time with his cane and whistling a lively air as he awaited the answering step of the servant. The door was opened, and the officer was greeted with an obsequious bow.

"Does Captain Harvie Gwynn reside here?" was the first query.

"Yes, sir; will you be pleased to walk in?"

"Take him my card, and say that Colonel Sparks would be pleased to have a private interview with him at the earliest moment that he is disengaged." And following the servant, the Colonel was ushered into the drawing-room and there awaited the convenience of the master of the house.

Captain Gwynn our readers will recognise as an enlarged edition of the gallant young captain in the Scot's Greys. The sandy side-whiskers are now frosted at the tips, the clean-shaven chin has grown double, the once lithe and graceful figure rotund; but the same good humor beams forth from every feature in his genial face, and it is a pleasure to watch him as in dressing-gown and slippers he now sits in his easy-chair in the library, reading an evening paper and smoking a most fragrant Havana. He was quite in the mood for visitors, and looked up with an air of satisfaction as Thomas announced his approach by a knock, and then thrust his plethoric frame inside the room through the narrowest opening he could possibly make use of, murmuring to himself, "the master hates draughts."

"A visitor, Thomas?" and the Captain reached forth his hand and took the card from the receiver on which it had been brought.

"Yes, sir; a Colonel Sparks sends his compliments and asks a private interview."

"Colonel Sparks!" and Captain Gwynn arose hastily from his seat as he pronounced the name. "How does he look, Thomas, young or old?"

"Rather youngish, sir; forty or thereabout, and very handsome."

"Show the gentleman up here, Thomas, and excuse me to all other visitors so long as he remains."

By the same squeezing process, Thomas made his exit, and was not long in obeying his master's command, only varying the mode of ingress on his return by opening the library door sufficiently wide to accord with his idea of the social dignity of the visitor he had shown up.

Captain Gwynn arose as the young officer entered the library, and advanced to meet him with extended hand and steady gaze, saying as the stranger introduced himself, "Sparks! A very familiar name indeed, although it is years since I have met any one who bore it. My dearest friend and companion-in-arms in Spain was Colonel Hampden Sparks of Mallow Marsh; but he is gone, noble soul, and there is no living relative left in all the realm. The beautiful old home is a sad wreck with no one to keep it in order, and will pass forever from the name unless lawful heirs soon appear. Beg pardon, Colonel, for having kept you standing; be seated. I was thinking of other days, and had forgotten to be civil."

Returning the greeting he had received, Colonel Sparks astonished Captain Gwynn by the announcement: "I bear the name of Hampden Sparks, and am lawful heir to Mallow Marsh; it is to consult with you as an old friend of my father, Roscoe Sparks of Savannah, Georgia, that I am now come."

"But, Colonel, how is this? you an American and wearing the uniform of a colonel in the British army? Pardon me, but it is very strange."

"Yes, my present position is an anomalous one and requires explanation; but you may feel assured, Captain Gwynn, that the truth of all I say will be fully vindicated."

"Where have you been, Colonel, in all these years since the death of Colonel Sparks of Mallow Marsh, and how do you intend to prove too that you are indeed the heir? No will has ever been discovered, and if one ever existed it was stolen at the time that a valuable chest was taken by undiscovered thieves from the chambers of their proper custodian, Agrippa Clinch, in Chancery Lane."

"Did you or Mr. Clinch never receive a letter or letters from my father, soon after the death of my father?"

"Never. How long is it since you left your Savannah home, Colonel?"

"A little more than twenty years."

"But have you heard frequently from your father?"

"Not in all those years; and I have only been in England forty-eight hours."

"Remarkable, remarkable! All this really does need explanation, Colonel, and you must pardon my seeming incredulity."

"I am fully aware of the doubtful position I occupy, Captain, and if you can give me an hour of your valuable time I think I can tell you as strange a story as you ever heard."

"It is not probable that we shall now be interrupted, as I have excused myself to all visitors; and it will give me pleasure to have you explain this mystery, Colonel. You bear a name I love and honor because of the dear friend who bore it; and it would be a real gratification to me to know that one bearing the same name, one all worthy of it, was to inherit the old homestead, where I have spent so many happy days. Join me in a cigar, and while we smoke we will have your story."

"I must begin my story, Captain Gwynn, by saying that we should have met more than twenty years ago, but the fates were against it.

Early in September, 1824, my father, Roscoe Sparks of Savannah, received a letter from Mr. Agrippa Clinch, Solicitor, London, informing him of the demise of my uncle, Colonel Hampden Sparks of Mallow Marsh, and requesting that he or some one authorised to represent him fully should hasten to London without delay, as business of importance awaited him. On the 3d of October I left Savannah, bearing letters of introduction to you and to other early friends of my father in London, having also on my person important papers in relation to my father's interests here. A short time before leaving home I met with two strangers sojourning in Savannah, both Englishmen; and from my first acquaintance with them I was struck with the remarkable contrast between them, not only in appearance, but in refinement and cultivation. The older of the two was a heavy, thick-set man with coarse features and a devil-may-care, sea-faring look; the younger was handsome, refined, and in outward seeming a polished gentleman. Travelling together for many days, the ordinary acquaintance before existing soon ripened into friendship. We talked freely, and they informed me that they had been making a tour of pleasure through the South and were now on their way homeward, expressed themselves as highly gratified by all they had seen and learned of the manners, customs and social life of our hospitable land. Young and inexperienced in the ways of the world, I was much flattered by their attentions, and soon made known to them the nature of my business abroad, received from the younger promises of friendly aid when we should reach London, and assurances that he knew Mr. Clinch well, was the intimate friend of Captain Gwynn, and in his earlier days had visited Mallow Marsh, being at that time in his last year at Rugby. His description of my uncle and the old home coincided exactly with all that my father had ever told me about them; and as we journeyed he kept me entertained, and in the most social and communicative humor, drawing out in the course of each conversation more and more of the details connected with my business. Not long after we reached the North Carolina border the rough companion bade adieu to his friend, urging a temporary engagement many miles distant from the main stage-road, but promising to rejoin us at some point of our journey before we should reach New York. I did not know then the nature of his engagement, but gained my knowledge by a sad experience only a few days afterward. Reaching one night a stage-stand in South Side, Virginia, known as 'Holly Tavern,' we were told that we could there rest until dawn before resuming our journey, and my companion, who by the way bore the very Spanish name of Carlos Aimerio, and was of remarkably fiery temperament for an Englishman, was assigned to a bed in the same room with me. Weary with my journey I slept heavily, and can now recall only one conscious moment during that horrible night, and that was just after receiving a heavy blow. For an instant I saw the form of a man by the dim fire-light, and felt that I was being dragged from my bed; then everything in the room seemed lost to view. There was a mist before my eyes, and hours passed before I became aware of what had happened or where I was. In the dim awakening of first consciousness I perceived that I was weak and helpless, there was a dull heavy pain in

my head, stiffness in my limbs, and the peculiar sensation one has when made sick by swinging came over me frequently. I was also conscious of being in rapid motion ; could see objects along a country road spin by me in the most fearful and fantastic manner ; nor did full consciousness return until all motion ceased. I then found myself in a dark shady spot in a dense forest, the companions of my journey, Armero and Flint (that was the name of the rough character), standing guard over me, and I then understood that to accomplish his part of the plan of my abduction was the sole engagement that had induced him to leave us in North Carolina with the promise of rejoining us before reaching New York. My taunts and reproaches seemed only to amuse the brace of hardened villains who had me in their power. Armero told me coolly he had long determined that the rightful heir should never inherit Mallow Marsh ; his plans had been made before my uncle's death, and no time had been lost since that, to him, happy event ; he had all the important papers in his possession ; and with a devilish gleam in his eye announced that his visit to Savannah was not without a purpose, which he hoped now to be able to accomplish at least in part. Exasperated by the impudence and villainy of the man, I summoned all the strength which in my enfeebled condition I could command, and grasping the dead branch of a tree lying near, I struck him a blow which brought him to the ground. As quick as a flash he arose. The muzzle of his pistol covered my heart ; an instant more and I should have slept my last sleep. Our eyes met, and slowly lowering the pistol, he said with an earnestness that was simply diabolical, 'Sparks, I do not want your blood, but Mallow Marsh. I spare you now on only one condition, and that is : as soon as we reach England you enlist and go to India. Understand, it is India or certain death.' Weak and feeble from loss of blood, I was no match for my abductors in a hand-to-hand encounter, and yielding to the hope of freeing myself from them at some future day, I redeemed my life by giving the pledge to enlist. On reaching England I was promptly enlisted in a regiment under orders for India, Flint enlisting in the same company that he might be with and keep watch over me, to prevent the possibility of my escape and return to plague by my presence his guilty accomplice. We arrived at Calcutta in time to participate in the closing scenes of the Burmese War, and were then ordered far into the interior among the hill tribes, where we spent years in post duty, being changed only from one outpost to another. Like the Old Man of the Sea, Flint clung to me for four years ; and I would doubtless have been under his surveillance until now had not a strange event brought about our separation. During the summer of 1828 a detachment of our regiment was ordered to advance still further to the northward and establish a post some distance beyond Lucknow, and approaching near to the border of Punjab. The post once established, brave officers and men were not lacking to undertake expeditions involving adventure and much hazard, such excursions being looked upon as a pleasant and desirable relief from the dull routine of ordinary camp life. Marching orders came one morning ; only a small squad was detailed from our company. Flint was left behind,

and for the first time since we landed in India, to my infinite relief, we were separated. I have never seen him since that hour, nor do I know whether he still lives. During that expedition I was captured by a hostile band of Sikhs, carried to the northern extremity of Punjab and kept for years wandering up and down among the mountain passes and valleys of that strange and beautiful country, the favored servant of a capricious chief, who valued me so highly for my knowledge of many things which served him well, that he kept a careful eye upon my movements and gave me no opportunity for escape. I had given up all hopes of ever seeing home, friends, or even the face of one of my own race again, when a strange Providence led our chief in the line of march of the British army then advancing upon Cabul. I can convey but a feeble impression of the joy I felt as from an elevated mountain slope I watched the long line of redcoats, their burnished arms glittering in the sunlight, their banners waving, a promise of protection could I only once more rejoin my adopted countrymen. But how this was to be accomplished I knew not, I could only watch, hope, and bide my time. Hovering on the flank of the British army, the Sikhs, as I had hoped, camped very near them that night, keeping well up on the mountain and putting out a strong picket in the direction of their enemy, but leaving the mountain side of their encampment unprotected. My resolution was quickly taken. Waiting until those around me had fallen asleep, with the stealth of an Indian I picked my way through the camp, often stepping over prostrate forms. Reaching a mountain path, I ascended for some distance, then making a detour, to be sure of avoiding the lines of pickets that had been posted in the direction of our army, I descended slowly and carefully. Reaching a point where the descent was less abrupt I was suddenly halted, answered the challenge in good honest English, was soon taken into camp and to the headquarters of General Pollock, where I became quite a lion.

"To cut a long story short, Captain Gwynn, it was in that campaign I won my colonelcy, as you will see by these (pointing to his medals). I was familiar with the country, was accidentally placed in a trying position at the Khyber Pass, lived through it, and am once more in old England to try and establish my heirship to Mallow Marsh. You have my story, and I now need your friendly aid ; for while I have earned in India honor, my occupation has not given me a full purse, and in this great city I am almost a stranger."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SPARKS VS. SPARKS. A MYSTIFIED HOST. TIMELY ARRIVAL OF A STRANGE PACKAGE. ARMERO'S STORY.

As Colonel Sparks concluded his story Captain Gwynn grasped his hand, and shaking it with warmth, said, "Yours has indeed been a strange and adventurous life, Colonel ; the story written out would prove a most interesting romance. Give it to *Blackwood* and let others enjoy it as I have. You need not fear finding friends too in England, and foremost among them let me name Harvie Gwynn ;

command my services in any way you may need them, and permit me the pleasure of entertaining you during your stay in London. You see I live in a quiet unfashionable part of the city, but I can promise you something better than camp-life in India."

"You are very kind, Captain."

"Not at all; I am a social animal, and it will be kind of you to come into my quiet den. Say you will."

"I can only meet such open-hearted hospitality in the same frank, open spirit, and will send my luggage around in the morning."

"Good. Let us have another whiff together, and I will order a bowl of hot punch on the strength of your promise."

While mine host and his visitor were thus pleasantly engaged in the library, quite a lively scene was being enacted down in the hall, the hero of the occasion being none other than Thomas. He was standing with the hall-door half open, his hand upon the knob, and in an excited tone of voice was endeavoring to convince some one standing outside that "the master was not at 'ome to visitors"

"But I *must* see your master; take him my card this instant," said the stranger.

"Werry sorry, sir, but I can't disobey the master."

"Will you then say to your master that a gentleman is waiting to see him on urgent business, a gentleman recently arrived from abroad?"

"If I do that, sir, I'd as well take the card."

"Take the card then and go to the devil with you."

"I don't want to do that either, sir."

"Then take *this* to your master, for I do not intend to leave the house until I see him," and pushing by the burly form of the flushed and angry servant, the stranger walked into the hall and seated himself, coolly determined to carry his point. With sullen dogged step Thomas turned away and walked up the broad flight of steps leading from the hall, anon wagging his head and taking side-long glances at the intruder, all the while muttering, "A would-be gentleman—a werry much dressed up *pad* he is. I 'ope the master will tell me to put him in the street."

To the well-known knock of his servant Captain Gwynn responded, "What is it, Thomas?"

"A wisitor, sir, sends his card, and says he is just come from abroad and must see you on urgent business. I told him you was werry much engaged, but he said he wouldn't leave the 'ouse until he saw you. Oh! he is queer, sir, werry queer."

"This is very odd," was the Captain's first exclamation as he glanced at the card which Thomas had handed him. "Colonel Sparks, what *do* you think of this?" handing the card to his visitor.

"I think it is a cool piece of impudence and villainy; and if you will have the sender of this card shown up, I think I can introduce you to Carlos Armero."

"Do you really think so?"

"Yes indeed. Let Thomas show him up; I will take my seat in this alcove just behind the curtain, and when he shall have introduced himself and fully enlightened you as to his business, I will confront him."

"Very good ; invite him up, Thomas."

With quiet dignity Armero entered the library, Thomas only opening the door wide enough to admit him ; and as Captain Gwynn arose to meet him, he was struck with the grace of person and manner with which he introduced himself and his business. He claimed to be the son of Roscoe Sparks of Savannah, had been a wanderer to and fro in the earth, but tired of adventure, had now determined to claim his estates and settle down at old Mallow Marsh for life. He here produced a letter of introduction from Roscoe Sparks of Savannah, Georgia, written more than twenty years before, saying, "Doubtless you think me an unworthy truant son, Captain Gwynn ; but 'tis 'never too late to mend,' and I trust you will not disown my claim to your friendship because of my seeming indifference to it in all these years. Events I could not control at the time led me to India, and—"

There was a movement in the alcove, and as the true Hampden Sparks walked forth and confronted his abductor, he said in a firm measured tone, "Carlos Armero, you lie ! Hampden Sparks still lives. *Do you know me ?*"

In an instant Armero's eyes flashed as if lighted by the fires of the pit, and turning upon the speaker a look of well-feigned surprise, exclaimed "No ! Who are you that dares to insult a gentleman in a gentleman's house ? Captain Gwynn, whence comes this tinselled creature ? *Do you* permit such insults to be given in your house ? For shame !"

"Upon my honor, gentlemen, this is all very queer ; I do not understand it at all. A gentleman calls and introduces himself as a son of my old friend Roscoe Sparks of Savannah. I receive him with cordialty and make him my guest. Within an hour another gentleman calls and tells the same story ; the two confront each other ; one calls the other Armero ; the other protests that he is not Armero, but Sparks ; the lie passes. It isn't comedy, gentlemen. for it is no laughing matter, and for God's sake do not make it tragedy in my house."

Pointing his finger at Armero, Colonel Sparks said with a trace of scorn in his manner, "Captain Gwynn, I did not seek your hospitality, nor shall I now accept it until you are assured that I am no impostor. You need fear no tragedy, for I would not soil my sword with the blood of such as *he* unless in self-defence. He has just handed you the letter he took from my person twenty years ago ; 'tis a wonder the villain has not made good use of it before now."

"Really, gentlemen," said the mystified Captain, "this whole affair is most unexpected, and I beg pardon if I seem to give offence to either of you. Can't we come to some happy explanation ? There cannot be but one Hampden Sparks, son of Roscoe Sparks. Do not engage in criminating charges, but let us reason a little about it."

At this juncture there was a rap at the library door, and Thomas thrusting himself inside, handed his master a package, saying, "Brought by the express man, sir," adding in undertone as he made his exit, "looks werry valuable too."

The Captain took the package and broke the seals, begging to be

excused a moment that he might examine the contents. Unfolding a large foolscap sheet yellow from much age and handling, he read what was written thereon carefully ; then taking out of the envelope a delicately tinted note-sheet traced in a beautiful feminine hand, his eye ran rapidly over the page, and as he read a new light seemed to dawn upon his hitherto perplexed countenance. Turning towards Colonel Sparks, he exclaimed with energy, "In all my life I never heard of anything to equal this. We are not living in wonder-land, but a genuine wonder is wrought before our eyes. Listen !

"*'THE WILLOWS,' NEAR COVENTRY, December 28th.*

"CAPT. HARVIE GWYNN, London :

"*Sir*.—In obedience to the last wish of a wayward and erring one, I now send to you a package which will be found to contain important papers in relation to the estate of Colonel Hampden Sparks of Mallow Marsh, county Warwick. That you may understand it all without any painful explanations from one whose heart is wrung when even a thought of it comes over me, I send his confession, which you may read, use if necessary in the interests of the rightful heirs, and then destroy. Very respectfully,

"DEBORAH FLINT."

"And this," resumed Captain Gwynn, taking up the yellow-stained foolscap sheet, "is the confession, which not only confirms every word of your story, Colonel, but supplies many missing links known only to the writer and to *you*," turning toward Armero, "if you be Carlos Armero, the accomplice of Hardy Flint."

The accumulation of evidence was too great and came too suddenly for the ordinarily quick-witted Armero, and his keen eyes drooped before the steady gaze of his accusers. At last looking up with a stolid attempt at indifference, he said, "Well, gentlemen, what do you propose doing with your humble servant?"

"Why, we will hand you over to the tender mercies of the law, of course," responded the Captain.

"Think not," was the cool reply.

"And pray why not, Sir?"

"Because it will not serve the best interests of all concerned to do so."

"Ah! Enlighten us as to how your being at large will in the remotest degree aid our cause," said Colonel Sparks with energy. "Had you been transported twenty-five years ago I should have been saved much suffering, and would now be in quiet possession of the home of my ancestors."

"You will now inherit the home of your ancestors without further trouble if I am permitted to go free ; not without much trouble if I am placed in the hands of the law. For I have valuable papers still in my possession, which you will never get if I am prosecuted. Hear what I have to say, gentlemen, and decide for yourselves what you will do. The papers Captain Gwynn has just received were in my possession three days ago, and only a sense of honor—do not smile, gentlemen: no human creature is without some sense of honor—

only respect to the wishes and memory of a dead friend prevented my breaking the seals and examining the contents of the package which he committed to my charge for his sister. I could not bring myself to break the seals of that package, although I feared that there was something within which might endanger the final success of a scheme which has occupied in its planning and execution the best years of—you would have it—an ill-spent life. Be it so. Judge as you like ; but now we will go back in my story more than twenty years, to the time of my father's second marriage with Señorita Pico La Riva, in Badajoz, Spain, and I will give you a glimpse of my early life that you may see what made me less honorable than you, and you, Captain Gwynn and Colonel Sparks. * The Captain will remember my father, and that at one period in his life no man in all Spain could better have afforded to bring up his son a gentleman. He had houses, lands, orchards, vineyards, money, and I was his only child. I would speak no ill of the dead, for he has long since gone to his account ; but truth compels me to say, I never knew a father's love, and very little did I receive of his care after reaching an age when I could take even the most indifferent care of myself. Becoming infatuated with Señorita Pico La Riva, who was young, beautiful, high-born, but heartless, she married him to relieve her father of some pecuniary difficulty, and I, with no home at home, was sent to England to be educated at Rugby, where on a scant allowance doled out to me in quarterly instalments I existed during a youth of many trials and temptations. By some means Colonel Hampden Sparks of Mallow Marsh learned that I was at Rugby, and while tradition hath it that he owed my father no good will, he displayed a noble, generous spirit and was kind to his wayward son, even as a father, and I became familiar with all the nooks and crannies of the old place, where I had permission in my holidays to roam at will. It was in my last year at Rugby that I conceived the idea of gaining possession of Mallow Marsh, and since that hour I have been as one possessed of a devil. Every thought and purpose of my life seemed to converge to this point, and my noble friend and benefactor had not long been sleeping under the larches at the old place before the chest containing the will, stocks, bonds, bank-bills, and family jewels disappeared from the office of their custodian, Agrippa Clinch, in Chancery Lane. Who spirited away these valuables was a question frequently asked but never answered. One who could answer now sleeps deep down in old ocean ; the other, who might, can only do so on his own terms."

Here Armero paused, folded his arms upon his chest and gazed with his keen eyes into the faces of his auditors, who had listened with breathless interest to his recital.

"What terms do you propose, Armero?" questioned Colonel Sparks.

"They are quickly stated. First, I am not to be prosecuted ; next, I am not to be pressed for the restitution of such moneys or jewels as may have been made use of since the chest disappeared ; and thirdly, no publicity is to be given to my connection with the whole affair until I have time to leave the country. Pledge me on your

honor, gentlemen, that you will faithfully adhere to my terms, and I will place in your hands all that Colonel Sparks may need to gain quick possession of Mallow Marsh."

Colonel Sparks looked toward Captain Gwynn, who nodded approvingly, and then said: "Armero, we give you our promise. You have dealt hardly with me, one a stranger to you; but you have been sinned against too, and in this hour of your humiliation I am willing not only to strive to forget, but to forgive. You need not fear to tell us all."

"The remainder of my story is short, gentlemen. Having possessed myself of the chest, I found therein a handsome sum in Bank of England notes, for Colonel Sparks always kept money at home, and the chest was taken to London just as he had left it. Upon the money and the proceeds of a few diamonds I have lived and endeavored to execute my plan. I did not think it safe to lay claim to Mallow Marsh until assured of the death of the rightful heirs, and have just returned from America, where I endeavored, I am sorry and ashamed to say it, Colonel, to hasten your father's death. I have now the pleasure of stating that he still lives in the enjoyment of a green old age; and you will find your mother and sister well and glad to welcome you home. Home! what a mocking sound that word has to me! You, gentlemen, have homes; I go out into the world with at least the shadowy outlines of the brand of Cain upon me, with no one to care whither I go or where or when I die." For the first time showing deep emotion, Armero folded his arms and with quivering features turned away and walked into the alcove, while with pitying eye the two who had heard his story sat in silence and watched him. He had indeed committed crime, and for years lived like the sons of Ishmael; but in this hour they could not do aught else than pity one brought so low, so much a wreck of what he might have been.

Waiting until he grew more composed, Captain Gwynn ventured to ask him the fate of his father's second wife, Pico Armero.

"She too has gone into the great unknown, did not live long to plague my father or enjoy her ill-gotten wealth. Years afterwards my old Spanish nurse, whom I met in this city, told me of her death, and a sad picture she gave of a beautiful woman fading as the brightness fades from a summer-cloud at sunset, and saying with her last breath, as she seemed to be living only in a happier past and linking the old proverb to some pleasant memory, 'By the street of By-and-Bye we arrive at the house of Never.'"

CHAPTER XXIX.

CLOSING SCENES.

WINTER has passed away, and spring in all its beauty is animating nature with new life. The Virginia woodlands are fresh and green, and the dog-wood blossoms peeping out between the leaves are swaying to and fro beneath the weight of happy singing-birds. Old Holly Tavern nestling down amid a mass of bloom and shade, looks

sweeter than ever before, and as we approach, it is noticeable that something unusual is either in progress or expected, for everybody about the place seems astir.

Burwell Crowder, our jolly landlord, is more jolly than ever as he follows Mother Crowder from room to room, inspecting her every preparation and commenting as freely upon it all as if he were thoroughly up in all the arts of housekeeping. "By shot! old woman, this bridal chamber looks gorgeous; them curtains are as white as cherry blossoms, the matting looks refreshing, and this furniture—what could Sawkins have been thinking of to spend all that money on marvel-top wash-stand and bureau? We were just as happy forty years ago without all that foolishness. But really it all looks splendid."

"Indeed it does, honey," was the response, "and you just let it all be, Burwell. Sawkins knows what he is about, and the best in all the land is none too good for Miss Bettie, I can tell you."

The beds had all been sunned, every room scoured and thoroughly aired, the piazza floor sanded, while in the culinary department there had for many days been no lack of preparation, and any one else would have thought all things ready, but still Mother Crowder bustled about, and up to the last moment kept her hands busy in putting things to rights that she had fixed a dozen times before.

Little Elfie, tired of following Mother Crowder and her mother around, had caught Burwell by the hand, and was now leading him down the circle in the direction of the road, for the sun was nearly down and the Doctor and his bride might be expected at any moment. "Crowdy, why don't they come along?" said the little one impatiently, as she stamped her little foot against the gravelled path.

"Oh they will come presently, little woman. Look!" and just then a carriage was seen to leave the main road and take the direction of the tavern. From the window they saw peeping out Dr. Sawkins and Miss Bettie—no, 'tis Miss Bettie no longer, but Mrs Sawkins—looking bright and happy as she receives the greetings of her friends and settles down in the most natural way on the very first evening into the hearts of all in her future home.

* * * * *

The Sparks's had returned to Savannah, and settled down into the quiet ways of a very quiet house. The old lady had been much benefitted by her trip, notwithstanding the two severe shocks she had received, and her sweet sad face began to wear a brighter expression as she daily watched her lovely child, now as happy as a bird, flitting about the house, ever singing joyous notes of love and melody, and ready to cheer and bless by her sweet ministrations. The library was the favorite family room (every family has some favorite room), and here in the evening the old people would sit in their easy-chairs, and listen while Elise read aloud to them, or in the twilight before the lamps were lit, with graceful touch awoke her harp to melody, and sung to them the sweet old airs of other days. It was at the twilight hour that the servant brought one evening an unusually large mail and placed it on the table before Mr. Sparks, soon returning again with the lamp all trimmed and lighted. In an instant Elise

was at her father's side, saying in tender tones, "Dear Papa, you are weary; let me read your letters for you."

"You may, my darling, for I am indeed weary and depressed to-night; I have been dwelling much in the past to-day."

Taking up the letters, Elise turned them over carefully, and selecting two with foreign post-mark, exclaimed excitedly, "Oh, Papa, two from abroad!"

"Indeed, child? Read them."

Elise broke the seal of the first letter, and as she read the first line in it, the sheet dropped from her hand and she could for the instant only say, "Dear Papa, brother Hampden!"

"What, child! What! Speak! What of my lost boy?" and the old man reached forth his hand to pick up the letter.

In an instant Elise recovered her self-possession, seeing urgent need that she should now be calm; and picking up the letter, she read it aloud, and then the other from Captain Harvie Gwynn. The first, from Hampden Sparks, told his wonderful story and conveyed the joyful intelligence that he was now safe with his friend Captain Gwynn in London, where he should remain until joined by his father, mother and sister, whom he urged to be present when he should take possession of the ancestral estates. Captain Gwynn's letter was kind and genial, calling up many happy scenes in Mr. Sparks's early life, and concluded by pressing his old friend to lose no time in making preparations to join his son in the fatherland.

There was joy in that house such as the old patriarch Jacob experienced when the glad tidings reached him that Joseph still lived; and when the first shock of joy was over, the old people seemed to have renewed their youth and entered with much alacrity upon the work of preparation for their journey. Just three weeks before they had determined to leave Savannah there was a sudden arrival which was destined to change the plans of somebody and add a fourth to the party going abroad.

It was near sunset, and Elise was quite ready to descend from her chamber to the library. She was only sitting by the window a moment listening to her canary and listlessly plucking a few buds and geranium leaves from her flowers, and it may be, thinking of one far off in Virginia; suddenly her attention was arrested by the soft sound of wheels in the sandy street below, and looking, she saw a coach stop at the door and some one get out. She looked quickly, even nervously, and a blush came to her cheeks. "Could it be?" Her heart answered "Yes," for just then she had no words, and with quick step she ran down the hall, and before she could check her speed was caught in the strong, loving arms of Ronald Irving. Ronald had suddenly concluded to finish his law course abroad, having reached a point in the university course which would enable him to follow up successfully new advantages elsewhere. His delight at finding that Elise and her parents were even then preparing for a foreign trip will be imagined, and his first successful pleading resulted in a wedding-scene before their departure from Savannah. The bride and groom walked down the crowded aisle to the rich tones of the organ pealing the wedding-march, and received the congratulations that were offered on every hand. Never had a more brilliant wedding

taken place in the city. The Sparks family had many warm friends who, sympathising with them in all their years of trial, now heartily rejoiced at the many blessings that had suddenly clustered around the bright young bride and dear old people.

* * * * *

"Wonders will never cease!" was Mrs. Grimcheek's first exclamation as Archie Clevis, in excited manner and with voice even more cracked than ever, told her "the new master has come to life at last, and we are to have another Hampden Sparks at the old place."

"I don't like the idea, Archie; he's 'Merican, I believe."

"Yes, but his father was born in yonder wing room, and he is a colonel in Her Majesty's service, and that's 'nough for me, Mrs. Grimcheek. I shall clean things up, put the lawn in order, set the carpenters to work, and drill the tenants so as to give the new master a reception worthy of the mighty 'casion."

"Certainly, Archie, we must do all that is befitting; but it seems very strange to me to have new people in the 'ouse, and our dear old master's things all ransacked, when they have been kept with the dust all on 'em just as he left everything years and years ago. These 'Mericans are meddlesome kind of people, ain't they, Archie?"

"Not more than most of people who inherits property they didn't work for, Mrs. Grimcheek, so we mustn't judge of them until they come."

The work of preparation went forward, and the din of saw and hammer waked the echoes in the old place, causing a ceaseless grumble on the part of Mrs. Grimcheek, who vowed that she should "never, no never, have any more peace!" But as the calm follows the storm, so peace came, when all was in readiness, and the tenantry marshalled by Archie Clevis in the very old coat he had worn at Badajoz, opened ranks on each side of the park-gate, and doffing their hats, gave three cheers for Colonel Hampden Sparks, the new master of Mallow Marsh.

The grand old hall was ablaze with a flood of light, bringing out the ancestral pictures on the walls and making them look like visitants from the ages past. The old friends of Colonel Hampden Sparks, Sr., many of them even recollecting the long-absent Roscoe Sparks, and others, desirous of meeting with the successor to a name so honored and loved in their memories, in obedience to a general invitation had gathered there. Ronald Irving and his beautiful bride became the central figures in all the scene. The young belles and beaux of Warwickshire, amazed at the grace and dignity of their demeanor under such flattering circumstances, and attracted by the unrestrained charm of manner about them, seemed never weary of paying them courteous attention. That night as Ronald bade Mrs. Sparks good-night, the dear old lady whispered tenderly in his ear, "God has rewarded you, my son; I thank him that I have now two loving sons to cheer my old age."

And now, dear reader, we must leave not only this happy scene but all others connected with our story. Some of our travellers have ended their travelling days; others of them, like "stage walkers" in a play, serving their purpose, have gone their ways: we will see them no more. To all we bid adieu, and record the "*Story of Nine Travellers*" as ended.

REVIEWS.

Love Is Enough; or, The Freeing of Pharamond. A Morality. By William Morris. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

MUSIC, says M. Taine, is the characteristic art of modern civilisation. And it holds this place, he asserts, because it best expresses "the morbid, restless character of the age—its over-refined, excessive sensibility, and vague boundless aspiration." If his judgment be well-founded, and it seems to us in accord with the facts, he might have fortified it by another reason. The present age is pre-eminently scientific and analytic—it brings the scales of the chemist and the microscope of the physiologist to the examination of everything. It is uneasily suspicious of interest in anything that may not be established by demonstration, and no longer finds recreation in misty ideal pleasantries hovering between truth and fiction. The romancer can no more delight with a wild tale of adventure in far Cathay, or "incredible things about Thule": his hearers are critically familiar with the topography and customs of the one, and demand that the other shall first be shown them on the map. The painter must study from nature; and even in painting an Armida's garden, woe to him if he gives an asphodel a petal more than botany allows, or is not accurately geological in the stratification and cleavage of his rocks.

But in music we have an art that refuses to be brought under the yoke: a paradise into which whoso enters leaves the iron rule of law behind. For the purely technic laws of counterpoint have nothing to do with the æsthetic freedom of music. It alone of all the arts is privileged to render no reason; and is the appeal of one absolute free-will to another. When enthralled by the power of music, we are raised to a region of pure pleasure, independent of experience or intelligence. The cosmos without addresses the cosmos within; but in a symphony of Beethoven abyss calls to abyss. Those "formless dreams, objectless, limitless desires, the grandiose and dolorous mazes" through which we are borne, have no cause and no result; they belong not to any world in which we have been or shall be; they lie in a region outside of space, time and actual existence.

"What does that prove?" asked the mathematician, after hearing a masterpiece of Mozart; and such is the necessary attitude of science. Science does its utmost in its prescribed domain: Helmholtz can tell us why the tones of a violin have a different quality from those of a flute; but who will explain to us why raising the third in a chord by a single semitone changes our mood from causeless dejection to causeless triumph? Science is impotent before the mystery—

"That out of three sounds we make, not a fourth sound, but a star."

It is precisely because science is pressing upon us so tyrannously that we are driven to reaction against it; that we delight to escape

from her orderly palace of truth into the lovely wilderness of the impossible ; that bending under the load of what is, we fly to what is not and cannot be. And this is music.

Hence has come a certain division, not very clearly defined as yet, and yet perceptible, in an art which occupies a middle position between science and music — between knowing and feeling. Science deals with pure knowledge without emotion ; music with pure emotion without knowledge ; but poetry deals with emotion founded on knowledge (knowledge of the human heart, of the aspects of nature, etc.), and therefore is in part scientific, in part musical.

Now with the widening of the domain of science until it has invaded our very dreams, and the corresponding contraction of the region of the unknown till Romance has hardly any longer a standing-ground, there has come to be a sundering of the ground allotted to poetry. On the one side we find poets aiming at definiteness and precision, at truth to nature, to whom every poem is a problem worked out :—given such a nature in such a situation, and he would act thus ; such and no other were my feelings at such a moment, and for this reason ; the scene which I beheld looked precisely so, as nearly as I can describe it, and called forth such thoughts in my mind ; etc. This is the scientific side.

On the other side we are beginning to see the movement of a reaction from this, and a tendency toward the musical side in the writings of several recent poets. They are characterised, so far as the form is concerned, by exquisite melody and variety of rhythm, by delicate choice and arrangement of harmonious words, and by the use of all the musical artifices, such as alliteration, assonances, the refrain, novelty and complexity of rhyme compelling attention to the versification, by what Prof. Sylvester terms “the phonetic syzygy,” or carrying-through of the sound, and many other devices to give the utmost possible musical effect to the verses considered merely as successions of sound. All this was done ages ago in the the tongue of Southern Germany, but never until now in English ; nor would it, until now, have been possible in English.

We find again a certain vagueness about this poetry, as if the poet were aiming rather to convey a feeling than a thought. Words are employed in unusual senses, and with obscure or ambiguous construction. A passage will impress us with the sense of beauty and sweetness, and when we come to analyse it we can not be sure that we exactly seize the meaning—and yet the charm remains. The logical critic of course pounces on such verse, re-arranges it in prose, and then challenges mankind, the author included, to say precisely what it means. May this not be something like the “What does it prove?” of the mathematician? If we have emotions, deep and strong, which can not be defined or explained, may not these too be the subject of poetry, not to define, but to express? And how can they be expressed save by words soft, evanescent, indefinite like themselves? Is not the painter, who only deals with material nature, allowed to paint objects dim with twilight, wrapt in mist, vanishing in haze, melting in light, not because under those circumstances are their forms most clearly made out, but because he saw them so?

We do not mean that *Love is Enough* is by any means an extreme or typical example of Poetry of this sort. But it lies altogether in the region of the impossible and irrational; it is intentionally vague and indefinite in many parts; it is constructed with consummate skill in the melodious use of language and structure of verse; and its beauty and sweetness are extreme. It is music as much as poetry.

The very form of the poem places it at once in the region of the undefined. It is called "A Morality," a name anciently given to dramatic productions intended to delight or edify, but not founded, as were the "Mysteries," on a religious subject. The Mayor and burgesses of a nameless town cause it to be presented by a group of strolling players before a newly-wedded Emperor and Empress. The townsfolk who are assembled to see the show are represented by Giles and Joan, a rustic bride and groom, who in rhymed octosyllabic verse express their admiration of the pomp that attends the Imperial pair, and their sympathy with them as lovers, also with the player-king and player-maiden, who are again a pair of lovers. The Emperor and Empress, while waiting, speak tenderly to each other in rhymed ten-syllable verse, and the Mayor bespeaks their favor for the play in unrhymed alliterative lines.

The action is preceded by a sung chorus, like an orchestral overture, which again falls in at the close of each act, with what we may call the key-note of feeling; and each act is introduced by a prologue spoken by Love, dressed in various guise, now as a king, now as an image-maker, etc. The overture, or choral part, is in a measure closely resembling that used in the play, but rhymed, softened into lyrical sweetness, and changing the form of the stanza each time. We will give the first of these choral parts in full:

LOVE IS ENOUGH: Have no thought for to-morrow—
 If ye lie down this even in rest from your pain,
 Ye who have paid for your bliss with great sorrow,
 For as it was once so it shall be again.
 Ye shall cry out for death as ye stretch forth in vain

Feeble hands to the hands that would help but they may not,
 Cry out to deaf ears that would hear if they could,
 Till again shall the change come, and words your lips say not
 Your hearts make all plain in the best wise they would,
 And the world ye thought waning is glorious and good.

And no morning now mocks you and no nightfall is weary,
 The plains are not empty of song and of deed;
 The sea strayeth not, nor the mountains are dreary;
 The wind is not helpless for any man's need,
 Nor falleth the rain but for thistle and weed.

O surely this morning all sorrow is hidden,
 All battle is hushed for this even at least;
 And no one this noontide may hunger, unbidden
 To the flowers and the singing and the joy of your feast,
 Where silent ye sit midst the world's tale increased.

Lo the lovers unloved that draw nigh for your blessing!
 For your tale makes the dreaming whereby yet they live:
 The dreams of the day with their hopes of redressing,
 The dreams of the night with the kisses they give,
 The dreams of the dawn wherein death and hope strive.

Ah, what shall we say then but that earth threatened often
 Shall live on forever that such things may be,
 That the dry seed shall quicken, the hard earth shall soften,
 And the spring-bearing birds flutter north o'er the sea,
 That earth's garden may bloom round my love's feet and me?

We especially recommend our readers to note the English of these lines. Indeed the whole poem is a study of language.

The play opens in the court of King Pharamond. Oliver, his foster-father, laments to the lords of the court that the king has fallen a prey to a sort of dreamy melancholy, from which all his attempts to rouse him, by taking him out to hunt, or to tilting, or to sit in judgment, are ineffectual. Pharamond presently enters, and dismissing the lords, calls Oliver with him into the garden. This closes the first act. The chorus sings of the stealthy springing up of love in the heart, and Love, coming forward, relates that he has chosen Pharamond for a special reason to manifest his might in him.

We are then shown Pharamond and Oliver in the garden, and the king relates how at diverse times he has had a vision, or his spirit has been rapt into an unknown land, a valley between rocky walls, where he has seen a maiden for whom he has ever since been pining in love.

As my twin-sister, young of years was she and slender,
 Yellow blossoms of spring-tide her hands had been gathering,
 But the gown-lap that held them had fallen adown
 And had lain round her feet with the first of the singing;
 Now her singing had ceased, though yet heaved her bosom
 As with lips lightly parted and eyes of one seeking
 She stood face to face with the Love that she knew not,
 The love that she longed for and waited unwitting;
 She moved not, I breathed not—till lo, a horn winded,
 And she started, and o'er her came trouble and wonder,
 Came pallor and trembling; came a strain at my heart-strings,
 As bodiless there I stretched hands towards her beauty,
 And voiceless cried out as the cold mist swept o'er me.
 Then again clash of arms, and the morning watch calling,
 And the long leaves and great twisted trunks of the chestnuts,
 As I sprang to my feet and turned round to the trumpets
 And gathering of spears and unfolding of banners
 That first morn of my reign and my glory's beginning.

We hardly need call our reader's attention to the structure of these verses, which is that of the whole dialogue. Those acquainted with the old English alliterative measures will note the freer handling, and also the introduction of the new series of alliterants before the former is completed, thus braiding the verse together as is done in the rhyme of the Italian *terza rima*.

As my twin sister, young of years was she and slender,
 Yellow blossoms of spring-tide her hands had been gathering,
 But the gown-lap that held them had fallen adown
 And had lain round her feet with the first of the singing.

But to come back to the story: Pharamond avers that his love and longing have ever grown on him, and now that he has seen her in vision weeping and pining, he has resolved to wander through the world until he finds her. To this plan Oliver, who has no other wish in life than to make his foster-son happy, accedes and provides the means of departure.

The music then descants on the sufferings of love, and yet declares them, if consoled by visions or hopes of the beloved, to be sweeter than all that the world prizes. Love appears, "clad as a maker of pictured cloths," and explains how he has led on Pharamond with visions, and in the heart of the maiden of his vision has poured vague love-longing.

In the next scene Pharamond and Oliver, in a forest, recount the adventures and sufferings that have befallen them in their four years' pilgrimage. The music — very sweet here — tells of love's disappointment, and inspires hope of a happy ending.

Love introduces the next scene, bearing "a cup of bitter drink," pities the sufferings of his servant, and promises greater bliss for all that he has endured. Pharamond and Oliver are found in a valley — the last land — but know not where they are ; and the king, exhausted and almost hopeless, thinks his end is nigh. While he sleeps, Oliver goes to find some help. The music closes the scene with a strong major movement full of encouragement and hopefulness.

Love appears as a pilgrim, telling that the trial is over, and then passing to the stage, awakens Pharamond and talks with him, drawing him back to life. The king looks about him and recognises the land of his vision. A voice is heard singing and drawing nearer. The song we give in full — the music accompanies it —

Dawn talks to day
Over dew-gleaming flowers,
Night flies away
Till the resting of hours ;
Fresh are thy feet
And with dreams thine eyes glistening,
Thy still lips are sweet
Though the world is a-listening.

O Love, set a word in my mouth for our meeting,
Cast thine arms round about me to stay my heart's beating !
O fresh day, O fair day, O long day made ours !

Morn shall meet noon,
While the flower-stems yet move,
Though the wind dieth soon
And the flowers fade above.
Loved lips are thine
As I tremble and hearken ;
Bright thine eyes shine
Though the leaves thy brow darken.

O Love, kiss me into silence lest no word avail me,
Stay my head with thy bosom lest breath and life fail me !
O sweet day, O rich day, made long for our love !

Late day shall greet eve,
And the full blossoms shake,
For the wind will not leave
The tall trees while they wake.
Eyes soft with bliss
Come nigher and nigher !
Sweet mouth I kiss,
Tell me all thy desire !

Let us speak, love, together some words of our story
That our lips as they part may remember the glory !
O soft day, O calm day, made clear for our sake !

Eve shall kiss night
 And the leaves stir like rain
 As the wind stealth light
 O'er the grass of the plain.
 Unseen are thine eyes
 'Mid the dreamy night's sleeping,
 And on my mouth lies
 The dear rain of thy weeping.
 Hold silence, love, speak not of the sweet day departed,
 Cling close to me, love, lest I waken sad-hearted !
 O kind day, O dear day, short day come again !

Nothing could better illustrate than this lyric, which is indeed the flower of the whole poem, the essentially musical character on which we have insisted. Few readers will fail to appreciate its transcendent sweetness and melody — its beauty almost too subtle and fine to express in words. Yet if we subject it to intellectual analysis, it is surprising how little it yields. The four stanzas are like so many turns of a kaleidoscope, producing a lovely effect by the shifting arrangement of a few simple words. It will be seen that four periods of the day are indicated in the initial lines : (1) dawn talks to day [misprinted "to-day" in our copy] ; (2) morn meets noon ; (3) late day greets eve ; (4) eve kisses night. Then the flowers and leaves are mentioned : (1) they gleam in dew ; (2) they move slightly ; (3) they shake ; (4) they stir "like rain." Then the wind, not mentioned in (1), in (2) is dying ; (3) moving the trees ; (4) stealing over the grass. Then the loved one's eyes, which (1) glisten with dreams ; (2) shine under leaves ; (3) are soft with bliss ; (4) are unseen. Next the loved one's lips, which (1) are silent and sweet ; (2) are speaking ; (3) are silent and kissed ; (4) the lover's own lips are moist with tears. In two of the stanzas the loved one is represented as speaking, and in two silent. This gives the germ of the epodic part, which (1) entreats the beloved to greet their meeting ; (2) begs to be kissed into silence ; (3) craves some speech of love for after memory ; (4) pleads for silence again. Finally the refrain, with slight change of words, gives the lovely day a rapturous greeting, or bids it a reluctant farewell. The reader should notice also, as characteristic, the indefiniteness and indistinctness of the whole. We do not know whether the verses represent the speech of man or maid, or of each alternately ; flowers and trees are mentioned, but indefinitely ; neither place, time, nor circumstance indicated — except in one touch : "the leaves thy brow darken" — to enable us to form a visible picture to the fancy. All floats in the realm of sound.

But do we therefore undervalue this lyric because its materials are so slight ? Not in the least ; we regard it, as we have said, as a song of transcendent loveliness, to which we can scarcely find a parallel. Intellectual analysis has no business with it : it addresses emotion, not thought, as music does. Had we room we might examine its rhythmical structure ; but will only call attention to the passionate cry, "O Love, kiss me into silence !" where the rushing four syllables into the time of two is a true musical effect.

Azalais, the singer, and the maiden of the dream, enters and finds Pharamond sleeping. She sees how wan and wasted he is, pities him, wonders if he is a lover, and love takes full possession of her heart. She dreads to awaken him :—

— If my hand touched thy hand
 I should fear thee the less.— O sweet friend, forgive it,
 My hand and my tears, for faintly they touched thee!
 He trembleth and waketh not: O me, my darling!
 Hope whispers that thou hear'st me through sleep and wouldst waken,
 But for dread that thou dreamest and I should be gone.
 Doth it please thee in dreaming that I tremble and dread thee,
 That those tears are the tears of one praying vainly,
 Who shall pray with no word when thou hast awakened?

Friend, I may not forbear: we have been here together;
 My hand on thy hand has been laid, and thou trembledst.
 Think now, if this May sky should darken above us,
 And the death of the world in this minute should part us—
 Think, my love, of the loss if my lips had not kissed thee,
 And forgive me my hunger of no hope begotten!

Pharamond awakens to her kiss, recognises the maiden of his dreams, and the longing of both is fulfilled. Their words fall into the cadence of the music which follows in glad exultation.

A space of time is supposed to pass. Love appears, and lets us know that Pharamond and Oliver wish to see their native land again, to learn how the people fare, and whether they will welcome him back. The scene opens before Pharamond's palace. The King and Oliver converse, and we learn that the people have chosen a new king, Theobald, the former Constable of the realm, who is but the body of the kingship, a wise stranger, Honorius, his chief councillor, being the soul. Pharamond learns that he is forgotten of all his people, save a faithful few. He recalls the days and deeds of his royalty:—

Yea, I was a king once; the songs sung o'er my cradle
 Were ballads of battle and deeds of my fathers:
 Yea, I was King Pharamond; in no carpeted court-room
 Bore they the corpse of my father before me;
 But on grass trodden gray by the hoofs of the war-steeds
 Did I kneel to his white lips and sword-cloven bosom,
 As from clutch of dead fingers his notched sword I caught;
 For a furlong before us the spear-wood was glistening.

He recalls the time when he was firmly seated on the throne, a great king, loved and feared by all far and near, and yet he scarce valued his fame and fortune, for one thing he lacked, which he since has sought and found. Why should he stir up strife again, and war upon his own people, for what he prized so little? He sees King Theobald and Honorius pass, and thinks their lot little to be envied. Then his heart reverts to the land where his love is:—

O sweet wind of the night, wherewith now ariseth
 The red moon through the garden boughs frail, overladen,
 O faint murmuring tongue of the dream-tide triumphant,
 That wouldst tell me sad tales in the times long passed over,
 If somewhat I sicken and turn to your freshness,
 From no shame it is of earth's tangle and trouble,
 And deeds done for nought, and change that forgetteth;
 But for hope of the lips that I kissed on the sea-strand,
 But for hope of the hands that clung trembling about me,
 And the breast that was heaving with words driven backward,
 By longing I longed for, by pain of departing,
 By my eyes that knew her pain, my pain that might speak not.

Yea, for hope of the morn when the sea is passed over,
 And for hope of the next moon the elm-boughs shall tangle. . . .
 For hope of new wonder each morn, when I, waking,
 Behold her awakened eyes turning to seek me ;
 For hope of fresh marvels each time the world changing
 Shall show her feet moving in noontide to meet me ;
 For hope of fresh bliss, past all words, half forgotten,
 When her voice shall break through the hushed blackness of night. . . .

Breathe soft, O sweet wind, for surely she speaketh :

"Weary I wax, and my life is a-waning :

Life lapseth fast, and I faint for thee, Pharamond ;

What art thou lacking if Love no more sufficeth ?"

— Weary not, sweet, as I weary to meet thee ;

Look not on the long way, but my eyes that were weeping ;

Faint not in love as thy Pharamond fainteth —

— Yea, Love were enough if thy lips were not lacking.

The music, taking up again the key-note, *Love is enough*, bursts into a rapturous pæan to Love. We give two stanzas:—

O hearken the words of his voice of compassion :

"Come cling round about me, ye faithful who sicken

Of the weary unrest and the world's passing fashion !

As the rain in mid morning your troubles shall thicken,

But surely within you some godhead doth quicken,

As you cry to me, heeding, and leading you home.

"Come — pain ye shall have, and be blind to the ending :

Come — fear ye shall have, 'mid the sky's overcasting :

Come — change ye shall have, for far are ye wending :

Come — no crown shall ye have for your thirst and your fasting,

But the kissed lips of Love and fair life everlasting —

Cry out, for one heedeth, who leadeth you home !"

Love comes forward "holding a crown and palm-branch," and epiloguises rather mystically. Then the hearers speak : the Emperor and Empress express their gratification and send gifts to the player-king and player-maiden. Giles and Joan chatter satisfaction, and plan to invite the player-lovers to their rural home, and thus the pageant dissolves away.

Our readers may perhaps think that we have devoted an excessive amount of attention to a little fanciful poem of not much more than a hundred pages. But they should bear in mind that the true poetry of any period has this importance, that it represents the *general thoughts and feelings* of that period — those which belong to all time. If we look back at the literature of the past, we find that it is the poetry rather than the prose that retains its hold upon the popular mind ; and this is because in the poetry we find ourselves at once placed in natural and intelligible relations with the past on the basis of a common humanity. And any change in the current of general thought and feeling finds its first indication in the genuine poetry of the time ; as a change of wind will be indicated by the movement of the light cirri in the upper regions of the air, before it is perceived on the surface of the earth. This little book we consider one of these cirri, foretokening such a shifting of the wind.

But apart from these considerations, it is a work of rare and delicate beauty. The expression is singularly chastened, and as a rule is kept at a lower tone than the thought, so as to give room to *accent*

the points of strongest emotion, in which respect it might be a model ; it is a study of sweet pure English, and triumphantly shows the richness, power, and delicacy of the pure Teutonic vocabulary of our speech ; and, as we have before said, in rhythmical and melodic structure, it is almost unrivalled.

W. H. B.

The Poems of Henry Timrod. Edited, with a Sketch of the Poet's Life, by Paul H. Hayne. New York: E. J. Hale & Sons.

No poem which Timrod has ever given to the world can equal the elegy of his life. None of the Chattertons, or Keatses, or Kirke Whites, or Arthur Hallams, who passed away before their morning of promise had neared its noon, have left behind them a life-record touched with deeper pathos. It seems to us the saddest story, as well as one of the tenderest, that the annals of modern literature can show. And yet over all the sadness and disappointment and ruin there is thrown a soft haze of mournful beauty, an Indian-summer veil of amethyst glooms, born of the poet's own soul, which almost reconciles us to the sorrow : since, through the subdued lights of such an atmosphere, his beautiful creations come to us glorified with a higher and lovelier meaning than if seen under the steady shining of a prosperous happiness.

The *Sketch* of Timrod's life could not have been as fitly prepared by any other hand as that of his friend Mr. Hayne. Indeed, we believe it is mainly owing to the fervor of this friendship that this beautiful little volume of posthumous poems sees the light at all. The editing of it has been purely a labor of love ; and there is nothing, as we have already said, in all the book so full of appealing significance as the life-portrait of the dead poet drawn by the pencil of the living one — a picture as tender with loving and reverent touches as one of Fra Angelico's. It was a felicitous thought to preface the poems by this sketch, for we feel sure that thereby a far deeper human interest will gather about Timrod's name. Many a poet who has passed away before his prime would have died out of men's memories but for the fragrant embalming of some skilful hand.

We will not here attempt to go over even the most salient points of Timrod's life. We insist upon it that all Southern readers shall learn for themselves, through this volume, the sad, bitter-sweet story of their poet — his ardent enthusiastic boyhood, the golden promise of his ambitious youth, his briefly successful and brilliant manhood, his harrowing war experiences, his courageous struggles, his quiet despairs, not sullen, not splenetic, only utterly and unspeakably hopeless. What a world of heart-break is wrapped up in an expression in one of his letters, written after his sad reverses came upon him ! — "I would consign every line I have ever written to eternal oblivion for one hundred dollars in hand !" The letter of the poet's sister in which she describes the closing scene of her brother's life, is tragical in its simple pathos. The elder Hallam's account of his son's death, tender though it be, is not touched with such a sacred grace. May we be permitted to quote a sentence or two ? — "And is this to be the end of all (he said) — so soon, so soon ! And I have achieved

so little! I thought to have done so much. I had, just before my attack, fallen into a strain of such pure and delicate fancies. I do think this winter I should have done more than I ever have done; yes, I should have written more purely, and with a greater delicacy. And then I have loved you all so much; how *can* I leave you?' . . . I murmured to him, 'You will soon be at rest now.' 'Yes,' he replied, in a tone so mournful it seemed the wail of a lifetime of desolation, 'yes, my sister; but love is sweeter than rest!' Once, turning to me, he asked, 'Do you remember that little poem of mine?—

Somewhere on this earthly planet,
In the dust of flowers to be,
In the dew-drop, in the sunshine,
Waits a solemn hour for me?—

'Never mind,' he said (finding himself unable to swallow the water offered him), 'I shall soon drink of the river of eternal life.' He died at the very hour which, years ago, he had predicted would be his death-hour. The whisper, 'He is gone!' went forth as 'day purpled the zenith.' We give in full the "little poem" thus hallowed by his own latest memory of it: it is entitled *A Common Thought*:—

Somewhere on this earthly planet,
In the dust of flowers to be,
In the dew-drop, in the sunshine,
Waits a solemn hour for me.

At this wakeful hour of midnight
I behold it dawn in mist,
And I hear a sound of sobbing
Through the darkness—Hist! O, hist!

In a dim and murky chamber
I am breathing life away:
Some one draws the curtain softly,
As I watch the broadening day.

As it purples in the zenith,
As it brightens on the lawn,
There's a hush of death about me,
And a whisper—"He is gone!"

As to any actual criticism of Timrod's poems, we shall not attempt it: we are too much overshadowed by the gentle solemnity of his beautiful passing away, to sit calmly down to the work of dissection. We would as soon think of addressing ourselves to a Tyndall-like analysis of the shafts of light after a golden sunset had melted into our heart, or botanise over a splendid Devonshire rose after our senses have been witched by its subtle power. Thus much, however, we will say, that these poems are wonderfully free from the "problem-haunted" spirit and the vague unrest and the perplexing mysticism which underlie so much of modern poetry. They remind us in their freshness, their unstrained pathos, their vivid but natural emotion, their clear directness, their polished but simple rhythms, of a school of poets widely removed from that of the immediate present. Mr. Hayne speaks of Timrod as having been at one time an ardent disciple of Wordsworth; but he must have outgrown his enthusiasm, for

we trace in the present volume none of the old Laker's influence. Here and there we perceive an echo — nothing more — of the Tennysonian ring, as in *The Arctic Voyager*: which, however, was written at an immature age, and in *Hark to the Shouting Wind*. This little lyric is so full of a fathomless sorrow that we must quote it:—

Hark to the shouting Wind!
Hark to the flying Rain!
And I care not though I never see
A bright blue sky again!

There are thoughts in my breast to-day
That are not for human speech;
But I hear them in the driving storm,
And the roar upon the beach.

And oh, to be with that ship
That I watch through the blinding brine!
O, Wind! for thy sweep of land and sea!
O, Sea! for a voice like thine!

Shout on, thou pitiless Wind,
To the frightened and flying Rain!
I care not though I never see
A calm blue sky again!

To *The Vision of Poesy* we feel inclined to grant higher praise than Mr. Hayne claims for it. As a whole, it is of very unequal merit, but the bit of blank verse which links the two parts together is very beautiful; and in part second there are some very subtle verses. Some of the sonnets are as artistically put together as even the requirements of Dante Rossetti demand. Here is one which comes to us with the sacred association of having been written only three weeks before the poet's death:—

IN MEMORIAM.

True Christian, tender husband, gentle sire!
A stricken household mourns thee; but its loss
Is Heaven's gain, and thine. Upon the Cross
God hangs the crown, the pinion and the lyre,
And thou hast won them all! Could we desire
To quench that diadem's celestial light,—
To hush thy song, and stay thy heavenward flight,
Because we miss thee by this autumn fire?
Ah, no! Ah, no! Chant on! Soar on! Reign on!
For we are better,—thou art happier thus!
And haply from the splendor of thy throne,
Or haply from the echoes of thy psalm,
Something may fall upon us, like the calm
To which thou shalt, hereafter, welcome us!

Into his war poems Timrod threw his intensest vigor, and they glowed with a fiery earnestness and a consuming patriotism which ought, even now, though his vatic utterance proved no prophecy, to endear him to the people whose hearts he was once able so to thrill. If he were living now, the refrain of his *Carolina* would become on his lips a wail of woe: "happier thus" that he is not here to witness her desolations.

Had New-England claimed Timrod as a native, his name would

stand high upon the calendar of her canonised poets ; had he been British-born, all cultured Englishmen would treasure his fame from Land's End to John O'Groat's. As it is, are we Southern people so rich in home-born singers that we can afford to let the volumes of our dead Charleston poet lie on the publisher's shelves unappreciated, unbought, unread ?

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

On the Eve. By I. S. Turgénieff. New York : Holt & Williams.

THE readers of the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE are not unfamiliar with the masterly workmanship of Ivan Turgénieff. His "Lear of the Steppes," which we lately published, must have made a deep impression upon all who read it. All of his works which we have read are powerful in their kind, and each bears that distinct impress of individuality and originality which is the prerogative of genius. Each great writer handles his material in a way which is his own and is like the way of no other writer. Judged by this, the artistic touch, which is none the less distinctly recognisable because it is undefinable, Turgénieff is a man of high genius. He is not a pleasing writer ; his subjects are often painful ; he is above all things a morbid anatomist, and prefers to demonstrate the obstructive tumors of a system rather than its functional beauties of nice adaptation ; and his characters move heavily to their fates in a murky atmosphere. But he does the work he has appointed himself like an artist, with a fidelity that is unapproachable, a truth not to be impeached, and a realism so startling as to be a perpetual surprise, a frequent shock.

Turgénieff is a Russian and a patriot. In his philosophy it is evident that pessimism is a necessary corollary of the above. He draws Russians as they appear to him ; it is quite apparent that he thinks some of his characters — his typical Russians — not much too good to ornament an average dunghill, yet at the same time he does not conceal his opinion that his Russians are at least as good as the people of other nationalities whom he has studied, if not better. He paints you a character as Titian is reputed to have painted his portraits, laying on touch by touch of color till the picture stands out an unmistakable likeness, a thoroughly distinct individuality. But the burthen of circumstance and destiny is too heavy for his characters ; they are never able to make nor to counterfeit a sunshine of their own, but are borne down to the earth, heroically struggling against an implacable evil. So, each of his tales is a tragedy, with some sort of tremendous irony for its emphasis, and not relief enough in the background of dull leaden Russian atmosphere in which it is acted out. *On the Eve* is of this sort. It is a tale of love that never flies, for its wings are clipped ; of heroism beating itself to death against the bars of a prison ; of devotion dragged down to the dust, of duty having no goal, and self-sacrifice unrewarded — nay more, unrewarding. The title itself is significant. What Russia wants, the book insists, is men ; the conclusion of the tale brings us so near to men that we are *on the eve* of getting them ; there is a hope, but it is a hope that the author does not permit us to realise. The hero, the man of action, is not a Russian, but a Bulgarian, who has set himself for

life's work to free his country. But nothing comes of his unbending patriotism and stern purpose ; nothing comes of Ellen's rare unquestioning beautiful love, which casts the bread of her life upon the waters and sees it sink like lead to the bottom, where not even the little fishes will profit by a crumb of it. Nothing comes of Bersie-neff's magnanimous self-abnegation, for it does not bring contentment of mind even to himself. No more comes of Shoubine's artistic gifts. Shoubine in fact, the trifling artist, full of power when roused, but for whose failure the author prepares us at the start, succeeds in the end quite as much as the rest. That is to say, he succeeds not at all, but his failure is no more conspicuous than that of those whose deserts so far transcend his as to admit of no comparison between them.

We think this is Turgénieff's mistake. His world is consistent with itself, but it is not merely a bad world to live in ; it is a world which no sensible man would endure to live in while there was a rope or a razor within reach. It is a world of mud and mist and fog, with no happy hunting-grounds beyond. It is a world where virtue has to stand and shiver in desolate nakedness — no promise of reward from without, no fountain within of exceeding recompense. Perhaps virtue could endure even that, shining against the sun and sky, a white statue upon a promontory of Greece, pedestalled, serene, and fair ; but it is asking rather more than human nature is capable of, to present virtue clumsily chiselled by Russian fists of frigid blue limestone, sink it waist deep in a Russian quag, and require it to freeze in Hyperborean sleet and storm.

E. S.

The World-Priest. Translated from the German of Leopold Schefer, author of "The Layman's Breviary." By Charles T. Brooks. Boston : Roberts Brothers.

THIS is a very German book. It is well suited to the spiritual needs of that large and perhaps increasing class of readers who take comfort in and strength from the mystical side of religion ; who find themselves reflected in Madame Guyon, Böhme, Swedenborg, etc. Those who are outside the sphere of such influences will not perhaps find a great deal in *The World-Priest*. The poetry is exceedingly subordinate to the author's purpose ; the rhythm is pretty much "according as it drops" ; the imagery is poor and commonplace, and the occasional sublime passages are in the author's sense of his sublime theme, not in his treatment of it. We are not able to explain why it is that religious poetry should commonly exonerate itself from the usual obligations imposed by the laws of art, but such is the case, and this book of Schefer's is no exception. Apples of gold, it might seem, would not suffer by being served in dishes of silver, but "the poets with a purpose" think so differently that their common earthenware would often be improved by the simple process of scouring.

Schefer was a sort of chaplain to Prince Pückler-Muskau, who, some fifty or sixty years ago, when princes were fancied to be less amenable than they are now to the laws of our common humanity, cut quite a figure by staining his patrician fingers with ink. He wrote a book of

travels, and a volume of sketches called *Tutti Frutti*, both of them passable nonsense, sandwiched with an amiably ludicrous conceit and a wit so lumbering that it threatened to revive the inquiry set on foot by the Père Bouhours: *Si un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit*. The prince, when he travelled, assumed the guise and believed himself to possess the port of "the modern Alcibiades." He married, returned to his estates, and there ran speedily through his fortune. When his money was gone, he and his wife took up a device which is quite common among adventurers whose marriages are strictly marriages of convenience, but has seldom been practised, we think, among princes church-wedded. Without ceasing to love and respect one another (so runs the bond) the Prince and Princess divorced themselves, and he went to England in a nankeen waistcoat to repair his fortunes by marrying an heiress, while she remained at home to read his devoted letters and give God-speed to the adventure. The heiresses however were not so susceptible as they ought to have been to the attractions of an elderly prince, fat and blasé, who spoke broken English and wore nankeen waistcoats, and the enterprise did not succeed. The Prince went back to his barren acres, and we suppose remained there until his death not very long ago.

We are not advised whether or not Schefer accompanied Pückler-Muskau upon his English expedition, but he was Alcibiades' companion on his travels, and he died in a house on the Muskau estates which the Prince gave him. It speaks well for the German character that two such men could be friends and companions. Those who have read the Prince's books might reasonably wonder, after reading Schefer's, *que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère*; but the fact redounds much more to the credit of Pückler-Muskau than to the discredit of Leopold Schefer. If ever there existed a man with singleness of heart, a pure unsophisticated parish-priest nature, that man was Schefer. His life was a hymn, and his books are echoes of his life, chords struck with pious and reverent hands, chords attuned to the holiness of duty, the certainty of immortality, the high destinies of humanity, and the triviality, in comparison with these, of the petty cares and cares of every-day existence. In a dogmatic light, Schefer was a little Pantheistic, perhaps; but he saw such things through a golden glowing cloud of mystical love that prevented all objects from appearing distinctly, and his heterodoxy is of the most harmless description.

S.

The Jewish New Testament, or The Restoration of the Hebrew Commonwealth. New York: E. J. Hale & Son.

THIS somewhat remarkable work is evidently the production not only of a sincere believer, but of an independent thinker, who refuses, in his interpretation of Scripture, to be trammelled by the arbitrary canons which theologians have laid down, but receives and studies it as he would have done had he heard it from the lips of the inspired authors.

It maintains that the only correct principle of interpretation is to take the plain sense of the words, or obvious application of the fig-

ures, as we do in other works. In this point it is in opposition to Swedenborgians, Friends, and all who assume a hidden, spiritual, or mystical sense in Scripture, to which they have the key. Authority has always been on the side of mystical expositions; but the author of this work boldly takes up the gauntlet against Origen and his antecessors and successors.

It maintains that there never has been but one visible Church established among men by divine covenant and with exclusive privileges; that that Church has never been abrogated; that the Saviour came as the Minister of that Church — came as the Minister to the Jews for the express purpose of confirming the promises made to their fathers; and that this Church alone has the custody of the sacred oracles, sacraments, and authority. It challenges men to show when, where, by whom, and in whose favor this Church was abrogated or any other established.

It maintains that the differences between Christians will be reconciled by the Jews, and that "in them all the nations of the earth will be blessed," and that when they are thus set up above the nations, wars, pestilences, famine, and other calamities shall cease, and peace, plenty, and justice prevail.

These are questions, of course, entirely out of the scope of our criticism; but we have thought it not improper to call attention to this work that it may receive due notice at the proper hands. J. K.

Hesiod and Theognis. By the Rev. James Davies, M. A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

WE have more than once taken occasion to speak favorably of the "Ancient Classics for English Readers," to which this volume belongs, as enabling those who are not able, from want of knowledge or of time, to study the classical authors in their original tongues, to acquire easily and expeditiously a considerable amount of knowledge as to who they were and what they wrote about.

That such knowledge is called "smattering" should not deter — a little knowledge is only a dangerous thing when it is unwisely used, or when its smallness is not recognised. There are few things of which it is not better to know something than to know nothing at all — ay, even in reference to things not to be approved, we should be inclined to side with old Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenforde —

"— I hold it vertuouse, and right commendabil
To have veray knowleche of things reprovabil."

Certainly not many persons not professed scholars can be expected to give a thorough study to Hesiod and Theognis; and yet there is, as this book shows, much of interest in and about them which is well worth knowing.

THE GREEN TABLE.

THERE is a good deal of quarrel just now, throughout the country, with the administration of justice in criminal cases, and trial by jury, like other institutions greatly venerated hitherto, appears to be getting into bad repute. There is doubtless foundation for the public dissatisfaction so generally expressed; but to imagine that the fault lies with any particular department, and can be cured by tinkering a little here and there, is to deal with the symptom instead of the disease.

No reasonable person ever supposed that trial by jury was a perfect method of getting at the truth. It is essentially clumsy, and combines with its valuable elements so much of the absurd and grotesque, that they who know most of its practical operation are not in the habit of regarding it with very great respect. At best, it may be looked upon as a reasonably impartial though somewhat complicated arrangement for the drawing of lots. To those who believe that the ballot furnishes the best solution of all human questions, it commends itself, no doubt, as a sort of primary meeting, locked up to determine what is right and what is wrong, by secret vote. If however these had been its only recommendations, it would hardly have lived thus long. But it comes down to us with the traditions of the days when it was a vigorous and beneficent popular institution — at times almost the only one — of the country from which we have inherited our laws; and since it has ceased to be necessary as a protection for the many against the aggressions of the few, it has still had a great and substantial value, in connecting the people themselves with the actual administration of justice, and thus attracting to it their confidence and support. Its importance, however, even in this regard, cannot now be as great as it was, before the judges were elected by the people, and when public opinion was less potent than it is to-day with the courts.

And this brings us to the present dissatisfaction with the jury-system, which substantially is neither more nor less than an assertion of the right of public opinion to control the verdicts of juries. As soon as a crime is committed — nay, even a private wrong, actual or asserted — of sufficient magnitude to interest the readers of the “local items” in the daily newspapers, the formation of a public opinion at once begins; and by the time that the matter comes on for trial, a decided and generally an aggressive public sentiment has grown up or been manufactured. The press takes sides, of course, and commonly against the accused, not only because indignant virtue affords large scope for “reportorial” rhetoric, but because there is almost inevitably a *prima facie* case for the prosecution, and the accused has not been heard. No doubt the press and the public are very often right in these unfavorable judgments, and in such cases abstract and natural justice might be done, if the criminal were taken out and hanged, without the ceremony of a trial. But the public and the newspapers are also occasionally wrong; and, whether they are or not, the safety and usages of civilised society do not permit questions of the sort to be disposed of quite so summarily. It is indeed precisely to prevent this that courts of justice exist; and if trial by jury has any function, purpose or merit whatever, at this day, in criminal cases, it is that of being a barrier interposed between individuals and the hasty judgments, the passions and prejudices of the crowd. If juries are to be but the echoes of the press and the mouthpieces of popular opinion or caprice, they are expensive and worse than useless machinery, and the sooner we get rid of them the better. If they are not

— if they are meant to be, in fact and substance, what they are in theory, the arbiters between the State and the citizen — bound by their oaths to decide according to the evidence and their own consciences — it is the interest of the public and the right of the accused that they be permitted to do so, without threat, or influence, or trammel. It is not less their own right to be neither bullied nor reproached by the courts, nor insulted nor denounced by the press, when they have rendered their verdicts. Of course their verdicts are often wrong, but so are the decisions of the courts, if we are to judge from the thousands of reversals which fill the law-books. But, right or wrong, those verdicts are the judgments of the tribunals appointed by law to decide the questions upon which they pass, and the policy of the law allows no appeal from them, and no new trial when they are in favor of the accused. That they may and frequently do let loose upon the community malefactors who ought to be delivered to the hangman, results, in the main, from the fact that jurymen, being men, are weak and fallible. It is by no means clear that those who form and express public opinion are less human or less fallible, or that if prisoners were to be tried by the crowd in the lobbies, or the reporters at the table, instead of by the jury in the box, the result would approach any nearer to the judgments of Infinite Wisdom. Indeed if we were to select from the criminal records of the past twenty years the cases in which public justice has been outraged most, by the escape of confessed and notorious criminals, we should find them to be those in which a depraved and maudlin public sentiment, fed and excited by the press, has opened the doors of the prisons. Case after case occurs to us of wanton and atrocious murder, in which brazen and abandoned assassins, men and women, have been elevated into heroes and heroines, and the very stain of blood upon them has been made a badge of honor.

Of course we do not mean to suggest, that where corruption invades the jury-box, the resentment of the public or the visitation of the law can be too decided or too prompt. But we doubt whether there is one case in which a jurymen is purchased, or even fooled, for fifty in which men are influenced against the prisoner by outside opinion and the comments of the newspapers. And, indeed, where money or political or personal influence interferes with the purity and honesty of verdicts, it is impossible for us to shut our eyes to the fact, that such corruption is the result of the general condition of affairs and society, at this time, in the country, and has no special relation to the jury-system. As we have already intimated, it is but one symptom of a serious and wide-spread disease. It is impossible that any member of the body-politic — even the most insignificant — can be sound and healthy, when there is gangrene elsewhere in it, and especially where the poison is already in the vitals. When judges are placed upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, for the express and specific purpose of reversing a recent and deliberate judgment of that high tribunal, upon a constitutional question, and the judgment is reversed by the vote of those judges, though the ink with which it was written is scarcely dry, it is idle to clamor over the comparatively petty manipulations of a jury-panel. On the side of the last legal-tender decision of the Supreme Court lay the interests of all the railway and other large corporations of the country, which had issued bonds before the legal-tender laws were passed, and which would have been compelled to pay the interest on those bonds in gold, if the first decision of the court had not been reversed. It was reversed, and they pay their interest in currency. With such a cloud of scandal, in regions so exalted, who can wonder at the little showers which sprinkle the lower world? What a farce it is, to be making a virtuous pother in New York over one of Tweed's miserable jurymen, because he had been in the penitentiary or deserved to be, and could not be cuffed or persuaded into rendering a verdict against his master, when there is the Honorable Oakes Ames, at Washington, with his crew of Vice-Presidents,

Senators and Representatives about him, and no one can tell which of them has been bribed or is perjured most. And there is Judge Durell in Louisiana; there is Underwood in Virginia; there is the whole South packed with runagates and ruffians, on the bench and about the courts, prosecuting and plundering, with Ku-Klux indictments, and negro (or worse) judges, magistrates and jurors, rioting in robbery and perjury, and all upheld by the strong Federal arm. Can all these things and people be, and be tolerated by the public sentiment of the country, and there be any room for wonder at the spread of corruption everywhere? If a man can get rich, without reproach, by creating a "corner" in Wall Street, with what face can the community, which receives him, make hue and cry after a brother operator, who has only loaded his dice, or marked his cards, or packed his jury? It is child's play to be straining at gnats, while the public throat is such a thoroughfare for camels. It is idle to be doctoring the mere leaves that fade and wither, when the worm that destroys them is gnawing the very root and heart of the tree.

We had hardly thought of entering so fully into this matter, when we were tempted to say a few words in regard to the current complaints about the administration of criminal justice. We cannot leave the subject, however, without a suggestion which, as far as it goes, is a little more practical than any which looks to an immediate reform of the public habits and morals. We allude to the necessity of extraordinary care in the exercise of the pardoning power. When cases arise really demanding the interposition of executive clemency, the very confidence reposed in the Executive requires that it should be yielded fearlessly and freely. But such cases are extremely rare. The conviction of the guilty is difficult enough, and that of the innocent can occur so seldom, and only under such extraordinary circumstances, that it may be treated, for the purpose of executive action, as almost impossible. The appeals which are made to the authorities are therefore rarely more than those of friends or relatives, or counsel, seconded by good-natured but weak people, who cannot refuse doing an amiable thing which costs them nothing. Sometimes, it is true, such applications are backed by the influence of politicians, who will bestir themselves to secure the release of a useful ruffian, when they would not turn on their heels for the pardon of the most repentant unavailable sinner. To such appeals and influences communities have a right to expect from the Executive the sternest and most inflexible resistance; and in every case of pardon, recklessly or improperly granted, they may justly fix upon the authorities who grant it, the responsibility of all the after crimes which the convict may abuse his freedom to perpetrate.

It would be a curious and instructive lesson if the centralised and consolidated system into which the Federal Government was transformed, for the conquest of the Southern States, should be permanently fixed upon the North against its will. It would of course be far from surprising, for history is full of such retributions, and even fable has made them a warning. We all remember the fate of the "free and independent" horse, who called upon man as his ally to ride him against his enemies, and has been ridden and driven by his friend from that time to the present. But the consummation to which we have alluded in our own case, would be really singular, if it should be mainly wrought by the action of the Southern people. It is the possibility, nay, the growing probability of this, which attracts our attention to the subject.

We assume, it will be observed, that the Northern and Eastern States do not really favor the wholesale absorption of State rights by what is now so glibly and generally styled "the nation." This assumption is justified, we think, in spite of appearances and large discourse, by the entire spirit of their political history. Down to the time of the war, they certainly fought with all

their might against every Federal encroachment which had a tendency to affect them substantially and prejudicially. They did not split hairs, nor make fine points or metaphysical distinctions. Neither did they stickle much for abstractions, nor waste their breath upon mere matters of doctrine or principle. But when the question took a practical shape at any time, and their interests were involved, they always stood up for their interests, or what they supposed to be their interests, like the vigorous and practical people they are. The war did not change them at all in this regard, although it seemed to do so. It was their war. The Federal Government was merely their agent in making it, and when they strengthened Mr. Lincoln's hands they were simply strengthening their own, to do their own work. The despotic powers which Mr. Seward and Mr. Stanton exercised so prodigally, did not shock them at all or make them afraid, because practically, and through those estimable citizens, they wielded the despotism themselves. When the victory was won at last, it was their triumph, and they took the fruits of it. Since the war they have been enjoying those fruits, till there are but very few left, and they have freely supported the Government in exercising, for the oppression of the South, the centralised powers which they allowed for its subjugation. But all this does not prove that they are consolidationists in principle. It only shows that they have found consolidation useful to them for the present, in practice. Whether they will submit to it as readily, if it shall change faces and invade their interests or assail their rights, is quite another question. Between being active and passive, in such matters, there is all the difference imaginable, and Massachusetts may be as clamorous as a jubilee anthem in calling on the nation to suppress Louisiana, without being at all prepared to fall down before the nation, if it should be moved by South Carolina to suppress Massachusetts. Until the experiment shall have been made in some such shape, and we shall have seen that the North is as willing to obey the nation as to govern it, we shall hold to our opinion that nationalism is "*adhuc sub judice*" in that quarter. The Northern States are wealthy, prosperous and powerful. They may well and naturally favor any system which has made and keeps them so. When the system threatens to make them otherwise, and not until then, shall we know whether they love themselves or the system best, or indeed love the system, for itself, at all.

With the Southern States the case is directly the reverse. What was dearest to them as political communities has all gone, and with it have gone not only power and wealth, but almost the means of subsistence. Their struggle with centralism is over. It has beaten them; and as to them, whether it be right or wrong, it is law and constitution. There is nothing left for them but to make the best of it. They have had the worst, and if there is any good in it, their temptation is to find it out and take the benefit of it, by making friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. State government—local self-government—so attractive to them in theory, and so cherished a part of the traditions which they cherished most and fought for so earnestly and bravely, is now only a scourge and a degradation. It means to them, practically, to-day, the domination of negroes and carpet-baggers. What marvel then that many of their best and wisest men should be tempted to curse it and quit it? It is a grievous blunder, and not less a sin, to yield to this temptation. It is a surrender of principle and of the future to a present, temporary evil. But the temptation nevertheless is a sore one. Men can hardly help feeling in such a crisis that it is better to be, if you please, the subjects of a great nation of white men, than to be citizens of a smaller community and be ruled and robbed by a squad of negroes and adventurers. A moment's reflection might satisfy them, it is true, with the fate of Louisiana before them, that the rule of the white majority of the nation may be, none the less, the rule of the local blackmoors and the migratory knaves who write their ballots. But reflection is

not altogether the mistress of such a situation. Its evil counsellors are suffering, resentment, impatience and despair. Men must be pardoned if at such a time they snatch at what is nearest and cling to what seems strongest. They think of to-day, and not much of the deluge which may roll in hereafter, through the floodgates to-day may open. It is thus, as we have said, that large numbers of representative Southern men are already turning their eyes for relief towards the very system which has brought them to need it. And that system has attractions which are far from mean or insubstantial. The nation is rich and growing richer; the South is poor and getting poorer. The South needs development; she requires railways, canals and public improvements of all sorts, which she has neither money nor credit to pay for, and without which she must languish and may die. The nation desires to build all these, and is willing to pay for them, in order that she may govern and control them, and make them part of the machinery for her consolidation and perpetuation. All the national harpies are hungering and thirsting after the power and plunder which such gigantic works and expenditures would place within their grasp. *Crédits Mobiliers* of unparalleled splendor and attractiveness rise up at the thought before the eyes of innocent and patriotic Congressmen. Vice-Presidents-to-come rejoice at silver-weddings close at hand, which will make their wives the happiest of women, or dream of unexpected donations, which will teach their simple-hearted mothers how much their "boys" are appreciated by the people. Then too the worthy citizens far West look forward, with covetous hope, to the days of cheap transit and transportation, when railway-kings and combinations shall bully them no more, and their beloved chief magistrate and his subordinates shall patriotically deliver them from high tolls and bondage. In all these natural appetites and desires the South finds her opportunity and her seduction, and every motive that can debauch the purposes and force the will of a broken and helpless people impels them to yield and to embrace it. That done, she no longer stands alone. She has the West with her; she has the Government with her. She has the new sensation of riding and driving a little, instead of being ridden and driven a great deal. And who shall pay? Not she, for she has nothing to pay with. Who loses? Not she, for she has nothing to lose. It is the North and East that must pay and suffer. They will pay in sacrifices and imposts, and they will lose the influence and the power that mean and bring money. The gigantic and multitudinous corporations of Pennsylvania, New York and New England—the infinite combinations which have put these mighty agencies almost in possession of the South, indeed of the whole country, with the hope and prospect of a long reign and a prosperous—must fight or be crippled, if not crushed. The nation which they have built up on the ruins of the Federal Government will be their competitor and rival, and—as political economy is a Christian science—will be of necessity their enemy. When the struggle of that rivalry shall begin, then for the first time shall the North and the East discover what centralism and consolidation really mean. Then will they find out the difference between pointing the gun and standing before it; then shall we see whether they have dispensed with the old Constitution and set up the new one, under the influence of their convictions, or of their animosities and their pockets. It will be a strange Nemesis, if the combination of the Southern States, as a unit, with the intrinsic forces of nationalism, political, commercial and predatory, shall be the means of compelling them to show their colors at last.

THE FREEDMAN'S BUREAU—which of us does not recall, with a shudder of disgust, that hideous machinery of mischief-making and corruption, by which, during the sorrowful years that followed 1865, every village and county in the South was racked? The pine-board shanties, foul

with the blended odors of bacon and of Africa; the lounging, vicious groups of debased whites and of debauched blacks that hung about the doors; the scoundrelism that was always egging on the foolish negroes to insubordination, and the insolence of the blue-coated officials that were lording it over white men's remonstrances: all these horrors of the nasty system are still remembered in the South, though of the Bureau itself few memorials are now left among us, beside the yellow harvest of mulattoes that still tells where the agents of Federal philanthropy sojourned in our borders. Yet the Bureau still has, in its feeble decline, something of its old character. A Bureau general, with the sweet-smelling name of Runkle, was convicted the other day of stealing, and condemned to an imprisonment of four years and a fine of \$7000. The amount of the fine shows how well poor Runkle held fast to the traditions of the Bureau.

THE election of Gen. Gordon, by the Legislature of Georgia, to the Senate of the United States, is an event that ought to be greeted with joy by the Southern people. We have seen with delight the most prominent and malicious of our old enemies, like Pomeroy and Colfax, lately dropping, with tainted names, out of the Senate-chamber into well-deserved disgrace. Men as bad as they, perhaps, remain behind; but in seeing a man like our heroic Gordon, doubly strong in the absolute purity of his character and in the noble integrity of his purposes, enter once more that chamber, we feel the hope that, in the South at least, a stand may yet be made against the corruptions of the Government.

SUCCEEDING to the extraordinary storm of general scorn and indignation which burst upon the heads of the Credit Mobilier Congressmen, there seems to be a disposition with a certain part of the public — and who can tell whether it may not come to be the majority? — to heap special honors upon them, as men who have done and suffered well for their country. Mr. Vice-President Wilson has been received with marked applause at a temperance meeting in Baltimore; Mr. Ex-Vice-President Colfax (we like to give these titles in full) has received a certificate of sympathy and approbation from his South Bend constituents; and the Honorable Oakes Ames is to be honored with a public dinner in Massachusetts, though whether it is for bribing members, or for informing on them afterwards, we have not yet learned.

Now as it is better to anticipate, and thus lead, popular sentiment, than to follow it, we have a suggestion to offer. There have been some movements at the North looking to the establishment of an honorary order of knighthood — or something like it — in this country. Why not commence with these heroes of the Credit Mobilier, and organise them into a sort of "Cincinnati"? Their vigil might be held in the vaults of the U. S. Treasury, with piles of uncounted greenbacks lying around; the ritual of initiation might contain an antiphony of their various public statements and the testimony before the Committee; the badge of the order might be a ribbon of changeable silk, suspending a star of *nine* points, with the monogram C M M C interlaced, and the motto *At mihi plaudo*.

"THERE is nothing new under the sun," said a wise man of old. But was there ever, since the sun first shone, a suit like one lately brought, in France, by three lorn widows? During the late war between that country and Prussia, some French soldiers put to death three prisoners. As those who committed the act could not be reached, a considerable number of French citizens were seized and locked up in a church, where they were to remain, without food or drink, until they should select from their number three to be shot in retaliation. It was not until the end of the third day that

the choice was made, and the executions took place. Now that the courts are reëstablished in France, the three widows have sued for damages those who chose their husbands from their own body as victims. The proceedings of that body in making the selections, if we could only know them in detail, would no doubt be intensely interesting. But the minutes have never been published; though it is more than probable that the tribunal before whom the singular suit has been brought will elicit all the facts. Meanwhile, let us imagine as well as we can the outline of those proceedings — their uniqueness at least, to say nothing of their horrors. From the necessity of the case, as we have already seen, they sat with closed doors, and it is quite likely bound themselves to secrecy. Was the dread choice of victims made by lot or by election? Of course the majority decided by which method. It was no doubt one of those rare cases — so long and so vainly hoped for in American politics of the present day — where the office seeks the man, and not the man the office. Then, the candidates once named, what a canvass must have ensued! How hotly contested! It was every man *against* himself, and the devil take the hindmost. It was a case where a man voted first for his enemy, next for a stranger, and last of all for his friend, *never* for himself. Who ever heard of such an election? What log-rolling there must have been, what boot-licking, what wild promises, what bribery and corruption, what ballot-box stuffing, what repeating, and last, but not least, what Pinchbacking, and all to *keep out* of office! The efforts of our most intriguing politicians to *keep in* office are as nothing in comparison. Perhaps, too, since they were in a church, there was some praying done, *a la* Col. York when about to spring his trap for that miserable old sinner, Pomeroy. These things went on for three days. By that time, however, hunger and thirst were pinching and goading them to desperation. Nor was there any sleep for their eyelids: here, if anywhere, *eternal* vigilance was the price of liberty; for if a man fell asleep, he might find, when he woke, that he had been elected and qualified for the dreadful office.

As our rule is to extract whatever comfort we can out of passing events, however horrible they may be, we here give the moral of the above, in so far as it may be supposed to have a moral: If we only had a King William in this country, instead of a King Log, it might be better for us in some respects. If Congress, for example (and an example surely *ought* to be made of that no longer "honorable body"), were locked up in the Capitol on short rations, or, better still, no rations at all, until they should select a dozen or more from their number for political execution, who can say it would not redound greatly to the honor of our much-robbed country?

THE
SOUTHERN MAGAZINE

MAY, 1873.

THE KANOONGVILLE TRAGEDY.

I.

LITTLE BILL.

"JEM SYKES'S old woman is gone, boys," and as Kentuck, a tall, swarthy-looking man, entered the store of Squire Southgard—a gentleman from Connecticut, who combined the duties of magistrate, store-keeper, dentist, and corn-doctor in the rich diggings of ——— Creek in El Dorado county—with this announcement, a hush almost painful fell upon a noisy crew of miners who were crowding around the big fire-place in the Squire's store on a dark, sleety, snowy day in the mountains of California in 1850.

"What'll the bairn do?" at length exclaimed Scotch Charley, breaking the silence.

"What about our clothes, gentlemen?" squeaked out a shrill voice, from a sharp-featured but fierce-looking and wiry little man who stood near the fire; and then followed a discussion which showed very noble and fine traits of character, and much true manhood from many a rough-looking inmate of the Squire's quarters. The crowd of miners was mostly composed of those who had emigrated to California immediately on the breaking out of the gold fever. Though a heterogeneous mass, culled from almost every walk of life, with many desperate characters among them, yet the earliest settlers of the mines were men of earnestness and energy. They were not addicted to the meaner and lower vices, such as lying and stealing, which after the arrival of the "Sydney ducks" and the immense immigration that

came in 1851 and after, made the name "honest miner" a satire and a reproach. At first men who were capable of meanness and evil ways to get a living, hung around the small taverns, the saloons, dance-houses, and gambling hells which infested every mining and trading village in the State. There they plied some device to pluck the miner and ease him of the hard-earned results of his toil ; but the toiling, industrious men, who endured hardships in the mines, and worked in hopes of a future, were generally honest and true.

The bairn to whom Charley alluded was the son of Jem Sykes and his wife, who lived on the Cañon — a bright, manly little fellow of six years of age, who only needed to be what he was, a child, to become a petted favorite of the hardy miners.

"Jem Sykes's old woman," as Kentuck styled her, was the only woman living within six miles of Cañon creek ; and one of two only within a score of miles, who having lawful husbands, and working for a living, were reputed "all right." The other was known as "Marm Devine," and lived in Kanoôngville, about six miles off — the faithful and industrious spouse of a man who, at times industrious and good-hearted, when under the influence of liquor became almost a fiend incarnate to his wife and neighbors.

"Jem Sykes's old woman" was also the washer-woman for the miners "all round them diggins," and as her charges were regulated by California prices, she was rapidly accumulating money. Her husband, however, was perfectly willing to be supported by her industry. He had no vices, and almost as few virtues ; he was a "ne'er-do-weel," a lazy fellow, yet of such imperturbable good-humor that every one seemed to have a half liking for him, especially as he was obliging enough to do anything for a neighbor, though nothing for himself or family. But his wife was an important member of the community ; and it was a momentous question that was put by Captain John Fleming, "Sir — and thar's no one can say a word agin him, sir, — fur he came from North Carliny, sir — and his fam'ly is well known, sir" — the wiry little fellow who felt anxious about his clothes being properly washed.

It may seem strange to any one living where mothers and sisters and female friends are found at every turn, that the announcement of the death of so humble an individual should produce such a sensation as this did ; but in California from 1849 to the fall of 1851, where for months the genial smile of a true woman, or of even a decent woman, was hardly to be seen, when the arrival of any female, save those who disgraced their sex, was hailed with delight, it was not strange. Men, even men of culture and refinement, when living away from women, or only in contact with the vile, seem to become brutalised and bestial. When one unfamiliar with such scenes visits such a society that has been deprived of female associates for a few months only, he is inexpressibly shocked. In a week he is perfectly at home ; but even then, virtue in a woman is sacred to him. It matters not what her visage or her garb may be, association with a true woman becomes a new motive-power in his life, and the arrival of one immediately tends to lift a community of men out of the mire. The writer has known strange scenes enacted when a virtuous woman came to a

camp—guns fired, processions formed, and all the honors shown; and there was hardly a miner who would not impoverish himself, taking the very means of supplying his daily food, to “salt” the pan the dainty fingers of some female visitor to his “claim” would pretend to wash in for gold.

The discussion at length began to assume a practical form.

“My name, gentlemen, is Captain John Fleming, sirs,” said that worthy, “and I have seen that woman washing clothes day after day, sirs; and an industrious and hard-working woman she is, and well worthy consideration, sirs; seeing as she is a good woman, sirs, and is a hard working woman, and should have a helping hand to sustain her noble character, sirs; that is to say—if, sirs—she, sirs—had not—I mean to say, sirs—a hard-working woman—that is—was—if, sirs, she had—was, I say emphatically, Jem Sykes’s widow, that is, Jem Sykes has my most profound sympathy in his deep affliction—when—when, sirs, she might have worked less hard, sirs—and made—made, sirs,”—looking around very fiercely,—“yes, sirs, made more money. But being a good woman, all our hearts must warm up to her, sirs, and her defenceless progeny—that we must all feel—that some—some, sirs, public—yes—yes, sirs, that’s it—some public action should be taken; and to that effect, you may book me down for ten ounces, for the use and benefit of that urchin, Jem Sykes, that is, Mistress Sykes’s boy; and there it is”—and he threw down very emphatically a buck-skin purse partly full of the metal they had all come to seek.

Disjointed and disconnected as the Captain’s speech was, it went straight to the hearts of those who listened. They all knew the Captain and just what he wanted to say, and though there were little peculiarities about him, yet the straightforward, independent tone, the kindly heart he had often exhibited, and above all the manly courage which always characterised him, joined to his hatred of every little meanness, had endeared him to all who knew him. He was a recognised leader; and somehow his speeches, always disconnected, got at the point very directly at last. Those who were in the store knew the Captain’s claim was not the best on the creek, and the ten ounces in all probability “sized his pile.” His action stimulated others, until quite a sum was raised and deposited in the hands of the Squire.

While this was being done, the attending physician, Dr. Armstrong, came in. He was a choice specimen of the pretenders that swarm in our western country, and infested California in its early days—a rough, ignorant farrier from Illinois, who had gained his title “Doctor” at his former trade, and carried his authority to physic horses and dogs a grade higher, and attempted to do the same for men. At his entrance there was a silence, and a scowl crept over the faces of the most uneducated of those present, for even in them there was an undefined misgiving that to him might partly be imputed the cañon’s loss. The Doctor was not a man easily abashed. He always rose with an emergency, and he was not unequal to this occasion. He took in the whole thing at a glance. Coolly drawing near the fire, he drew off his gloves, warmed his hands for a few moments, and then

stretching himself up to his full height, said, as if resuming an interrupted conversation,—

"Yes, gentlemen, Jem Sykes's old woman is gone. She died of *numony*—yes, aggravated numony. I tended her day and night; all was did that could be did: she was purged and blistered. Who says them ain't good in numony? I sot by her bed-side, she took my hand in hern, she did—she said, she did—'Doctor, you've done all you could.' I tried castor oil, but it didn't go; I tried mustard poultices, but they didn't work. The numony reached the third stage in nine days, gentlemen, and thar's no hope then. She's dead, gentlemen, dead on this here drizzly, sleety day, when the cold got to her through the cracks, and the rain dripped on her one night, me not knowing on it; and what can a man do when natur is agin him? And thar's her poor boy, gentlemen, a-crying of his eyes out, and we here deliberatin'—yes, a deliberatin'."

The Doctor saw the allusion to the boy had struck the right chord, and his tact showed him it was time to leave. He left. Many wavered in their doubtfulness and murmured a good-bye to his own; others were completely convinced by his "numony," others by the remedies used. The Captain merely set his teeth together and inaudibly murmured to himself, "The fool! I guess he killed her." But the thought of the boy was uppermost in all their minds, and soon the discussion again began as to what was to be done with him. At length it was decided that the future should take care of that, as the funeral must be first attended to.

Two days after this the funeral was to take place. The news that a "good woman" had gone to her rest, had flown almost with telegraphic speed. The creeks, gulches, and cañons near Cañon creek were emptied of their sturdy sons. All the mining camps anywhere in the vicinity were well represented; for almost every man who heard that a woman who maintained her womanly honesty in those times, was dead, felt she deserved this mark of respect. Around the little house groups of miners, clothed in their best toggerly, stood silent and affected. As the cry of the orphan was now and then heard calling on his mammy, tears would glisten in their eyes. As the hour for the funeral drew near, a man and woman were seen walking down the road together. It was Devine and Marm Devine from Kanoôngville. As she passed—a large, elderly female, with nothing attractive in her appearance—every hat was lifted in involuntary homage. She entered the house. For the first time little Bill Sykes ceased the low, plaintive moan, which sometimes rose to a cry of "Marmy, Marmy, oh Marmy!" and looked at the large, ungainly woman. In a moment there seemed to be an electric sympathy between them. She opened her arms, and leaving the side of his mother, the little fellow glided into them, and with a tired, weary look laid his head on her shoulder, with the cry of "Marmy." Her womanly heart yearned over the little waif. Her own tears streamed down her cheeks and mingled with his as she brushed his hair from his little forehead and showered kisses on it, and took him to the door. He looked out with great wondering eyes at the crowd of men, then nestling his head on her shoulder, closed them and was at rest in sleep, while rough but tender hands lifted the

pine coffin and bore it away to the grave where "Betsy Sykes, aged 45 years," was to lie until the resurrection morn. It was but a plain pine-board that bore this record. Captain John Fleming, looking at it a few days afterwards, conveyed it to a painter friend of his and had the words "A Good Woman" added, saying at the time, "It is true, sir, she was a good woman. It may, sir, stir up Jem Sykes to do something, sir — and it will comfort that orphan, sir — that urchin, Bill Sykes, as he stands by his mother's grave, sir — and can understand what it means, sir."

The scene at the funeral had determined the future of the boy. It was after solemn debate decided that Captain Fleming should act as his guardian, and invest the money, amounting to \$1500, for his use. The father was a mere nonentity in the discussion, and made no resistance to the decision of the miners. Bill Sykes himself would not leave the arms of his adopted mother. He clung to her all the day, crying "Marmy, Marmy!" if any one attempted to take him away; and when at length it became necessary for "Marm Devine" to accompany her husband home, nothing could separate the two; so horses were procured, and the family of Devines with their new charge conveyed to Kanoôngville, a deputation of miners accompanying them.

II.

MARM DEVINE.

The town of Kanoôngville is now neither what it was, nor where it was, at the time our story opens. Its very site was changed in 1851, when a great fire devastated the whole town, sparing but a few houses. Up to that time it had been situated on a side-hill between two gulches, with a long narrow street running through it. The houses stood on each side of this street. They were very primitive-looking, as all California houses were at the time. Some few were built of logs and were solid and substantial; but most of them of a rude and rough kind of shingle. The rooms in the houses were separated by only a thin partition of muslin, so that no conversation could be carried on without being heard over the whole house; and when a candle was lighted in any of the rooms at night, the shadows thrown on the walls sometimes revealed strange scenes.

When the town, which had been an important mining place, was burned down, those most interested laid out the site of a new town immediately above the old one. It was a beautiful situation, on a fine plateau from which one of the two gulches which ran by the old town originated; the other took its rise miles above. The new town was also built in a more substantial manner. Saw-mills had been put up in the meantime, and neat, and in some cases picturesque cottages, with large grounds for gardens and orchards, were found in the suburbs; while in the main business part large stone and brick buildings made their appearance. Through all its vicissitudes since then, Kanoôngville has borne the appearance of a substantial place.

But it is with the old town we have now to do. The home of the Devines was in a two-story "shake" (or shingle) house. No one but themselves lived in it. Next to it, on the south, was an alley some fifteen feet wide, and on the corner of this alley opposite was a large round canvas-covered house known as the "Round Tent." This was a gambling-saloon. The bar was fitted up in what seemed in those days magnificent style; there was a flood of light from candles and lamps of various kinds at night. On one side was a large and splendidly executed picture of Samson and Delilah, drawn without much regard to the amount of costume on either figure; in the centre a large mirror, and on the other side a wine-glass-rack, filled with glasses of various hues and patterns, which glittered in the light which fell from every side. Round the room were ranged tables, which, on the night we are speaking of, were groaning with the weight of coined gold and silver and gold-dust. At some of them were seated women, gorgeously dressed, with jewels flashing on neck, arms and fingers, and their eyes glittering almost as brightly, and ready to assume any shade of feeling or emotion their keen-sighted tact might teach them best suited to attract their unwary victims from the mines. Some of these women were accomplished, even elegant in their manners, and could throw the charm of intelligence and refinement into their conversation. They knew every means by which men could be enticed to ruin, and shrank not from any act that would bind victims to their wiles. The soft and luxurious attitudes of languor they could assume might in a moment be changed to the fury of a tigress, if they thought their victim could be frightened more easily than cajoled. At the other tables men presided, for the faro-bank, the rouge-et-noir and poker tables needed no other lure to attract the crowd. A boy or so — boys in years, but old men in cunning, deceit and trickery — sat before bare tables, with their little games of thimble-rig or three-card faro. In one corner of the room a stand was erected, and a band of musicians took their places upon it. Among these musicians were men famous for their talent in the older cities, and some whose names if now mentioned would recall the memory of men distinguished in their art in New York, Baltimore, and other Atlantic cities. For no expense was spared to secure good musicians. Their duties were arduous after nightfall, but their pay was enormous. If they had been frugal they might have amassed fortunes; but who was frugal in those days in California? The men and women of the gambling saloons were the aristocracy of California in its earliest years, they gave tone to the social life; and when were gamblers frugal? Their money came easy, and was spent as freely as it came. Scores and scores of hard-working miners came to town every Saturday night, with the whole of their week's earnings in their pockets. Some came to send part to the wife and children at home; some to their fathers and mothers who had sacrificed everything to send their son where in a short time the means of support for a whole lifetime might be gained; others just enough to buy a week's provisions. On Sunday evening they returned to the mines and their work, their coarse fare and horrible abodes, no money in their purses, none sent as intended, in debt for their week's "grub."

Back again of the Round Tent was a dance-house. Within its walls vice held regal sway. Here it did not pretend to hide its most hideous forms behind glitter or show. It sought its victim only after he had first pitied, then endured, and was ready to embrace it. Music alone, of all the enticements so freely used at the Round Tent, was used here to entice. It stood far enough away from the rest of the town to be in the dark at night, and fearful tales were told of young men who had left the Round Tent late at night, and whose stiffened forms had been found in the morning, while rumor pointed to the dance-house. But it still stood there, and even in the town the sounds of the violin, and of sturdy feet keeping time to its music, were heard from it. A dimly-lighted bar stood in one corner of a large room, in which were from twenty to forty women of all ages and complexions. A visitor would choose one as a partner in a dance, and when that was over, was expected to treat her — that was all; but few left with any money. If any display of money was made, there was somehow an insult given by the possessor of it to one of the “men of honor” who frequented the den, a fight ensued, never single-handed, and there was never money found on the corpse. This den was presided over by a man known as Jo Brown, who had once been quite a popular preacher. If Jo Brown’s house had ever been swept and garnished, if the evil spirit had ever been expelled, when he returned he brought seventy worse than himself. Yet Jo Brown was in those days a man of some importance in Kanoôngville.

It was near night as the party who accompanied the Devines from Cañon Creek approached town. The lights were beginning to glimmer among the trees from miners’ cabins, from the stores, and lounging-rooms of the hotels, such as they were. As they entered the house Marm Devine was still bearing in her arms the charge which had already won his way to her heart. When old Devine heard of the arrangements the miners had made with regard to the boy, and the amount subscribed for his benefit, his countenance fell. He had learned that a large sum of money was collected for him, and had seen with eye of gladness the boy’s evident fondness for his wife. His eager fingers already began to itch for that sum; and when he learned that the money was not to be his, if the boy was, more especially when he learned who it was that was to stand between him and the boy’s fortune, Captain Fleming, he knew full well that neither cajolery nor fighting could avail anything there. At first he positively forbade his wife’s having anything to do with the boy unless the money was placed in his hands. This none would agree to: Marm would not agree to part with the boy, and Devine was silenced at length, but with rage and bitterness in his heart. From that moment the poor little innocent child was the mark of his hatred.

Devine and his wife were miners. The mines then were generally worked by means of rockers, or cradles as they were called. A box, smaller but something like a baby’s cradle, was placed on rockers, and divisions made in it by means of slats of wood nailed to the bottom. This cradle sloped upward towards the back a short distance, and then the sides rose squarely; an apron made of flannel, blanket, or

sometimes of canvas, was nailed to a frame fitted inside the box, and sloped downwards towards the back. A smaller box with bottom of perforated iron was fitted on the hinder part of the cradle; an upright handle was nailed to this smaller box, and the mining implement known as the cradle, rude and incapable of doing much, was ready for use. The machine was usually worked by two persons, though one could manage it readily. One would dig the dirt containing the gold-dust and convey it in buckets to the rocker, which was always placed on a broad foundation near a spring or running stream, and pour it in the smaller box. The other would sit by the machine, dipper in one hand and handle of rocker in the other. As the dirt was deposited, this miner would begin to rock and pour water on the mass. The small heavy particles and loose dirt would go through the perforated iron, while the larger stones would remain, to be thrown out by the operator. The heavy particles of gold would rapidly sink to the bottom or remain on the apron, while the mud and small stones would be carried away by the water. Devine was the digger, Mrs. Devine was the washer. Their mine was on Whiskey Gulch. It was a rich one, and the two might easily have become wealthy if Devine had been as frugal or industrious as his wife; but the hard-earned wealth of both was dissipated at the Round Tent. Devine had been entrapped into gambling, and no vice has such a fascination for its votaries. Every cent he earned, or could get in any way whatever, went to the maw of the insatiate monster. Marm Devine had remonstrated, struggled, done everything she could to check him, until at last she had settled down into a kind of fell despair, hopeless, crushed, having no future, or shutting her eyes to it. There was nothing in life for her to struggle for; and with a grim stoicism she had determined to brave the worst, and let the future take care of itself. She once conveyed an intimation of what was passing in her mind to Mrs. Sykes, when after talking over their common troubles, she wound up by saying, "Well, I've jist made up my mind to grin and bear it, until it comes to the worst."

The entrance of little Bill Sykes into this woman's life was a new element, changing its whole color in an instant. She had never known the joys of maternity. Her heart perhaps had never really been filled with anything to satisfy a true woman's love. Her husband to be sure had once kindled the sacred flame, but long years of cruel and unkind neglect, and lately base and unmanly usage, had well-nigh if not completely quenched it. Now, the mother's instinct thrilled through her whole being, and little Bill Sykes became an idol upon which she lavished the devotion of a naturally warm and loving heart. Nor was it unreturned. The little fellow from the moment she took him to her arms at the funeral of his mother and pressed him to her heart, seemed to feel that all a mother's love was supplied to him.

III.

DEVINE.

A new life, as we have said, had entered the stifled atmosphere of Mrs. Devine's being, arousing dormant energies and dormant principles. Her daily life seemed permeated by new influences. Those who saw her go to work, noticed that she walked with firmer step and wore a more cheerful mien. Jem Andrews said, as she passed by one day, "Old Marm Devine is getting younger agin, and purtier too." She had something to live for, and her brave true heart determined to live for it. A new passion, too, had sprung up within her: she began to save money. Hitherto she had with a spirit of utter recklessness allowed Devine to take all the proceeds of their joint work, with the exception of barely enough to secure their daily food, and squander it at the Round Tent or in drunken orgies at Jo Brown's, where now his nights until a late hour were spent with the criminal denizens of that place. Already suspicion had begun to attach his name with their deeds. Some very disreputable acts at Brown's lately had begun to rouse the citizens of Kanoôngville and the miners, and it needed but little to start one of those episodes in California life in which an excited and determined community rise in their wrath and commit deeds that afterwards leave a stain on the soul and sting in the conscience. When a community once began a crusade of this kind, it was very summary in its dealings. In a moment the obnoxious ones were banished without trial or warning. Resistance was worse than futile—it was madness: the only safety was flight. These paroxysms of virtue were very spasmodic, and their violence was generally proportioned to the rapidity with which the flood had swollen. Bad men generally threw themselves into it, led it, and thus saved themselves, often at the cost of those far better than themselves. The passions once aroused, the objects of attack were not always rightfully and justly chosen: private prejudice and private resentments took advantage of the excitement, and crowds were hurried into avenging the petty injuries of private persons. But there had been a growing feeling against Brown's place, justified to the minds of many by the deeds of lawless violence committed by its frequenters. Brown and his crew had felt this to be the case, and while taking precautions to defend themselves, began to grow uneasy.

In the meantime Mrs. Devine's new life began to dawn upon her husband as something very strange; and as he could not account for the change in any other way, he began to grow jealous. Bill Sykes' living with them had drawn frequent visitors to the house, for he was felt to be the especial care of the Cañon Creek miners; and when any of them went to Kanoôngville they always called to inquire about little Bill, and many a nice little nugget was placed in his little hands by the hardy miners who called to see their protégé. All this Marm Devine carefully preserved for the boy, of course keeping it secret from her husband. Often, too, a nugget of larger size than

usual was found in the rocker, and Marm Devine would secretly add that to the store of the little orphan.

Devine's jealousy could not fix upon any one person. When half intoxicated he would grow maudlin and talk of his suspicions among the besotted set with whom he associated, or drop hints of them to any who would listen. Jem Andrews inconsiderately raised his suspicions one day to fever-heat. "You're a fool!" said Jem to him. "If I were the wife of an old bloater like you I'd have a dozen better men than you a long time sooner than this, dod rot you!" There was no man in the camp, however, Jem Andrews included, who had the faintest idea that Devine was right. Marm Devine's life was too well known to them. There had been inconsiderate fellows who had attempted liberties; but they were repulsed so firmly that the actors had told on themselves, and such attempts had not been renewed. The devotion of the child to her had aided the esteem in which she was held.

The night Jem Andrews had thus spoken saw Devine about the streets of Kanoôngville making night hideous. Some of those who feared his jealous craze might lead to mischief took the precaution to soak his pistols in water. He went home about midnight. Little Bill was fast asleep; Marm Devine, as was her custom, sitting by his bedside. Staggering to the door he threw it open, and seeing his wife alone, he deliberately went up to her, and drawing a pistol, pointed it at her. It snapped. Alarmed, she snatched the sleeping boy from his bed and strove to escape. He stood by the door and prevented her, upbraiding her with her unfaithfulness in brutal words, to which she answered nothing except to ask, "With whom do you suspect I am doing wrong?" His suspicions had really found no object. It was, to use Jem Andrews' saying, "a general suspicion," so without deigning to answer he strode around the house breaking the furniture and threatening men who had been in the habit of coming, pretending, he said, to see the boy. At last with a sudden dash he rushed at her, seized the boy, and gave him a blow that knocked him bruised and senseless.

The attacks on herself Marm Devine had borne without a murmur; but when she saw the bleeding, senseless form of the only thing that had brought a ray of light into her life for years, all the fury of those pent-up years blazed out in an instant. Marching up to the drunken brute, she snatched the pistol from his hand, and seizing him by the throat with an energy before which he quailed, she silently led him to the door, opened it, and thrust him out, turning the key upon him. Then picking up the still insensible boy, she bathed his head and stanchied the blood, and watched by him until morning. Those who saw her next day, saw that over her face, still buoyant, a settled determination had crept. She still remained at the house, continued her work at the mining claim, and went about her duties as the wife of Devine; but there was ever in her face, in her motions, an air of quiet determination which puzzled and overawed her husband.

At first after this he became more sober and attentive to her; but he felt the last lingering spark of regard for himself was gone. He then set himself to work to find some evidence of her unfaithfulness.

It was in vain. He continued his drunken spree, his attendance at Brown's, his gambling away all the money that came in his possession, but Marm Devine's store was increasing fast. The claim had begun to pay amazingly. Large nuggets made their appearance in the upper box, and the amount of smaller gold in the cradle at the end of the day's work was so great that Devine's suspicions as to any abstraction from the sum made had never been excited. One day, with the first dipper of water Marm Devine had poured over the dirt, she saw in a lump of clay quite a good-sized bit of gold. Taking it in her hand she found that the supposed lump of clay was a beautiful nugget, weighing, as she afterwards discovered, about twenty ounces. Any such discovery in the mines was a source of great excitement; crowds would flock to see it, and it became the wonder of three days at least. In the excitement of obtaining this nugget, Marm Devine forgot her usual reticence. In an unlucky moment she showed it to one of the miners who visited the house to see the boy. He communicated the fact to his partner confidentially, and soon through a succession of confidences it was known all over the town.

In the evening Devine was at his usual place, dancing with the Mexican girls, drinking the "forty-rod," as it was called in California. One of the loungers-by went to him during a pause in the dance and asked him about the nugget. Devine had not heard of it. Others joined in the conversation, and soon Devine began to think there was something in it. He left the dance and drew near the bar, where Brown was watching him with keen eyes. When his victim drew near, he whispered in his ear, "Devine, I expect your old woman's got that nugget; you know she works the rocker. You make her give it up or wring her neck,"—then speaking aloud—"Come, take a drink, old fellow; big strikes, you know, ain't made every day." Devine drank again and again, but instead of growing more noisy and frenzied as usual, he grew silent. Thought was busy. He began to think he was on the point of unravelling a mystery. He half guessed the truth. "Ay," said he to himself, "she's going to make off, and is saving money to do it. Dang the brat that came in between us! I'll wring *its* neck." With this idea he began to drink more and more. To his listlessness and apathy succeeded a delirium of passion: he suddenly broke out into a volley of oaths about killing some one, and left.

But his drunken fury was regarded as nothing more than usual; the music did not cease, the heavy tread of the dancing miners, the loud laugh of the girls as they were whirled round and round the room, the clink of the glasses at the bar, the call of the musician to the excited and whirling crowd, the drunken vociferations, all continued. Faster and faster grew the music; faster and faster flew the dancers, gliding among the crowd, thumping against each other, cursing, swearing, until with a sudden screech the violin stopped, and the dancers thronged to the bar to drink. It was just after Devine had left; and Brown, leaning over the bar with a half-suppressed laugh, said to the barkeeper, "Dan, there'll be some fun down at old Devine's to-night."

IV.

THE ROUND TENT.

The Round Tent was in full blast when Devine passed by. Sounds of delicious music floated to his ear, the lights flashed in his eyes, he heard the clink of gold and silver, the call of the bankers, and the silvery ring of female laughter. Even in that moment, when jealousy, hatred, revenge, all inflamed by the liquor he had drank, were boiling in his breast, where the sneer of Brown was still rankling, he could not resist the temptation. He entered the tent, and staggering with a wild and excited air to a faro-table, threw down a gold coin upon a card, and won. The result detained him. Again and again he won; and soon the game, from the recklessness with which he played and the luck which followed all his bets, became a matter of absorbing interest to those who stood at the table. The pile of "slugs"—octagonal fifty-dollar pieces—rapidly increased before him. His face was pale; but the liquor he had drunk, with the passions which were raging within, gave his countenance a peculiar look which has never been forgotten by those who observed him that night, as he betted and won, and still won until the hand of the banker trembled as he dealt the cards.

The excitement was only at this table however: the other tables were surrounded by their group of betters. Occasionally one of the girls from Brown's would force her way to the table and throw down her coin, and if she won, continue until at last the whole was gone; if she lost, then back to Brown's, to gain another stake, only to go in the same way. The three-card faro and thimble-rig tables were almost deserted. Occasionally a green-looking fellow would look on at the manœuvrings of the boy-banker, then suddenly put down a small piece of money, and sneak off when it was lost. There was at one of these tables a young man of about eighteen years of age. He was a natural-born gambler, the son of one of the musicians. He had a fine face, just touched with the evidences of premature dissipation. His coal-black hair rising up in wavy masses from a pale high brow, and features of classic beauty, gave him not only an interesting but handsome appearance. He was the petted favorite of all the women of the place. But what could be expected of one reared amid such scenes and influences? Already cold, calculating, heartless, his only delight was to entangle others in meshes of vice. Nap Lothair would have been dangerous under the best circumstances: here he was a young demon. Near his table, a three-card faro-bank, was standing a large, stout man, the very picture of stupidity and greed. Without capacity to make money by any business pursuit, he was tormented by an insatiable craving for it. Tennie Nevins, as he was called, was one of the few who in those days showed the miser's instinct. Not one cent that once came into his possession ever left it. He sewed his money up in his garments; he buried it in place after place; he secreted it in the most out-of-the-way places, and fearing it might be found in each, he was daily changing the locality

of its secretion. The prodigality of the people by whom he was surrounded gave him to eat in plenty. He wore the same clothes in '51, when we lost sight of him, as when he came to the diggings in '49.

Nap had declared he would get Tennie some of these days. He said, "So much stupidity might stand the gambling-tables for some time, but his miserly greed for money would tempt him at last to a big figure." Tennie would nightly come to the Round Tent, where he would watch with the intensest interest the different games. If any one was winning, his little round eyes would fairly beam with delight, and a little low chuckle would evince his pleasure; but when the bank won he would turn away with a groan of sorrow. He always carried with him a buckskin purse with gold dust in it, and sometimes when unusually excited over a losing bank, he had been known to drop this purse on a card, but as instantly snatch it away again before the result could be known, and hurry off, hugging it to his bosom as though it were an old friend whom he had rescued from destruction. Nap had determined to get that buckskin purse and its contents. What cared he that it might break the poor fellow's heart and sweep away the little sense he possessed? Nap angled for that purse. He had spent many dollars in getting his friends to lend Tennie money to bet. Tennie always got it changed, and gambled with part; the rest he "sunk." When the part he decided to gamble with was gone, so was Tennie. Nap had spent more time, patience and resources to "rope in" the "old fellow" than would have taught him some useful accomplishment, but in vain. This night Tennie stood by his bank watching the usual loungers throw down their small coin on one of the three cards Lothair was manipulating. All won. Nap cursed his luck; Tennie's eyes brightened every time the better won. He drew nearer and nearer the table. "Who'll bet on the queen of hearts? the queen of hearts!" cried Nap, in a lazy, half drawing voice. Tennie looked at the cards. He saw the queen's face looking out from underneath, as if Nap was unconscious. He looked at the back; there was on it a tiny black spot. Tennie opened his eyes wider. A better came by: "The queen of hearts," drawled Nap. A voice from behind whispered, "The black spot." The better put his money down on that card, turned it up—it was the queen of hearts; the man won and went whistling away. Tennie nervously clutched his purse, drew it from his pocket, put it down on the black spot, snatched it away. "The queen of hearts! Who bets on the queen of hearts?" again drawled Nap. He turned the cards up. There was the queen of hearts; she looked so tantalising to Tennie. Nap shuffled the three cards, separated them, picked them up in his hands, and carelessly turned to speak to some one behind him. In doing so the face of the queen of hearts flashed before Tennie's eyes; it was but for an instant. The card went down on the table—it had a black spot on it. Tennie's purse went down as quick as a flash, his trembling hands were withdrawn, a smile spread over his face, and his nostrils dilated and contracted with his quick, excited breathing. Nap looked at him a moment, slowly lifted the purse, and said, "Turn the card, Tennie." He did so. A change flashed over his expectant face, he grew deadly pale, great drops of

perspiration stood on his cheeks, he looked as one seized with deadly sickness — the card was the ten of spades. Nap slowly rose. Tennie's eyes followed him until he left the tent, when he burst out in an uncontrollable fit of crying, and was led away. A bystander, after he left, turned over the other cards: one was the ace of clubs, the other the five of clubs; the queen of hearts was not there. A card dropped from Nap's sleeve as he left the tent, and some one picked it up: it was the queen of hearts. Years after, a visitor to the Insane Asylum at Stockton saw a lean, spectral form of a man who sat in the utmost dejection always, and when aroused by a question from the physician, began to lament his "woful loss." It was the once portly Tennie.

But this was but one of the scenes enacted while Devine was trying to break one of the banks. Earlier in the evening a number of miners from Oregon Gulch had strayed into the room; all of them were young men. Their every movement showed breeding and culture, and the irresolute, timid manner of some of them made it evident that this was their first visit to such scenes. One of them especially, Herbert Woodland, or Herb, as he was better known to his associates, attracted a momentary attention. He was not more than twenty-one years of age, but a type of manly beauty. His height was about five feet eleven inches, well-proportioned, a large head with thick, glossy brown hair, slightly curling. His eyes were of so deep a blue that it was almost impossible at times to tell their color. His cheeks, ruddy with the glow of health and innocence, deepened their hue as he first entered. The painted and bedizened women behind the tables, the glare of light, the noisy crowd, the excited gamblers, all were new to him. He showed that he felt he was treading on forbidden ground; but as he entered the band had commenced, and the music was charming: he yielded himself to its sway, and was soon lost in following its beautiful changes. Old familiar tunes followed each other and rivetted him to the spot. At length a low plaintive note from the cornet broke upon the ears of that crowd, and but few notes had been played when every voice was hushed, every step arrested, and every arm stayed. The bar was deserted, the tables left alone, the bankers ceased their call, and as the old but sweet, sweet melody of "Home, Sweet Home" rolled through the tent, tears rolled down the cheeks of many a stalwart man. It brought to Herb's memory that home from which he had not been parted long — only a few weeks. He saw parents, sisters, a loved one; the tears gathered in his eyes, he raised his hand to dash them away. As he did so he also raised his eyes, and they encountered those of one of the presiding nymphs at a banking-table. There was a look of deepest sympathy in her face, and her own eye seemed to glisten with the liquid light of memories of other days. He felt that she had watched his emotion, and though he shrank from the thought, he thought too that painted child of sin had sympathised with it. It was all over in an instant, but still the fancy that there was a link of feeling between them followed him, and often during the evening did that look haunt him.

As the sweet old tune was ended, Herb was addressed by a soft, mellow voice: "That was a very beautiful piece of music, sir." He

turned and saw the handsome face of Nap Lothair at his side. In those days no one in California thought of introductions. There were no social distinctions, no "putting on airs" was allowed — one man was as good as another. Of course, Herb knew nothing of Nap, and he responded courteously to the remark. Nap resumed: "It seems mean to enjoy this music, simple and sweet as it is, without paying for it in some way; and I don't like to. Let's take something to drink." It was an adroit way of putting it, for if there was anything in this world Herb shrank from more than another, it was the appearance of meanness. He was on the point of moving towards the bar, but he stopped. "Excuse me, sir, but I do not drink anything." "Oh," replied his companion, not in the least disconcerted, "neither do I much; but there is soda or lemonade, if you wish. Come." Herb yielded, feeling that it was almost a duty to make some return for the pleasure he had received. As they approached the bar, Nap gave a knowing wink to the bar-tender, and that personage instantly stood in readiness. "A glass of wine and a lemonade," said Nap. While waiting for them, Herb felt his shoulder touched; a not unmusical voice, but with a foreign accent, accosted him: "Excusez-moi, Monsieur, but you will take von leetle glass wine wid me?" at the same time laying a small, white and beautifully shaped hand on his shoulder, and looking up with those same earnest, liquid, melting eyes he had seen before. It was the first touch of vice on Herbert's person; he shrank and recoiled from it, but he could not insult or harshly repel a woman, and he was silent. The woman was not in the least disconcerted; she lowered her eyes, in whose long lashes a tear seemed to linger, as with a sigh, pressing her hand to her bosom, she exclaimed, "Ah yes, monsieur, I know — I know it all. I saw zat you vos von good young man, ven zat sweet, sweet music, zat 'Home' was played. I von poor bad woman — no good. You tought of home, mother, all dear. I, too, hab home — far, far away in sunny France." Herb was astounded, he hardly knew how to act, but he seized the glass of champagne placed before him, and clinking it with hers, drank it down at a draught and strode away from the building.

A small group of spectators had witnessed part of this scene, and as Herb strode away, Jem Andrews was heard to say, "Madame Pomp" — a nickname and a curtailment of Pompadour, bestowed on this daughter of France — "Madame Pomp tried the soft on that air feller, and he took amazingly fur the fust time." While Madame Pomp returned to her table, as she passed giving Nap a look, as much as to say, "We've hooked him sure — play gently." Her judgment was, alas, too true, as after events showed. It was founded on a large experience in such life as California presented. A different result was an exception, not the rule; and while such events give rise to serious social and moral questions, they can only be answered by the future lives of the persons involved. If a young man like Herb Woodland could so easily be led from rectitude; if the more manly and generous impulses of his nature laid the very foundation for his betrayal into wrong; if his early training, his social position, the moral and religious teaching of his surroundings until a few weeks before, were submerged at the first temptation: why, to what purpose

are all our efforts? parents and friends will seriously ask. We must not be diverted from our main purpose now to answer these questions. Should we be able to follow this young man's career, the future might be able to clear up the difficulties that seem to meet us, when we see him suddenly fall into evil.

V.

THE GAMBLER.

The writer of these sketches has neither the temptation nor the desire to exaggerate facts. It is his wish to give a faithful picture of scenes that were daily occurring in California during the early period of the gold excitement, any one of which might be verified by a cloud of witnesses. He has therefore grouped together actual occurrences, most of which can be and will be readily recognised by persons still living, as having actually occurred in connection with the prime object of this sketch, viz: giving some idea of the scenes which characterised Judge Lynch's arbitrament of moral and social evils. He does not pretend to say that in all cases the same motives or the same causes were at work; his desire is to show how great evils are likely to be connected with any such arbitrament. He has also another object, which may or may not be gathered from the story; to state that object would be to defeat it, but it involves accuracy of statement as an absolute necessity.

While the scenes described in our last chapter were being enacted, the faro-table at which Devine had seated himself gradually began to be the centre of attraction. His success continued for some time, and the pile before him had grown to a large sum. The game being an unlimited one, the excited gambler staked and won heavily at every turn of the cards. The banker himself began to feel nervous and uneasy; but trained to hide every expression of feeling, nothing but an excessive paleness betrayed his emotion. His voice, calling for bets, had grown a little husky as he saw his opponent with keen eye watch every movement of his hand; and he soon ceased to speak. The spectators too grew too absorbed to make comments, the only noise being a suppressed sigh of relief as they saw Devine draw to himself pile after pile of slugs. At length Devine, gathering up the largest pile on his side of the table, counting it carefully, doubling it, and again doubling the second amount, placed it upon a card — "straight," as he called it. The amount was several thousand dollars. The banker grew slightly paler, and there was a greater tremulousness about his fingers; but nothing more, as he began to draw. Devine's face was as pale as death, and his whole frame trembled violently, while his hands convulsively grasped the sides of the table. Slowly the banker drew the cards — one — two — three — four — the spectators themselves hardly seemed to breathe. The fifth card was turned, and Devine won.

The dealer with a curse took out the pack he had been using, and throwing it down violently on the floor, trampled it beneath his feet.

Taking another from a box alongside of him, he placed it on the table and in the faro-box and sat down again to the game. Devine began to bet more circumspectly ; but the continuous luck seemed to have changed with his last bet. Sometimes favorable, sometimes unfavorable, he seemed to retain about the same amount before him for a long time. Again fortune smiled : a long series of bets were won and his pile accumulated largely, while the bank itself showed signs of its depletion. Again Devine gathered his money in one heap, counted the exact amount in the bank, and "covered it," that is, placed the amount from his own pile against the bank's. It was the grand *coup d'état* of the evening. The bet was an enormous one even for those days, and the whole tent was attracted by the buzz that greeted the act. The banker sat in his seat like a statue, his nostrils strongly dilated. As he began to draw, his fingers pressed nervously on the centre of the cards. Devine suddenly sprang to his feet with an oath, drew his pistol, exclaiming "I will have no waxed cards — let me see your box !" It was handed him. "Draw yourself," said the dealer in a husky tone. Devine drew — one, two, three. He had lost all. His pile was rapidly counted : it lacked three hundred dollars of the sum in the bank. Muttering a curse, he looked around for some one from whom to borrow, but in vain ; he saw no eye friendly enough to ask, and no one offered. The gambler must have gold to gamble with. It matters not how it comes : a gambling debt is a "debt of honor" — it *must* be paid. Before this "debt of honor," good name, principle, honesty, honor itself, have gone down in irremediable ruin. There were no restraints of public sentiment and public morality in those days. Apparently there was no such thing as sin ; and crime was only such as it affected an individual or shocked a community. The aggravation of a crime was in proportion as it affected a person who was held in esteem by his friends. A friendless wretch might be robbed and murdered with impunity, though vengeance was sometimes terrible on him who injured a man who had *friends*. Friends too were not always the result of a high, manly, and honest life. Any man with brute courage and physical prowess would have troops of so-called friends ready to avenge his quarrels or help him in extremity.

Devine had neither high principle nor great courage to attract others ; and he stood alone. He strode to the bar, asked the loan of three hundred dollars for the bank. It was refused. Maddened at the refusal, he turned away, and suddenly the nugget he had heard talked of as in his wife's possession flashed across his memory, and he hurried across the street to his home.

Hardly had he left when the occupants of the Round Tent were apparently as unconscious of the excitement his large betting had occasioned as though nothing of the sort had happened. The sound of human voices rolled on like the murmuring of a mighty stream. The call of the bankers, the silvery voice and ringing laugh of Madame Pomp, the clink of gold, the click of glass against glass, the thump of the bag of gold-dust thrown by the miner on the gambling-table — all went on as they had before.

A quick, sharp report broke on their ears. Reports of pistols in the streets were not unusual then, but this was the sharp ringing

sound of a rifle. Yet this would not have attracted much attention, but it was followed by a wild, shrill female shriek, "Oh, my God, my God, he has killed me!" then a heavy fall and the affrighted cry of a child. The crowd stood for an instant appalled; then rushing to the door, they saw a white object lying on the ground and a few persons standing over it endeavoring to lift it up. It was Marm Devine. By her side stood little Bill Sykes—both in night-clothes, both covered with blood.

It was soon after Herb Woodland had left the tent, when as he was walking up and down the road his attention had been caught by the rapid strides of Devine as he crossed the narrow street between his dwelling and the Round Tent. As he continued his walk and approached Devine's house, he heard loud and excited talking, but had not heeded it much; until at length the door was suddenly thrown open and shut again, and as Mrs. Devine attempted to descend the steps he heard the report of the rifle, the scream of Marm Devine and the cry of the little boy. He hastened to the spot, and it was he and Devine, fully sobered now, who stood over the prostrate form and endeavored to raise her from the ground.

Herb had been educated for the medical profession, and his skill was now called into requisition. Assisted by those who came from the Round Tent, Marm Devine was tenderly and carefully conveyed to her bed. An examination of the wound showed that there was no hope. Madame Pomp ministered with her own hands to the dying woman, staunched her blood with her costly handkerchiefs, bathed her brow in the rare perfumes from her own toilet, supported her soiled head against her rich dress, and showed that the last remnants of a womanly nature had not entirely flickered out in the child of sin.

"Oh, Nan, Nan," exclaimed Devine as Herb told him the last scene was drawing near, "has it come to this that I should kill you!" He bowed his head upon her and wept great, hot, bitter, scalding tears. She raised her arms, placed them around his neck, and with faltering voice said, "I never wronged you, as your wife, dear; but this is my fault—all my fault—tell them so. Doctor, tell them that dying I said it was my fault. Oh, Devine, if then—then—when you stayed at home and was sober, after striking little Bill, I had only done right—loved you as I should—then you would not have gone wrong again! Oh, tell them all it was my fault!" She closed her eyes, gave one short cough, the blood gushed from her mouth over the rich lace of Madame Pomp's dress, and Marm Devine was no more.

For once all was still in the Round Tent.* Most of the lights had been extinguished; the tables had been cleared; but the crowd that assembled was immense. Every available space was occupied by men, who spoke with bated breath and but few words. A "good woman" killed, murdered in cold blood, by her husband—a "good woman" taken away; and her deeds of kindness to sick and unfortunate miners, her care of little Bill, her purity amid the impure and unholy surroundings of her life, were spoken of, and many a threat against Brown and his house was muttered that night. They had one of their sudden attacks of "legal right." It was before California had

been admitted as a State ; and any blessing that organisation and law might have conferred upon others in the Territory, had not yet reached the mines, where each community did that which was right in its own eyes.

During the time of waiting in the Round Tent a sort of organisation had been improvised, the object of which was "to punish crime and stop vice," as its preamble vauntingly asserted ; and they only waited to know the result to arrest the offender in this case. Brown well knew that such organisations never stopped at any half-way measures, and his cunning was at work, not to stem, but to direct the tide of popular opinion that it might not visit his own head.

When Marm Devine breathed her last, Herb stepped over to the Round Tent and made the announcement. He told them of the dying scene, of Devine's contrition and remorse, of Marm Devine's dying request, and left them with the feeling that all young men have of the triumph of the right.

The officers who had been appointed by the organisation entered the room where Devine was sitting by the dead body of his wife. They arrested him "in the name of the miners and citizens of El Dorado County." He heard them with an apparently stupid indifference. He still sat in his seat by the bedside, and two of their number were detailed to remain. The group remained silent, with the exception of a deep groan that broke from Devine when he turned his face towards his wife. Little Bill Sykes rested his head in peaceful and innocent slumber upon the guilty bosom of Madame Pomp, who remained in a constrained and cramped position for hours, lest a movement might awaken him to grief, and she wept bitter tears of remorse over her wicked life that forbade her taking the little orphan to her home and heart.

VI.

THE TRIAL. THE SENTENCE. THE EXECUTION.

The organisation mentioned in the last chapter, felt it their duty promptly to inform the residents in the vicinity of their action, and the intended trial of a man accused of the murder of a "good woman"—his own wife. Early the next morning the miners for miles around were seen gathering in bands and taking their way towards Kanoôngville. The claims, the cabins, the gulches, were deserted for the day, and before ten o'clock at least five hundred men had assembled together in the streets. All business was suspended. Little groups were standing around discussing the event which had summoned them. There was a general feeling that some decisive action would be taken, and there was a united wish that whatever might be done should be done calmly and deliberately.

At the call of a crier and the sound of a gong the people flocked to the Round Tent, which had been metamorphosed into a court room. The tables had been taken from the walls and so placed that they served for a platform on which might be seated judges, jury, the

prisoner, and a few others. When the Tent was crowded as full as it could hold, a young lawyer—Jett, as he was called—mounted the platform in his miner's garb and addressed the silent and expectant crowd. He said:—"Gentlemen: the painful occurrence which has assembled us here is known to you all. In the absence of all proper legal authority for the punishment of crime, it is not only right, but the bounden duty of a community to organise for self-protection. When the crime, upon the examination of which we are about entering, was committed, the citizens of Kanoôngville organised themselves into a committee for the purpose of investigating it properly, and of meting out to the criminal such punishment as a jury of his fellows might deem justifiable. It is not for me to say one word as to the nature of the case which you are called upon to try. I am requested to say to you that a competent judge and jury shall be selected by you and sworn to the best of their ability to do justice to the prisoner, and at the same time to do that which shall hereafter secure peace and quiet to the town. You are now requested to nominate some one for judge."

There was a low murmuring among those present until some one arose and nominated Captain John Fleming as presiding judge. The Captain objected strongly, not only as knowing nothing of law, but as being interested—his boy being a party. "We want a man strong in truth and honesty, brave and above reproach," said the man who nominated him; "we do not want lawyers but men to judge this case"—and so Captain John Fleming was inducted Judge.

The Captain ascended the platform: "Gentlemen," said he, "I—you—that is—this is a—a trying and responsible position, gentlemen; and I will—I will—that is, gentlemen, I must incline to mercy—that's it, gentlemen—we must be merciful." No one objected. A jury of twelve, selected with care from the miners, were appointed. Young Jett was named by Judge Fleming as counsel for the defence; and "Buck," likewise a mining lawyer, for the prosecution. Both of these gentlemen have since made an honorable name in the courts of California.

All the preliminaries being settled, and judge and jury being sworn with uplifted hands—a Bible not being procurable at all—the Court proceeded to the trial.

Judge Fleming with a trembling voice, but with unusual coherency of speech, addressed the prisoner, who had been brought on the platform through a rear door. "Sir, you have been arrested for the commission of a crime the commission of which has fallen on this community with startling effect. We feel that something should be done to deter others who are equally criminal among us—the very root of the evil must be abolished—and your crime, if proved, will necessarily bring to view the sources whence spring these evils. Prisoner, stand up." Devine with a calm composed air arose, his face pallid and careworn, but betokening no great emotion of any kind.

When Captain Fleming alluded to the probability of the investigation bringing to view the sources of crime in Kanoôngville, it was hardly noticed then, but remembered afterwards, that one or two men who had been long known as habitués of Brown's dance-house, be-

came very attentive, and when he concluded, as silently as possible left the house. The judge then asked the prisoner, "Guilty, or not guilty?" Devine said, "Captain—Judge—I am guilty of having killed my poor wife;" here his sobs prevented his speaking for a few moments, "but," he at length resumed, "I am not guilty of the crime of murder." The latter part of this was spoken in a clear, manly voice and was heard in every part of the tent. Its effect was favorable for the prisoner, and as he sat down a buzz of approval was heard all over the court. One or two more of Jo Brown's gang left.

The prosecuting attorney said but little. After stating the case, he proceeded to show what punishment was due to such a crime if wickedly and premeditatedly committed. Death was too good for such a one; but there were circumstances which might take this case out of their hands, he said, and leave it to the slow and uncertain chances of the law. That must be determined by the evidence. He would make no appeal to the jury until the evidence had been brought out.

The counsel for the prisoner spoke longer. He began to warm up in his defence. "My client, gentlemen, has in an outspoken and manly way told us he was moved by no malicious feeling in this act: that while guilty of the deed which has terminated this good and useful woman's life—a deed which he deplors with a despair which could find relief in the most awful punishment you could inflict—he is yet guiltless of that criminal intent which constitutes the crime of murder. It will be my duty, and it lies in my power, to convince you that at the time the rifle was fired, it was to all human appearance impossible to kill the victim who fell. It is true, appearances are against him; but we must believe justice and truth will finally prevail in aiding you to make up your minds."

The first witness that was called was little Bill Sykes. He had stood by Captain Fleming during the first part of the trial, with a fearless and trembling look; and as he stood before the jury, his little frame was convulsed with sobs.

"Little boy, listen to me," said Buck, in a kind and sympathetic voice which seemed to attract the child's attention directly. "Now, little Bill, can you count?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Count ten, then." The boy did as desired.

"Who taught you to count?"

"Marm Devine," with a trembling voice and tearful eye.

"Did she teach you anything else?"

"Yes, sir, a great many things."

"Did she teach you to be a good boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did she teach you would be done if you were not a good boy?"

"She said nobody would love me, sir."

"Do you know what a lie is?"

"Yes, sir: when a person does not say what is so."

"Yes, my little boy; and what will be done with people who tell lies?"

The little fellow's eyes swam with tears as he looked up and replied, "Marm Devine said that God would not love me."

Every eye in that room was as wet as little Bill's when he made this reply, and Marm Devine seemed a saint in their estimation.

Buck said, "We can trust the witness. Now, little Bill, tell all you know about last night."

"I was asleep, sir, but Marm Devine snatched me up and ran with me; that wakened me, and she ran out of the door and shut it, and then I heard the gun and Marm Devine fell, and I don't know nothing more."

The counsel for the defence then cross-examined.

"Was the door shut?"

"Yes, sir."

"Which way was she going down?"

"The side-steps, sir."

"Did you always go down that way?"

"No, sir. Two steps was broke, and we allers went down the front steps."

"That will do, my little fellow."

Doctor Woodland was then called. His evidence was as has been mentioned before: he heard loud talking, but paid no attention to it, saw the door open and close and Marm Devine start for the side-steps. Heard the gun, her shriek, and the boy's cry. Saw her fall, Devine rush out and cry out, "Oh, Nan, have I hurt you?" Helped to carry her in; made an examination of the wound, which was necessarily fatal. Showed how it was fatal; then described the death-bed scene; the earnest request of Mrs. Devine that he should make it known that it was her fault; the forgiveness she exhibited. Again that band of sturdy men wept; and the words "a good woman, a good woman," came from every part of the house, and judge, jury, spectators, and Devine were all bathed in tears.

The prosecution closed with this witness. The defence only introduced two, to show that it had been considered dangerous to go down the side-steps for some time, and that the front-steps alone had been used. He then appealed to the judge, jury, and spectators to hear the statement of the accused. The judge assented, and Devine spoke as follows:—

"I was very drunk and excited last night. For a long time I have been doing wrong—going wrong. My poor wife tried to stop me, but in vain. Last night I heard she had found a nugget of gold, and I wanted it to gamble with. I went home excited with liquor, and mad because I had lost, and asked her about the nugget. At first she would not reply. I told her I would shoot her if she did not give me the gold she had stolen from me. This angered her. She said all had been gambled away until Bill came, and hereafter she intended to keep her share for him. I seized the gun, and she snatched up Bill and ran out. I thought I would frighten her and fire the gun after her; and knowing no one ever went down the side-steps, I fired on one side of the door instead of toward the front-steps. I deserve to be hung. I have treated my wife badly for months. I have killed a good and true woman—my own wife; but with my dying breath I can declare that I had no idea of killing my wife when I fired."

The straightforward and honest manner of Devine as he gave in

this testimony had its effect on all who heard him. The jury evidently had made up their minds that there were many mitigating circumstances connected with the act, even before Captain Fleming said a word as judge; and by those within, the action of the jury in delivering him over to the judicial authorities at Colema would have been justified.

Captain Fleming as judge, without his usual hesitation and confusion of utterance, reviewed the testimony: said that there was no doubt as to the act of the prisoner, but there was a great deal as to the criminality attached to the act. He also begged the jury to exercise, with justice, mercy — such mercy as they would have extended to themselves. "But, gentlemen," said he, — and here he turned and addressed the crowd who stood inside the tent — "there are scenes of violence and murder and wrong occurring within this town continually. Nightly there are crimes committed which demand some expression of sentiment on our part. Young men have been brutally murdered and their bodies suffered to remain upon the streets all night, and while we cannot find the actual murderers, we can trace back to the causes, and find they all spring from one house here — a pest-house of depravity and corruption. Would we stop the evil which has culminated in this deed, let us destroy the causes." There was a deep silence in the room when the Captain ceased speaking. The jury turned to each other and began to collect the individual opinions. But while these scenes were taking place inside, a different feeling was being fomented without. Jo Brown felt from the first that his house, and perhaps his life, was in danger. A cool, cunning man, without aught save the deepest selfishness, he saw that a feeling had been aroused which could not be easily laid again, and by his emissaries had watched the proceedings of the trial with closest attention. He felt that each speech had struck a blow at his own house; and when Captain Fleming had directed attention to his place, his mind was made up at once. Whatever feeling existed must be diverted from himself — he would throw himself at the head of the feeling and thus save himself. So his satellites and hangers-on began to circulate among the crowd outside. "Gentlemen," said one, "they are going to let the murderer go free. He's killed his wife — but what do they care? What did they get you up here for? — to make a parcel of fools of you. Say, are you going to be made a parcel of fools of?" Another worked his way to the door, secured a position so as to see all that took place, and just then Jo Brown opened a small side-door in the Round Tent near the platform. The silence which had succeeded the Captain's speech was broken by the commotion at the door, and then the shout of a stentorian voice, "Hang him! hang him!" repeated by half a dozen voices in the room, all Brown's men. The outsiders who knew nothing of the details that had occurred in the tent caught up the cry, and rushed into the building, with their pistols drawn, most of them imagining that the prisoner was about escaping, that a rescue was attempted. At the first cry of the mob outside Jo Brown had leaped upon the platform with a rope in his hand, and rushed towards Devine crying, "Hang him! hang him!" He was confronted by Captain Fleming.

The great burly giant stood face to face with the wiry little brave man—they glared at each other for a moment; but the moral courage of the little Captain was too much for the mere brute force of his opponent. Brown slunk down, but only to excite the already excited crowd still more with his cry of “Hang the wife-killer!”

When Devine saw Brown thus endeavoring to excite the crowd, and himself bring a rope to hang him, he seemed dumb with astonishment—the very man who had first whispered the word of temptation to injure his wife, to kill her for the nugget—the man who above all others had led him step by step to his present condition, and who had gotten most of the money he had made. His face for the first time that morning betokened fear: he trembled. His arm was seized by the Captain and one of the jurymen; the others and the two lawyers beat back the now furious throng that pressed upon the platform, while Captain Fleming and Devine sprang to the rear door. As it was opened, Brown roared out, “Look out, boys! he is escaping at the back door!” The outside crowd rushed behind the tent, seized both the Captain and Devine; the former was borne away in one direction, the latter in another, and was soon surrounded by a maddened, infuriated mob of men who knew nothing of what they were doing, only that they had one in their hands who had killed a good woman and had endeavored to escape.

Then occurred one of those scenes which seem so inconsistent with that just described, and which show the other side of the plausible arguments for Lynch law—a scene which, occurring so immediately after the wild excitement of a few moments before, had all the elements of unreality about it. No sooner had the crowd Devine securely in their possession, than all excitement and undue feeling seemed to vanish in a moment. As if by preconcerted action the band, numbering from three to four hundred men, fell into regular line. A few assumed leadership. Brown attempted to do so himself, but was silently and firmly repulsed. The prisoner was surrounded by a guard of sixteen men with drawn pistols. Forming themselves into line, the others marched eight abreast across the larger cañon which ran by the lower part of the town, and ascended a hill opposite, on the apex of which grew a large oak with spreading branches. It was a sturdy old tree; the branches were strong, and covered with beautiful green leaves. As they reached the tree, Devine was placed immediately beneath it. The men formed a hollow square around it. One of the leaders approached and asked him if he wished anything. “Yes,” he replied, “a Bible, or a clergyman.” They told him neither was to be found. He then asked time to pray; it was granted him. Jo Brown stood by with his rope still in hand; by common consent he was recognised as executioner. With trembling lips Devine commenced the Lord’s prayer.

In the meantime Captain Fleming had not been idle. He had collected as many of those who had witnessed the trial as he could, and prepared to follow the crowd and induce them to transfer Devine to the custody of the authorities. They started across the cañon just as Devine commenced his prayer. Brown had watched their movements with nervous apprehension, and fearing the result, seeing them

approach, just as Devine had finished the petition, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us"—he hastily threw the rope over his neck, the end over the lowest branch of the tree, and throwing his whole weight upon it, Devine's body rose to within a foot of the limb, quivering and trembling. When Captain Fleming and his band reached the spot, all was over—the body fell lifeless to the ground as Brown quitted his hold upon the rope. "Come, boys," he said, "let's go and take a drink at my house." No one replied to this invitation, or even spoke; each avoided the self-constituted executioner with gestures of abhorrence, as they turned and went back to the town.

The miners have a superstition that when a tree has once borne such fruit as this, it dies. It is an irrational superstition, doubtless, nor does the writer undertake to maintain it; but he can testify that two years after, this tree was dead amid all the surrounding verdure; and a tree in Hangtown, or Placerville, which was the scene of similar executions, stands in the same condition.

B. R.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

THE STORY OF HIS BEING AN ASTROLOGER REFUTED. THE MANNER IN WHICH HE RECEIVED HIS WOUND DESCRIBED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

THERE are but few incidents of the late war which have given rise to more conflicting accounts than the unfortunate occurrence which deprived the Army of Northern Virginia of its greatest corps-commander. A number of such accounts have appeared in print, in books as well as in a more fleeting form, and no two of them agree as to the circumstances attending the wounding of General Jackson.

A book entitled *Keel and Saddle*, and written by General Revere, who served in the Army of the Potomac under Hooker, appeared during the last year, in which is contained a very remarkable story about General Jackson, in connection with the subject of astrology and his being wounded at Chancellorsville. In this book, General Revere, who seems to have belonged at one time to the United States Navy, gives his adventures by sea and land, in a variety of characters. Having described his participation in some military operations in the State of Michoacan in Mexico, in the latter part of February, 1852,

he says:—"The spring of 1852 was now at hand, and the time propitious for a change to a more northern climate, which for various reasons I was desirous of making." He then tells of his preparations for leaving Mexico, and his departure; and continues as follows:—"Arriving in due time at New Orleans, I was soon on my way up the Mississippi, and entered the 'belle rivière.' Among my fellow-passengers on the steamer was Lieutenant Thomas J. Jackson, of the United States army, who seemed at first a remarkably quiet, reserved, although very intelligent officer, and with whom I soon became acquainted; for there is everywhere a sort of *cameraderie* among officers of the two services which attracts them to each other in a crowd of strangers. For several days the inland voyage continued, and our nights were partly spent upon the hurricane deck of the steamer, engaged in conversation. One of these conversations was so peculiar that it fixed itself in my memory, and subsequent events proved it worthy of record, although, I confess, I hesitate to put in writing anything which seems to border so nearly on the marvellous."

He then proceeds to give the conversation held with Lieutenant Jackson, which was upon the subject of astrology, to which Jackson led the way. The latter is made to converse in a very different manner, as to his language, expression, and thoughts, from that for which General Jackson was noted among his acquaintances, and he is made to indicate very clearly some belief in astrology as a science. General Revere then proceeds:

"Before we parted at Pittsburg, a day or two after this conversation, I had given Jackson the necessary data for calculating a horoscope; and in a few months I received from him a letter, which I preserved, inclosing a scheme of my nativity."

According to the scheme of nativity furnished by Jackson, it appeared that his and Revere's "destinies seemed to run in parallel lines," and they were to be exposed to a common danger "during the first days of May, 1863," and it is stated that Jackson said in his letter: "It is clear to me that we shall both be exposed to a common danger at the time indicated."

This story is followed by another in reference to the battle of Chancellorsville in these words:

"At the battle above-named, I was an involuntary witness of an event which had an important bearing on the issue of the war, and which has been the subject of prolonged controversy. I refer to the death of Stonewall Jackson. The circumstances under which I acquired the right to give testimony in the matter were somewhat remarkable, and I here give a full statement of them. The left of my brigade line lay near the plank-road at Chancellorsville, and, after night had fallen, I rode forward, according to my invariable habit, to inspect my picket line. The moon had risen and partially illuminated the woods. I began my inspection on the right of the picket line, progressing gradually to the left, where I stopped to rectify the post of a sentinel not far from the plank-road. While thus engaged I heard the sound of hoofs from the direction of the enemy's line, and paused to listen. Soon a cavalcade appeared approaching us. The foremost horseman detached himself from the main body, which

halted not far from us, and riding cautiously nearer, seemed to try to pierce the gloom. He was so close to us that the soldier nearest me levelled his rifle for a shot at him; but I forbade him, as I did not wish to have our position revealed, and it would have been useless to kill the man, whom I judged to be a staff officer making a reconnoissance. Having completed his observations, this person rejoined the group in his rear and all returned in a gallop. The clatter of hoofs soon ceased to be audible, and the silence of the night was unbroken save by the melancholy cries of the whippowill, which were heard in one continuous wail like spirit-voices, when the horizon was lighted up by a sudden flash in the direction of the enemy, succeeded by the well-known rattle of a volley of musketry from at least a battalion. A second volley quickly followed the first, and I heard cries in the same direction. Fearing that some of our troops might be in that locality, and that there was danger of our firing upon friends, I left my orderly and rode toward the Confederate line. A riderless horse dashed past me toward our lines, and I reined up in presence of a group of several persons gathered around a man lying upon the ground apparently badly wounded. I saw at once that these were Confederate officers, and visions of the Libby began to flit through my mind; but reflecting that I was well armed and mounted, and that I had on the greatcoat of a private soldier, such as was worn by both parties, I sat still, regarding the group in silence, but prepared to use either my spurs or my sabre as occasion might demand. The silence was broken by one of the Confederates, who appeared to regard me with astonishment; then speaking in a tone of authority, he ordered me 'to ride up there and see what troops those were,' indicating the Rebel position. I instantly made a gesture of assent, and rode slowly in the direction indicated until out of sight of the group, then made a circuit round it and returned within my own line. Just as I had answered the challenge of our picket, the section of our artillery on the plank-road began firing, and I could plainly hear the grape crashing through the trees near the spot occupied by the group of Confederate officers."

Then follows a statement that, about a fortnight after this occurrence, a Richmond paper was seen by the writer, detailing the circumstances of the death of Stonewall Jackson, and containing the statement about the person on horseback, substantially as it is given in the extract from a Richmond paper of 1865, referred to in the letter of Captain Wilbourn, given hereafter. This convinced General Revere, as he says, that the wounded man seen by him was Stonewall Jackson, and he concludes the story thus:

"Jackson's death happened in strange coincidence with his horoscopic prediction made years before; but the coincidence was, I believe, merely fortuitous, and I mention it here only to show what mysterious 'givings-out' we sometimes experience in life."

If the story as given by General Revere is true, and it was really he who became so famous as Stonewall Jackson with whom the conversation on astrology was had on the steamer on the trip up the Mississippi and Ohio in 1852, the fulfilment of the remarkable "horoscopic prediction" was something more than a "merely fortuitous

coincidence," and it would undoubtedly go very far towards establishing the genuineness of what is generally regarded as an exploded science. It would also serve to show that opinions were entertained by General Jackson which were very much at war with the sterling piety and practical faith for which he was noted, and that too after he had united himself with the Presbyterian Church. In this aspect of it the story is hardly worth noticing, as it can receive no credence from those who knew General Jackson; but as General Revere has given his testimony in regard to the manner in which General Jackson received his wound, the occasion is taken to place in an authentic form the true narrative of that sad occurrence, which is now given for the first time in print, in the language of the witness who rode by the side of the General at the time, and who of all others is best able to give an entirely reliable account. In giving this it has been thought proper to make some allusion to the story in regard to astrology, as it has gone the rounds of the papers, and hence the letter of General Francis H. Smith is given with that of General Jackson accepting the professorship at the Virginia Military Institute. Those letters, and one from Captain R. E. Wilbourn, who was chief signal-officer for Jackson's corps, and was by his side when he was wounded, are as follows:

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE, *March 5, 1873.*

General J. A. EARLY, Lynchburg, Va.

Dear General:—I have duly received your valued favor of the 24th ulto.

It gives me great pleasure to supply you with the information you seek in regard to Gen. Jackson. For this purpose I send you herewith a certified copy of Gen. Jackson's letter of acceptance of the Professorship of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Artillery Tactics in the Virginia Military Institute, dated April 22d, 1851.

Gen. Jackson reported for duty in July, 1851, and entered upon his professorial duties on the 1st of September, 1851. His resignation as Lieutenant and Bvt. Major of Artillery in the U. S. army took effect March, 1852. [February 29th.]

I do not think he ever went South during his connection with this Institution, except at the time of his marriage to Miss Morrison,* and then did not go beyond Charlotte, N. C.

His professorship was held by him without any interruption, until the commencement of the war in April, 1861. Then he was furloughed by the Board of Visitors as long as his services might be required in the army, with the understanding, at his own request, that he would resume his duties at the Institute at the close of hostilities.

His summer vacations were usually spent in visiting his friends in West Virginia, or at the Virginia springs. On one or two occasions he visited a "water cure" establishment in Vermont. In the summer of 1856 he went to Europe, his furlough having been extended by the Board of Visitors to the 1st of October. I am very sure he was not in New Orleans between July, 1851, and April, 1861.

I never heard Gen. Jackson allude to astrology, nor have I been able to find any one among his former associates who had. I have

* July 15th, 1857.—Dabney's *Life of Jackson*.

had many conversations with him on religious subjects. His views of divine truth were as simple as a child's, and his life was that of an earnest Christian man, taking the Word of God as his guide, and unhesitatingly accepting all therein revealed.

He was proverbial for extreme reticence, and this was observable in his conversations with his most intimate friends.

I remain very truly,

FRANCIS H. SMITH.

FORT MEADE, FLORIDA, *April 22, 1851.*

Colonel:—Your letter of the 28th ult., informing me that I have been elected Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Artillery Tactics in the Virginia Military Institute, has been received.

The high honor conferred by the Board of Visitors in selecting me unanimously to fill such a professorship, gratified me exceedingly.

I hope to be able to meet the Board on the 25th of June next, but fear that circumstances over which I have no control, will prevent my doing so before that time. For your kindness in endeavoring to procure me a leave of absence for six months, as well as for the interest you have otherwise manifested in my behalf, I feel under strong and lasting obligations.

Should I desire a furlough of more than one month, commencing on the 1st of July next, it would be for the purpose of visiting Europe.

I regret that recent illness has prevented my giving you an earlier answer.

Any communication which you may have to make previous to the 1st of June, please direct to this place.

I am, Colonel, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

T. J. JACKSON.

To Colonel FRANCIS SMITH,

Sup't Va. M. Institute,

LEXINGTON,

Rockbridge Co., Virginia.

A true copy from the original.

FRANCIS H. SMITH,

Sup't V. M. I.

TORRANCE, MISS., *Feb. 19th, 1873.*

My Dear General:—I will now endeavor to comply with your request (contained in your favor of the 12th inst.) to give you the facts relating to the wounding of General T. J. Jackson.

As the details of the battle are familiar to you, I will begin with General Jackson's movements after the battle was over and all seemed quiet—the enemy having disappeared from our immediate front, and all firing having consequently ceased. General Jackson took advantage of this lull in the storm to relieve Rodes' troops, who had been fighting, steadily advancing and making repeated charges from the time the fight began, and hence ordered General Hill to the front to relieve Rodes with his fresh troops—directing

the change to be made as quickly as possible.* We were now within about half a mile of the open fields near Chancellorsville, where the enemy was supposed to be strongly entrenched. While this change was being made, General Jackson manifested great impatience to get Hill's troops into line and ready to move as promptly as possible; and to this end, sent every member of his staff with orders to Gen. Hill and other general officers to hurry up the movement. From the orders sent to General Stuart, it was evident that his intention was to storm the enemy's works at Chancellorsville as soon as the lines were formed, and before the enemy had recovered from the shock and confusion of the previous fighting, and to place the left of his army between Hooker and the river. While the orders were being issued, General Jackson sat on his horse just in front of the line, on the pike. From this point he sent me with an order to General Hill. I galloped back and met General Hill in about fifty yards, riding along the pike towards General Jackson. I turned and rode with him to his line, and he stopped a few feet in front of it. I rode immediately on to General Jackson, who was then in sight and only a few paces in front of General Hill, just in the position where I left him. As I reached him he sent off the only staff-officer present to General Hill, with orders to move forward as soon as possible, and he rode slowly along the pike towards the enemy. I rode at his left side, two of my signal-men being just behind us, followed by couriers, etc. General Jackson thought, while awaiting General Hill's movements, he would ride to the front as far as the skirmish line or pickets, and ascertain what could be seen or heard of the enemy and his movements, supposing there was certainly a line of skirmishers in front, as his orders were always very imperative to keep a skirmish line in front of the line of battle. When we had ridden only a few rods, and had reached a point nearly opposite an old dismantled house in the woods near the road to our right, and while I was giving him General Hill's reply to the order I had just returned from delivering a few moments before, to our great surprise our little party was fired upon by about a battalion, or perhaps less, of our troops, a little to our right and to the right of the pike—the balls passing diagonally across the pike, and being apparently aimed at us. There seemed to be first one musket discharged, which was followed almost instantly by a volley. The single musket may have been discharged accidentally, but seems to have been taken by the troops as a signal to announce the approach of the enemy. I hardly think the troops saw us, though they could hear the sound of our horses' feet on the pike, and probably fired at random in the supposed direction of the enemy. However, the origin of this firing is mere conjecture, but the fact is that it came as above stated, and many of the escort and their horses were shot down.

At this firing our horses wheeled suddenly to the left, and General Jackson, (at whose side I kept), followed by the few who were not dismounted by this first fire, galloped into the woods to get out of range

* Rodes' division occupied the front line in the advance, while the division commanded by Brigadier-General Colston followed in a second line, with A. P. Hill's division in the rear of the whole. In assailing the enemy, Rodes' and Colston's divisions mingled together, and hence it became necessary to call up the third line, when fresh troops were required.—J. A. E.

of the bullets, and approached our line a little obliquely; but we had not gone over twenty paces from the edge of the pike, in the thicket, ere the brigade just to the left of the pike (to our right as we approached from the direction of the enemy), drawn up within thirty yards of us, fired a volley also, kneeling on the right knee (as shown by the flash of their muskets) as though prepared to guard against cavalry. By this fire General Jackson was wounded. These troops evidently mistook us for a party of the enemy's cavalry. We could distinctly hear General Hill calling, at the top of his voice, to his troops to cease firing. He knew we had just passed in front of him, as did the troops immediately in the pike, and I don't think that they fired.

From this point you can adopt the parts which I have marked and included in brackets in the enclosed account, taken from a Richmond paper. All that I have so marked is correct. The account to that extent is nearly literally as I furnished it to J. E. Cooke, by whom it was evidently written. It was sent to me from Richmond, cut from a paper, by Cooke I suppose, or possibly by some friend of mine there. By my sending this you get a correct account, and it saves my writing so much over again. The account as marked is mine, with the language slightly changed; the rest was furnished by Lieutenant Smith and Major Leigh.

Extracts from the Printed Narrative Marked and Endorsed by Captain Wilbourn, as on his Authority:

By this fire Jackson was wounded in three places. He received one ball in his left arm, two inches below the shoulder joint, shattering the bone and severing the chief artery; a second passed through the same arm between the elbow and wrist, making its exit through the palm of the hand; and a third ball entered the palm of his right hand, about the middle, and passing through, broke two of the bones. At the moment when he was struck he was holding his rein in his left hand, and his right was raised either in the singular gesture habitual to him, at times of excitement, or to protect his face from the boughs of the trees. His left hand immediately dropped at his side, and his horse, no longer controlled by the rein, and frightened at the firing, wheeled suddenly and ran from the fire in the direction of the Federal lines. Jackson's helpless condition now exposed him to a distressing accident. His horse ran violently between two trees, from one of which a horizontal bough extended, at about the height of his head, to the other; and as he passed between the trees, this bough struck him in the face, tore off his cap, and threw him violently back on his horse. The blow was so violent as nearly to unseat him, but it did not do so, and rising erect again, he caught the bridle with the broken and bleeding fingers of his right hand and succeeded in turning his horse back into the turnpike. Here Captain Wilbourn, of his staff, succeeded in catching the reins and checking the animal, who was almost frantic from terror, at the moment when, from loss of blood and exhaustion, Jackson was about to fall from the saddle.

The scene at this time was gloomy and depressing. Horses mad with fright at the close firing were seen running in every direction, some riderless, others defying control; and in the woods lay many wounded and dying men. Jackson's whole party, except Captain Wilbourn and a member of the Signal Corps, had been killed, wounded or dispersed. The man riding just behind Jackson had had his horse killed; a courier near was wounded and his horse ran into the Federal lines; Lieutenant Morrison, aide-de-camp, threw himself from the saddle, and his horse fell dead a moment afterwards; Captain Howard was carried by his horse into the Federal camps; Captain Forbes was killed; and Captain Boswell, Jackson's chief engineer, was shot through the heart, and his dead body carried by his frightened horse into the lines of the enemy near at hand.

Such was the result of the causeless fire. It had ceased as suddenly as it began, and the position in the road which Jackson now occupied was the same from which he had been driven.

Captain Wilbourn, who was standing by Jackson, now said, "They certainly must be our troops," to which the General assented with a nod of the head, but said nothing. He was looking up the road toward his lines "with apparent astonishment," and continued for some time to look in that direction, as if unable to realise that he could have been fired upon and wounded by his own men. His wound was bleeding profusely, the blood streaming down so as to fill his gauntlets, and it was necessary to secure assistance promptly. Captain Wilbourn asked him if he was much injured, and urged him to make an effort to move his fingers, as his ability to do this would prove that his arm was not broken. He endeavored to do so, looking down at his hand during the attempt, but speedily gave it up, announcing that his arm was broken. An effort which his companion made to straighten it caused him great pain, and murmuring, "You had better take me down," he leaned forward and fell into Captain Wilbourn's arms. He was so much exhausted by loss of blood that he was unable to take his feet out of the stirrups, and this was done by Mr. Wynn.

Captain Wilbourn, who, with Mr. Wynn of the Signal Corps, was all that was left of the party, notices a singular circumstance which attracted his attention at this moment. The turnpike was utterly deserted with the exception of himself, his companion and Jackson; but in the skirting of thickets on the left he observed some one sitting his horse by the side of the wood, and coolly looking on, motionless and silent. The unknown individual was clad in a dark dress, which strongly resembled the Federal uniform; but it seemed impossible that he could have penetrated to that spot without being discovered, and what followed seemed to prove that he belonged to the Confederates. Captain Wilbourn directed him to "ride up there and see what troops those were"—the men who had fired on Jackson—when the stranger slowly rode in the direction pointed out, but never returned with any answer. Who this silent personage was is left to conjecture.

He [Jackson] was then carried to the side of the road and laid under a small tree, where Captain Wilbourn supported his head while

his companion went for a surgeon and ambulance to carry him to the rear, receiving strict instructions, however, not to mention the occurrence to any one but Dr. McGuire or other surgeon. Captain Wilbourn then made an examination of the General's wounds. Removing his field-glasses and haversack, which latter contained some paper and envelopes for despatches, and two religious tracts, he put these on his own person for safety, and with a small pen-knife proceeded to cut away the sleeves of the india-rubber overall, dress-coat and two shirts from the bleeding arm.

While this duty was being performed, General Hill rode up with his staff, and dismounting beside the General expressed his great regret at the accident. To the question whether his wound was painful, Jackson replied "Very painful," and added that his "arm was broken." General Hill pulled off his gauntlets, which were full of blood, and his sabre and belt were also removed. He then seemed easier, and having swallowed a mouthful of whiskey which was held to his lips, appeared much refreshed. It seemed impossible to move him without making his wounds bleed afresh, but it was absolutely necessary to do so, as the enemy were not more than a hundred and fifty yards distant and might advance at any moment; and all at once a proof was given of the dangerous position which he occupied. Captain Adams, of General Hill's staff, had ridden ten or fifteen yards ahead of the group, and was now heard calling out, "Halt! surrender! Fire on them if they don't surrender!" At the next moment he came up with two Federal skirmishers who had at once surrendered, with an air of astonishment declaring that they were not aware they were in the Confederate lines. General Hill had drawn his pistol and mounted his horse, and he now returned to take command of his line and advance, promising Jackson to keep his accident from the knowledge of the troops, for which the General thanked him. He had scarcely gone when Lieutenant Morrison, who had come up, reported the Federal line advancing rapidly and then within about a hundred yards of the spot. He exclaimed, "Let us take the General up in our arms and carry him off!" but Jackson said faintly, "No; if you can help me up, I can walk." He was accordingly lifted up and placed upon his feet, when the Federal batteries in front opened with great violence, and Captain Leigh, who had just arrived with a litter, had his horse killed under him by a shell. He leaped to the ground near Jackson, and the latter leaning his right arm on Captain Leigh's shoulder, slowly dragged himself along toward the Confederate lines, the blood from his wounded arm flowing profusely over Captain Leigh's uniform.

Hill's lines were now in motion to meet the coming attack, and as the men passed Jackson, they saw from the number and rank of his escort that he must be a superior officer. "Who is that — who have you there?" was called; to which the reply was, "Oh, it's only a friend of ours who is wounded." These inquiries became at last so frequent that Jackson said to his escort: "When asked, just say it is a Confederate officer." It was with the utmost difficulty that the curiosity of the troops was evaded. They seemed to suspect something, and would go around the horses which were led along on

each side of the General to conceal him, to see if they could discover who it was. At last one of them caught a glimpse of a man who had lost his cap, as we have seen, in the woods, and was walking bareheaded in the moonlight, and suddenly the man exclaimed, "in a most pitiful tone," says an eye-witness: "Great God! that is General Jackson!" An evasive reply was made, implying that this was a mistake, and the man looked from the speaker to Jackson with a bewildered air; but passed on without further comment. All this occurred before Jackson had been able to drag himself more than twenty steps; but Captain Leigh had the litter at hand, and his strength being completely exhausted, the General was placed upon it, and borne toward the rear.

The litter was carried by two officers and two men, the rest of the escort walking beside it and leading the horses. They had scarcely begun to move, however, when the Federal artillery opened a furious fire upon the turnpike from the works in front of Chancellorsville, and a hurricane of shell and canister swept down the road. What the eye then saw was a scene of disordered troops, riderless horses, and utter confusion. The intended advance of the Confederates had doubtless been discovered, and this fire was directed along the road over which they would move. By this fire General Hill and some of his staff were wounded, and one of the men carrying the litter was shot through both arms and dropped his burden.

Continuation of Captain Wilbourn's letter.

The part in reference to the solitary rider was changed, however, so as to make it appear more like a romance than reality. Just at the time mentioned a mounted soldier suddenly appeared near us who seemed to have been cut off from his command and lost, and halted just an instant as if at a loss what to do. He seemed to have discovered us just as we discovered him, and it was just as we were in the act of taking General Jackson a little way from the pike into the bushes to conceal him from the view of troops who might be passing, and before Wynn had left for Dr. McGuire and the ambulance. He left for Dr. McGuire as soon as General Jackson was laid on the ground, and this man appeared and disappeared before Wynn left, and it was he who first discovered the man on horseback. As I did not wish our men to know of the wounding of General Jackson, he was directed to "ride and see what troops those are," pointing towards our troops—thinking, if he should prove to be a Yankee, he would be captured by one of our own men, and I did not wish him to know who was wounded. He appeared to be a courier, and he rode off instantly in the direction indicated up the pike. I thought no more of him that night and gave my entire attention to General Jackson; but as General Hill came down the pike to a point opposite me, from which I called him to me, requesting him to dismount and come alone, I supposed the man on horseback had met General Hill and his party, who must have been near enough to see him, and I supposed he was probably one of that party. I made frequent inquiries afterwards and read all the accounts I saw, to see if I could find out

who this man was and what became of him, but heard nothing until I saw General Revere's first article, written a year or two after the surrender. I always thought it strange that nothing was heard of the man, and concluded he was captured. It may have been General Revere, though his account is not at all correct as to what immediately preceded the wounding of General Jackson, as will be seen by a comparison of it with mine. Wynn, who was with me and who still lives near here, concurred with me in all the details after the occurrence, and every time we have spoken of it since, and we have done so frequently. When I see him I will ask him his recollections of this solitary rider which made a great impression on him.

When General Hill came to me, he allowed only one of his escort to dismount and accompany him, viz., Major Leigh, who, I believe, was then called Captain Leigh, and he ordered the rest to remain on their horses in the pike. He sent at once for Dr. Barr, who promptly came up, just as I had finished binding General Jackson's wounds and putting his arm in a sling.

General Jackson was evidently greatly astonished, and did not seem to understand why or how the troops should have fired on us. As soon as I checked his horse I dismounted, as I saw from his looks that he was very faint, and asked him if he could ride into our lines, or what I should do for him. He said, "You had better take me down," and leaned towards me, and as he did so, fell over on me, partially fainting from loss of blood. We were on the pike, about where we were when first fired on. I was on the side of the General's broken arm, and his horse threw back his head, turned towards the enemy, and could not be kept still, as he was frightened and suffering from his own wounds. As the General fell over on me I caught him in my arms, and held him until Wynn could get his feet out of the stirrups. As soon as this was done, Wynn and I carried him in our arms some ten or fifteen steps north of the pike, where he was laid on the ground with his head resting in my lap, while I proceeded to dress his wounds, cutting off his coat-sleeves (he had on an oil-cloth or rubber overcoat), binding a handkerchief tightly above and below his wounds, and putting his arm in a sling, as described by both Dr. Dabney and Cooke. As soon as we laid him down I sent Wynn after an ambulance and Dr. McGuire, and I was left alone with the General until General Hill came up. Just before Hill reached me, General Jackson revived a little and asked me to have a skilful surgeon to attend him, and not allow any but a skilful one to do anything with him. I told him I had already sent a special messenger for Dr. McGuire, and an ambulance to take him to the rear, to which he replied, "very good."

While he was being borne off on foot, supported by Capt. Leigh and one or two others, I walked between them and the pike, leading three horses and trying to keep them between the General and the troops, then moving down the pike, to keep them from seeing who it was; but it was impossible, and we met some men with a litter before we had gone ten steps, on which we put the General, and while doing so the enemy opened fire on us at short range from the battery planted on the pike, and also with infantry. The horses jerked loose and ran

in every direction, and before we had proceeded far, one of the litter bearers was shot, having both of his arms broken. This man lives in Fluvanna or Louisa county, Virginia, where the citizens made up a purse after the war and bought him a home. While General Jackson lay on the ground after he fell from the litter, he grew so faint from loss of blood, his arm having begun to bleed afresh, that he asked for some whiskey, and I immediately ran over to Melzi Chancellor's, where I had noticed a hospital-flag as we passed, thinking I would get some whiskey from the Yankee surgeons, but they all denied having any; and as I could get none there, I mounted a horse, determined to find Dr. McGuire and an ambulance. I rode only a short distance before I met Dr. McGuire and Colonel Pendleton, to whom I told what had happened. At the recital as we rode along towards the spot where I left the General lying, Colonel Pendleton fainted. He asked us to hold on a moment and dismounted, but as soon as his feet touched the ground he fell over fainting. The ambulance came up and we hurried it on to the front. Dr. McGuire dismounted and gave Col. Pendleton some whiskey, and we then rode on and reached the General just as he was put into the ambulance. During the interval while I was gone for Dr. McGuire, Lieut. Smith and Captain Leigh were left with General Jackson, and I suppose their account of what occurred in this interval is correctly given by Dr. Dabney, to whom each of them sent an account. I will state that when General Hill offered General Jackson whiskey, as soon as or about the time Dr. Barr came up, he at first refused it, or hesitated; but when I told him it was absolutely necessary for him and would revive and sustain him until we could get him safely back to the rear, he then very reluctantly drank a little. As he saw that it revived him, he asked for it himself after falling from the litter, as he felt faint again. He fell on the wounded side, which caused his wound to bleed freely.

As soon as the ambulance left with him, I was ordered by Colonel Pendleton, after he had consulted with General Rodas, to go to General Lee as quickly as possible, communicate to him the intelligence, explain our position and what had been accomplished, inform him of who had taken command, and ask him to come to that flank. I started at once, reaching General Lee before day, and remaining with him by his orders, and hence I did not see General Jackson again until he was being put into the ambulance to go to Guinea Station, which was the last time I saw him.

You will find a correct account of my interview with General Lee in Dabney's *Life of Jackson*, pp. 701 and 702, given as I furnished it, except that I was accompanied by Wynn, instead of Captain Hotchkiss — though Capt. H. did reach General Lee about an hour or two after I had made my report. When he arrived and began to tell General Lee of the wounding of General Jackson, General Lee checked him, saying, "I know all about it, and do not wish to hear any more — it is too painful a subject," or something to that effect. When I told General Lee about it, he made me sit by him on his bed, while he raised up, resting on his elbow, and he was very much affected by the news. When I told him that the wounding was by our own troops, he seemed ready to burst into tears, and gave a moan. After a short silence he said, "Ah! Captain, don't let us say anything more about

it, it is too painful to talk about," and seemed to give way to grief. It was the saddest night I ever passed in my life ; and when I saw this great man so much moved, and look as if he could weep, my cup of sadness was filled to overflowing. I got up and walked out of his tent, or rather from under his blanket, or something of the sort stretched over him for a shelter — I think it was an oil-cloth blanket. Colonel Taylor then called me to him, and the rest of the staff gathered around to hear the sad tidings, and I don't think there was a dry eye in the whole party as I related the affair to them. About the time I had finished relating it, General Lee came out, booted and spurred, and ordered his horse and his staff to be ready to ride as quickly as possible. Calling me to him, he took me in and spread out before me, with his own hands, a nice breakfast, taking it from a basket which had been sent him by some lady in the neighborhood, and made me sit down and eat. He ordered me to lie down right there and sleep and rest as soon as I had eaten. As I finished eating he mounted his horse, and just then Capt. Hotchkiss came up — this was just before day. I started off with General Lee, but he made me go back, and told me to lie down and rest, saying, "I know you rode all night, and the greater portion of the night previous, and you must have rest." So I rested until the battle began, and then joined my command again.

I have written you hurriedly, but have given the facts, which you can put into shape. If there is any part not sufficiently clear, please call my attention to it, and I will explain. If Wynn should remember anything not given, in connection with the solitary rider, or anything different from what I have written, I will write it to you as soon as I see him, which will be very soon.

I have given you a very rough sketch, as I had to write in great haste for want of time, but hope it will answer your purpose.

I think this sketch, with the article endorsed and marked to show the portion furnished by me, and the part referred to in Dabney's *Life of Jackson*, will be sufficient to give a correct and connected account of the whole transaction.

I am often questioned about the affair, and nearly every one says that it was strange that General Jackson should give an order to troops to fire at every thing, and especially cavalry, approaching from the direction of the enemy, and then go and place himself in a situation to be fired on himself. I heard of no such order, and feel sure no order of the kind was given. If there had been such an order, it would have been given to the skirmishers ; and there would have been no necessity for such an order to them, as they would certainly fire any way. Even if the General had given such an order, he was not going contrary to it, as he thought there was a skirmish line in front to which he was going. There proved to be no such line — not even a picket or a vidette — and hence the wounding of General Jackson. The failure to have out a skirmish line was really the cause of his being fired on, and whoever was at fault in that matter is the party to blame, and is responsible for the accident.* I don't know whose

* In advancing upon the enemy, firing, it was impossible to keep a line of skirmishers in front, unless the line of battle was prevented from firing. By getting mixed together, the divisions commanded by Rodes and Colston had been thrown into much confusion, and a skirmish line

was the fault, but have an opinion which I don't care to express. The troops who wounded the General were not to blame, and as it would only make them feel badly to know that they had been the innocent cause of his wounds and death, it is best not to give publicity to the fact who they were.

Very truly yours,

R. E. WILBOURN.

General J. A. EARLY.

It is very manifest from the authorities now furnished that the whole story of General Revere is a fiction, or that the "Lieutenant Jackson" with whom he travelled on the steamer up the Mississippi and Ohio in 1852 was not the same person with the world-renowned commander of the 2d Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia; as well as that the cavalcade which rode so near to General Revere on his picket line on the night of the 2d of May, 1863, was not composed of General Jackson and his party; and that the "group of several persons gathered around a man lying upon the ground, apparently badly wounded," alleged to have been seen by General Revere when he rode out alone on the plank-road, did not consist of Captain Wilbourn and his companion Wynn, of the Signal Corps, who were the only persons with General Jackson when their attention was attracted to a man on horseback near them, just as they were bearing the General from the road into the woods.

It must be remembered that General Jackson had been brevetted a major in the United States army in 1847 for his gallant conduct in Mexico, and if he had been in that army in 1852 he would have borne the title of major, and would have worn the insignia of his brevet rank, according to the custom then prevailing, though his actual rank in the line may have been only that of a lieutenant. The statement of General Smith, Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, however, puts the question at rest, and shows that it was impossible for the Lieutenant Jackson of whom General Revere speaks to have been Stonewall Jackson, as the latter had located at the Institute in the summer of 1851, and did not make a trip South in 1852. In 1852 General Jackson had severed his connection with the United States army, though it appears from Cullum's biographical register of officers and graduates of West Point that his resignation did not take effect until the 29th of February, 1852; but it was a very frequent occurrence for the time for an officer's resignation to take effect to be postponed for some months after he was relieved from duty. The same register shows that General Jackson was a professor at the Institute in 1851, and Dabney's life of him shows that he was admitted a member of the Presbyterian Church at Lexington, Virginia, on the 22d of November, 1851, he having been baptised as a professing Christian two or three years before at Fort Hamilton, New York.

There was a Lieutenant Thomas K. Jackson who graduated two

could not be sent out from either of them. While Hill's division was coming up into line and relieving the other troops, it was impracticable for some time to throw out skirmishers, so that, probably, the failure to have such a line at the time was really the fault of no one, but was inseparable from the situation of affairs.—J. A. E.

years after General Jackson, and who was in the United States army in 1852, where he remained until the breaking out of the war, when he joined the Confederate army. It is possible that General Revere may have met that officer under the circumstances stated by him, and may have fallen into the error of supposing that it was he who became known as Stonewall Jackson.

The story of Captain Wilbourn is given as he has related it, though he authorised the writer of this to put it into shape; but it is in so much better shape than one who was not an eye-witness could give to the narrative, that it has been thought best to leave it as it came from the pen of the author; and his statement of minor circumstances, which by some may be thought unnecessary, has been allowed to stand, because those circumstances serve to give in the eyes of the general public that air of entire truthfulness to the whole narrative, for which it will be readily given credit by all who had an opportunity of knowing the most estimable and worthy officer and gentleman by whom it is furnished. In a previous letter he says that he sent to two gentlemen, whom he names, "at their request, an account of the wounding of General Jackson at the time, as did other members of the staff and Major Leigh, who that night acted as aide-de-camp to General Hill, but both of them got the different accounts so mixed that they gave a somewhat confused idea of it"; and this furnishes a conclusive reason for not tampering with the very distinct and intelligible narrative of the Captain.

To make that complete, some extracts from an account published in a Richmond paper in 1865 are embodied in the letter of Captain Wilbourn, so distinguished from what he now writes as not to be mistaken for any part of that. These extracts are endorsed by him as substantially correct, though couched in language somewhat changed from his own. The paragraph in regard to the solitary horseman is also given, notwithstanding he says that this, though taken from his own account, is so much changed "as to make it appear more like a romance than reality." It is, however, now fully explained, and the true coloring is given to it by his very clear statement. With Captain Wilbourn's explanation of the real circumstances of this incident, the whole narrative may be accepted as entirely authentic, subject to the following explanations.

As, in the various accounts of the battle, the plank-road and the old stone-turnpike are frequently mentioned without the distinction between them being always observed, it is thought proper to state that the two roads are nearly parallel to each other for the greater part of the way from Orange C. H., the old stone-turnpike being north of the plank-road; but at the Wilderness Church, about two miles west of Chancellorsville, the two roads unite and run together from that point to the latter place. West of the Wilderness Church General Jackson had crossed the plank-road to the old stone-turnpike and moved along the latter, with his lines across it at right-angles, until he struck the enemy, and until the two roads united; so that in the description of the movements made after the enemy's right had been routed, including the circumstances attending his wounding, the two terms indicate the same road. This road is briefly designated by Captain Wilbourn as the "pike."

His account of the whole affair shows how very erroneous are the generally received accounts; and it now appears that instead of riding to the front to reconnoitre the enemy and then imprudently galloping back towards his own line, General Jackson was slowly riding to the front, while making every effort to hurry forward the troops, when he was fired upon by a portion of his own men on the right (south) of the road and obliquely from the rear, and that then the horses of his party that were not shot down wheeled to the left, and he galloped into the woods on the left to escape the fire, when he was fired upon by another body of troops on the north side of the road. This firing, lamentable as were its consequences, was in both instances the result of accident, or rather of that confusion inevitable in all attempts to operate with troops in the dark while they are under excitement. The writer of this has perhaps been under fire as often as any man of his day, and the result of his experience and observation has been to convince him that the dangers attending offensive movements of troops in the night, especially in the fore-part of the night, when the opposite side is on the alert, from mistakes or collision on the part of those taking the offensive, are not counterbalanced by any advantages likely to result; and to sustain him in this opinion he can confidently appeal to the judgment of those who have had any experience. In operating in a thickly-wooded country the dangers are increased very greatly.* While, therefore, Captain Wilbourn's statement of facts is to be accepted without hesitation, it is not by any means certain that he is right in his opinion that the wounding of General Jackson was due to the failure to leave a line of skirmishers in front, as the troops who commenced the firing were probably not aware of the fact. Captain R. H. T. Adams, the officer mentioned as having caused two of the advancing Federal skirmishers to surrender, is of opinion that the firing from the right (the first in point of time) was at a small detached party of mounted men, or cavalry, belonging to the enemy, which came in front of our line on the south side of the road, where it was thrown forward, making an obtuse angle with the other part of it, and that the fire was not at General Jackson's party, though it reached the latter. That firing, however it occurred, was undoubtedly the cause of the other, for when General Jackson's party came crashing through the brushwood in the dark towards the infantry in line of battle expecting soon to encounter the enemy, a fire upon it was inevitable. In the current accounts of the affair it is generally represented that a number of officers were shot at the same time the General was shot, in such a manner as to produce the impression that they were with him; but the fact is, that the only officer with General Jackson at the time was Captain Wilbourn, the rest of the party being composed of couriers and signal-men. The firing, however, as usual in case of false alarms, passed along the line, and some officers with the party of General Hill in the road were shot; Captain Boswell and

* This opinion is not expressed for the purpose of criticising the proposed movement by General Jackson. Stimulated by the achievement of victory and inspired by the hope of making it decisive, he at the moment perhaps, overlooked the fact that all of his soldiers did not preserve that equipoise of mind necessary to prevent mistakes and accidents under such circumstances. The disaster which befell the army in his own misfortune is a confirmation of the opinion above expressed.

Lieutenant Morrison were with this party, or were going forward to join General Jackson.* General Hill and some others were subsequently struck by the enemy's fire. The spirit given to General Jackson by General Hill was not whiskey, but was brandy furnished by Captain Adams from a flask given him by a Federal officer captured in the engagement. This mistake was a very natural one under the circumstances. When Captain Adams advanced to the front and forced the two Federal soldiers to surrender he was not on horseback, but was on foot, having just before escaped the fire by which some of General Hill's party were shot, by spurring his horse to the rear through the line on the road; he had then dismounted and advanced to the front on foot. These facts are given on his information, as he resides in the same town with the undersigned, and is known to be thoroughly reliable.

A comparison of Captain Wilbourn's narrative with that of General Revere will show that it was utterly impossible for the party of mounted men of which the latter speaks to be that with General Jackson, and that it was equally impossible for the group of *several* persons around the wounded man, which he claims to have seen, to be Captain Wilbourn and his companion Wynn. General Revere says that the cavalcade that rode up near to him when he was on his picket line near the plank-road, after being rejoined by the horseman who detached himself from the party "to pierce the gloom," returned at a gallop, and "the clatter of hoofs soon ceased to be audible." When it is considered that, besides this clatter of hoofs, "the silence of the night was unbroken save by the melancholy cries of the whip-powill," which latter were still heard when the clatter of horses' hoofs had ceased to be audible, before the firing occurred, it is very apparent that General Revere was quite a long distance from the Confederate lines. Along a straight and hard road as this one was, the sound of the hoofs of horses in a gallop can be heard a long distance. General Jackson did not get out of hearing of his own men, nor out of sight of General Hill's party, and was riding slowly to the front when first fired on. Captain Wilbourn is certain that he was not more than fifty or sixty yards in front of General Hill,† while Captain Adams thinks he was not more than twenty or thirty yards in front, and the latter walked the whole distance. The difference in their estimates is not unnatural, as it was in the night, and they occupied different stand-points. The question who composed the cavalcade that General Revere claims to have seen, is then involved in a still greater mystery than that which hangs over the man on horseback seen by Wilbourn and Wynn. As to the group of persons alleged to have been seen around a wounded man lying on the ground, it is to be presumed that General Revere did not mistake two men for several, and that the sight of two men dismounted and engaged in administering to another badly wounded would not have caused visions of the dreaded Libby to flit before the imagination of one who was so well mounted, equipped and armed, especially when those two

* It is possible Captain Boswell was struck by the first volley, as he had been with General Hill and was riding to the front to overtake General Jackson.

† As stated in a letter subsequent to the one herewith given.

men had no more formidable weapons than the glasses, flags, key or index, pencils, etc., appropriate to them as members of the signal corps, and no other men were in sight.* He says that he rode towards the Confederate position, when ordered to do so, until he got "out of sight of the group, then made a circuit around it, and returned within my [his] own line." This it was impossible for him to do from the position on the road where Wilbourn and Wynn were with Jackson, which was at the same spot at which the latter was when first fired on, without getting into the Confederate lines; nor could he have made a circuit around the party on the road without encountering the same troops that had wounded General Jackson, as it must be recollected that he was, after having been taken from his horse, on the north side of the road, and when wounded he had not gone obliquely towards his line more than twenty paces before he was fired on by the troops, not more than thirty yards distant. Therefore while he was being carried off by Wilbourn and Wynn he was not more than fifty yards from the troops that had wounded him. The group that General Revere saw must have been a different one altogether from that with General Jackson. As it is possible he may have met another Jackson on the steamer, so it is possible that the cavalcade he saw may have been a party of Federal cavalry or horsemen cut off in the previous rout, and that the group of men around the wounded one he saw may have been likewise Federal officers or soldiers. The coincidence in regard to the order received in each case to ride and see what troops those were, would not be a hundredth part as remarkable as the fulfillment so literally of the "horoscopic prediction."

But whatever may be the solution of his narrative, he must not expect us to accept as true the coincidence in regard to the "horoscopic prediction," either as a "merely fortuitous" one, or as a fulfillment produced by "the evil aspect of the square of Saturn," any more than we can believe that the "continuous wail" of the whippowill was composed of "spirit voices" foreshadowing the impending disaster.

In regard to the supposed mystery connected with the man seen by Wilbourn and Wynn, this is to be said:—It would not have been at all remarkable if, in the confusion attending the rout of the 11th Corps, some courier or other horseman belonging to the Federal army had been cut off and bewildered, and that when he found himself in the presence of the persons with General Jackson, he was at a loss what to do, and rode to the Confederate lines when ordered to do so, where he became a prisoner; or it may have been that this man was a Confederate who, in the confusion produced by the fire that had done so much mischief to the mounted parties with Generals Jackson and Hill, became separated from the rest, and when he saw Wilbourn and Wynn attending to a wounded man, he may have stopped to see who it was, being in doubt whether he was in the presence of friends or enemies. If such was the case, he may, when ordered to do so, have ridden to see what troops were indicated by Captain Wilbourn, and meeting General Hill's party, did not return to report, as that party went immediately to where General Jackson was. This man

* The road was cleared for a few moments after the second firing, as all persons on it had got out of the way to escape the fire, but General Hill and his staff soon advanced to the front.

may have occupied such a position as not to have heard of the inquiries afterwards made, or he may have been killed by the subsequent firing that night or in the battle of next day. There is really nothing mysterious about the circumstance, and the importance attached to it by both Captain Wilbourn and Mr. Wynn resulted very naturally from the excited state of mind in which they were, under the very trying circumstances in which they were placed. All engaged in the war have experienced the great difficulty of distinguishing between the Confederate gray and the Federal blue in the night, and this difficulty sometimes occurred in the day, at a distance. This incident of the man on horseback certainly attracted very little attention in the army, and the present writer, though he commanded a division in Jackson's corps at the time, and subsequently three divisions of the corps for a considerable period, when both Captain Wilbourn and Wynn were attached to his headquarters, never had his attention called to the affair until since the appearance of *Keel and Saddle*.

To complete the narrative of the circumstances attending the wounding of General Jackson until he was placed in the ambulance to be carried to the hospital, it is only necessary to state that when Captain Wilbourn left him to obtain some whiskey, after the first fall of the litter, Captain Leigh and the General's two aides, Lieutenants Smith and Morrison, remained with him and faithfully administered to him. The party had to lie down in the road for a time to escape the enemy's fire, and when it ceased along the road the General was assisted for a short distance to move on foot, but was again placed upon a litter, from which he had a second very painful fall, caused by one of the litter-bearers entangling his foot in a vine as the litter was borne through the brushwood on the side of the road. He was placed a third time upon the litter and carried to the rear, until he met the ambulance Dr. McGuire had provided for him; and in this he was carried to the hospital, along with his chief of artillery, Colonel Crutchfield, who had been painfully wounded during the engagement. Dr. Hunter McGuire, General Jackson's medical director, has furnished a full account of the incidents occurring from the time he met the General on his way to the rear until his death,* and it may be relied on as entirely authentic, as may anything which Lieutenant, afterwards Captain, James P. Smith, the General's devoted aide and friend, may have stated or may state in regard to what he witnessed.

The interview between General Lee and Captain Wilbourn, when the latter communicated the sad intelligence, is presented by his own unvarnished statement in a far more touching light than it has ever before appeared in, whatever of the ornaments of rhetoric may have been employed; and the deep feeling which stirred the great heart of the commander of the Army of Northern Virginia on the occasion was as strikingly manifested in the anxious care exhibited for the comfort of him who had been with his great Lieutenant in his terrible calamity, and who had so faithfully and devotedly ministered to him in the trying scenes of the night, as in any other circumstance.

J. A. EARLY.

* *Battle of Chancellorsville*, by Hotchkiss and Allan. Published by Van Nostrand, New York, 1867.

THE GREAT ASCIDIAN.

"In the dim obscurity of the past we can see that the early progenitor of the vertebrata must have been an aquatic animal . . . more like the larvæ of our marine ascidians than any other known form."—DARWIN'S *Descent of Man*.

(*Bibulus loquitur*.)

AND this the cause! and here all life began!
Primordial stomach, in the tadpole found,
Thy leather bottle was the type, the plan
Which Nature worked on when she moulded man,
Ere Adam made a track upon the ground!

I thought it strange that nothing touched the chord
Of natural feeling when perchance I saw
My grandsire of the woods, baboon abhorred;
Nay, frankly, as a creature of the Lord
I loved him better than by nature's law.

Did something queer about that mute freemason
Hint trouble on his own side of the question,
Frog, lizard, newt—from whom by variation
Came our four-handed, nimble poor relation,
Made odious to us by too much suggestion?

But this small mollusk, this half-inch ellipse—
One only smiles to think of native man
Drifting about, attached to weeds and chips,
Till a high tide in cyclone or eclipse
Left on some rock the future Caliban.

Yet why a mollusk? lower forms are found,
And hold—ascidians older than marine!
Why stop at slug or oyster? to the ground
Of life organic let the plummet sound,
A man I am—a vegetable have been.

What is organic life but that, perfected,
Which in a single cell or spore begins?
The simple stomach, in the sponge detected,
By much selection into man erected,
Becomes a thing which walks and talks and sins.

Life without brain is found, but stomach never !

A fact we know, that also Plato knew ;
And life is in the lowest form that ever
Breathed through its pores, or made its first endeavor
To drink the rain-drop or distil the dew.

For life in its first element is *thirst* :

Earth drinks the sky, and the sky drinks the sea ;
Buds drink the dew, and germs with moisture burst,
And the old mosses, arid as at first,
Hang out their stomachs upon rock and tree.

Nay, startling thought, the now ascidian race

Must grow to men by constant evolution,
And fish or phyton, sitting in our place,
Will hob-a-nob with quite as good a grace
About the world's ten millionth revolution.

Our plasmic form, of equal date, is seen

Down in the rocks through all the ages gray ;
Dim shadowy bulb ! since in thy tender green
My germ I saw, no slimy things obscene
Nor hairy monsters fill me with dismay.

Yea, should they vanish like the "missing links,"

Vanish forever like the faun and satyr,
One fact would still remain—the man who thinks
Derives his being from the man who drinks,
The infant mammal, at the fount of Nature.

We call them links, they are in fact but kinks ;

The true link is most perfect in each kind
Of what it joins, and never blurs or sinks
The one kind in the other—a true sphinx,
Both and yet neither, monster undefined.

And is there such a link ? and is this he,

With hooked hands and feet and devilish tail,
By travellers seen disporting on a tree,
By me, sometimes, O horror ! in a spree ?
I tremble at the thought, my spirits fail.

Avaunt, begone ! thou fearful ape and brother,

Batrachian, Polyp, any form but thine ;
I would say hog or dog, or any other,
But for some slight respect I owe thy mother,
Of distant kin, through that first bulb, to mine.

The onion is not meant, so let that pass,
 Though Egypt worshipped it, with Thot and Pthah;
 Bulbous in form I mean, in substance grass,
 For such is man, and such *Pitheci Vas*,
 The Ascidian, *N. destillatoria*.

See here the spheric form, by Nature loved,
 See here the centre of the human frame,
 Through correlation altered, and improved
 By hairy generations far removed,
 Till hardly Science knows it for the same.

Older than *zoöphyte* must the *phyton* be;
 "Nature leaps nothing," as the ancients phrased it,
 And Nature errs, *Nepenthes*, or I see
 A rudimental abdomen in thee,
 Or first rude sketch which in her book prefaced it.

Capacious plant! I seem to see thee now,
 Thy "fair round stomach" bibulous of dew —
 And I, a stomach bibulous as thou,
 A walking stomach, which, I must avow,
 A moist night often fills, like thine, anew.

Wondrous ascidian, vegetable bottle!
 Aught could I venerate, it would be thee;
 The thirsty ape who held thee by the throttle,
 Could know no more than I or Aristotle,
 He held the father of all apes and me.

See everywhere unconscious imitation —
 Vase, pitcher, jug — which, sure as man is hay,
 (And, by reversion, feels a foolish passion
 For flowers and weeds) were not in their first fashion
 Fitted with handles, nor yet made of clay.

Yes, Adam, I suppose, was an exception:
 We'll class him, if you like, with fictile pottery;
 But the ascidian in its first conception
 Lived, male and female, long ere Eve's deception
 Had proved that wives are not, alas, "a lottery."

This tale 'tis now the fashion to gloss over;
 But mark the speaking snake and mystic tree!
 And that old reptile, viewed by a philosopher,
 Was in some age all grown with fossil moss over,
 A bottled imp or loose fish in the sea.

Mystic I called the tree, although I could
 With high example follow the suggestion
 Through bark and leaf into the very wood,
 Of which so many heads are made, as should
 Place man's botanic origin out of question.

And lo! with knowledge came the first sense of shame,
 For Truth is naked as at first were we;
 Let Science blush and fools her rashness blame,
 But *Homo bibax*, by that oldest name,
 Drink to the great Ascidian with me.

W. W. L.

ON THE STEPS OF THE BEMA.

STUDIÈS IN THE ATTIC ORATORS.

NO. II.

THE ATTIC ROWDY, OR WHERE IS THE PERLICE?

“**A**NARCHY *plus* a street constable” is, I believe, Mr. Carlyle's definition of the modern ideal of government. I cannot join in the sneer at the civic functionary, and I am modern enough to miss the police in my Attic readings. Hegel said — and, like everybody else I know, I quote Hegel from memory of what somebody said he said — if it were proper for a philosopher to wish for anything, I should wish that I had been born at Athens in her palmy days. Athens and her palmy days is well enough, but I should have added an unphilosophic proviso for the establishment of a substantial English police. It will be observed that I am not speaking of police in the wider sense; the absence of that may have been made up for by the superabounding public spirit and private meanness of the Athenians. There were informers enough, detectives enough. I mean simply the constabulary, simply Policeman X; and I maintain that in those times Policeman X was to all intents and purposes an unknown quantity. I have not forgotten the valiant band of Scythian archers at Athens. These archers make a great show at public meetings, but in private encounters they were as nullibiquitous as the old-fashioned Charley. Of course I have not for-

gotten the archers. How could any student of Aristophanes forget the Toxotês who figures in the *Thesmophoriazusæ* and furnishes us with such admirable samples of broken Greek. I have an especial fondness for that scene, for it never fails to remind me of my early life in my native city and the High-Dutch "guardmen" who patrolled its streets and made havoc on the soft English that is spoken there.

But, doubtless, my younger readers will not be grieved to learn that in this article no police will mar the sport of the gay spirits of Athens; and I will promise not to moralise too much as I hold up for their inspection a brace of Attic rowdies. The material is abundant, and the selection has puzzled me no little. Almost every orator of the Attic canon might be called on for a sketch; and as I write, a long procession of Athenian ruffians troop past my view, from Alcibiades, that prince of blackguards, to Meidias, who boxed the ears of the prince of orators. The student can have his choice of styles, from the sharp outline of Lysias to the encaustic coloring of Demosthenes; and it may be as well to take a specimen from each of these. But before I begin, in order to justify the title of these papers, which profess to be studies in the Attic orators, and not simply sketches of Attic life, I will say a word or two about the less famous and the less read of the two speakers.

An exacting friend of mine says that Pindar and Athenaeus are the touchstones of a knowledge of Greek; the former, I suppose, for the thought, the latter for the vocabulary. Leave out Athenaeus and put in Lysias, and I will accept the two as the touchstones of an appreciation of Greek — which is a very different thing. That any modern ever enjoyed either Pindar or Lysias without severe study, I do not believe. That many men have brought themselves to admire both, as in duty bound, I know very well; and I am not the man to condemn this dutiful conduct. For a large proportion of minds this is the only possible way to higher culture; most men must be taught what to admire and how to admire, and wherefore to admire; and those who teach youths to criticise anybody but the youths' dear selves are unwise. In the modern rage for piquancy, it is too much the fashion to underrate the works of masters; and many recent histories of literature anger the true scholar by the contemptuous peremptoriness with which criticisms are delivered. In view of all this, I am very sorry that I called the illustrious orator, Isocrates, a bore. But that was in the last number, and I know better now. Still I am very much mistaken if most readers, even with a fair knowledge of Greek, would not put Lysias in exactly the same category to which in an unguarded moment I assigned Isocrates. Like the famous Aeginetan marbles in Munich, the form is anatomically irreproachable, but there is no light in the face and an unmeaning smile on the lips; and yet as one advances in the study of Greek and becomes familiar with Greek modes of thought, the style of Lysias gains new significance and strange animation. In great crises, like the statue of the Commander in the *Festin de Pierre*, this rigid orator is a terrible guest.

The great effectiveness of the style of Lysias does not lie in the argument so much as in the narrative. His logic is cogent, his ques-

tions pungent. He does not inveigh, he stabs ; and the horns of his dilemmas are sharpened to a diamond-point. But after all, the art is almost too apparent ; and unless our sympathies go with him in his cause, as when for instance he personates the injured husband in his first oration, or prosecutes the murderer of his own brother in the twelfth, the balanced antithesis and the measured clause leave the hearer cold. Not so, however, when you anticipate the righteous doom of the guilty, and every polished period as it turns wheels the culprit to new torture and every sentence breaks another bone. But if his argument requires the interpretation of sympathy, the narrative prepares the sympathy ; and I do not think that Lysias has his match for lucid, succinct, dramatic narrative. His clearness is not achieved at the expense of power, his succinctness is not gained by the sacrifice of effective detail. His step is measured ; but now it is the sweeping advance of Nemesis, who strides but counts, and now the steady tramp of the soldier, who marches right up to his foe, fearless and honest.

Accustomed to the overloading of modern descriptions, modern readers may deem the narrative of Lysias bald as well as his argument affected ; yet if any such critic should undertake to tell a story after the ancient orator, he would learn to appreciate more correctly the art of the master. So, for instance, in the first oration, a few graphic sentences set before us the loving, trusting husband, his love and trust heightened by the blessing of fatherhood. Mutual affection lights up the modest home, and even the praise of the housewifely virtues of the woman who has betrayed her husband, gives the picture a touch of every-day truth. Then comes the temptation, "the little pitted speck in garnered fruit," and all the baseness that ensues. The homely details, at which the coarse libertine might laugh, the mean treacheries, which find their counterpart in earlier and later novels, stand out in all their simple truth. One should say a Greek Hogarth, a Greek Defoe. And yet no libertine could laugh at the story as Lysias tells it ; no Boccaccio, no Chaucer lightly recount those frauds. Above the counterfeited glee of the false wife, above the wailing of the innocent baby, we hear the knocking of doom. The light enters and throws a sickly glare upon the past. Then comes the silent, sure preparation for vengeance, and the guilty man awakes from his delirious joy to find the avenger before him, and about him the torches of the witnesses. "It is not I that shall kill thee, but the law of the State." And so he met the doom the law appoints. As we read over this chapter of human life, so old and yet so new, we cannot but think that Euphilétus, the heathen husband, takes a loftier view of the offence than many a modern Christian. The law is on his side, and he executes the law ; but in that supreme moment he speaks not so much of the wrong done to himself as the wrong done to his wife herself, and to his children.

But we have unconsciously strayed into the penumbra of a tragedy, and it is high time to take up our typical rowdy, for our subjects are to be of a lighter hue.

The rowdy speech of Lysias is the speech against Simon ; and as I take it in hand again, I almost repent of having mentioned it. Few

authors, as I have intimated, suffer as much from translation as Lysias ; few bear condensation so ill. "A word taken from Lysias," said Favorinus, "is so much taken from the thought"; and the accent of honest indignation, the tone of simple, straightforward candor, the admirable touches by which the character of the aggrieved man is brought out in his own words — all this perishes in the transfer. And not only so, but the circumstances are so peculiarly Greek that the motives must be veiled and the transaction but summarily stated. Still the *caput mortuum* that remains will serve at least to point the querulous cry, Where *is* the police?

After recounting the occasion of the grudge, the injured man says in substance :

"Simon came to my house at night, drunk ; broke open the door and entered in the ladies' apartment, while my sister and my nieces were there — ladies whose lives have been so eminently proper that they blush to be seen even by their relations."

This was bad enough, but we do not hear that he cursed the shrinking creatures right and left as one Meidias did Demosthenes' woman-kind ; and we are glad to find that the indecent fellow was promptly put out by the friends of both parties.

Where *is* the police?

"Not satisfied with this, and not in the least sorry for his sin, Simon found out where I and my party were dining ; and going to the house, called me out, and as soon as I came out he at once undertook to beat me ; and when I fought him off and pressed him right hard, he began to pelt me with stones. It so happened, however, that he missed me, but he mashed into a pulp the face of his friend, who had come with him."

The poor fellow's sense of injury is utterly untranslatable. This man Simon's conduct was so out of place, so absurd, so wild, so fantastic that it seemed incredible to any one who did not know the animal. The idea of calling a gentleman away from his dinner, from a quiet social circle, for the infamous, outrageous purpose of beating him, was a miracle of devilishness in the eyes of this easy-going middle-aged Athenian Philistine.

"Well, anything, thinks I, to avoid a scandal, anything for the sake of peace. So I went abroad for a while ; and having given Simon time to forget his grudge and repent of his sins, I came back. As soon as I came back, Simon got wind of it, and he and his crew posted sentinels on the roof of the house next to the one where I and a friend of mine were together, and solaced themselves with eating and drinking. After a little while we came out ; but by this time they were royally drunk, and made at us. Some of the party would not join in the row ; but Simon and three others pulled and hauled at my young friend, who let his shawl go and ran for it. And I, thinking that they would be shamed into turning back as soon as they met anybody, took my way down another street."

The exceedingly conservative attitude of this gentleman, which certainly grazes cowardice, is to be explained by his desire to remove from the mind of the jury the impression which Simon had endeavored to make, that he, the speaker, was a fire-eater and dangerous character

generally. No bones were broken this time, and the police were not very much missed.

"After this my friend was attacked and took refuge in a fuller's shop. These people rushed in, and were for dragging him off by force in spite of his screams and shrieks and appeals to heaven. A crowd collected, and showed much indignation and said that it was an outrage. But the assailants cared nothing for mere moral arguments; and when Molon, the fuller, thinking the honor of his establishment involved, and some others came to the rescue, they knocked them into a cocked hat for their pains." The translation waxes as free as the fight. "By the merest accident, as I was walking alone, I stumbled on them, and considered it my duty to interfere; and then they let the young fellow go and began to beat me. This time there was a regular fight. The young fellow pelted them and they pelted us; they beat him and I fought them; and the crowd took our part, and in the course of the fight we got our heads broken all round."

After this memorable affair, hostilities ceased. Simon and his set begged our friend's pardon; but four years afterwards, finding that our unstable hero had got into trouble, Simon trumped up a charge against him, and to this piece of malice we owe this picture of Attic rowdiness. I wish we had Simon's story.

Before the next speaker mounts the bema, let us get off the steps and take a turn. The fact is I have a confession to make, which requires an effort of candor, and I have observed that walking is always a great relief in these embarrassing circumstances. I came within an ace of casting utter contempt on Dionysius of Halicarnassus. My friend, the editor, would doubtless say that one half of my readers, and the fairer half, had never heard of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and that the other half did not care; and that if he were I, he would proceed with great composure to treat the lucubrations of the said Dionysius with the indifference which most of them deserve. But the very blunder that I came near committing is so instructive that I cannot withhold my confession.

I read largely without note or comment. After a man has made sufficient progress in a modern tongue to read it with a reasonable degree of fluency, he does not surround himself with commentaries and dictionaries and grammars — certainly not for his first reading. If he finds a hard sentence, a strange word, an obscure allusion, he may work at it; but who would dream of treating a French or German booklet, such as Edmond About's *Le Nez du Notaire*, or Auerbach's *Barfüßle*, in the way in which most men go at an ancient classic of the same compass? What a man has to teach — ah, that is a different thing. No study can be too exhaustive. But what a man reads for his private delectation is not to be handled as David handled his foes. Yet that is what we are expected to do. We are expected to put the ancients under grammatical saws and under literary harrows and under critical axes, and to make them pass through the brick-kiln of commentators, before we are allowed to enter upon the possession of such enjoyment as these processes have left. Willing enough to be taught in all that pertains to the science of my profession, I am not willing to repeat anybody's literary creed; and in order to form

honest opinions, it is necessary to read in mass. It fell out one day as I was reading Demosthenes after this fashion that I stumbled on No. 54, the speech against Konôn, and read it over two or three times with no little pleasure. I did not know, so ignorant was I of the literature of Demosthenes, that it had any especial repute. I only felt that it deserved it. I was rather afraid to look at the commentaries lest Prof. Dr. Adolf Wilhelm Knickerbein might have completely demolished its genuineness and its authenticity. I was satisfied with old Bekker's assurance that it was all right, and I made a pet of it. I thought it peculiarly Demosthenean. I admired the art with which the great orator put himself in the place of the young fellow Ariston, who had brought the suit. I said to myself: Here we see Demosthenes on a lower level and in a more simple style, but he is still Demosthenes. He is racy, he is homely. Demosthenes is always a bit of a blackguard; and the mild English clergyman who recently edited the oration on the crown, when he lamented the scurrilousness of the great Athenian speaker, lamented the very thing that gave him such a hold on the Athenian people. The spirit of the old Attic comedy had poured itself into his veins; and if on occasions of critical poise the style is grave, why, Aristophanes can be grave, if need be; and when Demosthenes is in earnest, there is a homeliness in the figures which he employs, a dramatic energy in his illustrations, which imparts to his speeches much of the bustle of the comic stage. Simple he is in this very speech, I continued; but simple as he is, he is not Lysias. Lysias is a skilful fencer, Demosthenes a redoubtable boxer. To borrow the language of the ring—language which he did not disdain any more than did the Apostle Paul—he “counters on the nob” of his opponent with a determination which reminds me of the way in which he “handled his mauleys” in those set-to's in the Aeschines. Carrying out the thought, I compared the rowdy speech of Lysias with this speech of Demosthenes against Konôn, and marked the points of contrast. And now, unluckily, I must needs consult a commentary in search of light on one or two obscurities. I find a flood of darkness thrown on the points in question, and I am “reminded,” to use the conventional slang of scholars, that that unconscionable prig, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, whose grave be defiled, has been pleased to pick out my pet speech as a specimen of the close kindred between Lysias and Demosthenes. Oh, miserable caitiff! not content with underrating Thucydides, have you nothing better to do than to disturb a subtle aesthetic analysis on which I was beginning to pride myself?—and now I can't tell tartar-emetic from yellow jasmine!

In all earnestness, this traditional criticism has done an immense deal of harm. It is bad enough to have to reconsider your opinions at the bidding of a great scholar; but to have to begin the study of an author with the positive assurance that it is all going to be a bore and a nuisance, that a large part of the work is spurious and the rest of it a failure—that is a misery to which I expose myself as little as possible. Books of travel are of most interest to those who know the ground described, and criticism is most profitable to those who know the authors; and as far as possible I forget all I have read

about such and such a book until I have read the book itself. Read Xenophon's Hellenica and then the critics. Read the solitary oration of Lycurgus and then the critics. If there are not parts of Xenophon's Hellenica that are as good as anything in the Anabasis, and far better than anything in the Cyropaedia, and if the oration of Lycurgus is not one of the most interesting in the whole canon of Attic orators, why then you will have the eminent good fortune of agreeing with all the great scholars and all the great poll-parrots.

But let us take our seats on the steps again, and this time I will ventriloquise a little, and throw a nineteenth-century squeak into the chest of the ancient orator.

May it please your Honors — says the young fellow, whose name is Harrison, or Ariston, or something of the sort — may it please your Honors: I have been maltreated by that fellow, Konôn, to that degree that for a long time my family and my doctor gave me up; and now that I have got well unexpectedly, I am here to bring against him an action of assault and battery. I might have made a more serious charge. There is a law against sneak-thieves and highway-men, who are known to the law as the strippers, and I might have indicted him on that score, and you know that the punishment for that offence is very severe. I have heard that among the barbarians horse-thieves have to pay heavy penalties, because of the ease with which the crime can be committed; and so we who wear nothing much except shawls, which are easily stolen and easily jerked off, have protected ourselves by rigorous enactments. Then there is a law against outrage — *ultragium* something or other, but I am not good at Latin — and a strong law it is; for in a democratic government like this, such high-handed measures are fatal to freedom; but my friends have advised me not to put my figures too high, and I am content to bring an action of assault and battery — whereas I should have liked to make the rascal swig hemlock.

That you may understand the state of the case I will go back to the beginning of our difficulties.

It is going on three years since we went out to Panactum on frontier duty. Every schoolboy knows where Panactum is. At least he can find it on Long's map. It is one of the keys of the Cithaeron. You remember the occasion. It was one of our great scares. If you know anything about Panactum, you know that we were cramped, and as ill-luck would have it, our party and Konôn's sons tented near each other. That was the beginning. They drank the live-long day from breakfast-time on, and they kept it up the whole time the garrison was on duty there. We behaved like gentlemen, just as we do at home. But they were in their cups when everybody else was just dining. First they tried their hands on the men, then on the masters. They said that our servants made the kitchen fires so as to smoke them and called them all sorts of names, and so they undertook to beat them and throw slops on them — "soaked them well and rubbed them down with an oaken towel." That was their style. In short, if there was anything vile or outrageous that they did not do, I should like to know what it was. We were naturally provoked at this, and told them to get away, but they made

game of us and would not stop. So the whole mess went in a body to the general and we made our complaint, not I by myself. The general gave them a round scolding and cursed them for a pack of rascals, not only for the blackguard tricks they had played on us, but for the row they had been making in the camp generally. Do you suppose that they stopped or took any shame to themselves? That very evening, just as soon as it became dark, they rushed into our tent, and at first they called us hard names, and finally they gave it to me hot and heavy in the way of a thrashing, and made such a row and a rumpus about the tent that the general came up and the officers and some of the privates, and if they had not, somebody would have been killed.

Well, of course there was bad blood between us. But, Heaven knows, I did not want to sue them or to make a fuss about what happened. All I made up my mind to do was simply to be on my guard against fellows of that sort, and to keep myself to myself.

Not long after we came back from Panactum I was taking my walk, as my habit is of an evening, on the Agora with Phanostratus, one of my comrades, when Ktêsias, Konôn's son, passed by drunk as a fool. He saw us and raised a yell, and then talking to himself like a drunken man about something that nobody could understand, he went up the hill. A whole lot of them were having a drinking-bout there, as we found out afterward, in the shop of Pamphilus the fuller. These fullers, you know, are great fellows for entertaining young bloods; and while the fullers sponge the clothes, these roysterers whet their whistles, and sometimes, I am credibly informed, it is hard to tell which is the fuller, the tradesman or the customer. So Ktêsias went to the fuller's and roused the whole party up, and came down with them to the Agora. We had just made the round and got back to the point where Ktêsias passed us first, when the gang closed in on us. One of them, an unknown individual, fell upon my friend and kept him busy, while Konôn and his son and a third blackguard pitched into me, stripped off my clothes, tripped up my heels, and knocking me into the gutter, jumped on me and mauled me so that they cut my lips open and bunged my eyes, and left me in such a state that I could not get up nor utter a sound. And while I was lying there more dead than alive, I heard them say the awfulest things, and some of them I can't bring myself to tell you. But there is one thing that I cannot keep back, because it shows the spirit of this fellow Konôn, and proves that he was the head man in the affair. He crowed like a cock that had just thrashed another, and the rest of them cried, "Go it, Konôn! clap your wings!" Of course he did not have any wings, and so he clapped his sides with his elbows and crowed and clapped.

Just then some persons chanced to come up and took me home in my shirt, for the rascal had made away with my shawl. When they came to the door my mother and the maid-servants screamed and shrieked, and they had great difficulty in getting me into a bath-house — for I am none of your grandees, and I am not rich enough to have a bath-room at home. Indeed I was so begrimed that I had to be washed like a bundle of soiled clothes before the doctors could ex-

amine me, and I was so weak that after the bath one of my friends insisted on my being taken to a house near by to avoid the fatigue of being carried home.

Well, it is true, the doctor said that the bruises in the face and the gashes were not dangerous. The danger was from the constant fevers that followed ; and I had terrible pains all over my body, especially in the sides and the lower part of me, and I could not eat a mouthful. And the doctor said that if I had not had a copious discharge of blood I should have died of the accumulation of matter. But the flow of blood saved my life.

And now what in the world is Konôn going to say in reply to all this? You have heard the testimony of the men that found me, the testimony of the doctor, the testimony of those who came to see me in my sickness. I understand that he is going to try to make a big joke of the whole affair. "There is a set of young fellows in town," he will say, "sons of the very first families, who have got up clubs, just like young men, and call each other all sorts of nicknames, the Cockadoodledoos, and the Devil's Demijohns. These secret societies embrace women as well as men, and it is quite the thing to give and take blows for the Dame Partlets of these Cockadoodledoos and the Dame Jeannes of these Demijohns. In fine, young men will be young men." And then he will make out that we, my brothers and I, are just as bad as his boy in the matter of drinking deep and riding rough-shod over other people ; and much worse too, because we are cross-grained and bitter to boot. "We can give but we can't take a joke." Now this is a lie out of whole cloth. No mortal man has ever seen us drinking or maltreating anybody. And I can't for my life see anything particularly cross-grained in trying to get our satisfaction according to law. Konôn's sons are free to be Cockadoodledoos and Devil's Demijohns, if they choose. We want to have nothing to do with such creatures. God forbid that we should imitate them.

How can they get off? How can you let them off? This the scale as laid down in the law : foul language, assault and battery, mayhem, murder. Foul language leads to assault and battery, assault and battery leads to mayhem, mayhem to murder ; and every one of them is provided for by the law, so that no one has the right to take the law in his own hands, and I did not. And yet, if Konôn says : We are a band of Cockadoodledoos, and we serenade whomsoever we choose, and we do a little beating and a little choking whenever we see fit, are you going to laugh and let him off? It was no laughing matter to me, I assure you ; and would have been no laughing matter to you either, if you had been present, when they were hauling me about and tearing the clothes off my back and pummelling me, when I, who had come out of my house in full health, was carried home on a litter, and my poor mother rushed out of the house, and the women shrieked and screamed as if I were dead, so that the neighbors sent to ask what was the matter. Clearly they can't make a joke of it, and they can't claim a patent-right to violate the laws.

And then again, the plea of youth will not answer. Even if they could plead youth, that would only serve to lessen the punishment, not to do away with it. But what are we to say of a man more than

fifty years old, who so far from dissuading or checking younger men — and those his own sons — takes the lead, and behaves the worst of the whole party, crows like a cock and claps his wings like a cock, and sets up to be the Grand Rooster of the Cockadoodledoos? What earthly excuse can be made for him? He deserves nothing short of death. What a son he must have been himself to have such sons!

But here we take the liberty of interrupting the orator, and passing over the legal quibbles of which the opposing party had endeavored to evade the issue, and we resume at a point where the speaker launches upon a flood of invective against these hopeful Mohocks of the palmy days of Athens. For Mohocks they were even in the import of their name. Like the Mohock of the *Spectator*, they assumed the style and title of a barbarous tribe, the Triballi; and like the Mohocks, they were lost to all sense of shame. It seems that Konôn and his friends had brought up some of his set to testify in his favor, and Ariston wrathfully charges them with perjury.

"These witnesses are of the same kidney with them. Look at them, and especially at that grizzle-headed old fellow, who ought to have better sense. In the day-time they pull long faces and play the Puritan, and wear broad-brim hats and clerical ties; but when night comes, look out for rascalities. This is their style: 'Shan't we swear one another through? Isn't that the way for club-mates to do? What harm can the testimony do you? Suppose somebody does say he saw the fellow beaten? we will swear that you never laid the weight of your finger on him. That his coat was torn off his back? We will swear that the other party started that game. That his lip was so badly cut that it had to be stitched up? We will swear that you had to have your skull trepanned. We will swear and swear through thick and thin.'"

But here we leave Ariston, for here he begins to expatiate on the value of the medical testimony, which is wholly in his favor; and with our modern experience we can hardly help wondering at the fatuity of the great orator, who ought to have known better than to rest his cause on such a broken reed, for Greek medical terms could hardly have humbugged Greeks.

Or can it be that the Greek lawyers, astute as they were, had not attained to the device of bringing in the countervailing evidence of medical experts? If so, Galton can hardly be right in putting the average Greek intellect so far above ours; and Demosthenes might have learned a thing or two from our manipulators of the law. What easier than to have brought in a host of experts from Kôs or Athens itself to prove that a bunged eye is no indication of a hunger and might have come by nature; that some kinds of skin-diseases simulate bruises closely; that Ariston's fever was an epidemic; that the pains in his body were the result of his eating three thrushes for dinner, and that the evidence of the prosecution was not complete without an analysis of the blood that had come from him; and finally that most of his disorders might have been caused by a distempered

imagination? In the absence of cross-examination, which is essentially a modern trick, Konôn's lawyer might have gained credence not only with the jury, but also with the public.

B. L. GILDERSLEEVE.

ROLYPOLY.

“**A** SUNBEAM that has lost its way on an old wall,”—excellent words of M. Taine, which he puts in his Shakspeare's mouth when he represents him prologising in explanation of the motives of those incomparable comedies, whose “silly sooth” were motive enough to the minds of all men save those who speak Romance tongues and think Romance thoughts. But after all, do sunbeams get lost when they fall upon the mouldiest, most crumbling walls, any more than when they illuminate new fronts of sheeny pressed-brick, or dazzling white marble too, fresh from the stone-cutter's? Shall benedictions pick their way like Jenny coming thro' the rye with trussed petticoats? Is anything lost or misplaced in the dim mystic caverns where feeling alternately flames and flickers, any more than in the sharp clear-cut atmosphere where science looks about it with such positive prescient eyes? Do you not remember the wonderful gray old lizard that Heine met sunning himself on the rocks hard by the Baths of Lucca, upon whose tail was written in eternal hieroglyphs the one true philosophy, and who taught that all other philosophies except his were but as the empty shapes of clouds, which sweep their course proud and confident over the face of heaven and are by the next morning's sun dissolved again into their primæval nothingness? After the cloud's brief shadow or glory is dispersed, the lost sunbeam rests upon the old wall just the same as ever.

Yesterday my friend Glossop told me a little story which I shall try to tell here; and I wish I could tell it as he told it, flung back upon a lounge in my work-shop, his head propped against a pile of *Congressional Globes*, his long legs hung across the back of a chair, a cloud-wrapt pipe between his lips, and a moist eloquence glistening in his eyes that might mean spray from an inward gushing tide of emotion, or might indicate a glass too much from the pitcher of hard cider on the dinner-table. But I can't imitate that florid reportorial style, with its quaint interjections, its occasional throb of pathos, its humor sparkling out like dew-drops in the grass, and its atrocious slang flavored with the very essence of the town; and so I must beg per-

mission to tell it my own way, borrowing nothing from Glossop but the first person, without which tales do not always thrive.

Glossop, I must premise, is a rolling stone who goes from Yokohama to Vienna, from Gondokoro to Reikiavik, from Khiva to Cape Horn, just as the impulse drives him, and lives as he goes upon his earnings as newspaper correspondent. He would never write a paragraph if he could get his wine and olives another way; but that he cannot do, and so there is always a phosphorescent wake to mark the devious paths along which he drifts or drives as the mood inclines him.

You think the idylls are all confined to your books, said he, rudely smiting my shelf of poets with the stem of his pipe; you were never more astray in your life. I could tell you of a little attic-room in Bordeaux, with a pot of mignonette in the one window, and dimity curtains above it, redolent of song-echoes as the leaves of these Pub. Docs. of yours—pah!—are of tobacco smoke. I could tell you, I say, but I won't. You've no call to have such experiences, nor to hear about them, having made your own nest, out of which it is only necessary for you to poke your writing-fingers forth, as Jean Paul says. Dear heaven, but prison-life is sweet too, sometimes, when one has a Picciola, and understands the language of flowers! But as I was saying, the prettiest things do not always find their way into books.

Last June I was one day standing in front of Fleury's—you remember that old Frenchman's restaurant in South Fifth Avenue, where we used to get our *café noir* when we were off from college?—debating whether I should go through California on my way to Nukuhewa, or whether it would be better for me to take the Suez and New Zealand route. I had just determined to leave it to chance and pulled a Napoleon out of my pocket to toss for it, when Bill Robbins came by and stopped to shake hands. Bill is the prince of detectives, the beau-ideal of a fly cop. He's in the business, I really believe, because he loves it; and a talk with him is like reading Balzac's version of Vidocq. Bill might indeed be Vautrin, if he were not Bill Robbins.

"Glossop," said he, "you've been hunting sights and that sort of thing around the world this many a year, but I fancy I can give you a new sensation. Don't you want to go on a man-hunt with me? I'm on the track of the cunningest old fox that ever lived, and I mean to run him to earth if it takes me a year. Will you go with me? I need a companion, and I know you're a wiry fellow, for all your long legs."

"Yes, I'll go, if you can promise any entertainment."

"Oh, there'll be lots of new experiences for you, never fear. But there's no time to lose. Get your valise, load your pistols over again, and be at the Hudson river depot in time to catch the evening express. I'll meet you there."

We went by train to Rochester, and thence in a propeller to Pictou across the lake, arriving there about dusk. Robbins, who seemed to know his landmarks confidently, led the way through the town to a wretched board-shanty by the lake shore, kept by a French Canadian, who called his place a cabaret, and I suppose dealt in smuggled brandies. At least he was disposed to resent Robbins'

presence very energetically until the latter called him aside, and telling him he was not "on that lay," asked him for an upper room, and inquired of him how he could send a message to Minchin Mose, backing the question with a bright half-eagle. The Canadian's cunning little eyes winked and blinked as he asked if Robbins supposed Minchin Mose had any desire to extend his acquaintance with the police. "Oh, I'll answer for that part of it, Musher," said Robbins; "you just send him that and he'll come." And he put in the Canadian's hand the half of an ivory faro-check, marked with one or two hieroglyphics.

The landlord looked rather incredulous, but took us to a little cuddy on the floor above. Here Bill ordered a pint of brandy and some Weish rarebit, which he said the Canadian had the art of cooking to perfection. When we were alone, the detective said:

"Half the thieves of western New York hang out here when it is not good for them to be seen on the other side of the lake. Have your pistols handy and look sharp. Some of the gonnofs that frequent the place wouldn't mind doing me an ill turn if they knew I was here."

Presently the dish and the tippie were served, and we went to work like hungry men. The brandy, like most smuggled stuff, was genuine, and the rarebit nicely cooked. We were still eating when there came an uneven shambling step upon the stair, the door was pushed open, and a low-browed ruffian with grizzled hair close cropped, dressed in duck trowsers and red flannel shirt, shuffled in. Seeing me, he paused and looked behind him apprehensively. His feet were bare, his shoulders broad and square; he wore a knife in a case belted about his waist, and his face was a villainous one, deep-lined, lowering, coarse, sensual, treacherous.

"This here ain't in the bargain, Cap," said he, pointing to me; "we was to deal alone. If you ain't square with me, you can't expect me to be square with you."

"Come in and shut the door, Mose," said Robbins. "Did you think I was fool enough to come alone and risk my throat for my pains? Have you brought the plate as you promised?"

"No, I havn't," said the ruffian, "but it's where I can get it easy when I want it." He sat down uneasily in a chair by the door.

"You're lying, Mose; I see it inside your shirt there now. Come, out with it."

"Are you going to come up to the bargain with me, Cap?" said the ruffian in a whining tone that made his harsh features, if possible, still more repulsive. He came to the table and poured himself a glass of brandy. "It's been hard lines with me since I left down below," said he, drinking, "and I want money worse than I ever did."

"Oh, I suppose so," rejoined Robbins; "you belong to that sort. I always keep my promises, as you know, so let me see if you have redeemed yours."

Minchin Mose thrust his hands into his shirt and drew forth a square about the size of a pane of glass, which he handed to Robbins. The officer unwrapped it, disclosing a fine copper-plate, carefully engraved. Robbins laid the plate down on the table, drew from

his pocket a little apparatus such as is used for stamping linen, brushed the plate over with ink, and then, with a piece of tissue-paper, took a rapid proof of the engraving, which, after looking carefully at it, he handed to me. It was the fac-simile of the obverse and reverse of a ten-dollar greenback, and seemed beautifully engraved.

"That's the article!" cried Robbins, with true professional vim, and, drawing a stamp and mallet from his coat-pocket, he cut an official sign-manual right through the engraving, with two blows destroying its integrity forever.

"What did you do that for?" cried the ruffian, rising in his chair and looking with such menacing brows down on Robbins that I thought it worth while to feel if the butt of my Derringer was within easy reach. "Do you mean to go back on me?"

"You sit down, Mose! I don't want any foolishness here," answered the officer, coolly wrapping the plate up, tucking it in his bosom, and restoring the printing-apparatus, stamp and mallet to his pockets. Then, taking out his pocket-book, he counted out five hundred dollars and pushed it across the table to the ruffian.

"There," said he, "is that right?"

The fellow hastily counted the money, and concealing it, answered, "It's all right, Cap. You always was good pay, I'll say that for you, though you do drop down on a covey so heavy."

"Well, if a covey wants to make the other five hundred, here it is, all ready for him," said Robbins, showing another roll of notes before the ruffian's greedy eyes. I was watching him closely at the time, and I remember thinking that he could be hired to do murder for the sum, or perhaps for even less.

"You want a fellow to squeal on his mates and get a bullet-hole through him for five 'centuries,' Cap? I don't hold myself that cheap, I don't."

"Oh, tell that to the clods, Mose!" said Robbins. "You know you stole that plate anyhow, and you know that I know who engraved it. Think I don't know old Sam Dornick's work?"

"The 'flying stipple'! Phew! Well, Cap, 'taint no use to try to keep things from you!" I saw a shade of cunning triumph flit across his face as he spoke, but, though I watched him more closely than ever, the leer did not return.

"Of course you know where the old koniacker is, don't you?" added he.

"No I don't, and that's what I'm offering you the money to find out. I thought old Dornick was dead until I saw his workmanship and got the invitation from you."

"Dead!" said the rogue, with a dry sort of chuckle. "No, he's not dead; he's only turned pious and jined the church."

"So much the more reason for coming up with him. Where does he hang out?"

"Five hundred for the news? Well—it's a pity to disturb old Sam's prayers; he hain't been in the habit of going to meetin' much, except in prison-chapels; but five hundred more 'll set me up in a chebang of my own, and I've as much right to live honest as Sam Dornick has. Is it cash up, Cap?"

"Yes. You know me too well to play tricks." And he handed the money over to Minchin Mose, who took it without more ado.

"He's down Georgia way, Sam Dornick is," said the fellow; "he's got a little ranch about five miles out from Sparty, in Hancock county. It's on the Greensboro' road a piece. I was down there myself a bit last winter to see the old fellow, but me and him couldn't trade." An evil grin spread over his face at the recollection. "You go out the pike about four miles, and then turn off to your right till you come to a little church that Sherman's bummers left their marks on. Right in the left-hand corner of the graveyard a path leads away through the pines to Sam Dornick's house. Sam's getting old, he is; he ain't what he used to be."

"Very well," said Robbins, rising. "You've told me all I want to know. All I require of you now is not to leave here until my friend and I get aboard the night-boat. If you send any messages to Dornick, I'll hear of it, and you'll fare the worse —"

"No danger, Cap; he's too pious."

Robbins settled the little score, we left the tavern, and were soon on board a steamer going towards Oswego. There was high jinks in the cabaret as we steamed by.

"They're spending some of the Government's money," said Robbins, pointing.

"Are you going to hunt up Dornick?" I asked.

"You bet!" was the vigorous response. "That's what I started out for; he's worth a dozen plates."

"Who is he, then?"

"What! been on the newspapers so long and never heard of old Sam Dornick, 'the flying stipple,' as they call him? Sam's an Englishman, about sixty-five years old, I should judge, and has spent thirty years in prison. He is the best engraver of bank-notes in the country, and the cunningest old rogue of them all. The whole family are thieves. Sam's wife was a lifter and shover; his girl was the neatest hand at the panel-game I ever saw; and his son, Abe Dornick, who married a pickpocket, is in Sing-Sing for burglary and safe-blowing. The woman died on the Island, and there was a child, I believe, a baby, but I don't know what became of it. Sam has only been out of the Albany penitentiary about four years; but I had lost sight of him entirely, and didn't think much about him, for I'd heard he was dead. I know better now though," said he, tapping his bosom.

On our journey back we stopped at Albany for a few minutes, and called to see Mr. Pillsbury, superintendent of the penitentiary.

"Do you know old Dornick is alive?" said Robbins.

"Yes, I knew it," answered the superintendent, eying Bill somewhat curiously I thought, "but I cannot guess how you came to know it."

"Oh, I've some of his nice work in custody," said Bill; "there's no mistaking that. I suppose you know where he hangs out, too?"

"Yes; I hear from him sometimes. Are you in pursuit of him?"

"I am that!"

"Well, let me advise you to proceed cautiously, and be very cer-

tain of your proofs. Dornick is in good hands — don't act simply upon the evidence of his past record."

"All right. I mean to catch him in the act."

"Now, there's a man," said Robbins, when we came away, "who has been dealing with old offenders and studying them all his life, but just see how Dornick has pulled the wool over his eyes! It's astonishing, it is indeed! There'll be some pleasure in capturing and showing up an old fox like that."

"Well, you won't have much trouble about it."

"Don't you believe it! The troubles won't begin until we've run the old fox to his den. It's easy to pick him up, but to get the deadwood on him — there's the difficulty."

At New York, as soon as Robbins had deposited the counterfeit-plate at the Sub-Treasury, subject to the district-attorney's order, we took the steamer for South Carolina. From Charleston by rail to Sparta, Georgia, and there halted to arrange plans for the capture of the enemy. We reached Sparta in the forenoon, went to a hotel, dined, and after dinner, while Robbins went to see about hiring horses, I proceeded to the post-office to inquire for letters. There was a clerical-looking gentleman there, who seemed much interested in a letter which he was reading. He glanced at me when I entered, and when I inquired for letters, and showed myself to be a stranger by my voice and manner, he observed me particularly. I noticed that he started perceptibly when, after my own inquiries had met with a negative response, I asked for letters for William P. Robbins. He looked quickly at the letter in his hands, and then at me so pointedly that for a moment I thought he was going to address me. If he had any such purpose, however, he speedily dismissed it, and resumed his reading while I returned to the hotel.

Robbins had a couple of horses saddled in front of the door when I got back. "Let us ride," said he; "we've got some scouting to do, and we must do it by daylight."

We rode slowly out of town, Robbins leading the way.

"I've been asking the niggers some questions — they know all the roads and paths by instinct — and I think I can find the way to our church. They call it the old stone church, I'm told. It seems to be pretty well known hereabouts. We turn off at a red brick house and blacksmith shop."

We had ridden about two miles when the parson who had eyed me so closely in the post-office came galloping up behind us. When near at hand he drew rein, or his horse checked up — I don't know which — and it seemed again as if he purposed to accost us. But he only said, courteously, "A pleasant day, gentlemen!" and rode on rapidly, disappearing in a cloud of dust. He was a handsome man of about thirty-five years, with a frank, intelligent face, earnest withal, and he sat his horse like a trooper.

"The reverend gentleman's handled a sabre in his time — see how he carries that cane in his hand," said Robbins. I told him about the post-office incident. "Oh, that's nothing," he said; "these people know we are strangers, and, like all up-country folks, they are curious about our business — especially the parsons; they associate with the

women so much that they can't help gossiping, and when the talk runs dry, any little thing that's out of the way comes in the place of news."

We rode on leisurely until the red brick house was reached, and the shop, and the cross-road. We turned down this to the right, following a narrow turfy track, shaded on each side by woods composed of scrubby or tall pines, the dried leaves of which — "rushes" they call them in that country — were so thick fallen in the road that they laid the dust and diffused a very pleasant resinous odor. The roadside was full of sweetbriars peeping out from under the long arched blackberry vines, which were still lingering in bloom. We felt the charm of all this, coming out of the sun-glare and dust. Presently we came to a clearing, a white plank fence, a graveyard, and off from the road a little stone church, with long pointed gable facing the road. This edifice wore the quaint odd appearance of a very old gentleman much the worse for wear, who has repaired himself with a set of false teeth and a juvenile wig. The door, windows and roof were shiny new; the smoke-blackened walls seemed nearly a century old. We rode up to the horse-rack, dismounted and fastened our steeds there. As we did so, we saw through the woods a comfortable house about a hundred yards away.

"That can't be the place," I said.

"Oh no," answered Robbins, "this is the way;" and leaping the fence, we walked through the tall grass and weeds of the graveyard, now stumbling into sunken graves, now treading on broken and fallen tombstones. We had reached the further corner of the yard, and were about climbing the fence, when we heard some one calling:

"Stop, gentlemen, stop! wait a minute!"

Looking back, we saw our clerical friend coming after us with long strides, his dressing-gown flowing away behind him, and his broad-brimmed panama hat flapping so that he had to hold it on with one hand while he gesticulated with the other.

"Wonder what the devil *he* wants!" said Bill, sitting on the fence and waiting for the preacher to come up.

"I am the rector of this church," said he, pretty much out of breath as he came near. "My name is Weymouth."

Robbins touched his hat civilly and said, "Happy to meet you, sir."

"Excuse me for the seeming impoliteness, but I know your errand here, Mr. —, Mr. —," said Mr. Weymouth to Robbins.

"Mr. Pancoast," suggested Robbins, composedly; "and this," pointing to me, "is my partner, Hapgood. I'm glad you know our business, Mr. Weymouth, for then you can help us. Do you know anybody that's got any fine young ones?"

"Fine young what?"

"Mules, of course. That's what we're buying."

The preacher laughed pleasantly. "Your name escaped me for the moment, Mr. Robbins —"

"Ah!" said Bill, quickly, "you caught that at the post-office. You're smart, but so are horse-traders, mostly. Maybe you'd better tell us what you want, Mr. Weymouth. We're in a hurry."

"No," replied Mr. Weymouth, "you are mistaken." He drew a letter from his pocket and read as follows:

"MY DEAR SIR:—Your protégé Dornick is charged with counterfeiting again, and an officer, Wm. P. Robbins, is on his way to arrest him. If you are satisfied that Dornick's reformation is sincere, you had better see the officer about it, Mr. Pillsbury says. Of course you will be careful to give Dornick himself no hint of the contents of this.

Faithfully yours,

"M. MORTLAKE, *Chaplain.*"

Robbins sprang from the fence with an oath.

"You see," said Mr. Weymouth, "I am well advised, Mr. Robbins."

"Pillsbury's in his dotage!" cried Bill. "He ought to be removed. But I shouldn't wonder if he hadn't got you into a bit of trouble, Mr. Weymouth."

"How's that, Mr. Robbins?"

"Why," said Bill, "I'm going to arrest you, and take you over into the woods there a piece, and make this man stand guard over you till I hunt for old Dornick. And if I find the bird is flown, if I don't take you to Savannah as a confederate my name's not Bill Robbins! Hands up, or I'll shoot!" cried he, quickly drawing his revolver and covering Mr. Weymouth.

"Put that up! put that up!" said Mr. Weymouth, a little contemptuously; "I was about to tell you that I would show you the way to Dornick's."

"I don't want your company," said Bill, suspiciously.

"Why, man alive!" cried the parson with impatience, "you are starting at shadows. If I'm with you, won't I be in your custody? If you do mistrust my office, at least resort a little to common sense. When I have been on scouting parties before now I always found it necessary to believe something and trust somebody, or I could not have eaten Yankee bread or drunk the waters from Yankee springs. You have come here to arrest poor old Mr. Dornick because you suspect him of counterfeiting. Well, I mean to take you to see him, in order that you may convince yourself of his innocence. If, after seeing him, you still determine to effect his arrest, I want to be at hand. He is old, very feeble, has a peculiar dread of the law, and — I am his spiritual pastor. He is a sheep of my fold, and I must give him what comfort I can, knowing him to be innocent."

Mr. Weymouth spoke with that indescribable air of one accustomed to command and to be believed implicitly. You saw at once that he was man of honor, gentleman, Christian; that he had not rubbed off in the pulpit the *savoir faire* acquired in the camp and the world. Robbins, for all his suspiciousness, and his churlishness when crossed in the grain, submitted at once.

"I wouldn't give much for the sharpness of your sheep if they let that old he-goat cavort among them!" said he, curtly. "But I'll take you for our guide, sir; only you mustn't interfere between me and my prisoner, if I'm so lucky as to get him. You must give an old detective like me credit for knowing something more about the ways of these jail-birds than you do. I've taken nigh on to two hundred counterfeiterers and queersmen in my time, and I've never mistaken my man yet."

"Certainly, certainly," answered Mr. Weymouth. "I have no other object in the world than just to convince you gentlemen as I myself have been convinced — by ocular evidence. That indeed is all that Dornick asked of me. It is now more than three years since the old man came to me — he had been living beyond here for six months then — told me his history without reserve, and asked me to witness for myself the sincerity of his professions and the purity of his present life, in order to help him to defend himself against the officers when they came — he said he knew they would continue to hunt him — and against the temptations and visits of his old associates, which he dreaded still more. He did not ask me to trust him — I would not have done so if he had — but to watch him. I communicated with the authorities to verify his tale; he has laid all his life since then before me like an open book, and I have watched him incessantly. If you can catch him tripping you are a cleverer man than I."

"Well, we'll see about it," said Robbins.

"Come this way, then," said Mr. Weymouth. "It is only a short walk."

We followed him by a winding path through the odorous murmuring pines, ascending a gradual hill. When we were near the summit, Mr. Weymouth turned aside from the path, through a thick growth of loblollies and cedars that required constant dodging and stooping to protect our faces. Presently we came out upon the crest of a ridge, down which the undergrowth continued. Our guide went on along the ridge until he reached a large decayed stump, breast-high. Here he stopped, and, speaking in quiet tones, said:

"Without Dornick's knowledge, I have come to this point perhaps fifty times, to act the spy upon him. You must know, gentlemen," said he, as if to excuse the act, "that I have dealt with men in other places than the pulpit, and seen them when they did not think it worth while to put on their best faces. It has been my sad experience that old offenders are generally incorrigible, and as full of tricks and malinger as monkeys. I determined to watch Dornick in such a way as to know of him by testimony he could have had no hand in furnishing. You can see for yourself that this post of observation keeps us entirely out of sight. Now, look,—there is his house — presently you will see him."

He stood a little on one side, and we came to the stump and looked down through an open space among the trees. At the foot of the hill a little white-washed paling began, running up to a small log-house, also white-washed, and beyond it was a clearing perhaps ten acres in extent, with some of the stumps yet standing in it, and enclosed within a worm-fence. Within the paling was a clean kitchen-garden, where the pole-beans, the okra, the onions, the cabbages, the sweet-potato vines had already obtained a vigorous profuseness of growth. Upon one side of it was a rude trellis of poles laid upon forks, clambered over by luxuriant grape-vines. Nearer the house flowers had been planted in beds that showed design and taste, and these were now masses of brilliant colors artistically grouped. Beyond the house we could see a small stable, the skeleton of an old fodder-house, a well with a long sweep, and two or three small out-buildings. The house

itself was a log-cabin of the simplest plan, having only one door and one window on the side towards us. But this front, and the little latticed porch, were made beautiful with flowers and vines and prairie-roses ; the delicate cypress vine clambered over tall fuchsias, and bignonias made themselves intimate with fox-gloves and familiar with convolvuli ; while massed to the comb of the roof and thickly clustering about the chimney, and hanging in festoons from eaves and gables, the luxuriant Virginia-creeper and the Madeira-vine laid their dark green leaves caressingly about the house. We saw all this below us not a hundred yards away, looking at it through an opera-glass which Mr. Weymouth silently handed to Robbins, and he as silently passed to me. Sitting on the edge of the little porch, under the latticed bower, a little girl not five years old, with sunny golden curls and round rosy cheeks, played merrily with a kitten and a string, and her ringing laugh came distinctly to our ears. Presently she sprang up, kissed the kitten and put it down, smoothed her little apron, peeped around the corner of the house, went in, and I saw her go to the well with a small bucket which she filled, then entered the house again, soon coming out with a tin basin, a towel over her arm, a piece of soap in her hand. These she arranged like a little woman on a bench within the latticed porch, and stood waiting, while the kitten, which had followed her in and out with tail erect, now rubbed itself affectionately against her ankles. Soon we saw a bent old man with white hair ride up on a small mule to the stable-door and go in. He had been ploughing in the field beyond, but I had not noticed him before. After a minute he came out, walking, a thin old man, in his shirt sleeves. He entered the house by the door beyond us, passed through and washed himself in the tin basin, while the little woman held the towel and his hat, and watched him steadfastly. His ablutions made, he passed a comb through his hair, which was perfectly white, long, thin and flowing, and then, when he stooped a little and held out his arms, the little girl sprang into his embrace, kissed his lips, clung about his neck and laid her soft little cheek against his wrinkles with a passionate long caress that was indescribably pathetic. Then a ring-dove from a bush near by fluttered around the two, and finally alighted on the old man's head, and sat there poised and balancing, while a mocking-bird's voice rang out clear and full from an apple-tree beyond the house, trilling emphatic phrases with a continual arsis until all the air seemed brilliant with sprays of melody. The old man put the little girl down again, and sitting, took her upon his knee, and her face was upturned to his, and his bent down to hers, in lively conversation.

Robbins' voice was perhaps a little husky as he said, turning to Mr. Weymouth, "The old man's broke a good deal since I saw him last."

"He is getting quite feeble," responded the rector. "He works too hard."

"The little girl is —"

"His grand-daughter, yes ! Lizzie ! He calls her Rolypoly — she was so fat and round. His existence is wrapped up in hers, and she is devoted to him. Just as you see them now they always are. If the old man had returned to crime it would have been merely to pro-

vide for her after he is gone. But he could not, has not ; since that, to his mind, would be sacrilege. He owes his return to wholesome thoughts entirely to her ; for her sake he must continue virtuous, though they should starve."

The old man now fetched out a small table on the porch, and he and his little maid spread the cloth and laid the plates, and arranged their supper of bread and milk and berries, the dove returning to its perch and the mocking-bird still thrilling the air. Then they sat to eat — the little girl in a high chair by her grandfather's side ; and before he broke the bread we saw her bend her head and he raised his right hand, so that though we heard no word, the effect of the invocation was perfect. "Amen !" said Mr. Weymouth, reverently, and that suspicious old detective Bill Robbins took off his hat without a word. The two went on with their simple meal, the little maid as gravely polite and attentive to her grandfather as if she were some cultivated matron and he a noble guest.

"Seems like an infernal shame to smash up a picture like that — and a prettier picture I never saw ! — don't it, Mr. Weymouth ?" said Robbins at last.

"You ain't going to arrest him now, Bill !" I asked, all aghast at the idea of having to take part in such a thing, and ready to run away at a moment's notice.

"No — not now. I mean to take another glance or two at the premises first."

Mr. Weymouth looked disappointed. "Well," said he, "you know your duty best. I'll tell you what you had better do. Your horses are waiting there at the churchyard ; come, go home with me. We'll have the horses fed, get supper, and then I'll pilot you to the house, and you can see if anything suspicious is going on. I have never been here at night, but we can go close to the house without any risks after the little girl is asleep, for Dornick's hearing is far from good, and he keeps no dog. The moon is bright to-night, and it will be pleasant walking."

Robbins consented to this, and I believe we were all three glad to come away — there was such a ghastly difference between our purpose in watching and the scene we watched. As we walked back along the piny-woods path, the birds joyously singing and the shadows reaching long away from the sunset, Bill Robbins delivered himself of a sort of apology to the clergyman for the detective's life. "You see, sir," said he, "men happen into these things without knowing how. As long as there are thieves there must be officers to follow them up."

"Yes, until society has learned how to prevent crime, it must be punished. Don't think I reflect on you, Mr. Robbins ; I see you are a man of genuine feeling."

"No I ain't," said Bill ; "I'm iron when I've a thing to do, and I've got to arrest that old koniacker to-morrow if it breaks that little girl's heart. I don't see what the — excuse me — I don't see what little children are made so soft and nice and tender for, to grow up hard and mean, and go to the devil hand over fist !"

"That little maid's office is easily told, and her future need not be

discounted so harshly, Mr. Robbins. She has done more than all your detective systems can do: she has prevented her grandfather from embarking again in his criminal career—a career extending over nearly fifty years. Until you can do as well, you should not suppose hers a useless life. She will grow up a noble woman, if I am not mistaken, and in spite of the bad blood in her veins.”

“Well, sir, I’m glad to hear you say so, for it would cut me to think she’d come to the bad through my taking off her old granddaddy.”

In a few minutes we arrived at the rector’s simple parsonage, which we had seen facing the church.

“You must excuse my bachelor’s welcome,” said Mr. Weymouth, inviting us in; “my wife and family are away from home. Make yourselves comfortable while I see after the horses.”

When we had eaten and smoked a pipe or two, it was late enough to return to our espionage of poor old Dornick. The moon was climbing high in the heavens when we reached the crest of the hill in the pines where the path crossed it, and looked towards the cabin. A lamp was lighted within it, and as we drew nigh with cautious steps we heard through the open window the sound of an old man’s feeble voice reading, and the child interrupting now and then with questions, comments and exclamations. It was only some simple tale he read, but evidently her interest and delight in it were intense, while his patience and pleasure in her interruptions never flagged. At last he ended the story and said:

“Now it is time for Rolypoly to be abed; come, let me untie your shoes for you.”

“Yes, Grandpa, as soon as I put dolly to bed.”

I crept nearer the window and peeped in. It was a strange picture: a white-haired shadow of a man, small and thin, his face chopped all over with deep wrinkles, his eyebrows thick and jutting out far over his sunken eyes, and his silvery venerable beard flowing down low upon his breast and mingling with the sunny golden ripples that curled about the head of the exquisitely beautiful little girl, who sat upon his knee while his thin trembling fingers undid her clothes for bed. Cares sat on his brow and traced the deep lines around his poor old mouth, but love had so much charge of all his face you scarcely thought him woe-begone. Affection and devotion melted some of the merriment out of her round sweet face, setting there instead a sort of motherly quiet grace. You’ve seen such perhaps in pictures of the infant Madonna, a child, yet conscious of the mysterious motherhood to come. Presently, clad only in her little night-slip, she got down and knelt upon the bare floor at her grandfather’s knee, holding her face in her two little hands, and said her gentle little prayers. Then he lifted her in his arms and kissed her once, twice, three times, and crossed with her to a crib that stood beside his bed, laid her in there, kissed her again, and covered her with a spread.

“Good-night, Rolypoly.”

“Good-night, Grandpa.”

He sat a moment by the table, then blew the lamp out, and I heard a little voice, saying:

"Are you there, Grandpa?"

"Yes, Rolypoly, here I am."

"Do the good angels watch us and stand around us *all* the time?"

"Yes, Rolypoly."

"I love the good angels; don't you, Grandpa?"

"Yes, Rolypoly, I love my good angel very dearly. Good-night."

"Good-night, Grandpa."

I felt a hand grip my arm firmly, and turning, saw Robbins behind me. He drew me away from the window, and followed by the parson, we silently walked off. When we were fairly out of hearing, Bill Robbins said:

"Well, Mr. Weymouth, I guess we'll go back to Sparta and home again; my business here's ended. I say, Glossop, I'm seven hundred dollars out, and a damned fool into the bargain."

The rector laughed gently. "We do not all die, Mr. Robbins," said he; "strike the right chord, and there are fragments of an immortal strain left in all of us. I was sure you would be able to convince yourself about poor old Dornick. You are quite satisfied, are you not?"

"I saw that he was poor as Job's turkey; I wish I was as rich as he is by one little good angel."

We mounted the ridge again, and I turned to take a final look at the peaceful cabin.

"He has lighted his lamp again," I said.

"I trust little Lizzie is not sick!" exclaimed the rector.

"Stop!" cried Bill Robbins, laying a strong hand upon both of us.

"Stop! maybe we'll see the second act of the play."

The lamp was lighted again, that was evident. Nay, there was so much light that I felt sure that more than one lamp was burning. We could not see into the house distinctly from where we were, but perceived by the shadows that some one was moving about the room. Presently this motion ceased, but the lights were still bright.

"I'm going to see the old thing out," said Bill Robbins, striding off towards the house. "You two had better stay here."

"No, let us go with you," said the minister; "and, Mr. Robbins, if you should find anything wrong — I don't believe you will, but if you should — please do not arrest the old man to-night. Think of the poor little girl."

"I'll do what's right, parson; if there's any thinking for her to be done, it strikes me old Dornick ought to do it, to start with. But I'll do my duty."

He strode away, as if to prevent further solicitation, and we followed close at his heels. Soon the house was reached again, and with careful silence we crept near enough to look in at the window. Robbins clutched Mr. Weymouth by the arm and pointed. I never saw consternation, horror and grief painted so vividly on any man's face, as when the moonlight revealed those emotions working on the poor rector's when he looked. The child's crib had been shut away from the light and the rest of the room by a high and close muslin screen. In front of the hearth a large trap-door was lifted up, revealing the dark chasm of a cellar below. At the table sat the

old man, a lamp on each side of him, in front of him a pile of bank-notes. He had some fine steel instruments at his elbow, and he was engraving on a plate or block, intently absorbed in his work, a counterfeiter, a forger, an outlaw still! We stood gazing for a few moments like men entranced, then Robbins motioned to us to follow him away. When we were a safe distance off, Robbins said in a stern business sort of a way:

"He's safe to keep at it half the night anyhow. That's what makes him look so hollow and old. Well, Mr. Weymouth, you see it don't always do to trust to first appearances."

Mr. Weymouth had turned his head away. He made no answer.

"As you said, sir, these old offenders are hard to cure. Old 'Flying Stipple's' been at that sort of work for fifty years, except when he's been in prison, and then he was all the time planning how he would do it better and cunninger when he got out. It wasn't likely he was going to pull up short and fly the track on the home-stretch, now was it?"

"You know men better than I do, Mr. Robbins. We should do better to exchange offices."

"No, thankee! The parson's part is persuading, and I'll be switched if you can't do that; old Sam came as nigh getting off as could be. I'm sorry for you, Mr. Weymouth, I am indeed; but you've done your best, and there ain't many foxes can double and throw off like the Flying Stipple. I'll tell you what, I ain't going to cop him to-night; I wan't to see if he's got any confeds. You two can go home and get some sleep. I'll have to lay around here all night, of course, but I'll wait till you come back here in the morning before I take him, unless something turns up. I want you to look after the little one anyhow; I've no call to hurt her—she's no koniacker, anyhow."

"That will be the best perhaps," said Mr. Weymouth, sadly. "Come, Mr. Glossop, let us walk; I have no heart to stay here longer."

We left Robbins lying on the grass outside the whitewashed palings, and walked slowly back to the parsonage, Mr. Weymouth hanging his head.

"I cannot understand it," said he; "I never was so bitterly disappointed in my life. If I had not seen it, it would have been impossible for me to believe it on any one's report. Where will one's confidence in human nature take final refuge, when it meets with such rude shocks as these?"

I tried to console him with possibilities of a mistake, but he was not to be so charmed from his chagrin.

"No, no," he said, "don't try to kindle any such hopes within me; there is no mistake. Robbins is right—we are children by the side of him—the police estimate of the fallen is the right one, and all the faith of the would-be humanitarian is mere sentimentalism, folly, egotism."

Our feet brushed the dew from the gossamers next morning when we returned through the piny woods to the scene of last night's discovery. The mocking-birds were singing in full chorus, and when we

came in sight of the cabin, the golden sun was just shining out over the peaceful little clearing. Robbins came to meet us out of the edge of the pines, brushing his clothes with his hands and looking as if a pail of water would refresh him up considerably.

"All's quiet," said he. "He worked till after two, then went to bed."

"Let us tarry here awhile," said Mr. Weymouth, evidently faint-hearted, as he looked down on the silent cabin.

A peaceful scene truly. A cow thrust her head out the stable window and contemplatively chewed her cud. The swallows sailed around the house, the martins darted twittering to and fro, a company of crows sat on the far fence of the clearing, and the ring-dove softly cooed and murmured from its bush in the garden. The door of the cabin opened and Rolypoly came out on the porch, the kitten running at her heels. The crooning dove flew to her shoulder to give her a morning salute, and the kitten, startled, ran scampering up the vines of the porch, causing the little maid to laugh merrily. Old Dornick came out on the porch and sat and smoked his short pipe while the child played at his feet.

"We'll go down, now, and have it over," said Robbins.

We walked down the path in single file, Mr. Weymouth in the advance, I behind. I felt like I had stolen a sheep, and my face was as long and as solemn as a professional mourner's at a high-priced funeral. Mr. Weymouth opened the garden-gate and advanced, little Rolypoly running to meet him with a cry of joy, and subsiding into shyness and silence at the unwonted sight of strangers. Old Dornick rose and took a step towards Mr. Weymouth, then, seeing Robbins, he turned ashen pale, gave a sort of gasping sob, and sat quickly down again.

"Rolypoly," said Mr. Weymouth, "last time I was here old Dorking biddy promised me a fresh egg. Go see if she has laid it for me in the stable-loft."

"Go, child," said old Dornick, "but don't run." The child went on her errand. "You see," said the convict moodily to Mr. Weymouth, "you see I was right about it; I told you they would come after me."

"Maybe you knew you had given them occasion."

Dornick looked at Mr. Weymouth inquiringly for a moment, but said nothing. Robbins put his hands on the old man's shoulder: "You had a good hiding-place, old Stipple; but the law has a long arm. I've come for you, and the game's up. I won't be hard on you if you give up all your traps and things and make no trouble."

"I'll do all you ask, so you don't part me from my little girl."

"Dornick, my friend," said Mr. Weymouth, "think where you're going. Had you not better leave her with me? She shall be one of my own family — my own child —"

"No, no, no!" cried he wildly, passionately, despairingly, rising as he spoke and flinging up his trembling arms, while his white hair waved in the air and his venerable beard quivered with his emotion. "I shall die without her! I shall go crazy without her! I'll cut my throat if you take her from me! I leave it to you, Bill Robbins;

you are not a hard man, I leave it to you ! I'm her only friend, she's my only one left ; I can't do without her, I tell you I can't ! She's made me a new man. Why, look here, Bill Robbins, when I got out of quod in Albany I went down to York to see after my boy ; he was nailed, his wife on the Island, nobody in the house but a drunken nigger-wench and that child, a year-old baby. Think of that ! I took the child to carry her to some asylum or other. I had a little money in a safe place. But she trusted me ; she put her little arms around my neck and kissed me — I couldn't let her go "—great tears were rolling down the old man's cheeks and making his white beard dewy as they dropped—"I swore I'd befriend her and do for her, and be her father while I lived. I've kept my oath, Mr. Weymouth, you know I've kept it !"

At this moment the little girl came running from the stable. "Mr. Weymouse," she cried, "'taint ary a egg there ! Old Dorky say she very sorry, she didn' know you was a comin' so soon dis morning."

"My God !" cried the old man, catching her up in his arms and straining her to his bosom, "what would I do without her ! what would I be without her !"

"Oh, Grandpa, who made you cry ?" she said, putting her hand on his beard, then, wriggling around in his arms, she faced us with a fierce hawk-like look wonderful in such a child, and said, with a repelling motion of her hands :

"Go away ! I do not like you ! You are very bad !"

"I won't separate you, Dornick, I've got children of my own. Don't bother about that any more, but give me your cellar-key."

Dornick handed him the key out of his pocket, he went into the house, and Dornick sat down on the porch-bench, holding the little girl tightly in his arms, and moaning in a low dumb sort of way, with his eyes bent on the ground, while little Rolypoly, her face all pale, her lips compressed, laid her cheek to his and caressed him. The sense of approaching calamity was already laying its weight upon her. Mr. Weymouth and I turned our faces away, for the sight was rather more than we could bear.

Then Bill Robbins rushed out of the house in a very excited way : "See here, Sam Dornick, is this what you were working on when we peeped in here last night ?"

He held the block of a half-finished wood-engraving before the old man's eyes.

"Yes ; what else ?"

"Mr. Weymouth, look at that !" cried Bill, putting the block in the rector's hands. It was the picture of a little child sleeping in a crib, and the face, finished, was the face of Rolypoly. "Now, Sam, where did these greenbacks come from ? They're not counterfeit — they're the pure stuff."

"They're pay for work I've done. Look in the little book — you'll see the contract I have with the Cincinnati publishing-house. Mr. Weymouth," said he, brightening up a little, "I wanted to make some provision for my little maid. I'm a good engraver, but I wouldn't touch steel nor copper for fear of temptation, so I taught myself block-work. The profits are just beginning to come in, and I was

going to ask you how to invest them next time you came ; but these people won't believe that ! ”

The detective was conquered. “ Old Stipple,” said he, “ you can pitch into me and welcome. Come here, you pretty little Rolypoly,” said he, taking the reluctant child in his arms, “ will you love me if I love your grandpa ? Will you give me one little kiss if I promise you I will not only not harm him myself, but will keep everybody else from harming him as long as he lives ? ”

The child kissed him gravely, as if doing her part of an important contract. “ Yes,” she said, “ but I can't love you like I do Grandpa, you know.” Then she released herself and stood resting at Dornick's knee.

“ No, indeed,” cried Robbins heartily, “ I don't ask it. I only ask you to love me like you do old Dorky, or the cow, or any other dumb critter that can't see beyond the end of his nose.”

EDWARD SPENCER.

FAIRY GOLD.

WE have no fairy world now. Not even the children—for they draw their faith from the mother's breast and the father's eye—not even the children believe in these tiny “ gude neibors,” with their queer freaks and moonlit merriment. But before the grown people learned so much, there was somewhat of worth in the old fairy lore, set as it were mosaic-wise in their hard and dull lives of labor and care. They were the thoughts of an ignorant but kindly country-folk, crystallised into poetic, and often lovely, forms ; and they were so earnestly believed in that their fancies seem to come to us as if warm from the flesh and blood contact of so many human hands. It was in these that the imagination and faith of the homely working people found free expansion ; and their fanciful outlines are like those traced on wall and floor by an old-time wood-fire, that sometimes kindles the poor and narrow chamber into a flush of rosy light, and then dies out in mocking, flitting shadows, moving restlessly up and down like living things.

You see well that those who made these stories, and those who listened and believed, were country people, knowing well the beautiful “ permutations and combinations ” by which Dame Nature works in the fresh sweet-scented spring weather. They had often seen the pink buds push themselves through the brown unsightly

twigs ; and the white flower-leaves, like a baby's wee fingers, appear out of the colorless earth. The world of fairy rule is always like a spring — a time of births and transformations and surprises — a plastic, liquid world, and easily moved by the spirit into form, as in the old story of the "Two Sisters," where the evil words crawl and writhe like lizards and snakes, and the loving ones fall in glittering showers of pearls and diamonds. And the story seems always told with a smile — so merry are these little ones in their ways and doings.

"Lass uns sehen, wie froh die Götter sind."

When the tired laborer falls asleep by the roadside or the unswept hearth, how they delight in surprising him with the finished task or the granted wish ! Very wilful too, these tiny godmothers ! They are like our pleasures : they will come, but they will not be sought after. And then again, you think of a day in early spring : you have grown tired of watching bare boughs and flowerless meadows, and you forget it all impatiently ; but suddenly, before you can open your eyes, the thrush is singing, every little brook is trickling, the sunshine comes with a touch that can be felt, the buds are bursting open all over the wet garden beds,—

"And whether you look, or whether you listen,
You hear life move, or see it glisten."

In these stories too you find no records of civilisation and discoveries and inventions. They are all just a nation of child-folk ; and these are the annals of the garden era, in the first dynasty of lovers. You hear the eternal child-heart beat even under the old and wrinkled form, or the growling beast that disguises the enchanted soul. After all, there is a truth sleeping under such stories ; for we see disguises all around us. Sometimes it is a cold and unlovely soul with an exquisite mask of flesh and blood—with eyes that seem so tender, and yet never see you nor your need. And I remember well a poor little burnt child that used to sit opposite to me at church : the features were all blurred and scarred, and yet I felt sure from the meek, patient brown eyes, which looked so glad at any little word of kindness, that here a very sweet and noble nature, hidden out of sight or touch, was waiting for its time of transformation—like the poor princes and princesses of fairy lore. "The enchanter Death came at last, with his spell of magic sleep, into the narrow brown house where few visitors ever paused, for it was very poor and still ; and an Angel awoke—perhaps with innocent surprise and gladness to find herself so lovely and so beloved : for she was so ready to love all.

There is a strange kinship hinted at beneath these histories of change—when it is from the human disguise to the likeness of the beast, as in some of the workings of these wondrous elfin witcheries. For within each of us there is a little world, with all the plant and brute phases of growth. I suppose in every nature the fox of cunning creeps ; the birds, our winged thoughts, fly ; the serpent of evil desire glides, and the white lamb of innocence cuddles up close and warm to its mother's side. We find also a closer likeness, a nearer affinity between these myths and early fancies of the human mind

than in later and elaborate results. It is here, in these stories of the heart's fancy and faith, that men stand forth most plainly as brothers. It is the same thought in the fairy enchantment, in the Indian metempsychosis, in the witcheries of Circe, the wehr-wolf of the far North ; although in some of these forms it becomes wholly lovely and poetic, as the mind has developed and enlarged. It is the difference, for instance, between the fairy changeling, taken away into the merry and unhome-like elfin kingdom, and the Grecian myths of the favored of the gods, who, endowed with immortality, stand within their dwellings of light forever. One is the fancy of the child, the other is the dream of the poet — akin, but so unlike also. The lovely and tender old myth of Proserpine is a most striking proof of this resemblance in outline and difference in spirit. It is the beautiful vision of an imagination that is full of the human element ; and while it tells our own history also in our changing moods, from the dim and dark underworld of regret to the glimmering skies and fresh lights of hope, it is tender with all a mother's sorrow, rich with all the sweetness of the daffodil-covered meadow and the sprouting grasses of the bright and sunshiny land by the sea-side. It is a poem of exquisite symmetry and significance.

But every truth is always told many times and in diverse tongues. Like King Arthur of the Round Table, it does not die of any hurt ; but as he was borne away to the fairy Island of Avilion,

“Where falls not hail, nor rain, nor any snow,
Nor even wind blows loudly,”

so it is kept alive in some blooming and mystical fancy until the full time of its recognition ; or like the enchanted Kaiser, who may sleep indeed in the Black Hartz Forest, but is not dead, and will surely return again. For the great law of “like unto like” reigns ; and the true heart comes, often unconsciously, but always certainly, to the full sight of the truth at last, though it were under a thousand disguises.

Do you remember Rückert's story of the “Golden Marriage” ? I remember it so well that it seems to me as if I saw it now, while I sit here watching the great storm of snow in the air whirling madly across ships at offing and great forest trees inland, whirling so fast that with eyes shut I could still see it whirling past me in the dark. But this story ? It was of a miner's daughter, who was betrothed to a young hunter — *der Jäger* — of the Hartz Forest. The day came, and the hour of their marriage, but her lover returned no more ; and the green leaves put forth and fell through many springs and autumns, and still he did not come back. But at last one bright summer morning, as the woman, now gray and old, sits at her door and watches, from habit rather than hope, the opening in yonder shadowy forest, she sees the miners going by to their work. The young men, who were her suitors or comrades then, are now decrepit and wrinkled ; the human world has grown old, though the summer is young. But hearing the reverberations of the blasted rocks stir suddenly through the lonely silence of the glen, a sudden desire awakes within her to go ; and there she finds, lying beneath the great rock that has been

cleft in twain by the blast, the bridegroom of fifty years ago — asleep in a death that has kept all the freshness and beauty of his youth, and proves him true and faithful at the last. So perhaps, humanity grows old and weak in its many generations, and passes by these myths and legends carelessly, unwitting of the inner truth which sleeps therein — waiting to be revealed to the soul that loves it — young in the golden loveliness and softly flushed bloom of immortal beauty — true to the love that so long ago chose it in this embodiment and form. For fairy lore is like fairy gold: the soul that is akin to these airy, sunshiny, merry “good neighbors,” will find the yellow gold and the sparkling gems; while to doubt, or anxiety, or cunning, they are only withered leaves and dry sticks after all.

We always hear our own. It was no native ear at Lucknow that heard the old pibroch's sound upon the hills that were so far off, but one that had listened to them from infancy. As in the story of “Beauty and the Beast,” the loving heart will always find its roses blooming even in a garden of snow — like the father in the lonely but lighted house — only its roses would bloom in the heart rather than the hands; — so we must bring the child's wisdom and the child's innocent faith if we would learn these sweet and strange secrets of beauty. Then he who comes to the woods lovingly and alone, will find in their silences and rustling boughs, in the birds swiftly starting from their nests, and the splash and dip of the water, a truer Egeria than Numa saw. In the first early dawning the gray shadows will seem to start up like fauns or hamadryads startled from their lair, and steal away into the gray damp twilight of the thickest trees. The quiet, dark pool, slowly flowing out, and winding close to the banks of green fern, will all at once fall with fresh trickling, as if singing low to itself, and wind out of sight in a thousand “netted” lights and shades, sweeter than any water-nymph of Arcady. For even the heart of a forest is not dumb when a human heart asks of it; and the revelation waits only for the eyes of the seer.

ELLA F. MOSBY.

UNAWARES.

I.

I PASSED her daily in the street,
My outer hem her garments sweeping :
I owned our common converse sweet,
As oft the hours on silver feet
Danced to the time her talk was keeping.

II.

I thought I knew her,—heart and mind,
(Content o'er surface forms to linger,)
Nor ever dreamed that what I'd pined
And searched for, all the years to find,
Was close beneath my very finger.

III.

Till once,—a sudden word, a tone
Informed with sense beyond my seeing,
Smote her,—and instant, wide was thrown
Her guarded soul, and *then* outshone
The deep-hid treasures of her being!

IV.

—Here is a cabinet:—Overseas
It came while yet Sir Walter's glory
Threw round his Virgin Colonies
The lustre of those chivalries
That blazon all our earlier story.

V.

Some old Venetian wrought his life
Into its countless quaint vagaries :
Its ebon front with hints is rife,
Of friends, of foes, of children, wife,—
A satyr's face,—and now a Mary's.

VI.

A child, I learned each secret cell ;
Of all its labyrinthine mazes
I held the clew, and knew the spell
Of every spring (I thought) as well
As any of the old home places.

VII.

But toying in an aimless way
 Some dusty, deep recesses under,
 It chanced that I should touch, one day,
 A spray of carvings,—when the spray
 Flew back, and left me mute with wonder.

VIII.

For there, to my astonisht sight,
 Within their hidden crypt lay gleaming
 Beneath the sunshine blazing bright,
 An urn of azure malachite,—
 A cameo cut beyond my dreaming.

IX.

To think what countless blinded eyes,
 Unconscious of the riches hidden
 Thus near, forever missed the prize
 Which yet a touch so randomwise
 As mine, revealed to me unbidden!

X.

—Here on my breast the stone I wear,
 O'er which my fancy loves to wander,
 Deeming I trace Cellini there;
 And see my other pride,—that rare
 Antique upon the bracket yonder.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE PORTA WESTPHALICA.

SINCE the resurrection of the German Empire and its expansion, an expansion which, it is believed, has but just begun, attention has more than ever been directed to that interesting and powerful country. It was time indeed; since we have as little knowledge of it, generally speaking, as the Germans have of ourselves. German fiction and romance writers seem to have given to us, latterly, new

food for delight ; as German research and antiquarian study have long since stimulated the thought and commanded the respect of English scholars ; and German historians of the school headed by Leopold von Ranke, are powerfully inducing us to follow their example ; are teaching us how to throw new charms around what were considered the tritest subjects ; to enter upon a fuller and more critical treatment of old materials at hand and new facts just unearthed ; to explode historical myths and improbabilities ; to strip false reputations on the one hand and do justice on the other ; to deduce lessons which, in pointing out forcible analogies with more recent events, bring also more clearly to our mind the power and precepts of History ; in fine, making of it a more erudite, hence a more dignified and philosophical study. Even if we may not divine what the future is to bring and in what order of events, yet in turning back page by page the volumes of history already written, the earnest student may, without difficulty, trace the inevitable train of cause and effect ; may readily discern events as being but logical repetitions of conditions of society founded upon the same or similar causes ; and he may at least foreshadow, with some certainty, what must recur in a national or sectional existence, though the precise year or decade of such recurrence be veiled to his vision.

To the writer, no portion of the present German Empire appears to offer so much of historic and dramatic interest as its northwestern corner. There the great struggles with the Romans, and later with the Norsemen, preceding German national existence, took place ; there, by some yet undefined law of nature, the height of man's physical power was attained ; though their climate was most rigorous, and the resources of the soil scanty, there we find the staunchest of all the tribes of Germany — a veritable giant race, as the old Hünen graves still testify ; there, too, we see the boldest and most warlike tribes finally breaking a power which at that time was in its zenith, and had been victorious everywhere else ; foremost among whom we meet the brave but unfortunate Sicambri, whom profound historical research has recently discovered to be identical with those Franks of whom we have the earliest accounts, two hundred and forty years after the nativity of Christ. We propose to give to our readers in this paper some account of this northwestern corner of Germany, in the centre of which stands the *Porta Westphalica*, and of the *Porta* itself.

“The *Porta Westphalica* !” — the sturdy, blue-eyed, open-faced Westphalian will point it out to you, as you stand upon the Weser bridge of the ancient burgh of Minden. You follow the direction of his finger up the mighty navigable stream ; and where of a sudden, as if by some mysterious power, it bends from a general western direction, far above, and grandly sweeps northward, you perceive a range of solid mountains cleft in twain ; the river rushing through the gap, and beneath you past Minden toward the Hansatown of Bremen. These mountains are the *Weserkette* ; this cleft the *Porta Westphalica*. A deep and steep cleft it is, looking like the pillars of Hercules ; a comparison indeed which cannot have been far from the minds of the Roman soldiers when Germanicus named this chain of hills the

Silva Herculis. The American traveller will look upon this water-gate with something like a home feeling, as it will strongly remind him of the many gaps through which the rivers of the Appalachian range make their way ; particularly of that through which the Potomac rolls its waters at Harper's Ferry, and that where the Susquehanna breaks through near Harrisburg. There are no other similar formations in Europe, excepting, perhaps, the Porta Hercynia, near Pforzheim, in Baden, a gap in the Black Forest. This fact, with the many historical reminiscences attached to it, has made the Porta Westphalica the most celebrated of Europe.

How came this gap into these Weser mountains? is a question which has engaged the attention of many eminent geographers, hydrographers and geologists. From the elevated lands of Central Germany a high range of mountains leads off to the northwest toward the Ems river—the Weserkette, with steep edges to north and south ; on the southern edge flows the Weser, between it and the celebrated Teutoburgian Forest. To the north and south of these chains wide plains extend, gradually sloping northward to the ocean, and on the south lowering into what is called the “Münstersche Bucht,” in the centre of which lies the town of Münster. This topographical configuration shows that were the sea suddenly to rise from three to four hundred feet, with the moderate elevation of the Weser and Teutoburgian ranges and the extreme lowness of the valleys, the whole of North Germany would be flooded to the foot of the Weser hills. The waters would pour into the great Münster valley as far up as Paderborn and Osnabrück, the whole forming a gulf at the head of which would lie Detmold at the base of the Teutoburgian forest, the two mountains stretching their crests far out into the sea—two peninsulas. During the period of the diluvium this, as has generally been accepted by geographers, was really the case. Dr. Kohl, whose argument we follow as the most intelligible, so assumes with many others. For those of our readers who may not have had the fortune to know the late Dr. Kohl during his residence in this country and official connection with the United States Coast Survey, we may add that he was the friend of our lamented Maury and the co-worker of the late Prof. A. D. Bache. Eminent in his scientific attainments, none of his more extensive works will be laid aside without a feeling of strong friendship for an author who knew how to clothe the stern facts of science in a wondrous garb of beauty, and even romance ; whose kindly heart speaks from every page. To him will the reader with ourselves be indebted for most striking facts in this and subsequent papers on Northwestern Germany. When the sea gradually receded, a work of centuries Dr. Kohl holds, the Weser followed in its wake. Popular belief at this day maintains in the graphic legends that the evil spirit once covered this land with a deluge ; and geographers bring strong arguments to bear upon the assumption that the Weser river upon the retreat of the diluvial ocean occupied the identical bed now followed by her more western neighbor, the Ems. To mention these would lead us too far. “When the diluvial ocean finally retreated, it may have left the Porta already a cut of considerable depth, the bottom of which was however still so much

above the level of the Weser and her valleys that she had to remain true for a long time yet to her old northwestern direction and the Ems river." As soon as the Porta had risen from the diluvial floods, the work of the destructive powers of nature began. The air corroded the rocks, atmospheric condensations and rains washed out the cleft, frosts and ice burst the solid walls, the growth of plants gnawed with varied force upon the earth's crust, the springs which broke forth scooped out deep valleys, and where an indentation had been, as in the Porta, it was natural that this work of destruction should proceed with disproportionate celerity. When finally the notch of the Porta — *Weserscharte* the peasants yet call it; related no doubt to our own *sherd* — had sunk so low as to permit the waters of the interior — *binnen* — valley to flow out into the plain beyond, it was not at first the Weser river that penetrated through the Porta Westphalica. From the angle that river makes near Vlotho, *i. e.* Fluthau, it is a considerable distance to the Porta, this upper western point where it changes to the northward being some eight miles off. Only small rivulets probably at first found their passage through it. These brooks gradually tapped the river, deepening their beds in a retrograde direction, and enticed the great river finally to waste its waters in a multitude of streamlets whose course lay through the Porta. Beyond it toward Minden and Bremen a channel must have already existed which led to the sea, the lower Weser section from Minden to Bremen being of more ancient date. It was the greatest revolution in the whole history of the formation of the Weser; the country penetrated by the Ems sank to great insignificance through this transformation. What seems to point to the establishment of the theory that it was above all the ocean's rush which made and widened the Porta, are the erratic blocks of granite strewn about in the North-German plains, and that they are found within the Porta up the whole river valley to the county of Ravensberg and Bielefeld in especially large quantities. These blocks of granite were torn by the glaciers from the granite mountains of Scandinavia, and upon icebergs and ice-shoals rafted over the North-German sea, where after the melting of the ice they sank to the bottom. And the fact that southward of the Porta they are found in immense numbers, seems to establish without controversy that the ocean first covered and in its gradual retreat for centuries flowed through the narrow passage of the Porta Westphalica. Down to our days the enlargement of the Porta has continued: in the early days of March the ice-masses brought down from the valley-streams above dam themselves against it, the floods form a vast lake, recalling the days of yore, leaving their rich alluvium upon the meadows along the river, washing more and more the mountain's sides; and industry has widened it also, as the Porta rocks yield the most valuable sandstone.

The historic interest attaching to the country of which the Porta is the centre will next engage our attention. If we go back to the most distant epochs, it is to give to this picture something like completeness. In the account of the period before Christ we will follow Lindner and Watterich. When in gray antiquity, from the western slopes of the Hindu-Koosh a portion of the Indo-Germanic (Aryan)

family set out on the first migration of which we can trace the record, this portion, when passing the Borysthenes river, divided. The larger part journeyed past the northern end of the Caspian Sea through Southern Russia, and halted on the shores of the Baltic. The smaller, whom Herodotus calls Getæ, were no other than the Goths of the fourth century, or in other words, Germani, went southward and occupied the land along the mouth of the Danube. Already before them, marching through Asia Minor, the Celts had taken a western direction with other related tribes, whom we later meet under the name of the Romaic nations. While of these two great migrations the latter occupied Southern Europe, the Celts choosing the central part, the Germani passed the Baltic, took Southern Scandinavia, and pushed a Mongolic tribe, whom they found in possession, up to the extreme north of Scandinavia into the Peninsula of Kola. Of all these the Germanic tribes were the latest to form States, the Hellenes were most susceptible of culture, the Romans had the most pronounced talent for political organisation, and the Celts were from the first, according to the ancient historians, volatile and superficial; they had often conquered, but never founded. When the Germani first met the Romans they had lost all remembrance of their Asiatic origin; they declared themselves to the Roman soldiers, who informed Tacitus, to be the children sprung from the soil they trod. The physical development of these races had completely retarded the mental. Whence, then, our knowledge of their origin and first migration? This knowledge is the result of modern comparative philology, of the examination by its light of the reports of Greek travellers, who knew in Alexander's time that Teutons and Goths were living on the shores of the Baltic; and of the fundamental ideas of the Aryan myths, still prevalent among the inhabitants of the highlands of Asia, still found in the sagas of Northern Europe, as for example the Sigurd-Saga of Scandinavia, which has its echo to-day in the literature of the Zend nations of Asia. The next migration of the Germani was from Scandinavia to return to the plains of Northern Germany, which they have since held and now to a great extent inhabit.

Looking over the times from Cæsar's to Clovis' battles on the Rhine, we remark that they were the consequences of a restive spirit and love of warlike life and conquest on both sides; but the enthusiasm with which the Romans had begun the strife, after fifty years of staunch resistance on the part of their Germanic antagonists, gave way to a mere struggle to retain their conquests and preserve the integrity of the Roman dominions. The Eburones were the first who taught the Romans the importance of their adversaries. They, whom the proud Cæsar termed "a wretched people," were the only tribe under King Ambiorix whom Cæsar never conquered; in B. C. 54, in the Ardennes, they gave, by destroying two legions, the prelude to the fates of Lollius and Varus. Their old King Cativolcus horrified even Cæsar's breast by the truly heathenish Germanic manner with which he died by his own hands; when he saw that the Eburones were on the eve of their last desperate struggle he committed suicide, to give way to a younger and more active head who might lead his

nation better than he could. But the example of this devoted tribe was not lost; its burning enthusiasm roused another tribe, the Sicambri.

The novelty and importance of the theory of Dr. Watterich which, in his most recent publication, has recalled this celebrated Germanic tribe from oblivion, may warrant a more extended account of it. They are, according to his researches, the ancient germ of Germanic unification, the fathers and predecessors of the Cherusci. The name of this tribe is in German Sigambern, Sicambri, or Sigambri. The first syllable has no less than the weighty meaning of the same syllable in the heathen name Sigfrid; which is traced back to the descendant of the Germanic heathen-gods Thor and Wodan—the King Sigi. Since *gambar*, the second syllable, means *streitbar*, “ready for battle or fighting,” the whole word should resolve itself into *Sigi-gambar*, or the present German *Sigamber*, and would mean “ready for battle (or fighting) unto victory.” By their deeds the Sicambri did not fail to honor this distinguished appellation, although they had, after all, to succumb, not to the military prowess of the Romans, but to the treachery of Germanicus. Tacitus gave to them, with the other Germanic tribes, the surname *Cantus*. Led by pardonable national pride, German authorities in archæology look upon these singing tribes as perfect master-singers; yet if we may accept the evidences of the cultivated ear of the Roman historian Tacitus, when speaking of the *carmina antiqua*, and of the Sicambri as a nation particularly, as “*cantum et armorum tumultu truces*,” their singing, no doubt, was more like the yells with which the Confederate soldiers rushed into battle, and with which not a few times they scared the civilised Romans opposed to them, than like the rhythmical canticles with which the Puritans went to fight.

After the treachery of Cæsar against the Usipetes and Tenctheri, in expiation of which Cato demanded of the Roman Senate the delivery of Cæsar to these Germanic tribes, the Sicambri received with a friendly hand the remainder of their betrayed brothers, settled them along the Lippe river, and concluded with them a league against the Romans. Cæsar demanded the surrender of the fugitives; the Sicambrian herald in response threw down the shield as a sign of perpetual war, and gave this message: “Go back to the Rhine; to its western bank extends Rome’s authority, and not an inch further!” But when Cæsar had thrown the bridge across the Rhine near Neuwied, and had penetrated into the country of the Sicambri, he found it deserted; in his rage, not daring to invade the mountains whither they had withdrawn, he destroyed the whole region and returned upon Gallic territory. If we divest Cæsar’s report in iv. 16-19 of Roman ostentation, the remainder will show a very meagre result. His next step was the invasion of the Eburonian country; to which he invited all Germanic tribes, giving them license to plunder. The Sicambri, too, came from their strongholds; two thousand of their horsemen crossed the Rhine to plunder. Learning that Cæsar’s own camp was much weakened in garrison, they attacked it at Aduatuca (Tongres) and sacked it. This *beneficium* did not encourage Cæsar to recross the Rhine, or to call again for the assistance of the Sicambri.

The Ubii, originally a Germanic tribe, formerly occupying the present Duchy of Nassau, whose descendants at this day are the Walloons, were looked upon with particular disfavor by the Sicambri, because they had given themselves up to the Romans body and soul. It is remarkably in accordance with their ancient character that the Walloons of the present day, the transition between Germans and French, incline more in language, manners, and sympathy to the French. Octavianus, who made the lands of the Ubii and Treveii his base of operations, only augmented the hatred with which these tribes were looked upon by the Germani on the right bank of the Rhine.

Of more serious significance was a Germanic advance-guard, which under the Sicambrian Prince Melo, B. C. 16, met Lollius with his legions in an ambush and defeated them. Drusus was now sent by his stepfather, the Emperor Augustus, after having victoriously returned from Rhætia. His plan was to seize Germania from the northwest and southwest at the same time. A fleet was to ascend the Rhine and form a junction with his Belgian army. Then the real navy was to enter the mouths of the Ems and Weser, whence to operate against the heart of Germany, to avoid the storms and perils of the unknown North Sea. The hydrographical condition of Holland was then different. From the Yssel to the islands of Vlieland and Ter Schelling extended a chain of inland lakes, of which the Zuidersee was the largest. Drusus united by a canal the Yssel and Rhine rivers, deepened the lakes to penetrate between the two islands into the North Sea. The Sicambri were the only tribe which took the alarm. Amid universal despondency they made a razzia upon the canal, but were repulsed; which led the Frisians to offer submission to Drusus, and both guidance and protection to his fleet to the mouth of the Ems. But the tides brought to naught the bold conception of Drusus. The fleet was left high and dry upon the "Waden," a prey to the unrelenting storms of that treacherous coast. With Germanic naïveté and barbaric simplicity the Frisians respected their oath of allegiance, and actually conducted safely the disappointed Roman legions back to their strong camps on the Rhine.

Renewed courage now animated the Germani on the left bank, and headed by the Sicambri, a confederation was entered into against the common enemy, composed of the Marsi, Bructeri, Rhine-Suevi, and Cherusci. The compact is significant: the Cherusci were to have the horses to be taken, the Suevi the gold, and the Sicambri the prisoners. But the Catti had refused to enter the confederation. Drusus had sown the seed of discord among the barbarians; he had promised the Catti a better country on the Rhine than that which they inhabited. The confederation could not long remain unaware of this defection. Like a thunderbolt the Sicambri fell upon the Catti; Drusus, expecting this movement, immediately crossed the Rhine between the Waal and Lippe, filled out the void made by the Sicambri in the line of defence, overthrew the opposing Usipetes and Tenctheri, and suddenly appeared on the frontiers of the Cherusci; but there he found so staunch a resistance that winter had already settled over the Teutoburgian Forests, and the Porta Westphalica was still only seen but not yet attained by the Roman cohorts, when, as by a miracle,

the pole of the commanding Drusus' tent was covered by a swarm of bees. This augury was to be fulfilled. Upon his retreat, the Sicambri, having finished with the Cattian traitors, fell upon his rear. Like swarms of bees from the depth of the impenetrable forests the hordes of barbarians broke forth; mile after mile the cohorts sank to rise no more under the clubs and battle-axes of the enraged Germani. The matchless tactical *coup d'œil* of Drusus alone saved him and his army. Himself in a swampy country completely surrounded, he perceived the undisciplined hordes growing careless under the exhilarating effects of their victory. Massing his troops he broke through the wall which encircled him, and by his tactics was saved. So highly did he value this victory achieved by Roman valor and military science, that in the face of the baffled Germani he erected the stronghold Aliso as a perpetual mark of Roma's sovereignty.

He had scarcely left Aliso for the Imperial City to celebrate his triumph, when again the Sicambri moved and compelled the Catti to enter a new confederacy. In haste Drusus returned (B. C. 9) set out from Mayence Castel on his last and most gigantic undertaking, comparable only to the Indian invasion of Alexander. Leaving the Sicambri and their confederates, he threw his whole force south upon the Catti at Arbalo, which victory opened to him the whole north and east of Germania. But when he advanced against the Hermunduri — Thuringians — they opposed to him an impenetrable wall in their mountain fastnesses. Drusus sought hastily to regain the north-western lowlands, where Roman tactics felt assured of victory. He had reached the Elbe when a gigantic woman with withered hands and straggling locks rose from the middle of the stream, commanding him to "Turn back, insatiable! the end of your career is at hand!" A shivering despondency is said to have seized the Romans. Silent and worried, they turned back. The horse of Drusus suddenly fell, and he broke his leg. It was in the neighborhood of the Saale river, near Maumburg. The Germani gathered around the *castra scelerata* of the enemy, for the Romans were compelled to halt to await the recovery of Drusus. That was not to come. Although the Romans were encamped there for thirty days till Drusus died, the Germanic hosts which had gathered around them did not attack: it was their belief that Wodan had already punished the daring invaders, and they held back in dread and awe.

Rome saw that the barbarians were not to be conquered with the chivalric and tactical genius of even a Drusus. The Sicambri, this most hated of all the Germani, were now to be uprooted and destroyed by any means, this was resolved upon. A Tiberius was sent, who achieved by treachery over a confiding and valiant tribe what probably could never have been done in the open field. Does not a parallel suggest itself to every American? He imitated the treachery of Cæsar; he sowed dissensions among the Cherusci, whose Germanic faction was headed by Segimer, the Roman by Segest, the traitor. With friendly protestations Tiberius came among these barbarians; he invited them to accede to a Roman confederation, and called them "cherished companions-in-arms." But the Sicambri were not represented at the grand council. "The negotiations must be broken off; for without the

Sicambri nothing can be done. The war must recommence ! Submission of all or of none ; great benefits to all or to none !” This was the dictum of the Roman General. This dissimulation had its intended effect among the tribes ; they entreated and finally prevailed upon the Sicambri to accede. A new council, at which Imperator Augustus was present, to celebrate the final triumph with Tiberius over the despised barbarians, was called. Prince Melo of the Sicambri came with the chiefs of his nation. Behind them closed the doors ; they were by treachery prisoners henceforth, to be led in triumph to Roma. But *free men* they resolved to remain. Not one of the Sicambri chiefs ever bore the prisoner’s chains : they all died by their own hands. Forty thousand Sicambrian warriors, mere children without their chiefs, were deported ; but where to ? “*Exeisi*,” Tacitus says : it is the merit of Dr. Watterich to have traced their subsequent fate. We translate the whole passage as an historical contribution of great value :—

“As, ‘used to victory,’ they had fallen, so as free, *frank* men they again sprang up ; throwing the new name like a renewed declaration of war in the face of the Roman hereditary enemy. But Tiberius received as reward for his execrable victory the name ‘Germanicus’ ; and the crowned criminal wrote in his memoirs that all the kings of the earth had bowed before him, among them, too, the Sicamber Melo !

“‘They were now,’ says Dio Cassius, ‘quiet for a certain time, but they paid the Romans afterward for their misfortune with full measure.’ The Roman Generals who now carried on the war, did not renounce the policy which had been pursued up to that time ; and they sought especially to nurture the party dissensions in the nation of the Cherusci. Even the success of Tiberius in carrying out the grand plan of Drusus, by penetrating with a fleet into the mouth of the Elbe, and by forming a junction with it and his land-forces in the Lünenburg country, is in no proportion to the undertaking. It only pointed out to the Germani the renewed dangers, and facilitated to the leading nation, the Cherusci under their Arminius, the duty of uniting once more all the tribes in one firm confederacy. Strabo had well said : ‘Every effort to conquer beyond the Rhine, creates and strengthens the bond of liberty.’ The spirit of the Sicambri, which had fallen upon the Cherusci, still survived under the weight of time ; again, and more thoroughly than ever, Roman dominion was shattered in the Teutoburgian Forest ; and after all there was redeemed the proud word of the Sicambri : ‘To the Rhine and no further !’

“The leadership of the Cherusci was effective so long only as they had in Arminius their noble head. The seed of dissension had been strewn too thickly among them by the Romans, had brought forth in the traitor Segest its most poisonous blossom, so that after their acceptance of the Roman appointee Italicus over them as king, another German nation had to appear to make an end of this national scandal. This nation were the Catti, who from this time made thoroughly good their earlier defection. They undertook the ‘Guard of the Rhine,’ and under their protecting wings was reinvigorated the remainder of the destroyed Sicambri, who had assumed the appellation

‘Hattuarii.’ The Catti remained the head of the Germanic union until A. D. 240. But all the struggles which fill out this time, including the rising of the Batavi under Civilis, show no other Cattian merit than to have kept alive the warlike traditions of their race from generation to generation.* They withstood Roman sovereignty, it is true ; but Germanic order in one State they never attained. The insurrection of the Batavi was impure even in motives and means, as they made overtures to the Gauls for a united national action.

“Now followed peace for whole centuries. The hoary Roma was unable to restore her lost resources ; youthful Germania was soon strengthened again and soon replaced her losses. In this period, as far as Germanic populations extended, several great groups of peoples entered upon the arena of history, of whom we follow the course of the one only which specially concerns us. The nearest remarkable fact is, that within these tranquil centuries the old names of nations disappear in such a manner that our eye no longer can espy them, and that suddenly, entirely new relations emerge into the light of history. What has become of the Cherusci, the Bructeri, the Catti ? In their places all at once we hear, alongside of Alemanni, Goths and Saxons, the name of *Franks* !

“Why and under what circumstances this name was created, is naturally beyond all investigation ; but once uttered — and it probably came from the Catti and Hattuarii — it had the effect as of a watchword fallen from Heaven, to which instantaneously all nations bowed from the Yssel to the lower Main. That name, which like a war-cry was borne for the first time into the Roman Empire A. D. 240, signified a confederacy of nations, which had still and slowly ripened during the years of rest. The Hattuarii opposite Cologne were also counted in it : who can tell how much merit in the creation of the name of Franks ought not be given to the undying spirit of their victorious ancestors ? But far more significantly the name of Franks resounds suddenly from quite another quarter ! Against the piratical expeditions of Franks and Saxons the Belgian Carausius was sent in 287. But instead of punishing the pirates he seized Britannia, made himself ruler of it, and formed a league with the Franks, who were by him induced to seize the island of Batavia. The Emperors Maximinus, Constantine Chlorus, and finally Constantine the Great, sent armies against them ; they were conquered but rose again ; they were decimated, and filled up their ranks. This points to a people which, having gathered its strength in at least two centuries of peace, had now sufficient to spend. And what was the success of the Roman armies ? A single great Iskaevonian union of Franks ! To terrify them Constantine had erected a bridge near Cologne ; the answer to it was the Frankish union ! Strange ! Cæsar, too, to terrify them, had built a bridge ; and the answer was the Sicambrian confederacy ! This mysterious people, which during all these struggles had seized the countries between the Lower Rhine and the Meuse ; which in Toxanderloh had its regal seat, and now like a native king took from the Catti the leadership, as if but resuming a right only temporarily relinquished ; at whose beck the Iskaevonian nations, with innate

*A very great merit, we think.

obedience, instantaneously rallied,—that nation which was called the *Salic Franks*—who were they? whence did they come? And how remarkable it is that with the Salic Franks, another Frankland, that of the Ripuarii, was at the same time discerned, and that these Ripuarii dwelt precisely where once the Sicambri on the banks of the Rhine had stood at guard. Once more, who were these mysterious Salic Franks?

“Let us look at the map. Between the Yssel and Vechte rivers lies a sterile heath, called Veluwe. That country had at the time of Cæsar *no inhabitants*. The proof is to be found in the history of the Menapii. We know that 430,000 Usipetes and Tenctheri were permitted by the Sicambri to pass through their country; that they went around the island of Batavia, and that they surprised the Menapii, who were unprepared. That this flank movement and surprise were possible, proves that the Veluwe was an uninhabited country.

“*Before* the Batavian war, however, there dwelt in it a tribe of Germani. Therefore the Veluwe was settled between the reigns of Cæsar and of Nero. The people dwelling there were not Frisians, hence they did not come from the North; moreover, Tiberius had particularly prohibited any settlements in the countries between the Rhine and Yssel, the so-called Land’s-defence; therefore the inhabitants must have settled there *before* the establishment of this Land’s-defence. But Tiberius exiled a nation by his own authority into a country of the Lower Rhine, *and this nation were the Sicambri.*”

But maps and historians tell us that the new name of the Sicambri was Gugerni. This assumption Dr. Watterich shows to be founded but upon the single authority of Suetonius, and besides upon an authority couched in very indefinite terms. A glance at the map must show that the geographical position of the Gugerni, on the left bank of the Rhine, assuming them to have been the Sicambri, was an historical impossibility. The irreconcilable Sicambri could never have lived with the Gauls; you might as well put a handful of men among a tribe of cannibals and expect them to survive. The Sicambri are thus shown to be identical with the Franks of the third century. Our ancient maps and histories will have to be rectified.*

We cannot stop to point out the analogies suggested, and the considerations which naturally arise, but will retrace our steps to the Porta and the events properly belonging to it. The military and historic importance of the Porta Westphalica first prominently appears during the march of Germanicus A. D. 16, for undoubtedly the battlefield of Idistavisus was there. As did the diluvial waters, so the Roman and heathen armies dashed and broke around it. Such a mountain-gate with a navigable stream passing through it, must have strongly invited a defeated army to rally behind it, or to serve as cover to the rear of an advancing army. There is a conflict of opinions among the learned as to where this celebrated battlefield was situated. Some believe the valley of Rinteln above was the spot,

* So says Eschenburg: The Sicambri were driven across the Rhine by the Catti (?) during the reign of Augustus. And D’Anville: Pressed by the Cattians (?) whom Cæsar calls Suevi (?) they were together with the Ubii (?) received into Gaul on the left bank of the Rhine (?) under Augustus, and there is reason to believe that the people who occupied this position under the name of Gugerni, were Sicambrians. (?)

while others place it below the Porta, near Minden. One of the Weser antiquarians, Mr. Piderit, has a theory which is of great plausibility ; he places the battlefield within the Porta itself. Military men would agree with Mr. Piderit, since it is strong and tenable above all other positions in this part of the lower Weser. He believes the word *Idistavisus* to be composed of *Id* or *Ith* (stone or rock), and of *sta* or *stau* (stauen, to stow, stave, dam), and of *Wiese* (meadow) ; and to signify a Felsen-Stau-Wiese, or a meadow near which the water is stowed between two rocks. However this may be, there could not be a more ingenious definition ; this however is certain, that both before and after the battle the struggles continued all around the Porta upon the sullen retreat of Germanicus, since which time the Romans never again pushed forward into the lower Elbe and Weser countries. In the uncertain period following, above alluded to, the town of Minden was probably founded, as its first mention leaves its foundation shrouded in mystery. But with Charlemagne, Pepin, and Charles Martel, the importance of the Porta revives. With his Franks, he took on his warlike expeditions into northwestern Germany the same roads from the Rhine and Cologne through the gulf of Münster and the lands of the old Bructeri, as did the Romans. Here he met an old Saxon tribe, the Engern. They lived around the middle Weser on both banks, above and below the Porta Westphalica. Their princes had their residences at Minden and upon the rocks overhanging the Porta ; also in the ancient village of Engern, south of it. This celebrated name of Engern, which the present Saxon princes still bear in their sovereign titles : "Lords of Engern and Westphalen," meaning "narrow," undoubtedly, as we think with Dr. Kohl, refers to the narrow passage of the Porta, and "Herr zu Engern" we would hold to mean Lord-Wardens of the Porta.

Now, one of these Lord-Wardens in the times of Charlemagne was Duke Wittekind or Wedekind, the Saxon Arminius. As the Cherusci under Arminius had fought in a circle round the Porta, so the Saxons under Wittekind in their struggles against the Franks made it their *point stratégique*. Tradition makes of Wittekind,* the great heathen hero and general, a king ; his name and power cling around this mountain-gate as the roots of the mighty oak to the soil. It is surmised that the town of Engern was his and his ancestors' residence ; the Minden chroniclers, however, maintain that he resided in a castle within their city also. Within the Porta even tradition gives him royal castles perched on both sides of the gap. One of these is said to have been on the Jacobsberg, around which lies the present little town of Hausberge, and the descendants of the heathen Duke are said to have there held court for centuries. It was named "Huus tom Berge," *das Haus zum Berge* ; and the grandsons of Wittekind were styled "Herren vom Berge," and the town which gradually grew up beneath it, "Hausberge." At the foot of this hill is still a manor-house whose possessor has made of the ancient Jacobsberg a lovely garden. In the midst of this garden, on the crest of the hill, a monument of stone has been erected, whereupon the words are engraven :

"Hier herrschte einst König Wittekind."

* Or Wedeking = the white king, like Belisar = Beloi Zar ?

Another residence tradition gives him on the other side of the Weser at the foot of the western Porta pillar. This was the principal burgh, and hence its ancient name "Wittekindstein," or as the lower Saxons would say, "Wedigenstein." This, too, is the name of the present manor-house at that place. One of the granaries of this manor has ancient deep wells, which the people consider the remains of the dwelling of Wittekind. Every hill, stone, spring, and in any way remarkable spot, tradition here has consecrated in some manner to the memory of this first of Saxon dukes; the whole western Porta range in fact is called the Wittekind-Berg, or "Mons Wedegonis."

Tradition shows us its favorite as a light-haired youth issuing from the castle-gates to hunt in the mountains. Again it shows him to us when conquered by Charlemagne, how, like King Alfred abandoned by his own, he errs with his "faithful companion-in-arms Ulk" in the forests; or, again like King Alfred, disguised as a beggar he appears in the camp of his enemy, and recognised by his great antagonist, he embraces Christianity. A limpid spring which wondrously gushes on the pinnacle of the mount from a rock, and whose waters there gather in a natural basin, it ascribes to the pawing of his war-steed, which opened the spring as Moses with his rod opened the well in the desert. On the crest of the mountain, perhaps where in days of old stood the Wodan pillar of the Saxons, there now rises a high round stone-tower, whence the wanderer may survey the whole country over which the Porta Westphalica domineers, and look down upon the deep chasm itself and the steep mountain-wall clad to the foot in forest. There lie before him the wide heaths, turf moors and laughing meadows of the town of Minden, its towers and surrounding villages; turning, he beholds the ever charmingly changing valley of the Weser, with its southern border, the Teutoburgian forest. During particularly clear days the searching eye may nearly reach to the sea and dimly discern the towers of Bremen. Three poor, almost octogenarian peasant-women from the neighboring villages constitute at this day the garrison, keeping in turn "watch on the Weser." They will sit at the portal of the tower and knit their stockings unwearyingly; they will show you the rooms entrusted to their care, and tell you their sagas of the old "König Wedeking" in their Plattdeutsch dialect. They will point out to you the town of Engern below, where he now lies buried, and in their simple and believing manner tell you the celebrated story of his feigned death and premature burial. "Well, we will take a seat near you, old mother, and ask you to tell us of it; will you not?" And thus while the ever-blowing breezes on the heights of the Porta-tower play around you, and the shadows of the summer-clouds make a kaleidoscopic picture of the brilliant valleys below, with the rush of the river as it surges beneath you through the gap audible to your ears, with now and then the shrill whistle of the locomotive recalling fading reality, you may listen to the tale of the Norna of the Porta Westphalica.

"Young lady, some persons laugh when I tell them; they are silly people. If you will not laugh, I will gladly tell you."

"We will not laugh, we assure you."

"The King was a good prince, but he was suspicious too. He did

not believe all he heard ; there were many flatterers about him. So one day he hit upon a deep plan to find out who cared for him and who did not. He had the news spread through our Saxon land that he had died and was to be buried on a certain day. When this false news spread in the 'gauen,' many a one came to see the burial with tears in his eyes: these loved him. But there were others who cared not a straw-halm. They minded not when the heralds brought the sad tidings, and stayed at home ; they were those who never cared for the brave Wedeking. But there was one of the *vasallen* who, because he lived in the thick forest yonder, never heard of the King's death until the dead body was on its way to the grave. The train had already neared it when the vassal came wildly riding up, his horse foaming and steaming, to the wonderment of the people.

"'Hold!' he cried, 'let me see my King once more ere you put him in the grave!' whereupon, as of a miracle, the lid of the coffin rose, and good King Wedeking spake: 'So you shall, my true and brave knight ; and a barony you'll have, and Nalop* shall be thy name.'"

"Tell us, good mother, what became of the Nalops?"

"Ah, they've died out long ago — before I was born — but the barony is still a barony. And there is 'Wedeking's Sattelmeier,' whose people tended his horses ; and the 'Windmeiers,' who kept the dogs ; and the 'Evermeiers,' who were masters of the boars — they had all fiefs from the good King, and the fee-farms are all about here and had their rights until not long ago."

"Could we see one of the fiefs from here?"

"Oh yes ; but my eyes are too old. Down yonder by Engern there is the Windmeier's farm. They're not so valuable now, they tell me, since the King of Prussia has refused to continue the rights they enjoyed and the duties the peasantry owed them. Many a basket of eggs I have carried to the Windmeier in my young days ; but now they won't get them any longer. They call that — well, I don't remember, and I don't understand it."

"Can't you tell us something of beautiful Queen Gewa?"

"They say she was much liked by Kaiser Karl, and did much to make him friendly to our good King Wedeking. We oft speak of her at Engern, for when the King died she had him buried there. They wanted him to be buried in Minden, and in Huusbergen, and in ever so many places ; but, you know, she had promised him on his death-bed that she would have him buried in the first church that was finished, because when King Wedeking had become a Christian he ordered the building of churches everywhere. Not one was ready when he died ; then they all made haste to have their churches ready. The Minden people were then building their steeple ; so were the Huusbergers. The Engern folks were far behind them all — they had not even finished the roof. But their master-mason was a Moor, who told them that King Wedeking never said anything about a steeple ; so while the others were putting on the high steeple on the belfry, he had finished the church and hung the bells. Queen Gewa

* "Nalop." *nachläufer*, runner after, or what would come nearer in sound, though not in meaning, loafer after.

was true to her word, and there at Engern good old King Wedeking was buried, and there he lies now."

"And where is Queen Gewa buried, and where did she die?"

"Wo sei bleven is, un wo sei licht, dot weik eck n'ch,"* concludes Norna of the Porta. But the antiquarians of Osnabrück know all about it; they show a spot near the city where Queen Gewa is said to have been laid to rest.

Wittekind's great antagonist, Emperor Charlemagne, passed through the Porta at various times. In A. D. 783, on the Süntel, a short way to the west of it, one of his powerful armies was utterly destroyed. It was followed by his dire revenge in the plains of Verden, where he literally butchered the flower of Saxon nobility; yet in 785 the heathen Saxons were once more ready to meet him near Rehme, to the south of the Porta. About this time Charlemagne founded at Minden the celebrated bishopric. He is said to have resided there, and a house is still shown in which he held his court. Tradition among the lower Saxons makes him a great stone-breaker, as in the Pyrenees it attributes herculean demolishing powers to his nephew, the hero Roland. Charlemagne is reputed to have broken with his sword the large heathen stone near Osnabrück, which still bears the name *Karlstein*; and there are throughout the Saxon land such monuments. It is quite probable that the obstinate Saxon race compared themselves with the granite blocks strewn about, and the great Emperor who caused them to bend their knees before him with a breaker of stones. The imagination of the Saxons, however, did not go so far as that of the more poetical inhabitants of the Pyrenees, who say that one of their most remarkable mountain-gorges, the picturesque Roland-Porta near Barèges, was hewn by the hero of Roncevalles with his indestructible sword Durandarte, else they would have attributed the same feat to Charlemagne in reference to the Porta Westphalica.

Minden henceforth prospered on account of its position on the threshold of the Porta, and became the centre of the episcopal principality; the bishopric of Minden receiving, for several centuries, its heads from the Lords vom Berge, who were styled Edle Voigte des Stiftes Minden. As the Weser river after emerging from the Porta obtains greater depth, width and even flow, Minden soon attracted a lively commerce; the northern roads having to pass through this only passage in the mountains. In the thirteenth century Minden entered the Hansa-union, and was, next to Bremen, the chief commercial town on the lower Weser. The guild of Minden merchants held sway over the entire northern part of the river, levying tolls, which even the Bremen crafts when they came up had to pay; yet claiming for themselves the privilege to pass without toll down the Weser to the sea, past the Hansa town itself. In modern times the Mindeners sometimes launch vessels fit for sea voyages. These conditions and privileges were the consequence of the geographical position of the town in sight of the Porta, as are most of the events connected with it, such as the open courts, imperial diets and councils under Conrad II, Henry IV, and Charles IV.

* "Where she has died, and where she lies, that I wot not."

There are few wars and storms in the history of Northern Germany which did not break through the Porta. In the times of the Welfs and Hohenstaufens, the great Saxon duke Henry the Lion, and then Wittekind, fought against Barbarossa in sight of the Porta ; later in the Thirty Years' War the army of the Catholic League was posted in force for a long time at and near it ; Tilly, the Swedes and Brunswickers, had there many a skirmish ; until the Swedes, for ten long years, were enabled to make this strong position their base of operations ; when they relinquished it in consequence of the peace of Westphalia, the great Elector of Brandenburg obtained and held it, and so the Prussians hold it now. In the Seven Years' War, 1759, the Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, a second Arminius, and a descendant of Henry the Lion, fought upon the old battlefield of Idistavisus the famous battle of Minden, against a second Germanicus, the Gallican Marshal de Contades, by which he liberated, as Arminius in the battle which destroyed Varus had freed all Westphalia, Angrivaria and the land of the Cherusci—the whole northwestern Germany from the Trans-Rhenians.

At the present day the military importance of the Porta Westphalica is lessened and made secondary by the powerful German fortresses which lie along its western front from the north to the south. They must first be overwhelmed ere the invader would again behold it. And in view of the past, it may not be too much to say that should such a day ever come for Germany, the daring invader would probably experience the fate of Varus and of Contades.

Where once in the time of the diluvium the waters dashed and roared against those eternal rocks—where afterwards the Roman invader sought in vain to penetrate, to reach the hand to their northern auxiliary armies ; where once was nought but convulsions of nature and the war-struggles of men, there is now unfolded a picture of peace, tranquillity and prosperity. Through the proud Portal five great roads of traffic unhindered go their way, uniting three great German rivers, sending to and bringing the fruits of peaceful industry from, the sea. Go to the right and left from the Porta Westphalica but a few miles into the forests and the plains, and you shall find yourself transported amid scenes of the most sylvan quietness, among the charcoal-burners and the shepherds ; and thus, in the old civilisation of that country, bustling present and hoary past are dwelling side by side. And thus we salute the Porta Westphalica and pass on.

F. SCHALLER.

A DUTY OF THE HOUR.

IN proposing to place on file in the pages of the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE a theory on the practical adoption of which I venture to suggest the only reasonable hope of the deliverance from imminent danger of Southern conservatism must rest, I am fully conscious that I can rely for its general acceptance neither upon its brilliancy of conception nor upon its facility of application. In this age of wild theories and cynical contempt for the wisdom of the past centuries, when truth itself unless clothed in the garb of mild suggestion is challenged sharply, it is very needful that the present attempt to cast a glimmering ray of truth on the dark waters that threaten to engulf Christian civilisation in the South should present as little of dogmatic assertion as possible. The positions assumed and the lessons indicated in the remarks to follow are simply those of individual apprehension and conviction. The writer conceives that his premises are unassailable, and his deductions from those premises logical; and he asks only for an intelligent and dispassionate consideration of the several points herein discussed. If they are found to possess any cogency of truth, they will, despite the nakedness of their presentation, enforce belief and suggest resulting action; otherwise, neither elaborate argument nor richness of illustration will make them of more value than those ephemeral quackeries which justly excite the contempt of intelligence and hoodwink only the credulous multitude.

The present exigency is one that demands a treatment which it will utterly fail to receive if utilitarianism is suffered to prescribe for Southern ailment. We frequently meet with an expression borrowed from medical phraseology: Political doctors diagnose the case of the feeble and ailing South, and prescribe accordingly. This diagnosis is thorough or partial according to the degree in which the discriminative skill of the practitioner is maintained. Prompted by, he trusts, not an unpardonable desire to diagnose a case in which as a suffering member of the body politic he is painfully interested, the present writer is induced to offer as the result of his diagnosis remedial measures. The conviction forces itself on his mind that these remedial measures would prove for the South veritable "Waters of Israel"; but not possessing the attractiveness and popularity of those more fashionable waters in which utilitarianism would have us "wash and be clean"—the Abanas and Pharpars nearer home—he may fail to impart this conviction to others. But enough of preface.

There are present evils that the South is now suffering, and there are threatened evils neither dim nor distant, which must be gathered into one focus and closely scrutinised before adequate provision can be made for the inauguration of Southern prosperity, if we mean by prosperity that ultimate and permanent prosperous condition of the

South which, together with material, shall be indicated by a high standard of moral and intellectual development. The present evils are too palpably evident and too acutely felt to call for more than a passing notice here. Material prostration, political oppression and disorganised labor are the more prominent of these evils. Threatening and impending evils are unhappily of too ghostly a character — too indistinct and undefinable — to excite apprehension and arouse preventive action. We must embrace in one view both existing and prospective conditions of the South, the actual and the probable, or we shall fail utterly to lay our foundation deep enough and broad enough to sustain that edifice of solid and expanding prosperity which we desire to mark the future history of the South. A close and discriminative look on this picture and on that — the Now and the May-be — will, I think, conduct to but one conclusion: — That there is an educational labor to be undertaken to elevate the masses of the people morally and intellectually to a greatly higher standard of culture than that which has hitherto prevailed, before we may hope to lay the cornerstone of this so much needed edifice. There is, or should be, an aphorism to this effect: Able commanders make efficient armies. Not less axiomatic is the proposition that able instructors make accomplished scholars. The supreme importance of this truth is generally acknowledged, but that it bears with significant emphasis upon the question of popular education in the present crisis is, I apprehend, not so clearly perceived. In the masses of the Southern people there must be found a scholarship that will supply light to detect and a vitality vigorous enough to throw off the poison of insidious radicalism. Such a scholarship it is far beyond the ability of any common school "system" to impart; no instructors "able" enough will be found if sought for only in the ranks of the technical schoolmaster. It is outside the schoolhouse that mainly the leverage must be applied which will lift up above the level of radical aggression the masses of the people.

I cannot better exemplify the point I seek to establish than by giving a practical illustration of what I intend to imply by the term "able instructors." General R. E. Lee, the "able" commander, must be the exemplar for those instructors of the people who can train to endurance and conduct to victory in the present crisis. What R. E. Lee endured and achieved, what his army, interpenetrated with his spirit, endured and achieved, history has recorded in characters of living fire. The South now demands at the hands of the morally and intellectually cultured such a leadership as that which raised to the pinnacle of military renown the good and the great General, Robert E. Lee. I strike my key-note here. There will be for the South possible redemption from the threatened discord of infidel ologies and radicalisms if all there is of moral and intellectual culture amongst us engages in harmonious concord, in that spirit of self-abnegating patriotism which animated the life and glorified the death of the great General. What was that distinguishing feature in the character of General Lee that made him the successful commander of men? It was this — that, as a man over men, rather than as a General over subordinates, he attracted and riveted the regard and obedience of

armies. Recognising his commission as derived primarily from Heaven, he assumed and fulfilled the twofold but indivisible duty it implied. God-fearing and man-loving, he has solved for all future time that most difficult problem: How can culture most effectively influence no culture? Such a leadership in the education of the masses of the Southern people—a leadership in spirit and in letter like that I have endeavored to sketch, must be substituted for that cold and chilling abstract approbation which cultivated intelligence, as a general thing, extends to the work of popular education.

We need not search in the remote countries of the civilised world for evidences to prove the fact that the power of ignorance in the masses is expanding with steadily increasing impetus. We have Communism—or, if you prefer the term, Radicalism—sufficiently rampant at home to enforce the truth of this assertion. Its aggressiveness is its most prominent characteristic; its power to subvert and to destroy we have exhaustively tested; its ultimate domination in the South is foreshadowed by phenomena too significant of approaching evil to be disregarded. Intelligence and culture lying dormant in its path will be mercilessly trampled upon; intelligence and culture vitally active may yet hope to erect a barrier against which its restless waves will beat in vain. If we would successfully stem the flood of Northern radicalism, its insidious encroachments must be met where its advancing streams are the most swelling and rapid—on the low ground of uncultivated intelligence. The masses of the people must be lifted up above the level which invites and localises into foul stagnation its pestilent errors. No mere mechanical instrumentality can accomplish this; no common schools, with all their apparatus of school superintendents, school commissioners, and school trustees, can command leverage enough to raise the dead weight—to overcome the *vis inertiae* of the uncultivated masses.

The signs of the times distinctly portend a period not far distant when the moral, intellectual and æsthetic culture of the South will be forced to abandon its entrenchments of exclusiveness, and take the field against a civilisation progressive only in its increasing knowledge of evil—the boasted civilisation of the Northern States of this continent. I speak of the dominating majority; for it is by opinion in quantity, not in quality, that this much-vaunted Republic is now ruled. It rests not with the Southern people to select the battle-ground; it is already occupied in force by the enemy, and it includes every foot of Southern soil. Men of culture, upon you rests the responsibility of the campaign; to your efforts Southern conservatism will owe its rescue from absorption by the turbid flood of radicalism; or it will be yours to deplore the vitiation, if not the extinction, of that power of culture at the South which, until within a few years, has been her peculiar and justly cherished characteristic.

If there is anything of point and force in the suggestions here offered as to the present and probable condition of the South, the issues that have to be met require for their successful handling an intelligence and a tact that no stereotyped statesman's guide book will supply. Where in history shall we find a precedent to guide our action? What civilised nation can we summon from the dead

and buried past to furnish a case analogous to that abnormal one which now obtains in these Southern States? We are imperatively remanded to first principles by the utter absence of "authorities" to refer to for light and direction. We can quote no "decisions" from eminent leaders of past times. We have, in a word, to rely upon the wisdom of the men of to-day; and failing that, the drifting of the South upon the treacherous quicksands of Radicalism, and the swallowing up of her distinctive character as the home of a conservative Christian people, is a foregone conclusion. There is a latent radicalism in the lower strata of society in a chronic condition of receptivity for any and every doctrine that asserts the perfect equality of men regardless of moral or intellectual culture, and aims directly or indirectly at the overthrow of all "rights" claimed as distinctive on the ground of such culture. That these rights are attainable by all who fulfil the conditions necessary for their attainment is not to the point: they are difficult of attainment, are incomprehensible by those who have acquired no title to them; and when the intellectual and æsthetic constituents of culture preponderate over the moral in those who claim them, they are to the masses irritating and repellent.

In a communication intended to be suggestive only of the danger impending and of the duty indicated by the crisis now upon the civilised world, and for causes patent to all presenting features of aggravated malignity in these Southern States, it is as unnecessary as it would be unpardonably officious to point to any specific action. The culture that can realise the nature and extent of the threatened danger cannot fail justly to estimate the breadth and intensity that must mark any successful effort to avert it. But there are already existing in the South three institutions so peculiarly fitted to aid in the conservation of Southern civilisation that it would be a glaring omission were they not to receive special mention here. In the University of the South, The University Publishing Company, and I must add the Southern Magazine, there now exist three instrumentalities that need only an intelligent appreciation of their merits and a generous support to render them a power of incalculable value for preserving and confirming Southern conservatism. No one who has read Professor's Schaller's paper on the Southern University at Sewanee, in the March number of the Southern Magazine, can fail to estimate the supreme importance of such an institution as a tower of strength against the radical and licentious spirit of the age. No one who has had any experience of the insidious character of radicalism but has long felt the urgent need of an intellectual provision for Southern youth other than that we have been too long content to supply them from the tainted stock of Northern educational publications. The editor of the Southern Magazine will pardon me in that justice to my subject will not suffer me to pass without laudatory notice the *only* magazine at the South to which a communication of this nature can be addressed. We speak of the three estates of the British Empire — King, Lords, and Commons; but there is a fourth estate, which English Prime Ministers often find it very necessary to consult, and by the dicta of which to be governed — the

Power of Opinion, expressed "without fear and without favor" in the pages of the leading English magazines. Such a power exercising an influence of inconceivable potency for the maintenance of Christian civilisation in the South, would be the Southern Magazine if it received at the hands of the professors of conservative faith in the South that measure of support its own merits and the present crisis demand.

By instrumentalities such as these in particular, and generally by the instrumentality of culture in vital and energetic action, can the threatened conservatism of the South be saved. Look to it, men of culture, that you do not dissever the duties from the "rights" that are yours! Those not less than these must distinctly evidence that there is no flaw in the title by which you claim eminence among your fellow-men. Disregard or negligently perform these duties, and the rights that you otherwise justly claim will stand in jeopardy of absorption, when popular power demands from you an unhesitating recognition and practical adoption of those theoretic "rights of man" which the might of ignorance is now energising to make supreme on this continent. *Liberavi animam meam.*

HENRY EWBANK.

A PINCH OF SNUFF.

““ HOW nigh did I ever come to death?’ Oh, I see your little game, Captin; you are endeavin’ to ’suade me to relate an advencer, but I aint much on chin-music. Bersides — not givin’ offence to you — that’s a durned soft question, anyway — but hard enough to answer. ‘In the very middle ov death we ar in life,’ sez the copy-book — ef I quote correct. Fact is, my inquirin’ friend, I’ve crawled through some most ’stonishin’ rough an’ narrer knot-holes in my day an’ generation ’thout leavin’ much ov my hide behind — which I mean it figgerative rather ’n anny-tommy-cal — an’ have bin in interestin’ sitchuations whar ’pearances war so dead agin me ’at a second-hand quid ov new-crap terbaccer ’d a-bin a liberal bid for me at aukchin; and still, as you may perceive — well, I can’t say as I feel much the wuss for war. Regardin’ my *fizzeek*, as you call it (meanin’ my fizzogamy, I reckon) — I never *war* considered han’some; ’taint reddy-terry in our fambly. As to death, though I never had no great hankerin’ arter gittin’ intimate with the old chap, still thar mout a-bin a bead drawn onto my coon-skin [*i. e.* his head-gear] more’n oncest

'thout my nollodge. Likewise, I mout a-saved my har oncest by *sneezin'* jest at the snap ov a cap,—which trivial circumstance ef I don't believe it ar a fact my name aint Hardy Brunt !”

The place where — a hunter's camp-fire in the depths of the forest on the right bank of Sandy Fork, in Colorado. The time when — a dark, but not unpleasant night in the month of October, 186—. Present — Mr. Hardy Brunt, and the writer, who shall be nameless.

My companion was considerably above the average type of the class to which he belonged — the Western Plainsmen — trappers, hunters, Indian-fighters, guides,—nomadic nondescripts who have never yet been properly described, and probably will never be, as a class, because of their intense individuality. It may be said of them, however, that they are the bravest, hardest, most enduring, self-reliant, independent, and altogether manful men that ever stalked the earth since those huge-limbed Germans whom Tacitus so loves to praise. Not like the latter though in anything but strength and length of body and limb, and the courage to use them. Those had in some sort a civilisation,—home, wives, laws. These have none ; they are in very fact a law unto themselves. Wandering often for many months at a time without sight of woman's face, save the squat repulsive features of some Indian squaw ; cast adrift from all refining, gentling and humanising influences, excepting the lessons conned by the more intelligent among them from the ever-open pages of God's own book of Nature — their home is the trackless forests and wide-spreading prairies that stretch from the head-waters of the Missouri river to the Staked Plains of Texas. Mighty men of war, too, they would be, were it only possible—which obviously it is not—to reduce such bold spirits to the stern requirements of discipline, without neutralising by the very process their distinguishing and essential elements of character. An army of ten thousand such men would be, in the case supposed, all but invincible ; and no advancing array of five or six times its numbers could meet it with a chance of victory.

But let us hear how my camp-fire companion “saved his har by *sneezin'*”

“But that little scrimmage aint skeercely wuth tellin'—to *you*. That tuck place in the settlements—in fact it war *in town*, an' of course it's not what you fellers calls an 'advencher.'”

He paused, as if expecting some sort of demurrer from me ; but I was engaged in lighting my pipe, and besides I had no wish to substitute argument for story-telling, while I well knew that nothing would suit Mr. Brunt better than to while away the hours to the music of his own voice. For, along with their many and manly virtues, these men must be admitted to own some weaknesses, among which may be mentioned whiskey, tobacco, and boasting,—the last being a weakness inherent, seemingly, in true combativeness of character all the world over. As the game-cock crows, so do they : they love to tell — and sometimes exaggerate — their own exploits and adventures. But woe betide the wight who mistakes their clamorous self-assertion for empty bragging, and presumes thereon ; they are only too ready to “do it agin !”

“Though as for the matter ov that,” continued my companion,

rising to his feet and shaking his head with such emphasis that his coon-skin cap appeared embued with life and about to spring upon me — “it’s my belief, jest jedgin’ from what little I seen ov towns — an’ that little’s more’n I keer ter see agin — an’ it’s my opinyun I’m a-givin’, a feller’s in more danger thar, ev’ry day ’n hour — (egceptin’ he keeps better kumpny than’s easy found) than ary man that walks these woods with his eye open an’ his rifle ready, from Arkansas Big Timbers to the Gate ov the Mountain! The diff’rence is, *thar* a feller gits inter a trap or somethin’ an’ gits murdered; but out hyer he kin in ginerel hev a far fight — or leastways, ef his stomick aint keen sot that way, he kin run. Durn me ef I aint hed enough ov *fightin’ in town!*”

Somewhat surprised at so sudden an outburst and effluence of superfluous eloquence from my companion, who had hitherto seemed eminently “non-explosive,” I proceeded to slide him gently down a “conversational inclined plane,” and finally mollified him by repeatedly expressing a most intense and consuming desire to “hear about that sneeze,”—a desire in the intensity of which, I am afraid, the reader will hardly share.

“Well, yes, Captin,” he resumed, raising the coon-skin by one of the paws and cogitatively scratching the unkempt “har” before mentioned — “I reely reckon, nigh’s I kin jedge, though my mem’ry ar not good; leastways not since that sneezin’ bizness, which you shell hear about it — leavin’ out that she-grizzly — durn her skin! —’way up in Montany that war — crawled into my holler ’n’ begin to bite at me behind — bust her! — (in Smoky Canyon it war) — an’ the time them dirt-eatin’ Diggers ketched me ’n’ Tom Ferril asleep — it war his turn to watch. Well, yes, that thar sneezin’ bizness beat all: that war the wust hand I ever helt. Ef you’d reely keer to hyer ’bout it, shoot me ef I don’t tell you how it tuck place. Y’ see this incrumment?”

“This incrumment” was a beautiful Colt’s revolver, navy size, pearl handled and gold-mounted, which he drew from its holster and handed to me for inspection, while he turned to stir the fire. When I had sufficiently admired the splendid weapon — entirely too fine and costly for a life so rough as his, I thought, and so expressed myself —

“You are right thar, my friend,” replied he, “but you see that weepin ar lawful spiles ov war; an’ whensomever I thinks ov how cussed nigh a certain chap — sence deceased — come ter knockin’ my chunk out with it, I feels a sorter affectation for the durn thing, an’ say to myself, ‘I’ll keep it *in me-more-he-am,*’ ef I quote correct. I went to school wunst. That war ’way down in North Car’lina, when I war a little boy; but I never lurned much. Don’t b’lieve the schoolmaster know’d much.”

Here the trapper paused and gazed steadily at the fire, as if reflecting on the interesting and tender reminiscence connected with the narrow escape of his “chunk.” Either that it was he was thinking about, or else the old school-house in the dim dreamy land of his little boyhood, far away; for I distinctly saw a tear-drop slowly gather and hang trembling in the lid of his left eye for an instant, then fall upon a live coal between his feet with a little spang! that started him from his reverie. He glanced at me sharply and inquiringly, as if to see

whether I had detected his momentary weakness, then commenced to poke the fire so vigorously that the sparks flew upward by myriads and were lost in the murky shadows of the dense foliage overhead. This little incident set me also to thinking, pondering the wondrous mystery of the human soul. The remarkable sneeze was for the time forgotten; and for some minutes the silence of the night was unbroken, save by the strident voices of katydids in the surrounding forest, contrasting strangely enough with the cheery crackle of our camp-fire. "Here," thought I, "is a psychological puzzle: a man whose hands have been reddened, probably, by the blood of a dozen homicides; who would as lief shoot an Indian or knife a Greaser as take a chew of tobacco; loving danger for its own sake, and never shirking desperate strife; with an exterior as savage, fierce and rough as befits his life and calling; yet he weeps like any woman over a casual reminiscence of his childhood. Verily the springs of human emotion would have seemed, here, to lie far too deep for sounding; yet we but touch the rugged rock with the wand of memory, and the living waters flow!"

But who was telling this story? Why, Mr. Hardy Brunt, to be sure. He presently resumed the narrative of his "advencher," still speaking in the slow, almost drawling tone which will be observed as characteristic of men who seldom have occasion to speak at all, save by way of soliloquy. Touching this peculiarity of speech, I may as well disavow here any studied attempt to imitate it; because, though perhaps tolerable to hear, it is simply abominable to write or read, and rather detracts from, than adds to, any intrinsic interest which the narrative may possess. Where the speaker's own words recur, without effort of memory on my part, I will use them, but will not tax invention to supply deficiencies.

"'Spose you hearn tell ov a feller — Jack Banter by name — who war ridin' ov a high hoss, and generally a stolen one, out in these presinks a few years ago? High-Low-Jack, he war called, bekause ov a way he had ov allers holdin' them keards, an' tharby makin' game. With all his ripskallities, nobody couldn't ketch the slickery cuss. D'yur ever hear ov *him*?"

Yes, I had both heard and read of High Low Jack as one of the most dangerous, desperate, and successful of the horse-thieves and murderers in Colorado, or in the entire West; for his depredations were not confined to any one State or Territory. In fact, I believed I had seen him once at Baxter Springs, in Missouri; he was under arrest at the time. A slightly-built, graceful fellow, but villainously ugly of countenance, with very black eyes and hair, the latter worn extremely long. He was apparently not more than twenty-five years old, though I was told he was over forty. "But (continued I) he was killed some time last year, wasn't he, in a little mining town near Denver?"

"In Boulder City," replied the trapper, sententially — "I kilt him. That incrumment [the revolver] war 'his'n: you kin see his nishals on the butt. Y' see, he had a grudge agin me for more'n three year, an' had swore a thunderin' big swar that he'd 'kiver his saddle-tree with my hide an' have a par o' dice fur gamblin' made outen my eye-

teeth!' You kin burn my britches ef the bloody cuss wouldn't a-done it, too, 'cept fur me sneezin'!"

"But for that sneeze, then, you might now be — a part of you at any rate — in pair o' dice," I suggested tentatively, then "blushed unseen" because of wasted wit, while Mr. Brunt smiled in a sickly, absent-minded sort of way, and looked as if he had forgotten something. "Well," said I, "what was his quarrel with you?"

"The beginnin' ov it — the fust deal in the game — war my guidin' a band ov Regilators arter him an' his gang inter Hawk's-Head Gap, bein' a rough an' diffikilt pass in a spur ov the Rockies, about sixty-five mile west ov Cedar City. We made the fur fly some, havin' a lively scrimmage with the pesky varmints, and got one ov our fellers killed an' two or three simulcutaneously wounded, of whom I war which, but not bad. Howsumever, we ketched High Low Jack an' two ov his gang. In the muss we massicreed three, an' three or four more got away toarst Coochatope Pass, an' from thar to the Summit Lake Region, or else they managed to *cashay* an' played low till we tuck the back trail. Ef it hadn't a-bin fur me the Regilators 'd a-made jerked dog-meat outen Banter an' the others — the ongrateful cuss! 'Cross-eyed Gulcher' an' 'The Devil's Pet' war thar symphonious titles; leastways they answered to them names, an' *died* by 'em nex' mornin'. For it war nigh sunset when we treed the varmints an' the fight began, an' arter dark 'fore we'd licked 'em out; wharfore, as you soljers says, we beaverwhacked on the field of battle. One ov them prisners — the 'Pet,' as I lurned sence — had bin a right promisin' young feller when he fust come up Platte river, 'lookin' for his forchune' as they calls it; but he put his foot inter the trap ov that pimp ov hell, Jack Banter, an' a loop in a lariat war his natcheral end. As fur Banter hisself, the sneakin', skulkin' wolverine! think he didn't git away that night? Fact, by thunder! Y' see he'd mighty womanish little hands ef you rec'lect, and which they war allers befiggered out with dimonds an' sich, an' so, it bein' on towards midnight — the moon I rec'lect war jest beginnin' to peep over the mountain down to whar we war, bein' in a deep gorge or de-file like — he works his slickery little hands outen the tough raw-hide thongs, pitches a fistfull ov hot ashes inter Sim Dunker's eyes, who war sot to watch him an' t'others, an' while Sim war tryin' to diskiver the pint ov the joke, he whips the knife outen his belt, cuts his ankle-straps, ketches holt ov this identickle pistol (his'n, which it had bin tuck from him, but war layin' convenyent nigh), puts a ball through Sim's shoulder, and cuts dirt down the de-file in a way most intrestin' to behold. Durn the dirty serpent! Maybe I ortn't to cuss the feller, Captin, now 'at he's dead, but talkin' ov him cussin' comes natcheral, I can't help it. Why, a hundered part ov the mean things perpetchuated by Jack Banter 'd a-bin enough to durn him an' his'n fur forty generations. Ef ever he war guilty of a gen'rous act or thort, he follered Scripcher by keepin' ov it to hisself. 'Didn't he git away slick?' Well, s'posin' he did, I gin him my compliments at the time by lodgin' a bullet in his hind-quarters as he run. 'How do I know as I hit him?' Jest you hold your hammer now, and you'll hear how *that* is, too. In the fust place, I ain't overly given to missin'

what I pints this old spitfire at ; but more'n that, I've got the very identickle ball in one chamber ov that revolver : keepin' ov it fur a 'speshal 'casion, ef I meets a wolf, or a mad-dog, or somethin' ov thar nacher. But I aint got to that part ov the story yet. At fust I thort hevin and yearth 'd broke loose an' Ingens war on us when I see Sim a-cuttin up an' cavortin' round like a bull-yearlin' in a yaller-jacket nest, an' yellin' like a locofoco ingine ; but when I run thar I seen how it war. Some ov the fellers war for puttin' arter Banter, but I stopped 'em. 'Twar misforchunate I done it, but my idee war this : he war already hid in the shadder ov the mountin as he run, an' not more'n a hundred an' fifty yard off the de-file forked into three or four, an' a little funder them agin split inter more, an' the chance of ketchin' him at night war pore enough. But 'fore he could git to whar the way forked I seen he had to pass acrost a bright place whar the moonshine fell, an' I felt shore I could drap him as he tried to git acrost it. The vilyun war so cunnin' though ; he stopped jest 'fore gittin' in sight, and fired the pistol three or four times at us as we stood in the light ov the fire an' the moon — a clar an' far pot shot. One ov the bullets tetched my cap, an' then he made a break to git acrost the moonlight, stoopin' low down, but gittin' over ground swift an' steady like the shadder ov a bird. Now war my put in. Takin' a quick sight, I let drive when he war most over. Instid ov drappin' as I 'xpected, he straightened up with a yell, and the next jump tuck him inter the shadder. In course we run arter him, but it war too late. I kinder knowed I hit him, though we couldn't find no blood. Howsumever, you'll hear 'bout that when I come to it. As fur Sim Dunker, them ashes done him a sight ov good by spilin' the sight ov his right eye. (N. B.—I am confident that Mr. B. was superior to any intent here to pun.) He couldn't shoot wuth a durn before, but that sot him to practizing left-handed, an' now he kin plum-center as good as any. Well, arter that a feller might jest as well have tried to whistle back a norther on top ov Pike's Peak as ter preach to them Regilators 'bout 'due course ov law' an' all that ; Gulcher and the Pet had to swing certin, soon as it war light enough to pick a good tree. They seen mighty quick thar time war nigh up, and now they begin to cuss an' rip an' swar at Jack Banter, layin' all thar sins to his score. Oughff ! but jest to listen at em : it war enough to make a feller's har to chatter an' his teeth to stan' on edge, as the poetry-book sez, ef I quote correct. I hearn some considerable cussin' in my time, in fact I war ruther loud at a good squar cuss myself, an' war right fond ov lettin' off steam that way, leastways I mean on 'propriate 'casions, sich as my traps bein' broke or fouled, or my gun hangin' fire when meat war skeerce or Ingens not skeerce ; but, Captin, burn my britches ef that cussin' warn't too strong fur my stomick : it shet me up an' I ain't swore none sence. They got so orful in languidge I couldn't stan' it ; so bimeby I gin 'em a turn or two ov rawhide to chaw on instead. The gags stopped thar chin-music, but we could see by the motion of thar jaws an' feachures they war goin' it alone, havin' a private cussin'-match all to tharselves, cussin' agin time ! At crack ov day, while many ov our fellers war off lookin' fur Banter, they war ungagged an' led out an' swung up to a tree by the side

ov the trail, with pieces ov paper stuck to 'em, statin' it war a warnin' to all who might pass that way — *on other men's horses* — ov the oncertinty ov life an' the onpleasantness ov death. So that affar war the beginnin ov my 'quaintance with High Low Jack, the fust deal in the game. 'Didn't he cut?' Oh yes, I see." (But he didn't: another painful case of "unseen blushing.")

"Thar's a circumstance tetchin' that thar illegal hangin' at sorter gives me the gripes yit, whensomever I thinks ov it. I've swore I'll never take a hand at any sich game agin, an' I won't, nuther. Some months arterwards thar come a mighty nice, pious sort ov letter to a man in Denver from an ole lady in New Hamshur, enquirin' arter the 'Pet,' which she war his mother, pore thing — only ov course that warn't his reel name — an' statin' 'at an uncle ov his'n had died an' lef' him some money — a big pile. What ter do 'bout it they didn't know, but at last they writ to her, her son war dead. They sed nothin' ov how he died, so she — pore ole critter — even ef she read it in the papers, wouldn't never guess 'at her darlin' boy war 'the Devil's Pet,' leastways I hope so. Howsomever, I tried my level best to 'swade the Reg'laters to let the law take her course; but fur all that, onpleasant remembriscences breeds contempt', as ole Deac'n Sorrel used ter say — ef I ain't got things mixed — an' so we'll drap it.

"So arter that Mister Banter kep' hisself mighty shady fur a long time, not bein' saw or hurd ov in all the minin' region fur more'n a year. But, bein' in Boulder one day, 'long with Ran Cooney, my pardner, to git shet ov pelts, I got a mighty perlite letter from him through the post-orfice, informin' me ov his lib'ral intenshuns concernin' my hide an' iv'ry, an' sayin' as he'd got the ball outen his sturn whar I put it that night, an' war keepin' ov it fur my speshal benefit — the owdashus sassy rattlesnake! Now, seein' as how I don't skeer more'n av'ridge easy, an' he knowed it, an' seein' as he warn't egzackly the man to yell afore he war gwine to shoot, an' I knowed it, an' he knowed I knowed it, it war plain to my mind I war gwine to have more trouble with him yit — onless the law should git holt ov him an' take the bizness off my hands by 'pintin' his funeral, which it warn't likely ter do, fur even ef they ketched him, they couldn't hold him no more'n an eel on ice, he war that slickery! Arter that, whensomever I war in town — which warn't oft'ner I could help — I war mighty pertic'ler ov my kumpny an' keerful ov my trail. A far fight Hardy Brunt nuver did shirk, but I knowed what to 'xpect from sich customers as him.

"Well, Captin, I see you are gettin' sleepy listnin' to my jaw; let's cut it off short an' come to the pint. Happenin' to be in Boulder agin, a little more'n a year ago, as you sed, I war going to my boardin'-house late one night, totin' some fine skins I'd bin tryin' to sell or trade off. I stepped into a place whar a big crowd ov fellers war bettin' at montey an' a game they call Fayro, in onner ove the ole Egipshun that diskivered it. As I walked up toarst one ov thar tables, jest to see how the thing war done — not ter bet any, fur I hadn't nothin' ov valyue 'bout me 'ceptin' beaver-pelts, an' one ov them 'd a kivered more keards than was 'lowable by the laws ov the game, as I hurd a chap obzurve. Well, jest as I come up,

a durned onpleasant lookin' chap settin' at the table an' bettin' mighty heavy, to jedge by the size ov his pile, gin a sort ov a jerk ov his eye at me twicest ; fust time as ef he wanted to see me, next time as ef he didn't. Leastways, he popped up onto his cheer 's ef a hornet hed got 'twixt him an' his britches, an' handed in his chips quick an' nervous like, sayin' he'd forgot somethin' an' war in a hurry. He certainly 'peared to be ; fur he didn't wait to git all his money, but crammed what the man fust give him inter his pocket an' pushed through the crowd toarst the dore. He kep' his face turned so 's I didn't git a good sight ov him arter the fust glance. Now, Captin, ef a feller leaves a room when I come in, he's got a right to, an' that 'thout answerin' enny questions ; but when he leaves a Fayro-bank an' a pile ov money behind becuse I come in, thar's a difference. I wants to know the why. I'm not by nacher a 'spicious man — in middlin' good kumpny — but I didn't more'n half like the outlook here ; so I follered the feller through the crowd an' tried to git a good look at his rascally count'nance — fur that he war a rascal I know'd by instinc'. He war too quick ; I jest ketched sight ov his coat-tail as it fluttered through the dore. I follered an' looked out ; nobody war to be seen. I looked up the street, down the street, acrost the street, an' it war a clar, moonlight night. Arter standin' an' thinkin' awhile, I sez to myself, sez I, — 'Ef I kin read sign right, that durn wolverine ar arter some deviltry.' Then I tuk a pinch ov snuff to clar my nose and my idees, (for I tuk snuff then, instid ov chawin') an' bimeby thinks I — 'I'll feel more convenyunt up at Old Chucky's anyway ; my rifle ar thar, an' I've bin 'thout it jest long enough.'

"A 'our or so arterwards I war standin' at the bar in Old Chuckaluck's bodin'-house, whar me an' my pardner Ran Cooney war stayin', talkin' ov over the thing with old Chucky, as he war called, an' waitin' fur Ran Cooney to come in an' jine us in licker ; he'd stepped inter the back yard, wouldn't be gone but a minnit or so, he sed, an' we warn't noways in a hurry, old Chucky in perticler bein' fond ov playin' with his licker, like a cat with a mouse, 'fore swallerin' ov it. The bar-room war small but convenyunt, bein' 'bout fifteen foot squar. Enterin' from the street, the counter — with old Chucky's rum fizzes — smilin' at you over the top — war on your left han'. Dreckly in front ov the bar war a side dore openin' onto a alley leadin' agin to the street. Now, while I war standin' thar, chattin' old Chucky — I standin' jest so, my rifle in my left hand an' a big pinch ov snuff 'tween the thum' an' finger ov my right hand, an' which I war jest a-gwine to snuff it, — somebody opened that side dore mighty soft an' easy like, an' peeked inter the room, but shet it agin an' walked off purty rapid. I didn't ketch sight ov his face, nuther did Chucky ; but the circumstance sot me to thinkin' agin, an' somehow — I warn't skeert, I be durned ef I war ! — but I war wishin' my pardner 'd hurry up his cakes. I began to feel in the very ar that some game war afoot, an' ef it war me, I didn't fancy the idee ov bein' treed. At this junctcher come the soun' ov horse's feet trottin' lively down the street. It stopped right in front ov Chucky's dore. The rider 'peard by the soun' to git down lezherly, an' arter he'd tied his horse I hurd — or thort I hurd — a whisper ; an' then his step comin' 'crost the pave-

ment toarst the dore. An' Cooney hadn't come. I stood jest so, the butt ov my gun restin' on the flore, an' a pinch ov snuff—the last I ever tuck—in my right hand, jest in the act ov pokin' it up my nose. At this instant the side dore opened agin. I fronted quick that way, fillin' my right ar-hole with the snuff as I turned. That war egzactly what war wanted ov me. Quick as the flirt ov a beaver's tail—'fore you could wink or think—the front dore opened an' shet, an' as I turned my head to face this new danger, (for by this time I knowed I war in danger)—thar stood that snake-eyed son ov Satan, Jack Banter! I seen he had the drop on me; that incument thar war in his hand, on a full cock—the muzzle ov it not more 'n six inches from my forred—an' cold-blooded murder war in his eye. The whole sitchuashun bust on my mind. Thar war his horse standin' ready fur immejiat flight arter he sent his ball through my head, an' heer war his 'complishes ready to help him ef need be—fur though I darsn't look away from his face, I seen outen the cornder ov my eye 'at three fellers had come in at the cussed side dore an' war gradually closin' in on me. Yes, Captin, the game had turned. This war the last deal, an' I helt nothin' agin a full hand—agin High Low Jack! I tried to ketch his eye; fur I knowed that enny scounderl unhung will weaken under the eye ov a honest man, an' I felt that war my only chance. But the murderin' wolverine war too smart fur that; he kep' his gaze fixed on my face, but never oncest looked at my eye. Oughff! it makes me feel onconveneyunt even yit to think ov the few seconds I stood thar, face to face with death. The tremblin' ov my eyelid, the quiv'rin' ov a nerve or the whitenin' ov my cheek 'd a-sealed my doom. An' now—his thin, blue lips drawn up in a grin ov hate an' murderin' malis tell his white teeth shined like a laffin' hyener—he began to talk. 'Mister Brunt,' sez he, 'I have long bin owin' you a det ov gratchude, an' hearin you war in town, I've sort you out to pay it. The identikle bullet with which you oncest favored me is now behind this pistol-barrel, an' in about ten seconds I'm a-goin' to send it through yer head—sooner, ef you move or wink yer eye.'

"While the cuss war talkin' I could see him pressin' ov his finger agin the trigger ev'ry now an' then in a mighty onpleasant way, but that warn't the wust ov it: the flambergasted snuff I had tuck begin to tickle my nose tell the water riz in my eyes an' it 'peared to me that sneeze I must, or bust. The tarnal fool seen it, an' thort I war *cryin' fur skeer!* 'Good Lord,' thinks I, 'why don't Cooney come?' 'Oho!' sez the tantlizin' devil a grinnin' in my face, 'oho! the renowned Mister Brunt begins to weaken. He is a coward. Well, time's up. Here goes—one, two,—*Katchoo! Bang!* A flash ov lightnin', a clap ov thunder—a mixed up noise ov shootin', cussin', hollerin', smashin' glass, an' blood—blood everywhar. When I come to my senses I war leanin' over the body of High Low Jack, drawin' my bowie-knife outen him an' holdin' the barrel ov my rifle in my left hand, the stock havin' bin broke off; you kin see heer now whar I had her mended. Two ov the fellers 'at come with Banter war layin' out comfortable, one dead, t'other 'most so, while Ran Cooney war tyin' the third one, the identickle chap I met at the gamblin'-place, with a piece ov rope ole Chucky found behind the

bar. Cooney had come in jest in the nick ov time to drap one ov the rascals in his tracks with a rifle-ball, an' bust t'other's head with the butt ov his gun. The man he war tyin' warn't much hurt ; he's in the pentenchry now. As fur me, I war kivered all over with blood, an' which it war still a-runnin'. Come to zamine my head, the ball from Banter's pistol, fired, it war plain, jest as I ducked my head in sneezin', had tuck me right above the edge ov the har over the forred, an' ploughed a furrer fur 'bout six inches clar down to the bone ! Heer's the mark, you kin see it yit, Captin. Well, that ar 'bout all ov the story. I picked the bullet outen the wall, whar it stuck, an' runned it agin to fit the pistol. That war the luckiest sneeze 'at ever I snoze ; but I don't take kindly to snuff sence then. I knowed I ortn't ter told you 'bout it, but you aint got the fizzleek, as you calls it, ov one ov them newspaper chaps as has made pore Buffler Bill sich a contemptorashus jackass — you aint now, ar you ? All right ; roll yerself in yer buffler an' take a snooze. I'll watch tell the moon rises."

W. H. KEMPER.

GLEANINGS FROM GEN. SHERMAN'S DESPATCHES.

THOSE thick, loosely-bound octavos, printed on soft and rather dingy paper, which Congress publishes and distributes under the name of Public Documents, are not generally considered very entertaining reading. But there are exceptions ; and one of these is the Report of the Joint Committee of Congress on the Conduct of the War. Indeed, compared with such mild pastorals as "Some Account of the Cheese Manufacture in Central New York," or "Remarks on the Cultivation of Alfalfa in Western Tennessee," it is quite luridly sensational, and in parts reminds us of those striking Reports of the Duke of Alva to his royal master, which have been disinterred in the dusty archives of Simancas.

As a study of Congressional nature, military nature, and human nature generally in its least attractive aspects, these eight stout volumes are richly worth perusal. Here the reader is allowed to peep behind the scenes of that portentous drama ; here he may see the threads of the intrigues that centred in Washington ; may hear a petty newspaper correspondent demonstrating with an animation that we can scarcely ascribe to fervid patriotism, the incapacity, the ignorance, and even

the doubtful "loyalty" of the Commander-in-chief; may see private malignity and vindictiveness putting on grand Roman airs, and whispering delators draping themselves in the toga of Brutus.

However, it is not with these aspects of the Report that we at present have to do, but with the despatches of Gen. Sherman on his march through Georgia and South Carolina. A great deal of fiction, and some verse,* we believe, have been written about this famous march or grand foray; but here we have the plain matter-of-fact statement of things as they were, and they form a luminous illustration of the advance of civilisation in the nineteenth century as exemplified in the conduct of invasions, showing how modern philanthropy and humanitarianism, while acknowledging that for the present war is a necessary evil, still strive to mitigate its horrors, and spare all avoidable suffering to non-combatants. For this purpose we have thought it worth while to reproduce a few of the most striking extracts, illustrating the man, his spirit, and his work.

A kind of key-note is sounded in the despatch to Gen. Stoneman, of May 14, which, after ordering him "to press down the valley strong," ends with the words, "Pick up whatever provisions and plunder you can."

On June 3, the question of torpedoes is discussed, and Gen. Stedman receives the following instructions: "If torpedoes are found in the possession of an enemy to our rear, you may cause them to be put on the ground and tested by wagon-loads of prisoners, or, if need be, by citizens implicated in their use. In like manner, if a torpedo is suspected on any part of the railroad, order the point to be tested by a car-load of prisoners or citizens implicated, drawn by a long rope." "Implicated" we suppose here means "residing or captured in the neighborhood."

On July 7 we have an interesting despatch to Gen. Garrard on the subject of the destruction of the factories at Roswell. "Their utter destruction is right, and meets my entire approval; and to make the matter complete, you will arrest the owners and employés and send them under guard, charged with treason, to Marietta, and I will see as to any man in America hoisting the French flag, and then devoting his labor and capital to supplying armies in open hostility to our government, and claiming the benefit of his neutral flag. Should you, under the impulse of anger, natural at contemplating such perfidy, hang the wretch, I approve the act beforehand. . . . I repeat my orders that you arrest all people, male and female, connected with those factories, no matter what the clamor, and let them foot it, under guard, to Marietta, whence I will send them by cars to the north. Destroy and make the same disposition of all mills, save small flouring mills manifestly for local use; but all saw-mills and factories dispose of effectually, and useful laborers, excused by reason of their skill as manufacturers, from conscription, are as much prisoners as if armed."

On the same day he further enlarges on this subject in a despatch to Gen. Halleck:

*One of these poems, "Marching through Georgia," we learn by the evidence, was a favorite canticle of Murray the kidnapper and butcher of captive Polynesians. The poet had certainly found one congenial reader.]

"Gen. Garrard reports to me that he is in possession of Rosswell, where were several very valuable cotton and wool factories in full operation, also paper-mills, all of which, by my order, he destroyed by fire. They had been for years engaged exclusively at work for the Confederate government; and the owner of the woollen factory displayed the French flag, but as he failed also to show the United States flag, Gen. Garrard burned it also. The main cotton factory was valued at a million of United States dollars. The cloth on hand is reserved for the use of the United States hospitals; and I have ordered Gen. Garrard to arrest for treason all owners and employes, foreign and native, and send them to Marietta, whence I will send them north. Being exempt from conscription, they are as much governed by the rules of war as if in the ranks. The women can find employment in Indiana. This whole region was devoted to manufactories, but I will destroy every one of them."

There are two points specially worth notice in this despatch. The first, that *since* these men and women, by reason of sex, or otherwise, are exempt from conscription, they are *therefore* as much subject to the rules of war as if in the ranks. Why not do less violence to logic, and state frankly that factory-hands were in demand in Indiana? The next point is that the Rosswell factories, whether French property or not, were destroyed because they were making cloth for the Confederate government, followed presently by the declaration that every manufactory in that region shall be destroyed, evidently without reference to its products or their destination. How much franker it would have been to have added to his last sentence, "and thus get rid of so many competitors to the factories of the North." The South must learn that while she may bear the burden of protective tariffs, she must not presume to share their benefits. Another despatch to Gen. Halleck, of July 9, again refers to these factories. After referring to the English and French ownership, comes this remark:—"I take it a neutral is no better than one of our own citizens, and we would not respect the property of one of our own citizens engaged in supplying a hostile army." This is the kind of logic proverbially used by the masters of legions.

A despatch to Gen. Halleck of July 13 gives Gen. Sherman's opinion of two great and philanthropic institutions. Speaking of "fellows hanging about" the army, he says, "The Sanitary and Christian Commissions are enough to eradicate all trace of Christianity from our minds."

July 14, to Gen. J. E. Smith, at Alatoona. "If you entertain a bare suspicion against any family, send it to the north. Any loafer or suspicious person seen at any time should be imprisoned and sent off. If guerillas trouble the road or wires they should be shot without mercy."

Sept. 8. To Gen. Webster, after the capture of Atlanta: "Don't let any citizens come to Atlanta; not one. I won't allow trade or manufactures of any kind, but will remove all the present population, and make Atlanta a pure military town." To Gen. Halleck he writes, "I am not willing to have Atlanta encumbered by the families of our enemies." Of this wholesale depopulation, Gen. Hood complained,

by flag of truce, as cruel and contrary to the usages of civilised nations, and customs of war, receiving this courteous and gentlemanly reply (Sept. 12)—“I think I understand the laws of civilised nations and the ‘customs of war’; but if at a loss at any time, I know where to seek for information to refresh my memory.”

Gen. Hood made the correspondence, or part of it, public, on which fact Gen. Sherman remarks to Gen. Halleck, “Of course he is welcome, for the more he arouses the indignation of the Southern masses, the bigger will be the pill of bitterness they will have to swallow.”

About the middle of September, Gen. Sherman, being still at Atlanta, endeavored to open private communication with Gov. Brown and Vice-President Stephens, whom he knew to be at variance with the Administration at Richmond on certain points of public policy. Mr. Stephens refused to reply to a verbal message, but wrote to Mr. King, the intermediary, that if the General would say that there was any prospect of their agreeing upon “terms to be submitted to the action of their respective governments,” he would, as requested, visit him at Atlanta. The motives urged by Mr. King were General Sherman’s extreme desire for peace, and to hit upon “some plan of terminating this fratricidal war without the further effusion of blood.” But in Gen. Sherman’s despatch of Sept. 17 to Mr. Lincoln, referring to these attempted negotiations, the humanitarian point of view is scarcely so prominent. He says, “It would be a magnificent stroke of policy if I could, without surrendering a foot of ground or of principle, arouse the latent enmity to Davis of Georgia.”

On Oct. 20 he writes to Gen. Thomas from Summerville, giving an idea of his plan of operations. “Out of the forces now here and at Atlanta I propose to organise an efficient army of 60,000 to 65,000 men, with which I propose to destroy Macon, Augusta, and it may be Savannah and Charleston. By this I propose to demonstrate the vulnerability of the South, and make its inhabitants feel that war and individual ruin are synonymous terms.”

Despatch of Oct. 22 to Gen. Grant. “I am now perfecting arrangements to put into Tennessee a force able to hold the line of the Tennessee, while I break up the railroad in front of Dalton, including the city of Atlanta, and push into Georgia and break up all its railroads and depots, capture its horses and negroes, make desolation everywhere; destroy the factories at Macon, Milledgeville, and Augusta; and bring up with 60,000 men on the sea-shore about Savannah or Charleston.”

To Gen. Thomas, from Kingston, Nov. 11. “Last night we burned Rome, and in two more days will burn Atlanta” (which he was then occupying.)

Dec. 5. “Blair can burn the bridges and culverts, and burn enough barns to mark the progress of his head of column.”

Dec. 18. To Gen. Grant, from near Savannah. “With Savannah in our possession, at some future time, if not now, we can punish South Carolina as she deserves, and as thousands of people in Georgia hope we will do. I do sincerely believe that the whole United States, north and south, would rejoice to have this army

turned loose on South Carolina, to devastate that State in the manner we have done in Georgia."

A little before this he announces to Secretary Stanton that he knows what the people of the South are fighting for. What, do our readers suppose? To ravage the North with sword and fire, and crush them under their heel? Surely it must be some such delusion that inspires this ferocity of hatred, unmitigated by even a word of compassion. He may speak for himself:—"Jeff Davis has succeeded perfectly in inspiring his people with the truth that liberty and government are worth fighting for." This was their unpardonable crime.

Dec. 22, to Gen. Grant. "If you can hold Lee, I could go on and smash South Carolina all to pieces."

On the 18th, Gen. Halleck writes,—“Should you capture Charleston, I hope that by *some* accident the place may be destroyed; and if a little salt should be sown upon its site, it may prevent the growth of future crops of nullification and secession.”

To this Gen. Sherman replies, Dec. 24. “This war differs from European wars in this particular—we are not only fighting hostile armies, but a hostile people; and must make old and young, rich and poor, feel the hard hand of war, as well as their organised armies.

“I will bear in mind your hint as to Charleston, and don't think ‘salt’ will be necessary. When I move, the 15th corps will be on the right of the right wing, and their position will bring them naturally into Charleston first; and if you have studied the history of that corps, you will have remarked that they generally do their work up pretty well. The truth is, the whole army is burning with an insatiable desire to wreak vengeance upon South Carolina. I almost tremble for her fate, but feel that she deserves all that seems in store for her.

“I look upon Columbia as quite as bad as Charleston, and I doubt if we shall spare the public buildings there as we did at Milledgeville.”

And now we look with interest for the despatches that would settle the vexed question as to whether Sherman, or his officers acting under his orders, burned Columbia on the 17th of February. Unfortunately, a paternal government, not thinking it good that the truth should be known, has *suppressed* all the despatches between the 16th and the 21st, and every other allusion to the transaction.

On the 23d he writes to Gen. Kilpatrick,—“Let the whole people know the war is now against them, because their armies flee before us and do not defend their country or frontier as they should. It is pretty nonsense for Wheeler and Beauregard and such vain heroes to talk of our warring against women and children. If they claim to be men they should defend their women and children and prevent us reaching their homes.”

If, therefore, an army defending their country can prevent invaders from reaching their homes and families, the latter have a right to that protection; but if the invaders can break through and reach these homes, these are justified in destroying women and children. Certainly this is a great advance on the doctrine and practice of the dark ages.

Another extraordinary moral consequence flows from this insufficiency of the defence:—"If the enemy fails to defend his country, we may rightfully appropriate what we want." Here now is a nice question of martial law or casuistry, solved with the simplicity of an ancient Roman. In other words: "When in the enemy's country, the army shall be strictly careful not to seize, capture, or appropriate to military or private uses, any property—that it can not get!" Hans Breitmann himself would have respected that general order.

"They" [the Southern people] "have lost all title to property, and can lose nothing not already forfeited." What, nothing? Not merely the houses we had built, the lands we had tilled, the churches we worshipped in—had we forfeited the right to drink of the streams, to behold the sun, to breathe the free air of heaven? What unheard-of, what inconceivable crime had we committed that thus closed every gate of mercy and compassion against us, and provoked an utterance which has but one parallel—the death-warrant signed by Philip II. against all the Netherlanders? Gen. Sherman has himself told us what it was: we had dared to act on "the truth that liberty and government are worth fighting for."

On March 15 he writes to Gen. Gillmore advising him to draw forces from Charleston and Savannah (both then in Federal hands) to destroy a railroad, etc. "As to the garrisons of those places I don't feel disposed to be over-generous, and should not hesitate to burn Savannah, Charleston and Wilmington, or either of them, if the garrisons were needed."

Such are some of the results of our gleanings in this field. Is it any wonder that after reading them, we fervently echo Gen. Sherman's devout aspiration: "I do wish the fine race of men that people our Northern States should rule and determine the future destiny of America"?

B.

PSYCHE AWAITING EROS.

THROUGH the moonlit olive boughs
The low winds stir;
And in the dusk the white swans pass
To nests, deep hid in reeds and grass,
By the still mere.

Along the ranges of low hills
A purple light
Broods in fine mists, while silver stars
Tremble athwart the airy bars
Into the night.

By yonder green tree the fauns
Pipe low and oft;
Strange footsteps rustle here and there,
And fine, sweet flutings thrill the air
In prelude soft.

(Beat low, my heart!) Do they not wait
Eros divine?
The winds of Arcady breathe low,
And the great stars are swinging slow
Unto his sign.

In night alone will Eros come,
Far and apart:
Within the night a heart of fire,
A mystery and a swift desire —
(Beat low, my heart!)

E. F. M.

REVIEWS.

Enigmas of Life. By W. R. Greg. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co.

WE have not for some time opened a book that is so active a stimulant to thought as this volume. The author, a well-known thinker and philosophical writer, now arrived at that period of life when views are widest and opinions least dogmatic, brings the maturity of his intellect and experience to bear upon those profound enigmas which perplex every thinker who meditates on the future of the Individual or of the Race, against which the radiant theories of the optimist burst like a bubble. Of these Mr. Greg does not presume to offer the solution: what he brings is his mode of reflecting upon them, an analysis of their causes and bearing, or, at most, an indication of the direction in which he believes the solution, if ever, may be found.

The first which he examines is the apparently insuperable difficulty of Humanity's reaching anything like an ideal condition. That a race should start in any condition, no matter how low, and should, in spite of all drawbacks and apparent retrogressions, gradually work its way to a higher, and towards the highest, state, would be intelligible; but the difficulty lies in the fact that the evils which baffle this advance seem not adventitious but intrinsic; seem, so far as observation can show, inseparable from the existence of humanity and the conditions of its progress; and though the theorist may demonstrate that they need not be, experience proves that they must and will exist.

The great social evils he classes under three heads: pain and disease, destitution, and vice. That is, an inability of the individual to place himself in proper relations with nature and his fellows, from (1) defect or damage of physical organisation, (2) want of external conditions, (3) impotence or misdirection of will. The first of these is dealt with by hygienic and medical authorities, now, perhaps, more skilfully than at any previous time in the world's history; and yet the inevitable draw-back follows. The advance of civilisation, while it brings a better knowledge of the laws of health, also multiplies those circumstances that vitiate health. While we are improving our knowledge of ventilation and drainage, we are crowding our workmen more and more, and increasing unhealthy occupations. Again, the improvement in medical science, while it increases the average length of life, lowers the average of health by preserving alive a population of the feeble and diseased, who under a ruder system would have succumbed early in life, but now live and propagate an unhealthy or feeble offspring. Suppose medicine had reached a point that while disease could no more be prevented or entirely eradicated than now, its *mortality* could be entirely prevented, and the feeblest valetudinary could reach the full term of years. Would not the result be that the

streets of our cities would resemble the wards of hospitals? Nay, suppose the glorious result attained that *all* idiopathic disease was curable, and the puniest child retain its frail hold on life, would not the average vigor of the race be disastrously lowered? As it is we can see that such, to some extent, has been the result.

Omitting pauperism, we pass to the social problem of crime. The tendency of modern civilisation and so-called philanthropy is to be ever tenderer and tenderer with our criminals. "Don't cut them off; don't be harsh or cruel with them; reform them; lead them back to light and virtue." A most specious cry, and yet what is the result?

"We have fostered our criminal population till it has become a flourishing established class, to be numbered, not by tens, but by hundreds of thousands. . . . The most mawkish sentimentality is suffered to prevent the infliction of the only punishments which are really dreaded by the hardened and the ruffianly, as well as those which alone could rescue and restore the incipient criminal. We will not hang the murderer, and have only lately and gingerly begun to flog the garroter and the mutilator; nor will we give adequately long terms of imprisonment to the less atrocious and confirmed class of malefactors. We persist, in spite of all warning and of all experience, in turning loose our villains on the world, time after time, as soon as a moderate term of detention has finished their education and defined their future course. All who have really studied the question feel satisfied that professional crime, and the class that habitually live by violation of the law, might be well-nigh exterminated by the perpetual seclusion of the incorrigible, and by the infliction of the special penalties which are truly deterrent. Yet still we go on from day to day, making the criminals as comfortable as we can, pitying them and petting them, when an opportunity occurs, raising an outcry against any penalties which are painful, and thinking we have done enough, and arguing as if we had done all we had a right to do, if we tie the hands of the most practised robber and ruffian for a time. All *wholesomeness* of notion in reference to this subject seems to have gone out of us, and to be replaced by sentiment at once shallow and morbid. We have been feeling toward the criminal neither as Christians, nor as statesmen, nor as philosophers, nor even as men of the world. We do not act on the reformatory, or the retributive, or the purely defensive principle, but on a feeble muddle of all three. So he lives, thrives, and multiplies, nourished in the bosom of the silly society on which he preys."

Or to turn from the negative to the positive aspects of the problem, from modes of preventing or minimising evils, to those of promoting the good of society, and leading it to a higher station, we are confronted with the problem of government. We can see that the tendency of the present age is to the prevalence of democratic ideas, and the establishment of republics. Now the democratic idea is, when plainly stated, *government by the least fitted*. It is true that theoretically it is a system by which the people choose their rulers; but experience has shown that, in the end, they will only choose those whom they believe thoroughly to represent them, and who will carry out their wishes, wise or unwise. "Now," says Mr. Greg, "as civilised and

social life grows daily more rapid and complex, and the problems with which it has to deal therefore at once vaster, more difficult, and more urgent; the largest intellects and the widest knowledge are needed to handle them and solve them; intellects the least liable to be clouded by interest or passion, and the most qualified by training and study to foresee the consequences, and detect the correlations and reciprocal operation on different classes, of each law or executive proceeding. The science of government is the most intricate and perplexing of all, demanding mental and moral qualities of a higher order than any other. Self-government, as it is not very correctly termed, is assuredly not the simplest form of rule. Yet at the very time when the influences which determine the well-being of the community are growing more numerous and involved and the problems of social life more complicated and more vast, the spread of democratic ideas and institutions is throwing the control, the management, the ultimate decision at least, of all these influences and problems, the final guidance of all administrative and legislative action, in short, into the hands of the numerical majority,—of those classes, that is, which, however their condition as to property, education, and morals may be raised, must always be the *least* educated portion of the community, the *least* endowed with political capacity, the *least* possessed of either the leisure, the characteristics, or the knowledge requisite for the functions assigned to them or assumed by them. . . . Yet, unquestionably, the tendency of events in our days, and in all civilised countries, is to take political power from the few, and confer it on the many; and in the view of Tocqueville and his disciples this tendency is absolutely irresistible. If so, what must be its operation on those who wish to look sanguinely on the prospects of humanity? For the few can not easily take back power from the many on whom they have conferred it; and history records no encouraging instances of the mass voluntarily surrendering a supremacy they have once enjoyed. Nor does our observation of democratic communities, even the most favored, do much to alter or impair the conclusion at which, *à priori*, we have arrived. The United States, France, and even Switzerland, at present, are not consoling spectacles.”

In regard to this state of things, Mr. Greg has but two suggestions to offer. One is that the increasing tendency of the masses will drive all the “possessional classes” into a defensive league—a result which, with its consequence of dividing the community into two great and avowedly hostile classes, with mutual jealousy, fear, and hate, seems to us a worse evil than that which it is suggested to remedy. The other is the idea that as the condition of the masses is improved (if it be improved) and as they are more wisely governed (if this comes to pass) they will care less and less for politics, and be willing to leave the task of government to the wiser and better informed. This, with the example of our own country before us, strikes us as chimerical.

The next great problem of which he treats is the famous thesis of Malthus, who pointed out that the two facts that the population of any country increases in a geometrical ratio, and that the means of subsistence can only increase in an arithmetical ratio, lead irresistibly to the inference that a time must come when the earth will no longer

be able to feed its population. And the progress of civilisation, while it tends to increase the latter ratio, by new processes of cultivation, reclaiming unproductive soils, etc., also by its saving and prolonging human life, tends still more swiftly to increase the former, and consequently hastens this disastrous consummation. Population in ancient times was continually checked by pestilences and famines; but who can say what its increase will be when cholera, yellow fever, and other epidemics shall have been as completely stamped out as leprosy in Europe, and when means of communication shall have made it as easy to relieve a starving Persia as to re-victual a surrendered Paris?

We must refer our readers to the book itself for the counter-considerations Mr. Greg offers: one alone we think he has not taken sufficiently into account. That is, the food supply derivable from the sea. This is at present scarcely touched. It would be an exceeding understatement of the case to say that all the fisheries of the world are to the entire product of the sea no more than the casual plucking of ears of wheat through a fence to a wheat-field that covers half a county. For when we have reminded our readers that the sea has twice the area of the land, and that it is everywhere productive of animal life, we have not begun to state the case. The land produces food only upon the surface — a plane, we may say, of a foot in thickness: the sea produces animal life (to say nothing of marine vegetation) to a depth of two miles or more — that is, on more than 10,000 such planes. Here is a supply that, if we can find means to avail ourselves of it, will put off the starvation-epoch to a future so remote that we need not be melancholy about it.

The paper headed "Non-Survival of the Fittest," is very full of interest. Mr. Greg (following Wallace and others) shows that whereas the tendency among animals and savages is continually to improve the race by the constant elimination of the weak, the imperfect, the stupid, and all who can not successfully hold their own in the struggle for subsistence, that of modern society is to *deteriorate* the race by preserving, caring for, and even favoring the propagation of, these imperfect specimens of humanity. The physical aspect of this tendency we have already glanced at; but there is also the moral aspect. Those who postpone or renounce marriage are usually of the prudent, the self-denying, and the devoted; while those who recklessly rush into it at an early age, and have a numerous progeny inheriting the defects of their parents, are the foolish, the reckless, the thriftless, whose influence will, *pro tanto*, be retroactive upon that civilisation whose provisions have made their existence possible.

Another interesting problem is treated under the head of "Human Development." The progressive improvement of the race can only result from the development of individuals; and this, to be normal and healthy, should be symmetrical in three directions: in "body, spirit, and soul," that is, in physical organisation, and in the intellectual and emotional faculties. And yet these symmetrically developed individuals are not those who promote the advance. The perfection of physical development, such as seen in some savages, or in professional athletes and acrobats, is found in connection with rudimentary or un-

developed mental and spiritual faculties. The grandest intellects usually attend either a feeble frame, or are accompanied with a cold, unspiritual, unenthusiastic temperament. Ardent spiritual natures are often frail in body, usually undeveloped in intellect. Philanthropists, to whom if to any mankind should look, one would think, for help and guidance, are, as Mr. Greg says, "generally weak, wanting in commanding talents, and even in common-sense. . . . A great portion of existing evils may be traced to benevolent interferences for their removal ; and it may be said, with little exaggeration, that in this world a large part of the business of the wise is to counteract the efforts of the good."

And yet without these imperfectly, or abnormally developed natures no great advance is made ; and in proportion as the race approaches its perfect development, will the leaders, instigators, and guides of the advance diminish in numbers.

We have not left ourselves space to touch upon his last three chapters, "The Significance of Life," "De Profundis," and "Elsewhere," in which still profounder and momentous problems are treated than in those we have reviewed ; but we shall have done enough if we have drawn our readers' interest to a work which we consider as having few if any superiors, among recent books, in depth and suggestiveness of thought, breadth of views, and the peculiar charm which springs from maturity of intellect.

W. H. B.

The Snow Man. By George Sand. Translated by Virginia Vaughan.
Boston : Roberts Brothers.

It is unnecessary to speak of the reputation of "George Sand" as an author. It is well known, and has been long brightening, gradually yet steadily, from a somewhat gusty and overcast morning to the effulgence of broad day. American readers, however, have been somewhat slower than their European brethren in recognising her obvious merits, and it may not be amiss to recall to their notice one of the finest of her romances. The plot is ingenious in construction, and reminds us of no other, unless it be of Hamlet, in the incident where Christian tries to entrap the conscience of his uncle into acknowledgment of guilt by enacting a play before him. The machinery of the plot is well managed to avoid tediousness, and contrives at once to arrest the interest and fix it to the end.

The first scene opens upon a highly picturesque old castle in the centre of a frozen lake in Sweden, in which country the principal events of the story take place. A haunted atmosphere pervades this castle, and in the management of this we note a distinguishing feature of the book. Usually, such an atmosphere is feverishly exciting to the imagination — ever too prone to its extreme indulgence, superstition — and consequently unhealthy in its effect on the mind. Such sketches as Poe's "ghoul-haunted woodland" or Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights* may serve to illustrate the effect, in the hands of some intense and dramatic writers. In those of George Sand it but adds a pleasurable thrill to the interest ; for though in a haunted castle,

we feel assured that its ghostly terrors can not live long in the powerful vitality of such sunshiny natures as those of Christian Goffrede and M. Goeffle. We are consequently only baffled slightly by a mystery whose unraveling we hopefully expect, not oppressed by something forever to be unexplained. The way in which we are stimulated rather than excited, our nerves keenly yet not painfully wrought upon by all this, is no small part of the writer's wonderful art; and the gradual unfolding of the long-hidden truth, ending in the discovery of the true Baron of Waldemera in that Figaro of fortune, Christian, is very fine. The style is picturesque and bold, all the descriptions being very effective — indeed, so much so that many are stamped in our memories like glowing paintings. One especially charming — that of the first appearance of Margaret in her fairy sleigh, by Swedish moonlight — seems to affect every reader with like vivid emotions of pleasure. The conversations are sprightly, and yet marked by an utter absence of straining for effect, so simply and naturally do they grow out of the matter in hand. The characters are distinguished by the same unconsciousness and simplicity. Christian is like no other hero that we can recall in the whole realm of fiction. Born a Swede, educated in Italy, a wanderer in France and Germany — he unites the grace and versatility of the South to the hardy vigor, the power of endurance and inflexible will of the North. He accommodates himself to the vicissitudes of fortune with the *insouciance* of Beaumarchais' Figaro, and extracts the sweet uses of adversity with the happy spirit, almost with the glee of a child. Yet beneath this light and cheerful surface lurks a fund of indomitable pride and resolve, exalted to greatness by the purifying influences of a feeling heart and sensitive conscience. Fond of gaiety and luxury, this power enables him voluntarily to accept privation and endure it with courage. Determined to share the indefatigable toils and ill-paid labors of the devotees of science, having had his thoughts turned in their direction by one of the strange accidents of life that made him an exile from the country of his adoption, he sets out on his solitary wanderings. He has discovered through a curious incident that he can exhibit marionettes, or puppets, successfully, and that this will afford him at once means of existence and time to devote to the grave studies he purposes. The stage he carries about is also an effectual disguise; and former aristocratic prejudices are perhaps not quite dead within him, although his deference to them shakes not a whit his resolve. In alternate exhibitions and studies he wanders back to his native country. The fact of its being so is however unknown to him. Providence — for so he considers what men too frequently call "chance," — brings him to the very inheritance of which he had been fraudulently despoiled by his villainous uncle, "the Snow Man," and by a chain of suspicious circumstances, artfully enough linked together, reveals to him the truth.

In all these circumstances his conduct interests and attracts us more and more. Such a mixture of fire and coolness, straightforward truthfulness and subtle tact, tender-heartedness and stern resolve to punish, may perhaps adorn the pages of fiction elsewhere, but we cannot recall any other character in which these diverse elements are so

ingeniously and naturally wrought together. One lays down the book with the conviction of being defrauded in not having had the pleasure of the hero's personal acquaintance; for that just such a person lived we feel convinced. M. Goeffle, the lawyer, is just a degree or two less attractive in his way, but this is saying much for him. Margaret, the heroine, depicted with most delicate and dainty touches, is yet a "creature not too good for human nature's daily food." She reminds us of Miranda in her childish innocence, and of Imogen in her faithful devotion and fearlessness in encountering peril for the one beloved. The aunt, a cold, scheming female politician, only assailable through vanity; Olga, the frivolous and world-spoiled young Russian; Karine, the seeress, who recalls to us Norna in *The Pirate*, and yet is very unlike her, being far more gentle and feminine—make a pleasing variety among the female characters. The description of the Swedish feasts and festivities, the fine philosophical distinctions as to their resemblances and contrasts with those of other nations, the conversations abounding in wit and fancy, are all deserving of full and intelligent appreciation. The drawing of the "Snow Man," which gives the book its title, is perhaps the only thing that gives an air of unrealism to the plot. He is so much the wicked Baron of the fairy tale; the scientific horror of the black diamond—his crystalised dead wife—is such a monstrous improbability, that it hardly suits the vraisemblance of all the rest. Yet the strongest effects of the book would be weakened without him, and his name, given him on account of his pallid complexion and icy heart, which seems ill to suit his black iniquities, is so connected in the mind with the purity of the Dalecarlian landscape, that it seems derisively to mark him out in darker contrast to its dazzling whiteness.

The winding up of the narrative is well adapted to leave us in that agreeable state of satisfaction in which we pursued its thread. There is no stage effect of seeing all the characters with joined hands smirk happily at us before the curtain falls. The denouement is plainly enough indicated, and yet not stupidly forced upon us. Justice is satisfied, the future of the Waldemera estates under their new and rightful Baron hinted at. "The rest is silence," and so best for the imagination.

L. W. B.

Clifford Troup. By Maria Jourdan Westmoreland. New York: Carleton & Co. 1873.

WERE we to give our readers to suppose that we have read this book in the conscientious way in which we usually proceed, we should be guilty of a suppression of the truth: we have read as much of it, consecutively, as we could possibly bring ourselves to read, and have glanced through the remainder to make sure that what we have read was a fair sample of the whole. If any of our readers have more patience and dogged perseverance than we, and can get through the whole, we congratulate them; though that a human creature can be found who will voluntarily achieve a task so dismally unremunerative, seems to us scarcely credible.

It is one of the minor misfortunes of our people, that persons without

even the first qualification for literary work — and by first qualification we do not mean originality of thought, delicacy of taste, faculty of observation, power of expression, all of which are quite out of question here, but a decent knowledge of some one language in which to write — will insist upon obtruding themselves on the public as authors, charged with a mission to instruct, to delight, to exhort or to reprove. It is one of the greater misfortunes that reviewers and the public will make a prodigious cackling over every wind-egg thus produced, as if, whether for good or evil, its contents were of importance to mankind. The only way to deal with such abortions is to drop them into the gulf of silence, with the unuttered hope that at some time or other the author may have grace to be thankful for the charity of oblivion.

If the author of *Clifford Troup* has intelligent and candid friends, the greatest kindness they can do her will be to advise her to renounce literary ambition, and abandon all attempts in a calling for which she seems to have no natural and no acquired qualification. If she feels called upon to guide mankind in the paths of virtue and honor, she can do it — and we assume does it — much better by setting a bright domestic example, than by any number of pages laden with precepts or eulogies of maidenly purity, matronly honor, or conjugal tenderness and fidelity.

W. H. B.

The Hemlock Swamp. By Elsie Leigh Whittlesey. Philadelphia : Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1873.

If this book were the production of a young writer, we should be disposed to speak of it as promising, rather than exhibiting, talent. There is fluency in the narrative, there are occasional touches of nature, and some quite effective bits of description, which, under the circumstances mentioned, we should look upon as indicating powers to be developed, as to the discerning eye the form and hues of the butterfly are to be detected in the caterpillar.

But from the string of works placed after the author's name on the title-page, we must conclude that — unless she be a miracle of precocious productiveness — she has already reached the development of her powers, and will probably produce nothing very greatly better than the book before us.

There are two children, Eveleen and Archie, whose young life is made wretched by a crafty and overbearing step-mother. Archie finally runs away, and, except for one thrilling moment, appears no more in the story. Simon, a brother of the obnoxious step-mother, and a kind of mitigated Uriah Heep, makes love to Eveleen — ineffectually, of course. The murder of a person who has nothing to do with the story, is most violently and unnecessarily drawn in. Eveleen leaves her home and goes to live with an aunt in the South, and the first part of the story comes to an end. The rest of the book seems to have been made up of sketches of persons the author has — or has not — met, at the Springs and elsewhere, rather clumsily tacked on to the main narrative with a thread of absurd improbabilities.

It is a book of which the best that can be said is that the feeling in it is good and generous ; and the worst, that the time spent in read-

ing it is almost utterly wasted. But the gravest fault of harmless books of this class, is that they unfit the mind for the enjoyment and intelligent appreciation of really first-rate works, and, like a continued diet of thin gruel, so relax the mental fibre that the digestion and assimilation of really nourishing food are no longer possible.

W. H. B.

The Greatest Plague of Life, or the Adventures of a Lady in Search of a Good Servant. By One who has been almost Worried to Death.
Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

IT no doubt betokens disgraceful ignorance on our part that we do not know the author of this work; but such, we regret to say, is the case. We ought to know it, for certainly a more entertaining book of the kind has rarely been published. The writer in his minute description of manners, character, tricks of action and speech, shows an observation and sense of humor quite worthy of Dickens. The faults of the master and mistress, as well as of the servants, are shown; and a sound moral purpose underlies all the wit and drollery. Although the household is English, the various types of "aggravation" are not unknown in American domestic circles; and now that the "Servant question" has become a more formidable problem here than elsewhere in the world, we should think that multitudes could be found, who, if they did not reap profitable instruction from the book, would at least find some comfort in seeing their annoyances so graphically and amusingly described.

Man-Woman; or the Temple, the Hearth, and the Street. From "L'Homme Femme" of A. Dumas, Fils. Translated by George Vandenhoff. (No Publisher.) 1873.

WHAT shall we say of this rather remarkable book? It certainly contains things which require considerable audacity to say, and things which had, in our opinion, much better be left unsaid. There is a certain moral shock felt when one finds matters which the general sense of civilised mankind has always agreed to leave unspoken, or only mentioned in a veiled manner, treated of openly in a book meant for the public. We can see no good likely to come from such discussions.

But we would not be unjust. This book is in no sense written with the intent of pandering to vicious tastes, nor has it about it any of the disgusting prurient sentimentality which taints the well-known works of Michelet. The author is grave, earnest, sincere. His aims are certainly moral; though we must doubt whether he has hit the right way of promoting them.

M. Dumas the Younger, taking for his starting-point a rather celebrated trial of one Dubourg for wife-murder, which led to considerable discussion through the press as to how far unfaithfulness on the part of a wife excused her husband for killing her,—gives us here a treatise on love and marriage, with his peculiar views concerning them. Bad marriages and good marriages are discussed; the faults of hus-

bands, the faults of wives, and of the unmarried of either sex, have judgment passed upon them. For the evils which result from bad marriages when these evils are extreme, he would provide a remedy by divorce *a vinculo*, not known, we believe, to the French code. How he would limit this freedom of divorce, to prevent its becoming the shame and scandal it is in some parts of this country, he has not told us.

The author's queer hypothesis, announced with the utmost gravity, that the children of Cain were creatures bearing the human form, but without a soul, that their descendants were and are still an important part of the human race, and that the Cainites had quite obtained the domination of the earth when the Saviour came to restore the descendants of Eve by Christianity,—is the most fantastical thing in the book, and all the more fantastical that it is argued with a profound conviction, and almost religious solemnity.

On the whole we can not but think it would have been as well if the author had preserved this treatise in manuscript for the instruction of that son to whom he offers some very grave, and in part sound counsel at the end, and whom he tells us he has *not*.

W. H. B.

THE GREEN TABLE.

THE Honorable Caleb Cushing is once more at the footlights. Not content with having aided in placing his country before the Geneva Tribunal, in a position which made every right-minded American blush for shame, he must needs write a book, to prevent himself and the disgrace of it all from being forgotten by the world. The work is called "The Treaty of Washington, its Negotiation, Execution, and the Discussions relating thereto," but its main and obvious purpose is to afford the author an opportunity of vilifying Sir Alexander Cockburn, the Lord Chief-Justice of England, who was the arbitrator on behalf of his country. Mr. Cushing assails the Chief Justice in every conceivable way—depreciates his intellect, scolds at his temper, caricatures his manners and behavior, quarrels with his stomach, impugns his motives and integrity, sneers at his law and learning, says unpleasant things generally about him and his uncle, and twaddles painfully about the rest of the Cockburn family. In fact, nothing is left unsaid that could be expected, in such a connection, from the breeding of a gentleman whose sense of decency did not shrink from asserting the claim for "indirect damages." We shall probably take occasion to notice the book in more detail hereafter. Our present purpose is only to say a few words, which we think ought to be said, contemporaneously with, and to explain the appearance of so disreputable a production.

Those who know anything of the public men of England, do not require to be told that Sir Alexander Cockburn ranks high among the able and vigorous lawyers who have occupied the chief seat upon the Queen's Bench. His reputation as a forensic and parliamentary orator was unusually brilliant, and his promotion to his high office was universally regarded as fairly and honorably won. His selection as arbitrator at Geneva on the part of Great Britain, is the best evidence that could be given of the estimation in which he is held at home; and the dissenting opinion which he filed, when the award was rendered, is a monument of learning, labor, intellectual sturdiness, and force. It would be difficult to find in any paper of like character a wider scope of thought, a more accurate and thorough familiarity with principles and their application, or a more remarkable and versatile capacity for dealing with questions of law and fact. To compare with it, in these particulars, any of the statements or arguments of the other members of the Tribunal, justly distinguished as they are, is entirely out of the question. As to the correctness of the conclusions reached by the British arbitrator, there are, of course, differences of opinion. He had to meet the difficulty created by the Treaty of Washington, in which his Government absurdly conceded, for the purposes of arbitration, the existence of certain controverted neutral obligations, and thereby furnished a test of neutral good faith and diligence, not recognised, nor really existing, at the time of the events which were to be judged. Whether he succeeded, notwithstanding this, in maintaining his positions, may be disputed, but there can be no honest dispute as to the consummate ability which distinguished his presentation of the subject. Nor can there be any candid doubt of the manliness and impartiality with which he formed and expressed his opinions, for his award was adverse to the pretensions of his country in many and most important particulars, involving deeply the national sensibility and pride. Any pooh-poohing, by Mr. Cushing, of such a man and such an argument is therefore simply ridiculous.

There is one point, however, and only one, so far as we have heard, upon which the Lord Chief-Justice is said to be vulnerable. If gossip and rumor are to be believed, he has not selected as the model of his private morality, the patriarch whose coat of many colors has so long been the pride and treasure of Mr. Cushing's political wardrobe. Some frailties of Sir Alexander are reputed to have been the only obstacles in his way to the Woolsack, and to these is commonly attributed the fact, which Mr. Cushing so mysteriously alludes to, of his not having been raised to the peerage. Whether such irregularities of life, if truly reported, are properly the subject of allusion, no matter how remote, in connection with the Treaty of Washington and the Geneva Arbitration, and especially on the part of a gentleman who bore the public relation of Mr. Cushing to them both, we shall not stop to consider. We congratulate ourselves and the country heartily, that they were not set forth at length in the "American case," where they might have appeared quite as creditably as many other things which are found in that wonderful legal paper. The *tu quoque* is not a very forcible argument, but, if it were, and the countrymen of the Chief Justice were disposed to apply it, they might possibly be satisfied with saying, on the authority of the "Biglow Papers," as far back as the war with Mexico, that—

"Caleb haint no monopoly to court the seenoreetas."

For such a book as we have described, it is impossible to suggest a reputable motive, but those who have read the dissenting opinion of Sir Alexander Cockburn will find no difficulty in comprehending the *animus* of Mr. Cushing. The learned judge is remarkable, among other things, for the force and directness of his expressions. He is as far as possible from euphemism. If he thinks that an argument is dishonest and pettifogging, or that a state-

ment is false, he is not apt to be circumlocutory in his mode of saying so. He has the admirable habit, so universal with English judges (and unfortunately so rare with ours) of treating bombast and flourish with contempt, and refusing to make terms with Bunkum and nonsense. For the first time in his life, he was brought face to face with elaborate and exaggerated demagogism in the shape of a legal argument. The "American case" was the concentration of all that stump oratory and loyal fury had been able to conceive or invent to beard the British lion. It was grossly offensive in its forms, wretched in taste, absurd in its pretensions, and stuffed with all manner of falsehood, vituperation and spread-eagleism. Those who have not read it may judge of it by the single fact that it gravely referred, for historical data, to "McPherson's History of the Rebellion"! It was repudiated, as we know, by the whole intelligence and integrity of the country, and the discredit of presenting it has very far outweighed the millions secured by the award. When Sir Alexander Cockburn came to deal with some of its astounding propositions and assertions, his observations were naturally not complimentary. In one place he says:

"Sitting on this Tribunal as, in some sense, the representative of Great Britain, I cannot allow these statements to go forth to the world, without giving them the most positive and unqualified contradiction. . . . But it is not only that these observations are ungenerous and unjust. There is, in this extraordinary series of propositions, the most singular confusion of ideas, misrepresentation of facts, and ignorance both of law and history, which were perhaps ever crowded into the same space; and for my part, I cannot help expressing my sense, not only of the gross injustice done to my country, but also of the affront offered to this Tribunal, by such an attempt to practise on our supposed credulity or ignorance."

Again, he says:—

"While I see how likely statements of this sort are to produce an effect on the minds of persons not familiar with the constitutional law of Great Britain, I am at a loss to understand how Counsel, familiar with English law, can take upon themselves to make them."

Strong as is this language, it is within the limits of strictest moderation, in view of the unmannerly clap-trap to which it is applied. We should be glad, if space permitted, to insert at length, with other passages, the burst of manly indignation with which the Chief Justice repels the application to Great Britain of the slavish doctrine of the *Whittings and Binneys and Parkers*, that the Executive, in time of war, may suspend the Habeas Corpus at his pleasure. He peremptorily denies that the Royal Prerogative has any such despotic sweep, and pronounces the assertion to the contrary by the counsel of the United States as "equally unfounded and surprising, whether looked at in an historical or a legal point of view." It astounds him the more, he says, in his innocence, "coming from the quarter from which it proceeds—the Government of a great Republic—where all Executive power, I should have imagined, was clearly defined by law, and exercised in subordination to it."

Mr. Cushing is not thin-skinned. He has been too long at Washington, and has gone too often through the hardening process of serving new masters, to have much trouble with his nerves of sensibility. Nor can he have any very great or sincere solicitude about his reputation as a lawyer, having long since adopted his motto from Dr. Donne—that

—"with the sworded Switzer, he can say,
The best of causes is the best of pay."

A learned publicist who was not ashamed to write an opinion, in the Trent case, to establish the legality of the capture of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, cannot be readily put out by trifles. A patriot, who could pass through

Maryland in April 1861, with loud and open expression of Southern principles and sympathies, and yet make a speech in Boston against "the Rebellion" within perhaps a fortnight, is certainly not the prey of a morbid self-respect. Nevertheless Mr. Cushing has perceptions, if he has not sensibilities. He may not care about being wrong, but he finds it inconvenient to be exposed. He might not have minded criticism — no matter how just and able — from an humbler hand; but to be historically pilloried, as an ignoramus or a trickster, by the Chief Justice of England, is disadvantageous — and hence these tears!

A RECENT act of munificence, by a citizen of Baltimore, is of such unusual liberality, and of so large-minded a character, as to demand more than local recognition. Mr. Johns Hopkins, who for a long series of years has stood at the head of the mercantile interests of this city, has recently deeded to a body of trustees nominated by him for the purpose, a tract of thirteen acres within the city limits, and valued at two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, upon which is to be erected a free hospital, to bear the name of its founder, who endows it with two millions of dollars. For the guidance of the trustees in the administration of this valuable trust, the donor has written them a letter of instructions which shows him to be a man of the most enlightened views, and will make his noble charity rank among the most distinguished of modern times. The building committee are to make a tour of observation through the United States and Europe, so that the buildings shall in all respects be equal to any in the world. A separate building is to be devoted to negroes; the grounds are to be handsomely adorned; the attendance of the very best medical advisers is to be secured; a training school for nurses is to be attached — a provision of inestimable value; a country place with a pleasant sanitarium for the use of convalescent patients form part of the scheme; and the whole, though freed from sectarian control, is by the express wish of the founder to be under Christian influences. When this magnificent project is realised, it is to become part of a still grander scheme and to form a portion of the medical department of the Hopkins University, for which Mr. Hopkins has set apart his country-seat, one of the handsomest in the United States, and an additional sum of several millions. We know of no *single* act of recorded charity that equals this; and if the large conception of Mr. Hopkins is fully carried out by those to whom he has confided this delicate trust, he will have left a monument that will survive him for ages to come, and confer inestimable and lasting benefits upon the successive generations of his fellow-citizens. We trust such a noble example will stimulate wealthy men here and everywhere to like deeds of Christian philanthropy.

WHILE on the subject of universities, an extract relating to this subject, from the letter of Professor Henry to the Committee of the Tyndall banquet at New York, may be of interest. "Three things," he says, "are essential to a well-constituted college or university: 1. An unencumbered, free endowment, which shall liberally provide for the support of the faculty, and defray all the expenses of the operations of the establishment; 2. A faculty consisting of men of profound learning and powers of original thought and fluent expression; and, 3. A full supply of all objects and implements of instruction and research. . . . The faculty should be men of intrinsic worth, chosen, not on account of influential connections, social position, denominational predilections, nor for any vague popular reputation, but, especially in the line of science, from having given evidence of their power in the way of original research. A man of this class must be possessed of enthusiasm, which in a measure he can scarcely fail to impart to his pupils. The latter, by a reflex action, will stimulate the teacher to new efforts. Furthermore, the reputation of the teacher is shared by his pupils; and to have sat under

the instruction of a Cuvier, a Laplace, a Faraday, or a Herschel, is no small recommendation. It is to the men of which the faculties of the German universities are composed, that those establishments owe their reputation, and *they* are the attraction which draws pupils from every part of the world to these centres of high intelligence. But men of this character 'are *not made*,' but, like poets, '*born*.' Profound learning is not sufficient: however versed a man be in the knowledge of others, he is not of the first order unless he be endowed with the peculiar mental powers which enable him to originate new truths. When such men are found — and they exist in every community in a certain, perhaps small ratio, they should be consecrated to the advancement and diffusion of knowledge. They should be secured by our colleges and universities, and all the facilities given them for original investigation. They should be relieved from the drudgery of drilling in the elementary branches, and be assisted by tutors in the general instruction, being themselves only called upon to give a limited number of lectures on the general principles of the branch of knowledge under their care. Again, no college or university is properly equipped that is not furnished with a complete series of the objects and implements of instruction and research. . . . In reference to original research, as well as to higher instruction in science, besides apparatus of illustration, instruments of *precision* are required, without which the power of the investigator, however gifted, must be greatly limited."

Most of the higher institutions in this country, and the great universities in England, are now meditating very liberal reforms in their systems, in order to bring themselves up to the standard demanded by the increasing requirements of the age; and it is to be hoped that the new university will be in the van of every movement toward the elevation of the science of education.

TALLEYRAND, in one of his letters, speaks of Republican France as "a Republic composed of 30 millions of corrupted souls." In reading the horrible revelations of the Credit Mobilier, we have thought that we might apply his description to our own government, by simply raising the numbers from thirty millions to forty. Name after name, of men the most exalted in office, and the most famous in the contemporary history of the North, has been dragged through this loathsome mire of detected villainy, and the owners of them exposed before the world as the bribed retainers of a joint-stock swindle. As for these vile men themselves, we know, indeed, that it was on account of their malignant hatred to us that they were placed by the infatuation of the Northern people in those positions that they have so shamefully abused. Over their fall, therefore, the South will not even affect to grieve, but will rather rejoice in seeing their infamy exposed. Yet, since we share in the national name that they have degraded, and have to bear more than our share of the burdens that their corruption has laid on the government, we cannot help a feeling of shame and indignation at these hideous disclosures. History offers no parallel to the low knavery of these high officials, who, in snatching greedily at the bribes that were to control their official actions, seemed to have retained only so much of their feeling of shame as led them to hide their venality by their reckless lying. In reading of them, their greed and their insolence, we are reminded of what every traveller well remembers, those thievish officers of the custom-house that in the worst days of the old Italian States held out their dirty hands not so much to ask as to demand their bribe. The American, who, with half a blush at his own share in the transaction, used to hand over to those shabby rogues the wages of their iniquity, has of late years blushed more deeply to find, on his return to his own country, that these corruptions had migrated from Rome and Civita Vecchia to New York and Boston. Now we are forced to see that Vice-Presidents and Senators have the same base disease

of itching palms : that, from the lowest to the highest, the despotism of the mob, tempered by the bribery of the mob-leader, is the accepted government of our country. For it is not so much in what is disclosed by the accident of a thieves' quarrel, as in what lurks undisclosed in the whole system that the signs of the evil lie. These men, who have sold themselves for a bribe in the Senate, have reached the Senate, as has been shown in Kansas and in South Carolina, by buying up with bribes whole Legislatures, and, as in the house that Jack built, the men that thus earned their bribes in the Legislature have in their turn bought the right of getting bribes by bribing at the ballot-box. When there is no remedy, complaint is useless, and an honest man's duty is to look with hope to the coming end. It is, therefore, very natural that in New England, where they know most about such matters, the Millerites are again preaching lustily the end of the world in 1873. If it come, however, it can scarcely be the millennium ; and the people of Vermont, instead of preparing ascension robes, as they are said to be doing, should hasten to equip themselves, like Sam Patch, for a plunge into the abyss.

A LETTER from Copenhagen, lately given by the *Nordisk Folkeblad*, has the following news about the health of Hans Andersen :—

"On the 8th of December, the rumor got abroad in the city that Andersen was dead. It turned out, however, that on the contrary he was rallying from a dangerous attack. Of this the cause is said to be an affection of the liver. During this illness, the warm personal love that the poet has won, as well by his noble character as by his writings, in an enormously wide circle of friends, displayed itself in many proofs of heartfelt sympathy. He has for many days been receiving, one after another, in his sick chamber, the visits of his friends in the literary, artistic, and fashionable world ; and, before his little house in the *Nyhavn*, a long line of equipages is constantly to be seen. For every one has wished to see the face of his old friend, now in his 67th year, and to bear him in person words of sympathy or some stronger token of affection. Andersen has been, as was to be foreseen, deeply touched by all these tokens of the love with which the masses of his countrymen have honored him. Thus, although he was much exhausted by these visits, he was not willing to deny himself to any ; but at last his doctors interfered, and now they suffer him to see no one outside of his little circle of household intimates. Yet, in spite of his sickness, he has been able to compose a beautiful little poem, called the 'Flood-tides,' that will soon be published, along with pieces from our other poets, in a little volume for the benefit of the sufferers by the flood. Her Majesty the Queen has written to Andersen to express her warm thanks, and to-day the Crown-Prince has been with him on a friendly visit."

Many, in thinking of the pure delights that this glorious old man has brought into half the households of Christendom, will be glad to join in the proposed trip of Dr. Livingston's little daughter. She says that when her papa comes home from Africa, she is going to beg him to take her to Denmark to see Hans Andersen.

THE
SOUTHERN MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1873.

JASMIN, THE TROUBADOUR.

ON the right bank of the Garonne, seventy-three miles southeast of Bordeaux, stands the little town of Agen, for a long time noted for being the entrepôt of trade between Bordeaux and Toulouse. Its prefecture, seminary, public library of fifteen thousand volumes, and churches, were not more remarkable than those of other provincial towns that basked in the warmth and cherished the reminiscences of Southern France. Nor did its manufacture of serge, cotton prints, starch, leather, and sail-cloth suffice to bring upon it greater repute than its Gascon sisters enjoyed as centres of thriving commercial interests — active little bourgeois towns that worked bare-footed all the week and came out on Sunday in sabots and ribbons to spend the afternoons in dancing and wine-tipping. It dwelt in the shadow of its rocks, secluded from the world, apart from the passions of the metropolis, sipping its *vin blanc* and eating its rye-bread in peace, caring nothing for the wayfarer who recounted the wonders of the capital; in love with its own remoteness, living the life and dying the death which Monsieur le Curé registered in the parochial record, when it was ushered in, and dismissed with the crucifix and the unction, when it was ushered out. Nobody thought specially that it would ever be sprinkled with the golden dust that flies behind the chariot of a poet; for though it boasted of the residence of one great scholar in the sixteenth century, and the birth of another, and the church of Notre-Dame de Bon-Encontre in its neighborhood was famous for its legend, its miracles, and the pilgrimages that were made to it in the month of May, these circumstances

were not enough to bridge over two hundred years of insignificance and make it one of the shining lights of the Hautes-Pyrénées. It was of course proud of the people who had lived in it, of the scholars whose arrogance and rancor, whose learning and boastfulness had been the talk of their century ; but it seemed loth to lay claim to a dignity beyond what the accidents of fortune had conferred upon it, and to assert its importance by the production of a great writer — a singer that should warble of its trim poplars and pretty vineyards, a historian that should recall the glory of having once seen there a page of the Emperor Maximilian, a scion of the Princes of Verona, a famous knower of antique physical science — in a word, the commentator on Theophrastus and Aristotle, the author of the first philosophical treatise on the Latin language, the immortal Scaliger. But perhaps the staid capital of the department of Lot-et-Garonne felt in its heart of hearts that the time was coming, that it could afford to wait for the years to break the silence and tell the world of its existence in notes as rich as those that awakening summer sends from the throat of the thrush — in notes that should be at once a tongue and a lyre, a thing that talked and trilled, wherein dwelt fire from heaven, through which a whole segment of the national life should reappear wrapped in the mantle of the old troubadours — only a mantle that had gone with them to the skies and for thirteen generations been lost to the human race. So it is that there is a moment for silence and a moment for speech with all of us. Long silence is indeed the signal for a more delightful break, for according to the adage it has become golden. How much honey can gather in the human mind in four hundred years, through four hundred springs, when four hundred suns have rolled over, and four hundred summers have garnered the sheaves, colored the poppies, winnowed the corn-flowers and ripened the juices of a national tendency ! When this tendency is poetic, what a fulness is apt to gather, chafed by long reticence as by a nettle, all the more luxurious for long continence, all the more irrepressible when the flood-gates are once opened ! Then the slightest occasion evokes a strain of music ; the whole man buds and blossoms like the rod of Aaron ; the simple meeting of a nymph, a faun, and Silenus, as in the sixth Eclogue of Vergil, becomes the motive for lovely and wonderful singing of the most lovable of ancient philosophies. All the back years are warbled into consciousness again ; all the dormant recollections have their ears plucked like Tityrus, and break forth into praise and thanksgiving ; every forgotten thing rejoices in being remembered again ; all the past breaks like long lines of sea on the beach over the mind and the artistic perceptions of the poet. The very stones that such lucky mortals throw backward grow like Pyrrha's into men and women, and become the source of a world-allegory or a graceful fable. Whatever has imbedded itself in consciousness turns at the first stroke of this sunlight upward toward expression, lifting its head into the light for the crown or the commemoration of the poet. Whatever lay on the book-shelves of human emotion covered with dust or spoiling with neglect, is brought forth and bathed in those beneficent instincts that have given the world so much solace in the works of genius. The glee of him

who has thus been made the mouthpiece of many mute generations is prone to run into extravagance, into enthusiasm, into ardent lyric form, into whatever gives eloquent and laconic expression to emotion, seldom into prose with its colorless periods.

The South of France has always been the home of poetry. The æsthetic invalid of our day seeks its healthfulness as the most genial prescription for his world-worn body ; but there was a time when whatever of culture Europe had, be it crowned head, knight-errant or savant, looked to Languedoc for literary sustenance as we look to the presses of London and Leipzig. There in a corner seemed gathered all the sweetness that had survived the Roman Empire — a nest of singing-birds that had escaped from the palaces of the Cæsars, and for three centuries dwelt among the lemon-groves and the vineyards of Provence. It was there, in a second Italy, that were preserved the precious relics of Latin civilisation ; and the recollections of the Latin past seemed to maintain themselves longest in the popular language, customs and associations. While the Scalds were filling the language and literature of upper France with the myths of the far North, and the sword of the Moslem was cutting its way through the Iberian peninsula, scattering broadcast the legends of the Koran and the Khalifs, this sunny southeastern nook of France was preparing itself for the lovers of the *Gaie Science*, who in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries filled Europe with their gallantries, their chivalrous manners, their refinement and their literary activity. It was an afterglow of old Rome in the days when Vergil brooded over Theocritus and Horace lived with perpetual eyes on the isles of Greece. It was a strangely modern revival of the olden time too, for the Crusades were at hand, and the rich shadows of the Christian system had fallen athwart the shadowless demesne of the pagan world. There is disturbance, fermentation, outcry : unconscious art is no more ; it is the beginning of the long chain of forces that culminated in Goethe's *Iphigenie* as distinguished from the genuine antique ; the commencement of the sphere of retrospective and yet creative art. The old mythology had fled and given place to another in which heathen gods and goddesses found themselves metamorphosed into Christian Madonnas and saints, in which Plato's dream of the just man who died in expiation was absolutely realised, in which the speculations of Socrates were surpassed by the most beautiful of ethical systems, and the statue of Jupiter was transformed by the kisses of thousands into the similitude of a Christian martyr.

Perhaps no country has ever been more favored by circumstances than this division of France. It lay with its face toward the Mediterranean, at the very threshold of all the cultivated nations that have given to our world its most glorious heritage : the Greeks had transferred thither in the earliest times much of their beauty and enterprise ; it had been traversed by the continual Roman armies that left behind them a taste for the poets and the masters of the literature which they represented ; the Goths from the North settled there for two hundred years, and imprinted upon the language something of the chastity and strength that were native to them ; finally the Arab gave the finishing touch to its manifold combinations, and until expelled by Charles

Martel in 725, distributed over Burgundy, Dauphiny, Gascony and Languedoc the riches of his imagination, his religion and his philosophy. From all this complex action and reaction, from the clashing of these hostile and yet harmonious forces, resulted that Queen of the Dark Ages, the wonderful little kingdom of Provence, the very name of whose people was between 1090 and 1290 the synonym for poet, for poetry, for all which was dear to the heart of man in its moments of gallantry, love and adventure. Its geographical boundaries were the sea, the Rhone, the Alps and the Var; its spiritual boundaries were not measured by parallels of latitude. The very time of the mediæval period was, so to speak, calculated upon the meridian of Aix, its capital, for we find the German imitators of Provençal song celebrating in their *Minnesongs* the French spring-month April instead of their own, which was May. No Anglo-Norman, Teutonic or Spanish troubadour dared depart from the established usages of those amiable sonneteers, who addressed a hymn to the moon or to Blanchefleur, to the Virgin or to a flower, with equal ease, grace and point. Its arms coil all about the feudal times like the serpent of Laocoön, not in deadly but in genial compression, exercising the gentlest of tyrannies, — a force that was persuasive, that stirred men up to noble deeds, that sang and died with the pilgrim-kings before the Holy Sepulchre, that cheered the captivity of monarchs, that filled the whole country south of the Loire with bright and busy throngs who to the sound of lute, harp and viol contended in poetic tourneys and carried on lance or shield the love-favors of their dames. It was almost inconceivable how this great tide, drawn by some unseen moon, rose to the brink, brimmed over, flooded the civilised world, and then mysteriously crept off — drew in its floods, sank downward into the earth, and left it utterly, to the point of being entirely forgotten from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century. It was the fable of Luna and Endymion — the kiss, the ambrosial presence, the light, then flight, abandonment, darkness. In our day nobody knows anything of Provençal literature except it swell upward in a mysteriously sweet chord of Petrarch, in an echo from the poems of Dante. These great geniuses did not disdain to interweave with their writings the Easter-daisy and the dark-leaved olive of Provence. Through the *canzone* and the *Divina Commedia* Provençal influence steals like a sinuous river, now sinking out of sight, now re-appearing as a thread of silver. There was more than one ray of it in the great radiance which the poet and his conductor saw from afar, and which turned out to be the face of Beatrice. The sudden silence after so much tumult, the quiet that fell over France after the pastorals and the war-songs, the *tensons* and the *chansons de geste*, the *jeu-parti* and the *cour d'amour* of the troubadours, was like the spell that a snake casts over an aviary. There was a hush all the more painful from the musical babble that had preceded it — gray sand-bars after the tides had gone out — a period of widowhood in forlorn contrast with the brightness and the cheer, the gaiety and the abundance of the pristine minstrelsy. Aix and Arles, Romanin and the others, from capitals whose wealth and influence assembled a hundred contending talents to their jousts and tournaments, dwindled into haunts of rural nobility. Provence lost

its antique savor ; its language, which had stood midway between the Latin and the French, and was a written language when Middle High German and French were little above barbarous dialects, lost its hold and sank into a *patois*, while the beautiful literature it had produced lay in obscure libraries and waited till the times and the eyes of Raynouard and Diez, Bartsch and Meyer for interpretation. The hour came when the tongue that had been the delight of Thibaud de Champagne and Alphonse of Spain, of Limousin troubadour and fair châtelaine, decayed to a peasant's jargon and became an utter non-conductor of poetic as of every kind of thought. So it remained, fallen from its ancient prerogatives, while its rival on the north of the Loire, the *Langue d'Oïl*, rose and shook itself like a giant ready for the race, gradually perfected itself through the stories (*contes*) and allegories (*fabliaux*) of the *Trouvères*, proceeded from stage to stage, from the chronicles of Turpin to the chronicles of Froissart, from the fables of Adam to the fables of Lafontaine, from the Romance of the Rose to the romance of Madame de La Fayette, and came forth the language that is now spoken all over the globe.

The purpose of this preliminary sketch is in some degree to prepare the reader for what follows, to introduce to him the national poet of the South of France, who has rescued this language from neglect and placed it again in the ranks of living languages ; the man who, since 1820, has revived the olden troubadour fervor that has always slept in the veins of the Gascons, and has called into being rivals and imitators throughout his country ; the man whose works, written in a tongue long abandoned for literary work, now shine among the classics in the best libraries, have been translated into English, French and German, and have become text-books in almost all the seminaries and *lycées* of Languedoc—JACQUES JASMIN, THE TROUBADOUR.

Our age has witnessed many reforms and innovations, many revivals of ancient things and discoveries of new ; yet perhaps none more quiet, more thorough, or more unique than the upstarting of an entire nationality into rejuvenated and rejoicing life, the re-birth of an extinct but noble literature. This re-awakening began with the people, the mother of us all, the common source of all strength and failure, the warm compensator of all that is true and high. It was early one morning in 1798, in an old rat-haunted house in Agen, behind the door, that Jacques Jasmin, the son of a tailor, came into the world. His father had a hump and his mother was lame ; they were poor laboring people, frightfully poor, so poor that they often knew not whence their supper was to come, or whether the bailiff would not be upon them for arrears of rent before the soft southern night closed in over their heads. It was a tradition and a fact in the family that all the Jasmins died in the poor-house. Toward this bourne father and grandfather and son saw themselves drifting from generation to generation, from birth to death, through long years of wearisome and unavailing toil. It was the one shadow that overspread their lives ; for they were happy people, and on the road to the last stopping-place they managed to have many a moment of joy that did not cost anything, or if it did, the *sou* that was spent spread open like the fairy's pavilion and embraced them all in its wonderful arms. It was a fate

no worse than that of thousands that had struggled uncrowned with success against circumstance: a hard profession that worked almost to the quick and did not reward; the small wages pitifully doled out, the harsh words, the consumption day by day of what was earned, the weeks of languor or of lying-in, the neglect or the penury of which the world recked not. The birth of the poet was not ushered in, as we learn from him, by salvos of artillery like a prince's, but to the uproar of a great *charivari* headed by his father, who had composed verses for the occasion, and with vast tumult of horns and kettle-drums was serenading a neighbor. The child lay upon a little cot which was stuffed with lark's feathers, a meagre, tiny little fellow, but "fed on good milk and growing like a king's son," a wee bundle of humor and sadness, a nervous little accretion of tears and smiles, swaddled in rags, not a whit less comfortable, perhaps, than the lace and cambic of gentler blood. When he was seven years old he valiantly toddled after his father to charivaris, horn in hand, with his head done up in gray curl-papers; or, carrying his lunch, went a-brush gathering in the islets of the river with his little play-mates, no doubt all as ragged and bright little tatterdemalions as ever pilfered the sunshine or the fruit of a neighbor's garden. The sunshine was the only fireside that they had; but it was very beautiful for all that, and made them live in no envy of the rich children that had card-houses and rattles and ill-health for their share. "To the isle!" was always the cry with the young vagabond and his companions, for the sand was like velvet there; at no other place in the world was lunch so sweet, and abundance of bark, brush-wood, small branches and stray lumber thrown up by the river, was to be found. How deftly they bound it with osier withes, and how much they gathered before the advent of the evening star! And then what a pretty little tableau on the homeward march: thirty fagots balancing on thirty heads, and thirty childish voices mingling in one refrain! The story of his youth as told by Jasmin in the most musical of poetic memoirs, *Mes Souvenirs* (*Mous Soubenis*), smells like Sicilian thyme where the bees of Hybla collected their honey. It is the prattle of a child through which breathes the deep tenderness of the man, the tender smile of the father. Common apples become apples of the Hesperides when smitten by the golden light of this mind, so genially retrospective, so ardently responsive to what is beautiful and true. The forlorn poverty of those early years breaks through in spite of the laugh, however; but through the story there runs a rhythm that is inimitable: it is a song without words; it is like the touch of Mendelssohn; it is the sea beating time on the shore; it is Ariel in the wind. So light, so musical is the treatment: the poet is going over the *dulcia arva*, the pleasant fields of youth; like the lost Hylas, he lies on the hyacinths among herbage that the lowing cattle love; he calls up his remembrances from the highways, and makes them, like the antique shepherds, flute forth all their soul to the reader. Simple though they be, they are full of cadence, full of sparkle. The wonder is how incidents in themselves so commonplace can have gathered to themselves tones that belong to the great masters, bars that seem stolen from one of Beethoven's symphonies, cadences that seem

caught from the full sweep of Mozart's fingers. He puts his winning life-story, as it were, into a little boat, and sets it adrift on the sympathies of his race. Even in the French translation of this poem — which is rude — all that limpid peculiarity is preserved through which as in a clear pool we see every pebble, every water-lichen, every minnow that darts like a sunbeam or cleaves the light like a prism ; the naiads among the grasses and lilies reach upward their arms and draw us down despite ourselves. We see him as he leapt fences and filched nectarines from his neighbor's close ; and it is pleasant to remember the kindly remorse that seized him for it in after-life, and made him pardon those who robbed his own little vineyard. In spite of his pranks, however, he was a dreamer ; the single word *school* made him mute, and produced on him an effect like the sound of a viol ; he could have wept, he did not know why, when he heard his mother in her corner at the spinning-wheel repeat it softly to the old grandfather and glance furtively toward him. So, too, when he had filled the *bourse* with big sous by running errands during the fair and handed them over to his mother, her sigh and her thanks would go like a poniard to his heart. But there was a butterfly there, a flower, and in the flower a fairy that tickled him elfishly and made him wild and hopeful beyond the reach of trouble. In winter for lack of fuel they sunned themselves ; but how sweet were the winter evenings when forty village gossips in the room at forty spinning-wheels, made forty bobbins fly, and grouped themselves round the marvellous crone — children and all — who told of the Ogre and Tom Pouce, the Sorcerer, Barbe-Bleue, and the Wehr-wolf howling in the street ! Half dead with fear they would creep to their couches pursued by sorcerers and ogres, and the next evening reassembled to work and to listen to the superstitions that with Plutarch and the Bible have from time immemorial formed the sweetest aliment of our human kind. Scheherazade is the Homer of children, and the morose Sultan of the Indies is humanity, that will hearken as long as she talks. We all become Khalifs and ghebirs and genii when we dive into this underworld of gnomes and dwarfs, wehr-wolves and swan-maidens. It is the cranes of Ibycus that will always make known the murder and form the theme for infinite poetising as long as life lasts. And so in this hot Gascon blood the old leaven was at work. One day while at his sports an unusual procession in the street attracted his attention : he looked up — it was his grandfather whom they were carrying on a litter to die in the hospital ! No more fun, no more amusement for him. His eye involuntarily turned to make an inventory of the old chamber, open to the four winds : three poor beds, a half dozen curtains riddled by mice-teeth like a sieve, four or five cracked plates, two broken jars, a wooden goblet worn at the edges, pieced garments, clippings of cloth from his father's scissors, a pitchy candlestick, a frameless mirror blurred by smoke, four bottomless chairs, an armoire without a key, a wallet, a beggar's staff — that was all. And the dear grandfather who had chosen always for him the tenderest morsel of the bread that he had pitifully begged, was gone ! From this moment the iron entered his soul, to become afterwards wondrously transmuted into gold, into fame, into

universal veneration and respect, into verse that should become classic and be placed on the same shelf with the richest intellectual inheritance of his native land. Books that were to be dedicated to Charles Nodier, to Ste.-Beuve, to Lamartine, lay in the glance that followed that stricken procession through the streets of Agen to the hospital. A ring set with gems was to replace the wedding-ring that the mother wrung from her finger and turned into bread for him. The bitter herbs were to be followed by banquets innumerable; the ragged urchins among whom his early associations fell were to be succeeded by lords and ladies, even kings and princesses. A singular future lay on the hills for him like a light from heaven. A medal, a prize of 5000 francs was to be adjudged by the French Academy to the lofty morality and genius of the words that were to come from this child of the South, the son of deformed beggars, the descendant of those whose habitual need it had been to take alms, and to take them gratefully. The forgotten Provençal (or rather the written Provençal, for it had always been alive) was to resume something of its olden dignity; the chorister of Magdeburg was to be the author of sweet and noble hymns; the boy of Agen was to be a hero of whom an Odyssey of wanderings from ovation to ovation and from town to town was to be recounted and remembered. There is something in this career that calls to mind knights-errant journeying from court to court, the life of Walter von der Vogelweide or one of the retainers of Hermann of Thuringia.

Meanwhile to school he went: in six months he had learned to read; six months after he served at mass, became chorister, intoned the *Tantum ergo*, was entered at the seminary on a charity-scholarship, and then driven forth soon after with execration and curses. He himself tells the circumstance with infinite verve in his *Soubenis* (from which these details are all extracted). He had so far ingratiated himself by his studiousness and zeal as to win an old cassock that had been offered by the priests as a prize; but having been guilty of some unchorister-like improprieties, his misdeed was found out, and the culprit locked up during the whole carnival, with mighty hue and cry on the part of his clerical confrères. Unfortunately the prison was adjacent to the Superior's pantry; and being one day an-hungered, the luckless youth, forgetting the awful sanctity of this spot whereto the Superior was wont to withdraw for devotions, fell tooth and nail upon the delicacies therein stored with an appetite to which bread-and-butter had given additional fierceness. The good Superior meanwhile, with soul full of pardon, had determined to forgive the improprieties, which were after all very pardonable, and to release the delinquent. So puffing and perspiring with benevolence he arrived at the door, walked in — and what a scene! The miscreant was finishing a jar of grape-preserve. With a bound and a yell “Ma confiture!” that rang like the crack of doom, the canon pounced upon the burglar, swore at him roundly, and shook him till the jar delivered up its contents at his feet:—

— Dehors, diabolin, dehors!
Ceci est un péché que nous ne pardonnons pas!

His grape-preserve was a sensitive point with the Superior ; it was a sin against his most reverend stomach ; there was no relenting after this unpardonable offence ; the thing cried aloud for vengeance : Jasmin slunk away cassockless and accurst from those holy portals, and became a — barber. This in the mind of the monks was but the culmination of a downward career — soap and razors after *Glorias* and *Tantum ergos* ! Never was there such a by-word and hissing among men. The ecclesiastical fowls cackled over it months long. Saucy glancings at a girl, stealing the Prior's good things, bespattering that saintly carcase with its own confiture, becoming a barber, and going to the devil — what was all that but one and the same thing, a logical chain handed down after the straitest sect of ancient logicians ? Never had such edifying discourses been delivered within the purlieus of the sanctuary as in the outraged monastery on this occasion. The Prior fairly pranced with fervor in describing to his audience of tonsured crowns the moment when his apostolic eye first encountered that child of Satan as he stood gorging himself with canonical goodies :—

— Hé Dieu ! en escrivant cette parolle
A peu que le cœur ne fend !

But in good time it fell out that men became more afraid of this barber than the tyrant Dionysius was of his. He grew wise and potent, developed a poetical turn, sang and improvised astonishingly as he seized his customers by the nose and drew the razor daintily over their faces, got to be the town talk, and soon rose into one of the celebrities of Agen. He was as musical, as witty, as nimble as the Barber of Seville. A silver streamlet, he says, began to flow into his humble shop. Men were interested and touched by this picture of genius and poverty, by this eloquent and yet humble scene, by this delicate muse that shed a mystery and a perfume over one of the coarsest of the professions. It was something unique altogether in its kind. Poets had been barbers before, fiddlers, printers, artisans, beggars ; but there had almost always been an ambition to rise and forget, to ignore, or sometimes to hide, the shame of obscure beginnings. Here, however, was the true spirit of the Gascon king, the monarch of the Pont-Neuf, the good and fearless Harry of Navarre, which made men stop and admire, which went abroad through the land and recalled another singer in the North whose fearlessness and honesty were as great — Béranger. The dialect that the Agenais spoke, too, was almost as mellow as the Tuscan, rich in vowel-elements, liquids, trills, elisions, with the old Latin heart beating afar within its consciousness, still a-tremble with the vibrations of the troubadours, still haunted by Gothic and Saracenic reminiscences, still clothing its hills and skies in metaphors, as is the impulse with semi-tropic languages, within which, so to speak, still flourish the date and the palm. The vocabulary had been suffered to run wild in the mouths of the peasantry, unkempt and unpruned ; but it had acquired a ripeness and a number that men wondered at when they saw it in type, set before them in elegantly printed volumes, embellished with every grace of typography, engraving and illustration.

Of all contrasts between gift and profession, of all Apollos tending the flocks of Admetus, this was surely the most striking. There was a rhyming baker somewhere else in France who marvellously imitated the elegies of Lamartine, so that even good judges were deceived ; but here was an idyllic muse that in the *lingua rustica* brought forth imperishable poems, uttered things that were immortal with a Gascon accent, composed works that unconsciously put in practice the great principles of pagan art, works athwart which the antique world passed like the transit of Venus athwart the sun's disk, about which hovered something redolent of the Portico, through which peeped the gardens of Epicurus, the shipwreck of the Cyprian merchant Zeno. There was no material here for heavy tragedies, vast epopées. There was too much heart for that ; too much idyllic tenderness, too little ambition. No work perhaps was ever so remote from theatrical envelope, from sensational effect. It was a scene of perfect nature ; it is St. Augustine pouring out his confessions ; it is Montaigne in one of his priceless chapters. For him who seeks there is scarcely the exquisite mosaic on which, as in Wieland's romance, Aspasia and her ladies enact the wonderful myth of Daphne ; but there is the ivied battlement, the oriel window, the sunny domain, the minstrel-haunted hall of wassail of an ancient provincial château, such as that which Sire de Joinville describes when he left it under the holy King Louis for the Paynim wars. The minstrelsy of Provence has toned down into lyrics and elegies which the language in which they are written permit to be sung, or even to be danced, by strophe and antistrophe. Not so varied or so sublime as Béranger, who is the poet of unrest, of republicanism, of advanced theories, of intellectual stir, of an era busy with rationalism : there is in Jasmin cordial concurrence with the established order of things, a preference for monarchical perspectives, an absence of tumult, skepticism, irony ; a faith in the mother-church that is at once lovely and moving. He is not a *bard* ; he is a simple being to whom life and events present themselves *musically*, attuned to an inner rhythm, rhythmic without arbitrary choice, full of the occult quality which the ancients deified and made into the nine sisters, full of the mystical glory that dwelt on Mount Parnassus and floated down to Homer when he uttered the first line of the Iliad. There is more of the Frankish spice in Béranger : Jasmin is the poet of Aquitania. Strangely distinct to this day are the nations whom Cæsar found in Gaul, ruggedly independent despite the attrition of ages, perpetuating themselves in quaint customs, traditions, individualisations. With Jasmin a curious problem has come into being, whether there are to be two literary languages in France. The popularity of his writings at once evoked a throng of rural poets who sang in the same or kindred dialects, and busily propagated them through the land. Metropolitan French is hardly intelligible to the Agenais ; to the Parisian a translation is necessary to understand the Gascon tongue. Jasmin's works, instead of being the swan-song of a dying language, are wet with the very dew of the morning ; instead of the last blossom of an effete system, they embody the efflorescence of a language for the first time genuinely alive. In Rembrandt's picture we see Lazarus coming forth from the shadows which the poet has made so lustrous,

alive and strong ; in Jasmin we see emerging from twilight a young and beautiful language, not infirm because a written language ages ago, not degenerate for having been rusticated among the Gascon peasantry, not a whit inferior in high and genial memories to the other dialect, the dialect patronised by Messieurs les Académiciens. This language is spoken by a large rural population, a population of merchants and manufacturers, vine-dressers and cultivators of silk, beings full of the thrift and the impressionableness of the South ; and after the preservation of so many centuries, it is impossible that it should not continue to be perpetuated. It was remembered that Montesquieu and Montaigne, Mirabeau and Massillon, Henri IV. and Massena, were men of the South ; from there came the *Marseillaise*, and the brilliant throngs with which it teems spring not from a province of Italy, but from a continuation of Italy itself — as Pliny says, quoted by M. Villemain. The Secrétaire Perpétuel of the Academy crowned at once Jasmin and his patois when he said that in the luxury of great commercial cities as in the châteaux, in the villages as in the drawing-room, from Lyons to Marseilles and from Toulouse to Bordeaux, the poet-pilgrim found a welcome. It was his habit to journey from town to town like his predecessors in the thirteenth century, everywhere greeted with ovations : a branch of gold from the city of Toulouse for his poem *Françonnette* ; a golden cup from Auch ; a ring and pin set with diamonds and pearls from the Duchess of Orléans ; a seal enriched with rubies and emeralds from Villeneuve ; a medal from Bergerac ; a crown of gold from his native town ; a medal and the *prix extraordinaire* at the sitting of the Academy in Paris. These demonstrations of enthusiasm bring back the crowning of Petrarch at Rome in 1341. He was as celebrated for his powers of pantomime and recitation as for his poems. He produced a sensation in Paris at a literary soirée given by the élite of the town. There was a grand entertainment, and then recitations in the original from his writings. The crystal of Parisian cynicism melted and bubbled over in tears and eulogies, as we see by M. de Pontmartin's account in the *Union* next day. He had hardly been listened to five minutes, says an eye-witness, when they were completely won, and that, not only because the Agenais poet was overflowing with all the Southern qualities, expansiveness, vivacity, warmth, exuberance, éclat, power of glance and gesture, but for reasons more serious and profound, because in Jasmin a supreme art had combined all, and produced such accord between idea and expression that the hearer seized them both at once, divining the one by the other. It is the ploughman Burns amazing the wits of Edinburgh. Another peculiarity remarked of Jasmin by this critic, was his sobriety, his self-restraint amid the tempting richness of a Romance imagination. So much was said in so little ; unceasing seemed the toil for conciseness ; there is something almost austere in the simplicity of the lines and forms which he chooses ; something ascetic in the figures he has immortalised ; something antique and hence musical as of highest art in the virginal serenity that is enthroned upon all his female characters. He recovered the secret of the old ballad — a something that is indefinable, artlessness, pathos, sweetness, strength — call it what you will — all pervaded, all

sublimated by the same master-tone. It is the sweetness of an ascetic face not strong in the sufficiency of the world, but strangely sweet by reason of self-abnegation, quick of scent for what is spiritual, seizing facts and making them grand and mellow for all times to come. No instinct was ever happier in selecting its facts. The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong. The battling of the weak is noble; the race of the slow-footed is sure; both have their day of reckoning and compensation. So there is more pathos in *The Blind Girl of Castelcuillé* (*L'Abuglo de Castèl-Cuillé*), who follows her faithless lover to the church and there *hears* him wedded to another while her heart breaks and kills her, than in many a volume of "tragedies" over which the world has snivelled. There is no frenzy there but that of the most piercing human grief, no background save that of the awe-struck congregation gathered to the nuptials — no beauty of perspective save that which the village church offers with its time-honored stalls, its simple crucifix, its image of solemn death, its bridal-veil rent in twain. People know this legend by heart who perhaps never heard of the *Cid* or *Zaïre*; to whom Corneille and Racine are empty names. It is one of the legends of Gascony torn from the recollections of those who knew the circumstances, transformed by these melting sympathies into a rare masterpiece, breathed through by a pity and a gentleness that gather into an anthem in the concluding verse.

More moving even than this is the story of *Martha*, another legend from the memories of the people preciousy embalmed for us in myrrh and spikenard, to-day one of the classics of French literature: Martha, the poor idiot, who for thirty years begged her bread through the streets of Agen, whom everybody loved without knowing why; whose tragical story nobody knew until Jasmin learned it, never to be forgotten, on a pilgrimage through the lanes and vineyards of his neighborhood. Like the other, it was a story of love, desertion, the coming of a great shock, and life setting in insanity and darkness. The author never perhaps so fascinated his reader as in this little work, so rich in tears, so impassioned in conception. There rings through it a litany of silver voices that weep and cry pardon to all the world. The exquisite picture of the two girls trying their fortunes by the cards for their lovers who are to be drawn in the conscription; Martha's hope when the cards — queen of hearts, knave of clubs and all — came out for her brilliantly, until the dark queen of spades, the last in the pack, emerges like a spectre and dashes it; the conscript off for the wars, swearing eternal fidelity; the resolve on Martha's part to sell all she has inherited and redeem Jacques by putting a substitute in his place; the country priest whose kindness to her is so great; the poor girl's rapture when Jacques has been found, delivered, is hurrying home to throw himself at the feet of his unknown benefactor; Jacques' return with a strange woman at his side as they all stand breathless in bridal array at the church-door, awaiting him to unite Martha to her lover forever; the one supreme glance in which Martha understands all; the gaiety that awfully breaks from her lips and seals the doom of her reason; the tender light which all this throws over Martha's fear and flight whenever after-

wards, in begging from door to door, the boys in the street cry "Martha, a soldier, a soldier!"—how thrillingly, how lovingly is all that told! It is a brimming river that sweeps onward to the sea, not waiting for its shores to grow lovely with verdure, not lingering for embellishment, but all that and more under the tender stars! It is an idyll sweet as Ruth or Esther, almost Scriptural in its austerity, almost Christ-like in its sadness. The poem is worthy of Goldsmith in his best mood, the mood of the *Deserted Village*. The author himself tells how he used to run and cry with the others "Martha, a soldier! a soldier!" until her story flamed through him like a sword and gushed forth in this noble expiation. Seldom has there been a recital that so wounded the tenderest fibres of the heart and at the same time healed the wound with such balm. It is the oil and wine of the Good Samaritan beneficently at work within. A recitation of this poem in public must have been what he said of another: It was Corneille; it was Talma. It bruises the heart with exceeding sweetness.

In *Françoquette* there is more lightness; but it too in the successive *pauses*—as the cantos are called—soon grows dim with shadows, wild with storm. The author has an indescribable touch; all the chords that ever smiled or wept come crowding beneath his fingers and roll onward at the faintest pressure: it is the children of the captivity remembering Zion; it is a waltz of Strauss. Like the wedding-party in Tell, quick upon the joy comes the arrow that flies to Gessler's heart: in *Françoquette* the charm, the sprightliness of the flirt fade into the distance at the whisper that her father was a Huguenot and she is sold to the Evil One. The South of France is a nest of superstitions. This was one. The elements of the story promise to be more tragic than either of the others; for a long time the thunder mutters along the clouds; but the close comes in a burst of sunshine that laves the senses like the dew of summer. There is reconciliation delightful as the singing of a harvest-home after the garnering of the sheaves, delightful as voices from over the water happy with the burden of their own joy. The smile with which we close this little drama is a smile that has the richness of something deeper, it penetrates to the region of tears. Jasmin may not be a perfect artist; there is little of the marble calm that shines so sovereignly in the creations of the Greeks; we are haunted by what we have read not as by a vision of great restful Ionic temples with their lordly serenity, but as by a spot overgrown with human lives as with mosses, twined about with loves and hates, quickened every inch of it by human ashes. Goethe may look upward to the heights and see calm; but beneath, the valleys and the floods skip and clap their hands. There are moods in which it pleases us not to be dealing with impersonalities. One Thersites can put to rout Ossian and all his shadows. Everywhere, through the poem to Liszt and through *Mes Souvenirs, Mon Voyage de Paris, La Semaine d'un Fils, Les deux Frères Jumeaux*, there is the same frank individuality. One of the best known poems was that written for the purpose of collecting funds to rebuild a ruined church in Périgord—*Le Prêtre sans Eglise*. In company with the curate he travelled all through the southern provinces, working and gathering and reciting with such success that

the church was not only restored, but a magnificent spire added, and the whole dedicated in the presence of six bishops, six hundred ecclesiastics and a great multitude. The man's whole life was a constant alms-giving: the *ruisseau argentin* that flowed into the barber-shop soon became a source that solaced innumerable miseries, genially kissing many a door-step on the way and leaving behind traces of its generous waters. Not often has genius been so consecrated by goodness; not often has goodness become so illustrious by genius.

J. A. H.

A STORY OF GETTYSBURG.

A MIDST the sound of solemn music, the tramp of soldiery, the drooping of flags, the mournful drapery of houses, while the banners of foreign nations hang at half-mast in the harbor, and thousands follow with reverent steps, the remains of the Gettysburg dead are borne to their last resting-place in the cemetery of the Confederate capital. Pavements, doors, windows, and house-tops are crowded with spectators. Old soldiers with the scars of Gettysburg upon them guard the relics of their comrades. Many are there whose hearts swell almost to bursting as they remember the friend or brother who fought and fell beside them on that never-to-be-forgotten day, when they recall the forms so full of life and hope and courage, of whom nothing is left now but the unconscious ashes they are assembled to honor. Many a sad heart beats too among the more distant spectators who look out upon the mournful procession, and remember how proudly and gallantly they marched forth who have thus returned to them. But their sorrow is so mingled with pride that half its bitterness is taken away. Virginia receives her sons again into the care of her heart for ever. Truly they have come home again, hers through all time,—Virginia's first, but the world's also, for they are gathered into that magnificent temple where rest the heroic dead of every land and age. Nations keep guard around its doors; the reverence that encircles it is as wide as humanity, and on its altars are inscribed not less the names of those who have gloriously failed than of those who have gloriously succeeded.

In a lofty apartment near a window looking out upon the street sits a figure clothed in black, in a listless attitude, and with his face buried in his hands, taking apparently no note of what is passing without.

The only other occupant of the room is a young girl, who watches the procession as it passes with eager intentness, and a countenance expressive of deep and painful interest. "It is almost at the corner," she murmured, rather to herself than her companion: "it will be out of sight directly."

In an instant the bowed figure has risen and come forward to the window. He leans out, catches a glimpse of the waving banners and slow-moving multitude, and with an exclamation of pain turns away and sinks back into his seat. The girl started at the suddenness of his movements, and her youthful eyes followed him with a gaze of wonder. "I cannot," he said, as if in reply to her half-questioning glance, "I cannot bear it. I have but too bitter cause, my child, to remember Gettysburg."

Her face assumed an expression of appreciative sympathy, hardly to have been expected in so mere a child, and she continued for some moments to gaze in silence out of the window. At length she turned and said gravely:

"Brother, won't you tell me all about Gettysburg some time? I should *so* like to hear."

"Yes," he replied, with an evidently painful effort, "you ought to hear. I may as well talk of it, I can think of nothing else to-day. It may even be a relief." Then without further pause or preface, with the air of one who fears to think of what is before him lest his resolution fail, he plunged abruptly into the narrative.

"At the beginning of the war I entered the service, and was from the time of the organisation of the Army of Northern Virginia, as it was afterwards called, attached to the Virginia division. You, Laura, was, at the time I am speaking of, a little child whom I hardly knew. After our father's death your mother, as of course you are aware, took you with her to live with her own family in a different part of the State, and it has only been within the last few years, since her death, that we have seen much of each other. I had no other near relation except my younger brother. My mother had commended him to me as the object of her fondest hopes and deepest solicitude, almost with her last breath, and the tie between us was peculiarly close and strong. Ten years younger than myself, he was both brother and son to me. I had no one else in this world but him, and all the affection I had felt for my mother seemed to centre in him from the time of her death. He was made to be loved too, so brilliant, so attractive, so full of intellect and promise. He had no fault that my eyes could see. A mere boy when the war broke out, he had been anxious to enter the service at once, and as time went on he became more and more impatient of the restraint which had necessarily been imposed upon his wishes. As he grew older, even if I had thought it right to attempt to restrain him, any effort on my part would have been unavailing. Accordingly, early in the spring of '63 he joined the army. He entered as a private; but such was the ascendancy of his character, and his knowledge of military details, acquired by eager study beforehand and close observation after his entrance into the army, that after a very short period of service he was, notwithstanding his youth, selected to fill the first vacancy in his company as lieutenant. He had

that ambition and spirit of command so often found in connection with great powers and great energies. His was that lofty self-confidence which inspires others with confidence and even with enthusiastic admiration, and which never fails to vindicate itself when the test is applied. He was indeed the only man I ever knew who needed only length of days and opportunity to have been great. Nor is this the mere dictate of partial affection. A similar impression was produced on all who knew him. He was the man whom all his acquaintances looked upon as certain to become distinguished. He took the first place instinctively, and it was yielded to him not only ungrudgingly, but, though the expression seems a strange one, even enthusiastically. His companions and himself seemed alike unconscious that there could be a doubt or a question in regard to it. It was his by the best and clearest of all titles. The opportunity of fully realising this promise was never to be given ; and I am dwelling perhaps too long upon what does not immediately concern the story you have asked for. I go on at once to the opening of the Gettysburg campaign.

The march through the Valley and into Pennsylvania need not be dwelt upon, nor the combats and skirmishes prelude the great battle of the third of July. I come immediately to the night preceding the engagement.

I can never forget — few of the survivors are likely, I think, ever to forget — the night before the battle ; the two armies lay in front of each other, each measured its adversary, as it were, with its eye, each scanned the armor of the other to discover its weak point, and each rested for a moment on its arms and took breath ere they closed in mortal grapple. The 3d of July, 1863, came at length. How long, yet how short the night before ! Measured by sensations, an age ; by the short waking periods between snatches of slumber, scarcely an hour. Time enough however for us all to think of home and of each face dearest to us, of all the thousand associations that attach themselves in every man's mind to the spot that he first remembers, where, whether it were his birth-place or not, life first began for him ; time enough too to think of the work that lay before us on the morrow, and to remember how much was staked upon the event.

The sun rose red and hot and glaring. It threw floods of golden splendor over the destined scene of bloodshed, and brought out into strong relief the minutest features of the landscape. I can see it now as it looked that morning, glittering in light, instinct with life, fair, peaceful and calm. By the evening it was drenched with blood, trampled under foot of hostile columns, torn by ball and shell, black, horrible, and polluted with the sights and sounds of war. The dead lay thick upon it then, the wounded writhed in agony. The thousand sounds of insect life were still, and instead were heard the varied and piercing tones of human anguish and despair. Enough of this. I can not dwell upon it — let others if they can, who feel it less, at all events less bitterly and personally than I, describe this far-famed battle eloquently, elaborately, picturesquely. Let them do for it what the French writers have done for Austerlitz, for Wagram, for Waterloo even. In justice this must be done in time to come. However

mournful and bitter may be the recollections connected with it, there is no prouder name upon our record. There is none upon which our children's children, Virginians to the latest generation, can look back with a more exultant feeling of patriotic pride. As long as the name of Virginia lasts, so long will the recollection of the charge at Gettysburg survive, and the hearts of true Virginians beat high and their cheeks flush as they recall the deeds of their countrymen on that immortal day. A defeat it has been called, and certainly the object of the battle was not accomplished; but assuredly the enemy gained no victory on that memorable 3d of July. Even if it had been a defeat, what then? So was Thermopylæ. After all, the charge did not succeed, they say. Neither did the Six Hundred at Balaklava, nor the Old Guard at Waterloo. But I think that mankind would miss them if these glorious failures were stricken from the rolls of history. However, I am not writing the history of this battle. As I said just now, I cannot do it; even if there were no other reason, I could as soon minutely detail and moralise over the dying moments of my dearest friend. I lost many friends here, and one the dearest upon earth to me.

The sun, as I have said, rose clear and bright, revealing the masses of Federal troops that covered Cemetery Range. The whole height was crowned with guns and lined with men; and then, as if nature had not made the position sufficiently strong, frowned line upon line of earthworks, behind which the defenders awaited the forlorn hope which was to assail them. This was the work before us, and we knew it—knew it well as the long hours passed slowly by; and we stood still gazing on the tomb that invited, the fiery chasm that yawned for us. Oh those long weary hours of inaction, waiting, waiting, waiting! When would the death-knell sound? Oh for the rush, the hurrah, and the death-grapple! The thing was to be done: why delay it? If we could but scale those heights with comrades we could trust by our sides, and our country's foes in front! Then come what might, at least it would soon be over. Then there would be something to do, not this silent waiting and thinking; then there would be a glorious charge at any rate, with a soldier's death in the moment of victory to look forward to—or, who could tell? perhaps a return to Virginia with the right to tell her that her sons had striven to be not unworthy of her. But now imagination had free scope to depict all the horrible mangling, the long agony, the raging thirst of the wounded; and then the sensation of being trodden under foot, crushed by the iron hoof of a horse or the wheels of artillery, or even smothered beneath a mass of corpses. It was like sitting on one's coffin and gazing into one's empty grave, yet not a man faltered. There was no thought of anything but going forward and carrying the position. And there were found five thousand of them! As I stood looking at the heights and thinking how slowly the moments went, I felt a hand upon my shoulder, and turning, saw Graham standing beside me. "Well, old fellow," he said, following the direction of my eyes, "I see you are looking at our evening's work. I wish we could set about it."

I looked at him with an inexpressible yearning. So young, so bright, so full of life, with so much capacity for action and for enjoy-

ment, with so much in store for him, as it seemed, could not he be spared? must he go too? What chance was there of escape for any who started on that deadly march? And still there was nothing for it. I knew that he must go like the rest. What I cared most for upon earth I could not, nay, I would not have withdrawn. He, too, was a Virginian. There was no help for it. And even at that moment there came across me the old feeling, that whatever the arena, upon whatever sphere his energies were called forth, his place must be still the foremost. The very idea of withdrawing *him* — *him* of all men — seemed unnatural and absurd. As I looked again at the heights, I hardly saw them quite so distinctly as before, but I only said in reply to his remark, "Yes, it is pretty rough work, but I think our men are up to it."

"They are in splendid trim," he said thoughtfully, "and will do the work, if it can be done."

I turned and looked at the line, ragged, barefooted, weather-beaten, but heroes for all that; and I could not help asking myself, how many would ever come back? The feeling that stirred within me at the thought can not be put in words. I could not dwell upon it. "Will it never be time?" I murmured impatiently as I looked at my watch. It was one o'clock. At that moment the report of a single cannon broke ominously on the ear. It was the signal gun. I grasped Graham's hand and wrung it. I had no words to utter. He smiled, but returned the pressure warmly, and we parted, each to his post. Our fire now opened in earnest, nor did the enemy fail to reply. The sun seemed literally to go out, the air was filled with shot and shell, with dust and smoke. Peal on peal came louder and louder until one report was lost in another, and on the almost deafened ear there remained no distinct impression but that of a long monotonous roar, which was caught up and sent back in answering echoes by the surrounding hills. The sky was darkened, the earth quivered, fiery missiles screamed and hissed through the smoke-laden atmosphere. The enemy had gotten the range of our position accurately. To suspense succeeded positive suffering, to passive waiting passive endurance, without the means or hope of resistance, so far at least as the infantry was concerned. Moment after moment went by and the horrible din seemed ever to increase. There was the most indescribable mingling of sounds, hissing, whistling, and screaming, tearing, crackling, and bursting. I despair of giving the faintest impression of it. There is nothing like it. No description can convey an idea of that terrific cannonade. I lost all sense of the passage of time. Would this never end? Were we to have no opportunity of striking a blow in return? Would we never rise from this horrible state of inaction and charge? Would not the order to move forward come soon? Such were the queries which I was inwardly putting to myself. Meanwhile I can distinctly remember that I asked and answered questions, that I smiled and jested with my comrades, that I changed my position to get an easier seat, and carefully adjusted the buckle on my cap. My eyes were constantly seeking Graham. Never was the most experienced veteran cooler; only I could see by the slight flush on his cheek and the light in his eye that he was longing for the signal to

go into action. As I was gazing at his animated resolute face, a shell burst near us and a fragment struck and tore the brim of his cap. He held it up to me, and said with a smile, while a shudder ran over my frame, "A near thing, wasn't it?" Again almost irresistibly came over me the wish to send him off that fatal field, to know whatever might befall that he at least was safe. So young, so gifted, so instinct with hope and spirit and gallantry, surely it was not natural that he should die. Death even could not touch him. He smiled in its very face. If he had shrunk from it, I think I would have felt it less. The wild impulse died away as I looked upon his uncovered head with a feeling of mingled admiration and despair.

Suddenly the enemy's fire slackens. Ours in its turn ceases. Measured by time-pieces, the cannonade has lasted two hours ; by sensations, two ages. And now we all feel that the time has come. The inactivity and suspense are over. I felt it myself as I drew a long breath, and I could see it in the countenances of those around me. There was a look of absolute relief. The decisive moment had come at length. What remained was to die. We all rose up. There was a pressing down of caps upon foreheads, a tightening of belts, a general indefinable stir and murmur of preparation. Then came the order to charge. The division-commander rode along the line. He said nothing eloquent or pointed, he made no appeals to the pride or the patriotism of his troops, he uttered no word of encouragement. He simply said, "Soldiers, you see those heights before you. Well, I want you to take them." Then there rose from the whole line a ringing cheer. "We'll do it, General," was the response. This was all. Simple words, but not unbecoming the men or the occasion. So with the answer. There was nothing fine in the whole scene, that is, nothing dramatically high-wrought, effective, or telling. Eminently brave nations have very different ways of doing these things. This was the Virginia way. Then the division commenced its advance across the field at ordinary time, as regularly, as quietly, in as solid order as if on parade. I was engrossed by attention to my duties as captain of my own company, but still I had time to notice the cool precision with which the devoted band moved forward, as if on a holiday march. Graham was near me, his cheek flushed, his lips parted, his drawn sword in his hand. The instinct of command was apparent ; he seemed to tower above those around him. His whole figure was ennobled and elevated by the lofty spirit which animated him.

I turned hastily away, unable to bear the thoughts that rose within me at the sight, and at that moment the Federal artillery opened. Round shot, shell and canister poured into the devoted column, but it did not falter. Every moment the storm seemed to increase in fury. A great gap was made in my own company. A man fell close at my side ; another took his place, and the ranks closed up. In a moment he and the man by his side were both swept away. As I repeated the words of command I wondered to myself whether I would live to complete the sentence, and I remember distinctly that I speculated as to whether the lips would finish the words after the head was off. Every moment I looked by instinct in the direction of Graham.

The ranks were thinned. I missed one familiar form after another, but he was still there, his countenance as bright and fearless as ever, the flush on his cheeks, the fire in his eye. But now his nostril was dilated and his lips compressed. Never a better man for the work before him, the beau-ideal of the leader of a forlorn hope.

We are advancing at quick time now ; indeed, if we are much longer in getting to the enemy's works there will be none of us left to take them. I look over the ranks of my own company ; more than half are gone, and the last discharge has made a frightful gap and covered me with the blood of the man next me. Poor fellow ! I can see his hand clutch the earth convulsively as he falls. Graham is still up, bareheaded now, and waving his sword as we advanced at a double quick. I can see that there is blood on his sleeve, but whether his own or another's I can not tell. Now with a loud cheer we rush up the slope within a few yards of the enemy's guns. Then the musketry opens ; the artillery had been child's play to this. The leaden hail comes thick and fast, whole ranks sink down beneath it. We are going at a run now, and there is little opportunity to see or think of anything. A bullet enters my shoulder, but I hardly feel it. Even in that moment I look for Graham ; we are very near together now ; he is in advance of all, straining every nerve as he climbs the ascent, his whole countenance indicative of intense eagerness, of invincible resolve. He is waving his sword over his head and encouraging his men ; the flag-bearer falls, he snatches the flag with his other hand and bears it on ; it is down again, and he who held it, down too, the sword in one hand, the flag in the other. An instant ago and he was then ahead of all, cheering on the others, and now — well, I cannot stop to think or grieve ; but if one life (since that day scarcely worth the keeping) could have saved his, it would have been freely given. As it is, my blood is turned to fire, my heart has but one consciousness, my eyes are blind to but one sight ; we rush over the breastworks, we bayonet the gunners and seize the guns. I hear now the ringing cheer that went up from the few yet left alive. I had no heart to join in it, no thought but of going forward, no wish but to meet the enemy hand to hand. The works are taken and the enemy routed ; but as the smoke clears away we see another and stronger line of works, behind which stand heavy masses of reserves in waiting. Meanwhile on both flanks and in front the fire pours in ; we stand on the crater of a volcano. Men stagger blindly to and fro ; they look for their comrades to form and charge, but there are none left. A sheet of fire is in their faces, a hail-storm of bullets is beating upon them. Oh for five thousand more ! but for one thousand more ! To perish thus in the very arms of victory, and yet with victory not secured ! To see it slip from our relaxing grasp ! To conquer and have none left to hold ! And then not to be able to keep what he had died to gain ! To leave those from whom he had met his death in possession of what he had striven so hard to win ! I looked desperately around for support. I was the only officer of my company left on the field ; scarcely any of the men remained. The whole division was reduced to a mere handful ; anything like order was impossible ; no organisation could be maintained. However, I started forward ; but just at that moment I was conscious

of a sudden shock and a sharp burning sensation in my side. A gush of blood followed as I fell to the ground, a swimming of the head, a deathly sickness, a great darkness, and no more.

I need not tell you of my restoration to consciousness to find myself a prisoner; of the first dim agonising glimmerings of what had happened; of the slow and gradual return of full recollection, and the leaden hopelessness that step by step, as I fought with my convictions, took possession of my soul. Somehow, from the time when I saw him fall, up to that at which I lost consciousness myself, I had not doubted that the worst had happened. Now the sense of my loss came back with lingering steps. Better to have had one sharp bitter pang of reawakening; better never to have doubted than this slow but certain approach of despair. Personally I felt as if there was little left for me to fear further. The chances of war held nothing else like this in store for me.

Long afterwards, when I had returned to Virginia, I heard from one who was by his side when he fell, and performed the last offices of friendship, that at any rate his death must have been almost painless. He was shot through the heart; a bullet had previously pierced his arm, but that he did not seem to feel. Years have passed since he was brought back again to rest in the bosom of the land he had died in vain to save; but I can never hear the word Gettysburg, nor see anything connected with it, but there comes before me with ghastly distinctness the vision of that bloody field, and the death-scene of the noblest and most gifted being I have ever known.

FRIDA AND HER POET.

A SCANDINAVIAN LEGEND.

A BRAVE young Poet, born in days of eld,
Dwelt 'mid the frozen Northlands; he beheld,
And wondering, sung the marvels of the ice,
The swirl of snow-flakes, and the quaint device
Wrought on the fir-trees by the glittering sleet;
And loved on stormy heights, cloud-girt, to greet
The gray ger-falcon towering o'er the sea;
To watch the waves, and mark the cloud drifts flee
Big with the wrath of tempests: yet his heart,
Soft as the inner rose-leaves of the Spring,

Rich with young life, and love's sweet blossoming,
 Too soon, alas! from life and love did part:
 Veiled was the fate that smote him; unaware
 What sudden, blasting doom had drawn so near,
 A strange blight breathed upon him, and—he died!

On earth to die, in heaven be glorified,—
 Such was the Minstrel's portion; still he went
 Through all the heavenly courts in discontent
 And sombre grief, the pathos of his woe
 Rising at times to such wild overflow
 As forced its wailful utterance into song.

That passionate rush of music, the heart's wrong
 Set to the sweetness of harmonious chords,
 The All-Father, Odin, o'er the clash of swords,
 And din of heroes feasting at the boards
 Of loud Valhalla, heard: thereon, he sought
 This lonely soul in highest heaven o'erfraught
 With mortal memories. "Wherefore list'st thou here,"
 The All-Father asked, "these measures of despair?"
 "Because my mortal Love," the Poet said,
 "With time grows gray and wrinkled; on her head,
 So golden bright in youth's benignant prime,
 Chill frosts of age have left their hoary rime;
 Her eyes are dimmed, her soft cheeks' rosy red
 Hath with the flowers of many a spring-tide fled;
 And so when Heaven shall claim her—ah! the pain!—
 I shall not know mine earthly Love again!"

To whom the God, "But doth she love thee still?"
 "Her love, like mine, nor years, nor change can kill,"
 The Minstrel answered: "Faith, a ceaseless shower,
 Keeps fair and bright our love's immaculate flower."

"I loose thy heavenly bonds,—I bid thee go!"
 The All-Father cried, "And seek thy Love below!"

To earth he came: drear waste and flowery lea
 Beheld his search 'mid fettered folk and free;
 Yet all his toils but brought the direful stress
 Of lone heart-yearning, grief, and weariness,
 Till hope died out, and all his soul was dark.

At last, when aimless as an autumn leaf
 Borne on November's idle winds afar,
 He roamed a sea-beach wild, by moon or star
 Unlighted, in his dreariest hour of grief

And desolate longing, on his eyes a spark
Of tiny radiance through the clouded night
Flashed from a cottage window on a height,
Next the dim billows of the moaning main.

There broke a sudden lightning on his brain
Of prescient expectation,— then, before
Its glow could fade, he trod the cottage floor,
And saw in tattered raiment, wan and dead,
An ancient withered woman on a bed,
Of whom a crone, as shrunk almost as she,
Said, with drawn lips, and blinking wearily,—
“Lo! here thine old Love! Hast thou come so far
To find how cares may blight us, death may mar?”

As ebbs a flood-tide, so his eager breath
Sank slowly. “Oh, the awful front of death!”
He moaned. “Yet wherefore shudder? Thou, my Love,
Art precious still; nor shalt thou move above,
An alien soul, albeit no longer fleet,
Nor fair, thou roam'st through Heaven with tottering feet,
Bent, aged form, and face bedimmed by tears;
I only ask to *know* thee, while the years
Eternal roll!”

He bids a last farewell
To this world's life, again prepared to dwell
On heights celestial, in whose golden airs
The heart, at least, shall shed earth's wintry cares,
And blooming, breathe the vernal heats of Heaven.

Twice ransomed soul! thou spirit that hast striven
With countless ills, and conquered all thy foes,
Rise with the might of morning, the repose
Of moonlit night, and entering Heaven once more—
Behold! who first doth meet thee by the door,
With smiling brow, and gently parted lips,
And eyes wherein no vestige of eclipse
From pain, or death, or any evil thing,
Lies darkly, but whose passionate triumphing,
In peace attained, and true love blessed at last,
Hath such rare joy and sweetness round her cast,
She seems an Angel on the heights of bliss,
And yet a mortal maid 'twere heaven to kiss! .

To whom the Singer, in a voice that seems
Vague, and half-muffled in the mist of dreams:—
“Art thou the little Frida that I knew,
So long—ah! long ago? Thine eyes are blue,

Deep blue like hers, and brimmed with tender dew,
Through which love's starlight smiles — art thou, in sooth,
The sweet, true-hearted Frida of my youth?"

She drew more closely to the Poet's side,
And nestling her small hand in his, replied,
As half in tremulous wonder, half delight:—
"I *am* thy little Frida, in thy sight
Fair once, and well beloved — Ah me! ah me!
Hast thou forgotten?" "Nay; but whose" (quoth he),
"Yon withered corse, on which I gazed below,
With pale shrunk limbs, and furrowed face of woe?
Thy corse, *THY* face, they told me!" "Yea, but know,
O Love! that earth, and things of earth, are passed:
That here, where, soul to soul, we meet at last,
The merciful Gods have made this wise decree:—
Love, in Heaven's tongue, means immortality
Of youth and joy; then, wheresoe'er we go,
Loving and loved through these high courts divine,
Mine eyes eternal youth shall drink from thine;
And thou forevermore shalt find in me,
The tender maid who walked the world with thee,
Thy little Frida, loved so long ago!"

PAUL H. HAYNE.

ON THE STEPS OF THE BEMA.

No. III.

WILLS AND WON'TS, OR WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A
WAY — TO BREAK IT.

IT is said that the Mendelssohn who linked the Platonic Mendelssohn of Lessing's time with the Mendelssohn-Bartholdy of musical fame, used to say: When I was young I was known as the son of the great Mendelssohn; now that I am old I am known as the father of the great Mendelssohn. Similar is the position of the orator Isaeus, or rather, I will say boldly — Isaïos. In the preced-

ing papers I have made a weak compromise with ordinary usage. In this I shall indulge myself in writing Greek proper names after the Greek fashion. It would save a world of hideous mispronunciation if people were to do it uniformly ; and it is a pity that Grote, as he had courage enough for anything, had not been more consistent and gone the entire alphabet. The customary refraction of the Greek through the Latin leads to all manner of jumbles, in which even scholars get their genders confused.*

The scholar of the great Isokratês and the teacher of the great Dêmosthenês, Isaïos is little known outside of the narrow circle of scholars whose special studies take them to the Attic courts. The titles of his speeches are not alluring. All the eleven deal with cases of inheritance ; and although the circumstances of such cases are not always devoid of interest, and most of these eleven involve the good name of the litigants or of the deceased, ordinary readers would prefer the horrors of a murder-trial or the scandals of a suit for divorce to the dry genealogies of a question of succession. I remember well enough how those of my fellow-students who were delving in the *Corpus Juris* groaned over Puchta and Vangerow ; and if any department of the law is especially abhorrent to the non-legal mind, it is the doleful concatenation of rounds and squares, or rounds and rhombs, which the lawyers use to represent the opposite sexes, as if to show the inherent incompatibility of man and wife. It is not then wholly the fault of Isaïos if his speeches do not fascinate the ordinary reader. Even Dêmosthenês succeeds no better when his theme involves similar details of kindred, and the head swims with judicial impartiality over the speech on the inheritance of Hagnias, and the speech against Makartatos.

In the style of Isaïos we notice a reaction against the adiposity of Isokratês, and a return to the terser and tenser diction of Lysias. "Both Lysias and Isaïos are, it is true, clear, correct, brief ; but Isaïos lacks the native simplicity, the play of character, the surpassing grace of Lysias." So an ancient critic. An unbiassed modern would probably be puzzled to tell which of these dry bones from the Greek Valley of Jehoshaphat is the drier, and would deem a cause lost in advance that had such advocates. But viewed as the teacher of Dêmosthenês, Isaïos possesses a certain historical interest for all who profess to admire the great opponent of Philip ; and we can understand Dêmosthenês more readily from the Isaean than from the Isokratean point of view. There is a directness and force in the language of Isaïos which contrasts favorably with the slower and more oily revolution of Isokratês.

The speech which I have chosen to illustrate the subject of this paper is the speech of Isaïos on the inheritance of Philoktêmôn. The orator, or better, the lawyer, begins with a *captatio benevolentiae*, which must have been effective with an Athenian audience, and which justifies the statement of an ancient writer that Isaïos always made a dead set at the jury. The advocate sets out by saying that

*So it is common to say *Panegyricus*, *Trapeziticus*, after the Greek πανηγυρικὸς, τραπέζιτιζός (λόγος) and the like, instead of the true form, *Panegyrica*, *Trapezitica* (oratio).

he had a right to plead the cause of Chairestratos, for he had shared with him the hardships of war. "I knew what awaited me, for I had gone on a like expedition before ; but such was my friendship for Chairestratos, that at his entreaty I went with him to Sicily. With him I suffered disaster, with him I fell into the hands of the enemy, and now I hope I may be allowed to stand by his side once more."

This is the story. Philoktêmôn, the son of a wealthy man of Athens, exposed to constant danger, now in the cavalry, now in the navy, now in the horse-marines, resolved to make a will so as to provide for the disposition of his property in case anything should happen to him. Both his brothers had died childless. One sister, who had been married many years, had no boys, the other had two sons. One of these was provisionally adopted by Philoktêmôn, and this Chairestratos was to inherit the property in case his uncle died childless. The will was perfectly valid ; for according to law, any Athenian might bequeath his property as he chose, provided he had no legitimate male heirs of his body, were not in his dotage, were not subjected to undue influence. The case seemed to be clear. But the sins of the fathers were to be visited upon the third generation ; and the life of the grandfather of Chairestratos, the father of Philoktêmôn, gave a handle to designing parties, who laid claim to the inheritance on the ground of direct descent from the ancestor of them all. In fact, we are brought face to face with *Ten Thousand a Year* and the Jumel case.

The grandfather and grandmother were comfortably lodged in Attic soil ; their three sons were all dead, childless. Chairestratos might well have deemed himself secure in his inheritance, when up starts this scandal of an after-marriage on the part of the grandfather, and a worse than scandalous aftermath of offspring. The Athenian chancellor had to ask the old, old question, *Qui est-elle ?* The claimants said that she was from Lêmnos :—a good device, for Lêmnos was far away, and while they were sending for persons and papers they gained time to make up a story. The story made up, they came back and said that she was one Kallippê, the daughter of Pistoxenos. But who was Pistoxenos ? Oh, he fell in Sicily at the time of the great Sicilian expedition. Sicily is a good name to conjure withal. Even at this distance of time we feel a certain throb of sympathy with the captured Athenians, who paid so heavy a price for their grand experiment. Who that has ever read can ever forget the marvellous narrative of Thukydidês : from the setting forth of that Invincible Armada to the final fight on the Assinaros ; from the blare of the trumpet that hushed the hum of preparation into a religious silence, to the mad turmoil of the last ineffectual struggle ; from the tide of wine that poured in rich libations from golden and silver beakers into the Saronic Gulf, to the little Sicilian stream, defiled with mud and gore, which the Athenians quaffed as they died ? Who can forget the out-door prison of the Quarries, the cruel glare of the sun, the suffocating heat of the day, the chill of the autumnal nights, the famine, the thirst, and that horror which moderns seldom approach with a sense of its sublimity, the horror of unutterable stench ? We still listen breathless as the tidings are borne to Athens, to catch the

wail of the violet-crowned city; we still hear the Athenian captives chanting the *Alkëstis* of Euripidês. Such stories never die; and from the heart of the nineteenth century there grows up a wild pomegranate-tree, whose branches are musical with Sicily and *Alkëstis*, and the name of the wild pomegranate-flower is Balaustion.

If, then, the mention of Sicily and the Sicilian expedition is so much to us, what must it have been to the Athenians themselves? "Kallippê, daughter of Pistoxenos, who fell in Sicily"—what more could be said to commend the children to the affections of the Athenians? So the French *lorettes* of the last generation were all daughters of officers who had fallen in the retreat from Moscow, if possible in the passage of the Beresina. The strain is not unfamiliar:—

"Deprived of the care of the author of my days, destined to mourn the loss of a mother, whose soul, too tender, was smitten to death by the fatal frost that chilled the heroic blood of her consort, left to the instincts of an, alas! too confiding heart, I have been the victim of misfortune, which demands your sympathy, if not your respect.

CHARLOTTE ANNE DE CHENILCHANTANT."

But as orthography was the great stumbling-block of the French Charlotte Anne's, so chronology must have been no little annoyance to the Attic swindlers. Pistoxenos, who fell in Sicily, left his daughter as a ward in the house of Euktêmôn, the father of Philoktêmôn; and by this Kallippê Euktêmôn is said to have become the father of the brace of impostors who claimed the inheritance. Unfortunately, fifty-two years had elapsed since the great Sicilian expedition, and the oldest son of the supposed Kallippê was not over twenty years of age; so that Kallippê must have continued to be a ward of Euktêmôn's for thirty years—an unheard-of durance. According to Greek views of things she ought to have been fairly on the road to the honors of grandmotherdom by that time. Xenophôn's Ischomachos took a wife of fifteen; and, if her daughter married at the age of her mother, a grandmother of thirty-two would not have been improbable. But the speaker does not press his advantage as a modern declaimer would have done. He only says that this imaginary Kallippê ought to have found a husband long and long before the time when she is said to have married Euktêmôn, whose ward she never was, whose wife she never was.

But after all there is some foundation for the scandal; and the advocate proceeds in the most gingerly manner to reveal the private life of the patriarchal Euktêmôn. He is painfully aware of the distress which he must inflict on his client. The crop of wild oats which had sprung up over the grave of the old man was not an agreeable harvest to gather; but the truth was the truth, and justice was justice, and an inheritance an inheritance. If anybody is too good to read *Vanity Fair*, let him read no further. The life of an Euktêmôn is not the life we should crave for our grandfathers.

Euktêmôn reached the age of ninety-six years; and had it not been for the weaknesses at the close of his life he might well have been considered a lucky man. What more could he want? "He had wealth, he had a wife, he had children." The second of these three blessings the speaker puts last, but no rash inference must be drawn

from that. The Greeks said with philosophical indifference "wife and children," "children and wife." They did not bind themselves to "wife and children," or to "ham and eggs." But in his old age Euktêmôn became what Mr. Carlyle calls an "unfortunate male," for the euphemism applied to both sexes in antiquity, and he fell into very bad company. He had a freedwoman, who lived in one of his tenements in the Peiraieus or chief port of Athens, and kept what may as well be called a sailors' boarding-house. One of the black-eyed Susans who lived with her was named Alkê; and as time went on Alkê resolved to "range herself," and settled down as an honest woman in a separate establishment with one Diôn, a man of her own rank in life, who acknowledged her two sons as his. However, Diôn got into a scrape of some sort and thought it prudent to withdraw to Sikyôn. At this juncture Euktêmôn stepped forward as the benefactor of Alkê, and whisked her—if the expression is not too youthful—from the Peiraieus to a tenement of his in the Kerameikos—"the house near the wicket," says the orator, with a wink, "where wine is for sale." I am sorry to say that the house is not down on any map to which I have access; no copy of the Athenian *Attican*—if such an organ of civilisation and high morality was then published—having come down to our time. Alkê, it appears, was to act as porter of the establishment; and the intimacy began, if indeed it began then, as so many intimacies have begun. Euktêmôn dropped in every now and then to collect his rents, and found Alkê an agreeable woman to chat with. Then he began to take his meals there, and finally, to the great chagrin of his wife and children, made his abode with those low people. In fact, this vile creature Alkê gained such an ascendancy over him that he undertook to register the elder of her two children as his own. But Philoktêmôn, his lawful son, set up a strenuous opposition, and the court refused to make the entry. This infuriated the old man, and he engaged himself to another woman, intending, I suppose, to get rid of his wife—a proceeding which was almost as easy in Athens as it is in Chicago—and to begin life over again. The age at which Euktêmôn had arrived might have made his family easy as to the prospect of natural heirs; but morally certain that he would find heirs in some way to thwart and vex them, they persuaded Philoktêmôn into yielding a reluctant consent that the youngster should be registered and have a farm settled on him.

After this Philoktêmôn fell in battle off Chios, and Euktêmôn wanted to make a written statement of the transaction. When he took this notion into his head, his two sons-in-law, Chaireas and Phanostratos, were at Munychia, the one about to go to sea, the other about to see him go. So he went down to the harbor—this perfervid old Attic—and made a will in which he confirmed his bequest to Alkê's son, and deposited it with a kinsman; a proceeding which served as a proof that the claimant was not a legitimate son, as legitimate sons inherit without a will. This document lay for two years in the hand of the depository; but meanwhile one of the sons-in-law died, and the Kerameikos cormorants, marking their opportunity, urged the old man to annul the will. So long as the property consisted in real estate the daughters and their children would inherit,

whereas anything the patriarch chose to turn into cash he might give to Alkê's brood. So the will was cancelled, and the property began to melt away. A farm was sold for 75 *minae*, a bathing-establishment for 30 *minae*, a mortgage transferred for 44 *minae*, a flock of goats, goat-herd and all, for 13 *minae*, two yoke of mules and a lot of slaves, sum total, three talents, a pretty penny in those days.

But Euktêmôn's ninety-six years had begun to tell on his tough constitution. The old man was now bed-ridden. Alkê and her set saw that he could not last long, and they prepared a new scheme, which should secure to them the property. The two boys were now registered as the adopted children of the two deceased sons of Euktêmôn and brothers of Philoktêmôn. The Kerameikos people qualified as guardians before the chancellor, and proceeded to let the real estate. This was, however, rather too saucy. The impudent fraud came to the ears of the family, and the conspiracy was thwarted. Still the birds of prey feathered their nests very comfortably; for, at Euktêmôn's death, more than half of the principal was gone and all the current revenue. But even this was not enough; for when the old man died, as he did in the "house in the Kerameikos near the wicket where wine is for sale," they kept his death a profound secret from his family, and employed their time in transporting such goods and chattels as he had there into an adjoining house; and when his wife and his daughters heard of the death from others and came to pay him the last rites—it would be mockery to say the last sad rites—the hussy and her crew would not let them in, but locked the door against them, and told them in choice Attic, "It isn't none of your funeral." When they got in, as they did at last towards sunset, they found that the old man had been dead forty-eight hours, and that the house was stripped.

And now, to close the long series of frauds, when Euktêmôn himself was beyond the grasp of the plunderers, Alkê's bantlings are to be passed off as the children of Euktêmôn by a fabulous mother, whom nobody had ever seen, whom nobody had ever known, who had not so much as a tombstone to show with her aristocratic name graven thereon.

Let us hope that Isaïos gained his case, and that the remnant of Euktêmôn's estate was saved from the clutches of this gang of thieves.

An old critic, already cited, says that one difference between Lysias and Isaïos was that Lysias persuaded even when he pleaded for the guilty, while Isaïos roused suspicion even when his cause was good. It is true that there is a certain frankness in Lysias that disarms hostility, an accent of truth that claims your implicit trust, and that Isaïos is more artful both in the distribution of his matter and in his approaches to the jury; but so far as this speech is concerned, I cannot agree with the critic, and I must confess that I, for one, am inclined to espouse most warmly the cause of Chairestratos.

At any rate, every reader will agree with me in thinking that we have here abundant material for a good novel of the modern type. It is just such a theme as Balzac in his day would have delighted to elaborate. Even George Eliot might not disdain some of the psycho-

logical problems which the story presents ; and the growing depravity of Euktêmôn would be a study worthy of the steadfast, searching eyes of the author of *Middlemarch*. I can fancy Victor Hugo making a great deal out of the tale. Alkê, for instance, would have had a chapter to rival his description of the *pieuvre* ; and the fact is, the devil-fish itself, or herself — for *pieuvre* is feminine — has many points of resemblance with the lodger in the Kerameikos. If, however, the plot seems to be a little thin, we might thicken the woof by introducing two other characters, whom I have thus far suppressed. One is Androklês, a relation of Chairestratos's, who is supporting the claims of the pretenders. The other is the widow of Chaireas, whom Androklês is seeking in marriage, and with whom he may be supposed to be in love.

Surely, with such a story before me, a story so replete with human interests, I should not have based my novel of antique life on the travels of the Scythian Anacharsis or the adventures of a shadowy Chariklês. Take but one of the characters. A life like Euktêmôn's, that embraces in its long career the stretch of Greek history that reaches from Kimôn to Epameinôndas, is canvas enough. Euktêmôn was a mature man at the time of the Sicilian expedition. He had heard the funeral oration of Periklês ; he had passed through the horrors of the plague. He had shouted over the capture of the Spartans on the island of Sphaktêria, he had welcomed the return of Alkibiadês, he had witnessed the fall of Athens. He may have furnished a chorus for Sophoklês or Euripidês, and sat in the jury that condemned Sôkratês.

Perhaps his youth was what the French call "stormy," and only as he gathered about him the goods of this life, houses and lands and slaves and mules and goats, did he acquire that staid respectability that belongs to means, and settle down into the model of a well-to-do citizen. Who knows but the subtle poison of the plague may have left a minute spot of taint in his brain that mastered him at last ; who knows but the still hidden fire of youthful sin, kept under for years by the responsibilities of wealth and station, broke out amid the ashes of his gray hairs ? Those are solemn lines :—

Ah ! malheur à celui qui laisse à la débauche
Planter le premier clou sous sa mamelle gauche !
Le cœur d'un homme vierge est un vase profond :
Lorsque la première eau qu'on y verse est impure,
La mer y passerait sans laver la souillure,
Car l'abîme est immense et la tache est au fond.

No better example than Euktêmôn's of the resurrection of buried sins to torture a loveless and unlovely old age. No better commentary on the words of the Greek poet :

Our life a close resemblance beareth unto wine,
For when there's little left, it turns to vinegar.

I will not "insult the intelligence of the reader," as the phrase is, by pointing out the scenic possibilities of such a romance — LIFE IN THE PEIRAIÆUS — THE HOUSE NEAR THE WICKET. DEATH OF PHILOKLES, OR THE REPULSE AT CHIOS. THE CHANCELLOR CONSIDERS — DION DECAMPS. ALKE ON THE RAMPAGE.

But the speech of Isaïos concerning the inheritance of Philoktêmôn is not the only one of his that gives us glimpses of manners or character ; nor is Euktêmôn's crop of wild oats the only one that is harvested. In the large proportion of the suits there is an Alkê in the background, and greed and meanness are rampant in all. In one case a man dies leaving an estate of two talents, and there is something comic in the rapid succession of claimants. Half the town goes into a mourning-suit and a lawsuit at the same time. First comes a factitious nephew, then an equally factitious friend who claims under a deed of gift, then an anachronism of a baby is produced, a baby not three years old, whereas the decedent had not been in Athens for eleven years. One man is so eager to get the property that he claims it now as consecrated to Athêna, and now as a present from the late lamented to himself. A brace of swindlers make oath that they had obtained judgment against the defunct for one talent, and when they are cast in the suit, turn round and claim the whole estate on the ground that Nikostratos was their freedman.

In another case we are introduced to a droll old gentleman, who marries a young wife out of admiration for her father, but unlike the "Auld Robin Gray" of the ballad, he finds out his mistake, and when her brothers and Jamie come back from the wars, he candidly unfolds the state of the case to them. After a little modest hesitation the lady consents to marry a husband of a more suitable age, and the old man adopts one of her brothers. The Greeks had a superstitious dread of leaving their houses desolate ; and, as a rule, childless men guarded against the calamity by adoption. If they were young and sanguine they would adopt their successors by will as Philoktêmôn did ; if old and melancholic, they would in this way provide themselves "some one to nurse them while living and bury them when dead." The gentleman at present under consideration seems to have been both old and melancholic, but more melancholic than old, for he lived three-and-twenty years after adopting his brother-in-law, and may have assisted at the obsequies of his more youthful substitute.

By the way, these adoptions, which play a very important part in all these questions of inheritance, must have occasioned a good many struggles between pride and poverty. So we find that Dikaiogênês, who belonged to the illustrious family of Harmodios, the tyrannicide, had to renounce the privileges of his origin in order to become the heir of a rich man, and had to hear his snobbish kinsman twit him with changing for a metallic consideration the noble designation of Beauchamp for the plebeian name of Tompkins.

B. L. GILDERSLEEVE.

THE "CABINET MYSTERY."

THE subject of Spiritualism proper—the phase of belief, or superstition, which takes that name—I do not propose to discuss. There is, unquestionably, much that is beautiful and attractive in the fundamental principle, or idea, of free and intimate relations between the living and the loved ones dead; but into the proof that such relation exists, we must take some other opportunity to examine. Meantime, because a piece of furniture “tilts,” or is tilted, “raps,” or is rapped, to the intense wonderment of elderly females, and symptoms of most calamitous hysterics on the part of younger ones; and even though certain other notable phenomena present themselves, or are presented, whose origin or significance it is difficult *as yet* to discover or explain; the assumption that “therefore” the disembodied spirits have “done it,” lending themselves to such ignoble uses for the sole purpose, apparently, of enabling a score or two of itinerant Down-East sharpers to shirk their legitimate share of the work that is to be done in this world, and crowding Lunatic Asylums with brain-softened paupers at public expense—this I hold to be the most unwarranted and ridiculous of *non sequiturs*, worthy only of the controversial boot-toe, the *argumentum ad homines*. In its application to these itinerant gentlemen of remunerative leisure, one is apt to ask why they should be so peculiarly favored by “the spirits”? Are they, or were their deceased relatives, pre-eminently distinguished by amiability of disposition or a fondness for psychological research? Do their defunct great-grandmothers “set more store by ‘em” than those of other people? If so, wherefore? My respected ancestress of that degree was accustomed, in life, to think something of me, too; was quite confident I was going to be President; yet now, she won’t even vouchsafe a dream as to the whereabouts of an old pocket-book with money in it, or the like: in fact, the humiliating confession must be made, she literally “cuts me dead.”

Now the spirit moves me, at this point, to “tell a little anecdote,” the egoism and apparent irrelevance of which I trust will be excused, touching an occurrence in this very room, a few weeks since; the actors in the scene being myself, and the identical Table on which I am now writing, and *for* which, I may be permitted to add, I entertain sentiments of the most distinguished respect. It is a very remarkable Table (not by any means to be spelt with a little *t*), as the reader will admit. But, “to my tale.”

The time was past midnight, the weird and witching hour—

“ . . . when the graves, all yawning wide,
Every one lets forth a sprite
Through the churchyard paths to glide.”

(N. B.—The incident, briefly related, may be of service as showing the temper and frame of mind in which I would be likely to set my-

self to a task like the one now before me, as indicated by the caption of this paper.)

The hour was late, as I have said, and the night intensely cold. I was seated here, before a cheerful fire, in my easy-chair. For an hour or so I had been reading an able and elaborate article on Spiritualism and its phenomenal manifestations, in one of the English Reviews — the *Westminster*, I think — in which the writer took the ground that it is too late now to meet the question with contemptuous denial or ridicule ; that both the nature of the evidence and the high position, intellectually and socially, of many of the witnesses in behalf of Spiritualism, demand and necessitate a fair and scientific, or philosophic, investigation of the question on its own merits ; and that no professed believers in the Bible, especially, in view of the frequent allusions in the Gospels to the existence and presence of spirits, devils, or other sort of supernatural* beings, and the fact that no subsequent abrogation of their rights and privileges can be shown ; it is incumbent to be sparing of ridicule in default of counter-evidence. The writer's argument had interested me, if it failed to convince ; but, being weary of the subject, I closed the Review, and was composing myself for an "informal nap" in my chair, when I was startled — not to say alarmed — by a sudden, sharp, loud, sonorous and unmistakable knock, or rap, proceeding, apparently, from beneath the centre of the Table — a round one, of black walnut — which stood a foot or two from me. Let the reader think how he, or she, would have felt under like circumstances, then give me their sympathy. To say I was unpleasantly affected is a mild way of putting it ; but I forbear the allusion to Mrs. Gamp's fiddle-strings. Nevertheless, half smiling, half in earnest, I "rose and addressed" — not "the chair," — but the Table. Said I, "If you are a spirit, give us another rap."

Now imagine, if you please, reader, my consternation when the rap was repeated — instantly — unequivocally — and "somewhat louder than before" !

"The deuce !" thought I, somewhat louder than was quite necessary or even decorous, considering that my respected great-grandmother might be "around," — "this is getting serious." Courageously (as Bob Acres himself) approaching the Table, I subjected it to a thorough but exceedingly respectful examination. I peeped under it, and pressed upon it, and turned it around, and felt its legs, and patted it, and thumped it with my knuckles, but to no purpose ; nothing could I discover. At last I bethought me of again addressing the "spirit." I said — thinking of Old Scrooge in the *Christmas Carol* — "Rap once more, and I'll believe in you !" But no more raps were forthcoming. The "spirit" had no further "communications" to make, or probably, as I then surmised, had had its feelings hurt by my discourteous ejaculatory reference to the — ahem ! — the disreputable personage down-stairs. Now be it understood that dur-

* It will, of course, be understood that I use the word "supernatural," as others use it, for want of a better one to convey the idea usually associated with it. "*Extra-natural*" has been suggested as a substitute ; but no objection can be made to the other that does not apply with equal force to this. In all the universe — *i. e.* in all Nature — there can be, strictly speaking, nothing either "above" or "outside of" that whole of which it can be but as a part, save only the Ultimate, Divine, Self-existence, Nature's God and Creator. We style that thing supernatural which is merely, as yet, super-comprehensible.

ing this impromptu *séance* (I would hardly have been surprised, after rap number two, to see aunts, or any other defunct female relatives) my self-possession did not once forsake me, although my thoughts ran riot. The condition of my finances at first suggested the idea of setting up as a "medium" myself, and doing a little spiritual speculation "on my own hook;" the pocket-book conception, particularly, beginning to reassert itself with a force and vividness unfelt since boyhood. But I soon dismissed so mercenary an idea as unworthy the occasion, on discovering that my "communications" were cut off, leaving me rapt in wondering meditation, not unmixed with a feeling nigh akin to chagrin and disappointment.

Since then I have heard this Table rap many times, on *very cold* nights, but I now disregard its "communications," having found out that night, indeed, that they (the raps) were mere involuntary rheumatic complainings, caused by the unequal shrinkage and straining of its joints from excessive cold on one side, while the other was heated by the fire. Still, if it should rap again to-night — now, while I am writing on it and of it — I'm not sure but that I should feel inclined, if not ignominiously to retract, at least to so qualify my remarks as to avoid giving offence to either "spirits" or furniture. At any rate, I think the reader will agree with me that it is a remarkable Table — a capital T-table.

A truce now to levity. If I had not thought it worth while to offer an apology for the subject of this paper, save in so far as the foregoing disjointed prefatory remarks may serve in that stead, it is because I assure myself that there will hardly be found one among the intelligent readers of the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE who will not confess to sharing in a greater or less degree, according to mental idiosyncrasy and opportunity for observation, in the newly awakened, but almost universal feeling of curiosity in the phenomenal facts of these *twilight sciences*, clairvoyance, mesmerism, animal magnetism, or "electro-biology" — even Spiritualism with its reason-insulting "rap-pings and tiltings," and subjects of *de lunatico inquirendo*. If asked to assign a reason or motive for such interest, I should unhesitatingly refer it in great part to a certain other feeling or idea especially prevalent among minds of an imaginative, speculative, poetic turn, an idea, namely, that the soul of man to-day is near, very near to some stupendous psychical secret, possibly the solution of the sublime problem of its own existence.

Assuming, then, that an intelligent interest in these things is felt by many, I ask, is the grand secret, or anything indeed that is worth knowing, at all likely to be imparted to the rest of the world by the "High-moral-Show-men" of the day? If so, one may be permitted still to entertain a doubt as to whether the secret can best be promulgated through a hole in a portable wardrobe, called "cabinet," and "at the ridiculously low price of fifty cents a head, with liberal compliments to the press." That is the question with which we at present have to do. It is now many years since the Davenport Brothers began travelling with their wardrobe and "familiar spirits," and there are perhaps very few among the readers of this article unacquainted, at least by report, with their very peculiar, unique, and startling per-

formance, called generally the "Cabinet Mystery." The Messrs. D. by their own report have met at times rough usage at the hands of indignant or irritated audiences, having been even mobbed on at least one occasion in some English city, I believe. Indeed, essentially unlike the funny tricks and mirth-compelling delusions of the avowed juggler and prestidigitor, there has ever been a something in the very nature and pretensions of the Cabinet Mystery well adapted to irritate and anger an audience that might detect the imposture, if it be one. Appreciating this fact, it would seem, after the rather rough hints referred to, the Messrs. D. have found it expedient and politic of late years to leave off directly asserting a spiritual or super-human agency in the "mystery;" although this claim is certainly put forth with sufficient force in the little books, purporting to be their biographies, which are sold or distributed at the time and place of the performance. If these books are credible, the Brothers have been from childhood most distinguished "mediums" indeed, and the sample of their peculiar "powers," which they are kind enough to exhibit to the public at fifty cents a head, is but a trifle compared with what they can do; a significant circumstance enough, the full weight of which will be presently perceived. Besides, from their own politic silence the inference left to be drawn is still equivalent to a downright denial of anything like trickery or deception in the matter. Hence the irritation and dissatisfied state of ill-humor in which it must be remarked they almost invariably leave the more intelligent, or perhaps I should say the less credulous, among their audiences. The latter feel themselves to be victims of something worse than a delusion, to wit, a lie.

If, now, I could succeed in offering even a probable and plausible solution — rejecting the idea of a super-human or "spiritual" agency — of this so-called "mystery" which has been, for some ten or fifteen years, the "hard knot" of scientific and rational "investigators," the glory and delight of wonder-loving credulity; might not I fairly, and with all necessary modesty, estimate that I had done the state (of men's minds) a little bit of service? But if I can do more than this; if, as I believe, I shall present such an explanation — mere hypothesis though it be — of the means and *modus operandi* of this particularly successful foolery, as shall satisfy the mind of every person not hopelessly given up to "the pleasure of being cheated;" shall it not be said that I "deserve well of my countrymen," if for nothing else than the tendency of such exposition to lessen the number of unprofitable non-workers in this busy world by at least two? These particular "two" being, as I expect to show, by the way, men from whom the world (which owes no man a living, unless he honestly earns it) has a right to expect even more work than from the average member of society. Here, however, I shall probably be met by the oft-repeated, but groundless, assertion, that the exposure has already been made; an assertion sufficiently refuted by the simple fact that the Davenports still continue to give their performances, the "mystery" still "drawing" and "paying" wherever they exhibit; for it is not more certain that a pricked bubble bursts, than that a sham — an imposture like this — must die of exposure. The personage who generally does the "exposing" business wherever the performance is given, might very fairly

be paid by the Messrs. Davenport for his services, inasmuch as his exposition is so ridiculously inadequate to account for their feats on natural grounds, as to tend strongly, though indirectly, to what they most desire, namely, a condition of receptivity on the part of the audience, an entertainment by the mind of the possibility of a super-human agency in the matter. This so-called "exposure" usually takes the form of a most supremely contemptuous assertion that there is "nothing in it" (*i.e.* in the "mystery"); that so-and-so knows a man who is well acquainted with an old Indian, or else a sailor — never a marine — who can slip his hands out of the very tightest and hardest sort of knot ever invented by Gordius himself. This little story — whether true or false is of no slightest moment — is caught up and industriously circulated. In an incredibly brief time Mr. So-and-so or Don't-you-know has taken a hundred aliases, while it will appear that nearly every man in the audience has an aboriginal or a maritime acquaintance possessing a miraculous talent for knots. Meantime, the Messrs. D. proceed with the "mystery" just as if they had not been "exposed." Let us, then, first see what they do; after which will be in order a modest, but none the less confident, suggestion on my part as to how they do it.

When the curtain rises, there is seen in the centre of the stage, fronting the auditorium, a piece of furniture made of some dark-colored wood (probably walnut), and in size and shape somewhat resembling an ordinary wardrobe. This is the celebrated "Cabinet." To the footlights steps then the business-man or general agent of the exhibition, a dapper, polite, well-dressed gentleman, "Professor" Day, or May, or some such name. [What he is supposed to be "Professor" of, I cannot say, unless it be of *knots*.] After a few remarks, of a historical, somewhat mysteriously spiritual, but decidedly non-committal character, the Professor invites the curious among the audience — the investigators — to come upon the stage and examine the cabinet. This process is accomplished "by detail;" the occupants of a designated number of seats going up, "investigating," and yielding place to others. Come, 'tis our turn. We find the cabinet to be what it appeared to be, a very ordinary piece of furniture, light, but strongly constructed, as it should be, to withstand the rough handling of irreverent draymen and materialistic baggage-smashers. Without measurement, and describing it from memory, I should say its dimensions are about seven feet in height by five in width, and a depth of say three and one-half or four feet; the walls, top and floor being from one-half to five-eighths of an inch thick. It stands on four legs sufficiently high to afford an unobstructed view under it to any one inclined to suspect the aid of confederates beneath the stage. It is furnished with folding doors, secured by what appear to be ordinary sliding bolts, so arranged as to admit of one remaining fastened while the other is open. Both being thrown wide open, the interior of the cabinet is found to be quite as simple in arrangement as the outside: no secret hiding-places, no traps, no machinery of any sort; merely a plain seat, or bench, projecting from the wall at either side (or end) of the cabinet. It should be remarked, however, that unlike the common wardrobe to which it has been compared, the outer, or hinge

edges of the folding doors are not coincident with the corners, or sides of the cabinet ; the seats, and the persons on them, being thus partially concealed from the audience even when the doors are opened to the full extent, which, so far as concerns the one on the left (*i.e.* the right of auditorium) is *never once (fairly) done during the entire performance.* In the front wall, or entablature, immediately over these doors, is seen a round hole about eight or ten inches in diameter. Everybody, not excepting the most wary and watchful "investigator," is soon satisfied that there is "nothing wrong about the cabinet." The audience being reseated and order restored, but never *until* then, *i.e.* never while a crowd is on the stage, the Messrs. D. make their entrée and their bows, in silence. (It may be noted here, that throughout the entire performance the Davenportes are remarkably silent and solemn in their demeanor — as indeed beseems men officiating in such awe-inspiring mysteries ! The Professor does all the talking needed.) They are not ill-favored men. The heavier, thick-set one — who is, I believe, the younger of the two — might fairly be called good looking. The elder is a dark, nervous, thin-visaged, keen-eyed personage, altogether a remarkable figure. If you met him in a crowd, or on the street, and he chanced to look at you, you would inevitably feel a curiosity to know why he did it. He is very round-shouldered, which gives him an awkward, gawky appearance, as if his coat did not fit him. (It is true that very few in the audience take note of such seeming trivial facts as this, *e.g.* ; but, for our present purpose, it is proper that we "stick a pin" even here : we must not, as do nineteen-twentieths of the audience, permit an eager curiosity to usurp the seat of our observant faculties.) This peculiarity of form will be readily explained by the man's apparent feeble health and the habit of sitting, when tied, in a constrained and unnatural position. The Professor then brings on the stage a lot of small ropes, pieces of bed-cording or clothes-line, cut into different lengths, from two or three feet to five or six. The Davenportes now standing, one at each side of the stage, a number of ropes near each, the Professor calls upon the audience to select from among themselves "two well-known and reliable gentlemen" to come upon the stage and bind the Messrs. D., or, as the "funny man" in the audience inevitably suggests, to "show 'em the ropes." The vote is taken *viva voce* ; and the gentlemen selected go on the stage and proceed to bind the wrists and arms of the Davenport Brothers in the hardest knots and most impracticable and complicated entanglements their ingenuity can suggest. These gentlemen, however, are usually in such condition of blushing confusion from the "gratifying evidence of their fellow-citizens' confidence" (as they say when they speak their little pieces, thanking the audience for "the unexpected honor," etc., etc.) and at being the target for hundreds of bright eyes and dull shafts of wit, as to pretty effectually incapacitate them, at least, for any very astute efforts at investigation. Nevertheless, the knots are tied at last, and generally well tied. The Brothers then, tightly bound as to the arms and hands, step into the cabinet,— on the floor of which, I should have mentioned, are seen, loosely lying about, various old musical instruments — to wit, a guitar and tambourine, a bell, a little riding-whip, etc. Seating themselves on the projecting seats

hereinbefore described, the doors are closed on them, and the Professor withdraws a pace or two. Instantly, then, sounds are heard within, as of fingers lightly and carelessly striking the discordant strings of the guitar; the tambourine is ever and anon rattled and thumped; the bell is rung, then thrown out through the circular hole, or window, to which reference has been made; a *hand* — a white, delicate-looking hand — is seen now and then to quiver like lightning at the opening, being sometimes thrust outside, but quickly withdrawn, when suddenly, in the midst of the hurly-burly — bang! the doors (or *one* of them, that on the left of auditorium) fly open, and there are the Messrs. D., sitting just as they were left, bound tightly. The selected investigators go up and examine the fastenings; then declare positively that they (the knots) have not been loosened nor in any way altered or molested — and they probably tell the truth. (Stick a pin here.)

Greater wonders are in order: the Davenports are then bound down to the seats, fastened hand and foot. This being satisfactorily accomplished by the "reliable gentlemen" (who usually take occasion here to express their confident opinion of the utter impossibility of "any man getting himself loose from those knots"), the doors are shut as before. This time there is considerably less indiscriminate noise and general hubbub than on the previous occasion, the guitar being only occasionally touched. Instead, the "spirits" seem to be busily engaged in untying the ropes, the sound of which operation is very plainly heard; and in a wonderfully brief time — say a minute or less — the doors fly open again, the Brothers rise from their seats, loose, freed from every knot and complicated "impossibility" of tangled clothes-line, and step triumphantly from their futile prison. I call attention here to the fact that *whenever the doors fly open* the Professor leaps with extreme quickness to the place of the elder Davenport, thus *interposing his person between the latter and the audience*. By this time, however, the skepticism and suspicion of the spectators are generally merged in wondering admiration: they do not examine, they absorb. The performance is then varied by the Brothers going in free, and being found, on the opening of the doors, tied hand and foot, and tied also to their seats. The knots in this instance are not very complicated, but are wonderfully secure. Now comes the climax, the very essence of the "mystery." The Professor explains that inasmuch as "some people will persist in asserting and actually pretending to *believe* (!) that the Brothers themselves untie and refasten the ropes," he will now proceed to put such hardened doubters to shame by demonstrating beyond the possibility of a lingering, infinitesimal fraction of a shadow of a doubt (or words to that effect) that "such is not and cannot be the case." His mode of demonstration is as follows: upon the open palms of each of the Davenports — closely watched by the "reliables," and in full view of the audience — he carefully pours a small quantity of fine flour, upon which they shut their hands and then submit to be tied as before. They being dressed in suits of black broadcloth, it now seems — nay, it now *is* — quite evident that if they open their hands some little speck of flour will be sure to betray them; nevertheless they confidently enter the cabinet and

seat themselves. The doors are shut, and when, as before, the doors fly open, the Brothers rise, step to the footlights, not a speck of tell-tale white on trousers, vest, coat or boots, and opening wide their hands pour out the flour! The time occupied in this instance I always noticed to be very much longer than in either of the other variations of the performance, while the "spectral hand" did not show itself at the window at all. Perhaps it was unusually busy at the ropes! At any rate a couple of particularly large pins will be found not amiss here. In the next place the Professor absolutely astounds the audience by a singularly audacious suggestion: nothing less in fact than that if they will select one from their number who is "bold enough" (so he words it) to enter the cabinet with the Messrs. Davenport, blindfold and submit to what may follow, they (the Brothers) will offer no objection. If this challenge is accepted, the occasion is the only one throughout the entire performance wherein (as the reader will presently see) there arises the least difficulty about maintaining the deception. For this reason, and because further I am herein enabled to speak with more than ordinary confidence and positiveness, I ask the reader to note well what follows. The individual accepting the challenge, being securely blindfolded by the Professor, who also "takes a hand" in the tying on this occasion, seats himself at the rear of the cabinet, fronting the audience, upon a seat prepared for the purpose, to which he is securely bound. The Brothers being seated as before, one at either side, they also are bound. This being done, the right arm of the individual in pursuit of knowledge under difficulties is extended so as to rest his hand on the shoulder of the younger Davenport, to which it is securely tied. His left arm is then bound either to his own side or to his thigh, *never to the elder Davenport*. The excuse for this one-sided arrangement will be readily admitted to be that a person of ordinary length of limb cannot reach to the shoulders of both at once; but a far better reason will soon be apparent. He now appears to the audience to be placed immediately between the Messrs. Davenport; but such is hardly the case, there being abundance of space between his feet and the door for the miscellaneous collection of musical instruments, etc., to which reference has been so often made. The doors being now closed, I continue the description from the inside. A second or two elapses in profound silence and stillness unbroken save by the sound of their breathing, and possibly the heart-beats of the expectant investigator. Then are heard mysterious whisperings, seemingly (to his excited fancy) spirit-voices in the empty air around and above him. Then come slight, barely perceptible sounds as of loosening knots. The strings of the guitar are touched gently once or twice. His hat, if in his lap, is lifted as lightly as a zephyr lifts a rose-leaf, and placed upon his head, generally "upside-down." A soft, cold hand, or what feels like one, is gently passed athwart his face, or from above, downward, in a sort of mesmeric "pass." The sounds now wax louder, bolder and more confused—his own faculties of observation inevitably sharing in the "confusion" to a greater or less degree. The musical instruments, etc., are lifted from the floor and piled upon his lap. Lastly, the knots confining his right hand to the

younger Davenport are loosened, the blind is jerked from his eyes, and the doors fly open as before, showing the Davenports sitting freed from their bonds, and himself in the ludicrous situation above indicated, that is, with his hat upside down and his lap full of "properties." A feeble, sickly attempt at hilarity greets his unique appearance, but the audience are for the most part not mirthfully inclined. The spasmodic guffaw quickly subsides into a dyspeptic giggle, which in turn is silenced, while the "bold" investigator steps forward (after being untied) to the footlights and admits himself to be most diabolically non-plussed, generally quoting, incorrectly, "There's more in heaven and earth, Horatio," etc.

This winds up the performance so far as it is peculiarly and distinctively theirs; the concluding trick of shutting off the gas and showing the glimmer of phosphoric light in the air above the stage — the phosphorus being supposed to indicate the guitar and tambourine which had been left lying upon the stage — is simply contemptible as a bit of quack jugglery, greatly surpassed, for instance, by Wyman's "suspended drum" and other like feats; yet touching even that I shall have a word to say presently.

Before proceeding now with what I believe will compel acceptance as being a full, fair and perfect exposure of this most sublimely impudent imposture, I ask the reader's attention to a suggestive and significant fact or two. First, as regards the *hand*, which, as stated, is now and then seen quivering at or is thrust through the circular opening: I happen to know that this hand, being quickly caught hold of and held, on one occasion during the performance in a Western city, by one of the gentlemen selected by the audience, was found to be a real hand of flesh, blood and bones, not a mere cunningly devised phantasm of a hand, as is believed by some. Indeed, it struggled desperately to free itself, the Professor manifesting great alarm and uneasiness the while, and succeeded in doing so; being, though small and slender, exceedingly nervous, lithe and sinewy. Instantly thrust out again, holding the whip to which allusion has been made, it aimed several savage, spiteful cuts toward the gentleman who had grasped it. I shall not insult the reader's intelligence by attempting to prove that if or when something thus assumes all the qualities of matter — *i. e.*, can be not only seen, but felt, grasped and struggled with — it *is* matter, and by no means either "spirit" or phantasm. In the second place, let the reader recall what has been stated concerning a certain manœuvre of the Professor's by which he interposes himself at the opening of the doors between the audience and the elder Davenport. Despite his address, however, a watchful eye will sometimes detect on the part of the brother named a quick lightning-like movement, so quick indeed as to leave a doubt on the observer's mind as to its reality. This I have more than once detected; but, with the strange perverseness that will not permit one to look for lost spectacles astride of the nose (where they indisputably are to be found), I drew no clear or definite inference therefrom. Now, the solution of this problem is one of extreme simplicity; which very simplicity has hitherto been its safeguard from detection. If, as is probable, or possible, the idea has occurred to some spectators of the performance,

it has been at once dismissed, because of being too simple, too obvious in fact, to be for a moment entertained. Nevertheless, let us "entertain" it.

The Messrs. D. have given us some biography of themselves, which, though quite marvellous and interesting, is, in some respects, not entirely satisfactory. I believe I can improve upon it; at any rate I'm going to make the attempt. What my narrative may lack in the matter of authentic fact will be more than compensated by its extreme probability; which great principle of the art historical I enunciate gratis, dedicating and commending it to all future historians and biographers. Some forty odd years ago, in some obscure neighborhood—authorities are silent as to exact "time when" or "place where," but my infallible guide, probability, assures me it was somewhere within the confines of that most "extrorrry" realm styled jocularly "New-England"—a child was born. The sire of said child was an enterprising old man, a consistent and exemplary worshipper of the god of his forefathers, the Dollar Almighty, always "on the make," and altogether a worthy man—of New-England. His soul, or something, was glad exceedingly because of the birth of the child—a boy. It was not what would be called a fine, bouncing boy-baby neither; on the contrary, it was decidedly puny; but a "most extrorrry baby" for all that. Hence the gladness. "Wife," said the happy sire, with a gush of parental tenderness truly refreshing, "wife, we had orter take a sight o' care o' the poor little thing, and nuss him well: there's *money in him!*"

If the baby did not have a silver spoon in its mouth, it had what was better—a *fortune on its back*. And its *income* began on the day of its birth; for the neighbors were charged one dime a head for seeing it, children half price. And the news spread, and the neighbors came and paid their dimes, and the babe grew and waxed fat on maple-sugar and molasses-candy, and the parental tenderness of the worthy couple found speedy reward. For the baby was a prodigy—a *lusus nature*: it had three arms.* Strongly but flexibly fixed upon

* Since the preceding pages were written, and nearly all in the printer's hands, a friend of the writer recollected having seen in *The Day's Doings*, a year or so ago, an account of a similar freak of nature. At once (*i. e.*, about the last of March ult.) I wrote to the editor, inquiring whether he recollected any such thing. With a courtesy and promptness for which I heartily thank him, the editor of that lively journal of progressive civilisation looked up the account copied below, cut it out, along with a spirited wood-cut illustrating the Captain's style of bringing his extra member into play in the pugilistic, and sent it to me. I doubt not that the gallant soldier who used his rare endowment in his country's cause will be well satisfied to have it again brought forward to aid in the merited exposure of mountebanks who were speculating on the credulity of the people for whom he fought:—

"William Jacobs, who lives in Otsego County, N. Y., prides himself on three well-developed arms and hands, the member extraordinary having grown above the right shoulder-blade. It hangs suspended down the back, and can be raised and lowered at will. In length it is shorter than the arms proper, but possesses extraordinary muscle, which he displays whenever occasion demands it. No person passing through a railroad car or meeting him upon the street, would observe any deformity; but after being cognisant of this singular case, would observe a peculiar fit of his coat. His father being a wealthy farmer, he had always preferred to remain at home, and was the most active and profitable of farmer's help. He would assist in loading hay and at the same time hold securely the horses' reins." Once, when about eighteen, the village boys thought they would have a little sport at "three arms'" expense, and commenced a system of blackguardism, followed by bold attacks upon his person. Forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and throwing off his loose garments he went at them in true pugilistic style, arm number three performing its duty nobly and apparently out rivaling numbers one and two. At the end of the skirmish, six prostrate villagers told what a fierce opponent they had met. "Three arms" gained a notoriety, and never afterwards was persecuted on account of his deformity. At the outbreak of the rebellion he joined a New York regiment, and so distinguished himself by bravery that he was finally promoted to captain, and ranked as the best drill-officer of the regiment to which he was attached. At the close of the war he returned to the arm, and has since remained there."

the back, *inter scapulas*, between the shoulder-blades, was a third arm, having its joints, hand and fingers perfect, but somewhat longer and more slender than the normal pair. As time passed the old man left off work, the whole family being well supported by the single arm of the wonderful baby. But one day—the baby having in the meantime grown to be a smart lad, with "a head of his own," manifesting great mechanical ingenuity and inventive genius by several patent improvements in "apple-peelers"—he astonished the "famby" aforesaid by the following emphatic declaration of independence: "The old man has been makin' money and feedin' the hull team of you long enough by *showing* my arm. Now, that little game's gettin' tiresome: I'm going to make money for myself by *hiding* it!"

It is almost an insult to the reader's intelligence to say more; yet I cannot refrain from calling attention to the absolute completeness with which every single peculiarity of the cabinet performance is made clear as day in the light of this simple hypothesis, which is in itself not near so strange, by the way, as many well-known prodigies, such, for example, as the "double-headed girl," with four legs and four arms, which many of us have seen. If, indeed, it can be fairly called "hypothesis," it is the key that is exactly fitted to every guard of the "Cabinet" lock; and if the reader has not failed to note the significant facts to which attention was asked in the foregoing description, the perfect sufficiency of the explanation—what certain critics would style the wonderful "fitness of things"—is at once apparent. Especially do we see the primal need of the "Cabinet" itself, some contrivance to conceal the performers from the audience; and not less apparent is the reason why these wonderful "mediums," as they profess to be, should confine the exhibition of the manifold "powers" which they boast to such a narrow, pitiful sphere as the tying and untying of knots. The pieces of rope also being of different length, any rather hard knot—one that will not readily yield to the rare skill of nimble fingers trained by long years of constant practice—may be solved in the Alexandrine fashion; for where the extra arm lies *perdu* a sharp knife will easily be concealed. I dismiss the subject with the suggestion that when next the Messrs. Davenport begin their exhibition they be invited to refute this solution of their "Mystery" by submitting to a physical examination; and after such examination they be required to remain upon the stage (or in the presence of the "reliable gentlemen") until they have given the audience a specimen of their peculiar "powers." Otherwise, there would probably be another case of mistaken identity.

W. H. KEMPER.

NOTE.—I promised to say one word concerning the piece of contemptible jugglery which concludes the performance. It is this: After repeated observations, I am prepared to assert positively that the sounds (like something touching the strings of the guitar in an extremely awkward manner) do *not* emanate from the direction of the phosphoric glimmering above the stage, but proceed unmistakably

from the very spot where the guitar was lying when the gas was turned off. In this case, as in that of ventriloquism, the imagination of the listener is relied upon to *locate* the sound. For the rest, the most ordinary juggler will easily devise the machinery for such a trick.

GENERAL EWELL'S REPORT OF OPERATIONS OF THE
SECOND ARMY CORPS.

SPRING HILL, TENNESSEE, *December 11th, 1872.*

Editor of the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE—

SIR:—I enclose General Ewell's report of the operations of the Second Corps, Army Northern Virginia, during the summer of 1863, which I have carefully transcribed from the office-copy kept by General Ewell, and found by me among his valuable papers since his death. The original report, forwarded late in 1863, was first copied by me from the General's own notes or written from his dictation. Two fair copies were then made by a clerk, compared with the original, and one retained, the other sent forward. I mention these details as bearing on the authenticity of the present document.

I hope it will prove a substantial addition to the history of the famous Second Corps. It supplies some particulars only lightly touched upon in the reports of Generals Lee and Early lately published by you, and others that did not come within the scope of either of those papers. I am, Sir, etc.,

CAMPBELL BROWN,

Formerly Major and A. A. Gen'l on the Staff of the late Lieut.-Gen'l Richard S. Ewell.

(COPY.)

HEADQUARTERS SECOND ARMY CORPS, 1863.

Major:—The Second Corps at the time of leaving Hamilton's Crossing,* June 4th, 1863, was organised as follows:

EARLY'S DIVISION—Maj.-Gen. Jubal A. Early. Hays' Louisiana Brigade, Brig.-Gen. H. T. Hays; Gordon's Georgia Brigade, Brig.-Gen. John B. Gordon; Smith's Virginia Brigade, Brig.-Gen. William Smith; Hoke's North Carolina Brigade, Col. Avery, 6th N. Ca. Reg't, commanding (Gen. Hoke absent, wounded).

* Hamilton's Crossing was our camp near Fredericksburg, Va., where General Ewell assumed command of the corps on his promotion to Lieutenant-General, about 1st June.

RODES' DIVISION — Maj.-Gen. R. E. Rodes. Daniel's North Ca. Brigade, Brig.-Gen. Junius Daniel ; Doles' Georgia Brigade, Brig.-Gen. George Doles ; Iverson's North Carolina Brigade, Brig.-Gen. A. Iverson ; Ramseur's North Carolina Brigade, Brig.-Gen. S. D. Ramseur ; Rodes' (old) Alabama Brigade, Col. E. A. O'Neil, commanding.

JOHNSON'S DIVISION — Maj.-Gen. Ed. Johnson. Steuart's Virginia and North Carolina Brigade, Brig.-Gen. Geo. H. Steuart ; " Stonewall " Virginia Brigade, Brig.-Gen. Jas. A. Walker ; John M. Jones' Virginia Brigade, Brig.-Gen. John M. Jones ; Nicholls' Louisiana Brigade, Col. J. M. Williams, commanding (Gen. Nicholls absent, wounded).

Lt.-Col. Hilary P. Jones' battalion of artillery was attached to Gen. Early's Division. Lt.-Col. Thos. Carter's battalion of artillery was attached to Gen. Rodes' Division. Lt.-Col. R. Snowden Andrews' battalion of artillery was attached to General Johnson's Division. Lt.-Col. Nelson's battalion of artillery and four batteries of the First Virginia artillery, all under Colonel Thompson Brown, formed the artillery reserve of the corps.

To Culpeper and Winchester.

Marching *via* Verdiersville and Somerville Ford, the corps reached Culpeper on the 7th.

On the 9th, the enemy being reported to have crossed the Rappahannock in force, I moved my corps, by direction of the General commanding, to General Steuart's support, but on reaching Brandy Station with General Rodes' division, found the enemy already retiring.

Resuming the march on the 10th, we passed by Gaines' Cross Roads, Flint Hill and Front Royal, arriving at Cedarville on the 12th. At that point I detached General Rodes' division, together with General Jenkins' cavalry brigade, which had reported to me, to capture if possible a force of eighteen hundred men under Colonel McReynolds reported at Berryville, and thence to press on to Martinsburg. With the remaining two divisions and the 16th Virginia cavalry battalion, Major Newman, of Jenkins' brigade, I proceeded to attack Winchester.

From all the information I could gather, the fortifications of Winchester were only assailable on the west and northwest, from a range of hills which commanded the ridge occupied by their main fortification. The force there was represented at from 6000 to 8000 under General Milroy. On the 13th I sent Early's division and Colonel Brown's artillery battalion (under Captain Dance) to Newtown on the Valley pike, where they were joined by the Maryland battalion of infantry, Lieut.-Colonel Herbert, and the Baltimore Light Artillery, Captain Griffin. General Early was directed to advance towards the town by the Valley pike. The same day Johnson's division, preceded by Newman's cavalry, drove in the enemy's pickets on the Front Royal and Winchester road, and formed line of battle two miles from town preparatory to an attack. After some skirmishing, the enemy opened from a battery near the Milwood road, and Carpenter's battery (Lieutenant Lamber commanding) was placed by Lt.-Colonel

Andrews to the left of the Front Royal road and opened vigorously, soon driving off the opposing battery and blowing up a caisson. This drew upon our battery a heavy fire from twelve or fifteen pieces in and near the town, but beyond the range of our guns.

About 5 P. M. General Early had a pretty sharp skirmish with the enemy's infantry and artillery near Kearnsstown — Gordon's brigade, supported by Hays, driving them at a run as far as Milltown Mills. Here Early, coming within reach of the enemy's fortifications, halted for the night.

Before morning the enemy withdrew all their artillery into their fortifications from Bower's Hill and the south and east sides of the town.

On examining the enemy's fortifications from General Johnson's position, I found they had put up works on the hills I had intended gaining possession of, and were busy strengthening them. Having reconnoitred with General Early from Bower's Hill, I coincided with his views as to the best point of attack, and directed him to move his main force to the left and carry by assault a small open work on a commanding hill near the Pughtown road, which overlooked the main fort. About 11 A. M., finding there was no danger of a sortie, and seeing the enemy fortifying a hill north of the main fort, I directed General Johnson to move to the east of the town and interfere with their work as much as possible, so as to divert attention from General Early. He accordingly took up position between the Milwood and Berryville pikes, and threw forward the 5th Virginia infantry, under Lt.-Col. H. J. Williams, as skirmishers, who annoyed the enemy so as to force them to leave off work and effectually engross their attention.

General Gordon's brigade and Lt.-Col. Herbert's Maryland battalion, with two batteries, were left by General Early at Bower's Hill, and pushed their skirmishers into Winchester — who were recalled for fear of drawing the enemy's fire on the town.

By 4 P. M. General Early had attained, undiscovered, a wooded hill, one of the range known as Little North Mountain, near the Pughtown road, on the north side of which a corn-field, and on the south side an orchard, afforded excellent positions for artillery, in easy range of the work to be attacked — which was a bastion front open towards the town. Hays' brigade was designated for the attack, and Smith's for its support; and about 6 o'clock Colonel Jones ran his pieces and those of the 1st Virginia artillery (under Captain Dance) forward by hand into position, and opened simultaneously from twenty guns, completely surprising the enemy, whose entire attention at this point was engrossed by Gordon. In half an hour their battery was silenced, our artillery firing excellently; and General Hays moved quietly to within two hundred yards of their works, when our guns ceased firing, and he charged through an abattis of brushwood and captured the works, taking six rifled pieces, two of which were at once turned upon and dispersed the column that the enemy were endeavoring to press forward. The works to the left of the one taken were immediately abandoned, their defenders retreating to the main fort. It was now too late to do more than prepare to improve this important advantage promptly in the morning.

This result established the correctness of General Early's views as to the point of attack, and rendered the main fort untenable ; and accordingly, anticipating the possibility of the enemy's attempting to retreat during the night, I ordered General Johnson with the "Stone-wall," Nicholls', and three regiments of Steuart's brigade and Dement's battery, with sections of Rains' and Carpenter's (the whole under Lt.-Col. Andrews) to proceed to a point on the Martinsburg road, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles east of Winchester, so as to intercept any attempt to escape, or to be ready to attack at daylight if the enemy held their ground. Finding the road to this point very rough, General Johnson concluded to march *via* Jordan's Springs to Stephenson's Depot, where the nature of the ground would give him a strong position. Just as the head of his column reached the railroad, two hundred yards from the Martinsburg pike, the enemy was heard retreating down the pike towards Martinsburg. Forming line parallel with the pike, behind a stone wall, Steuart on the right and the Louisiana brigade on the left, 1200 men in all, and posting the artillery favorably, he was immediately attacked by Milroy with all his force of infantry and cavalry, his artillery having been abandoned at the town. The enemy made repeated and desperate attempts to cut their way through. Here was the hardest fighting which took place during the attack — the odds being greatly in favor of the enemy, who were successfully repulsed and scattered by the gallantry of General Johnson and his brave command. After several front attacks had been steadily met and repulsed, they attempted to turn both flanks simultaneously, but were met on the right by General Walker and his brigade, which had just arrived on the field (having been left behind by mistake), and on the left by two regiments of Nicholls' brigade, which had been held in reserve. In a few minutes the greater part of them surrendered — 2300 to 2500 in number. The rest scattered through the woods and fields, but most of them were subsequently captured by our cavalry. General Milroy with 250 or 300 cavalry made his way to Harper's Ferry.

The fruits of this victory were 23 pieces of artillery, nearly all rifled, 4000 prisoners, 300 loaded wagons, more than 300 horses, and quite a large amount of commissary and quartermaster stores.

My loss was 47 killed, 219 wounded, and 3 missing. Lt.-Col. Andrews, who had handled his artillery with great skill and effect in the engagement of the 15th, was wounded just at the close of the action.

Berryville and Martinsburg.

General Rodes encamped on the night of the 12th June near Stone Bridge on the road to Milwood, and moving on next morning towards Berryville, his infantry were met by a detachment of Yankee cavalry before reaching Milwood. Finding himself discovered, he pushed on rapidly ; but before reaching Berryville the enemy's infantry had retreated on the Charlestown road, holding Jenkins at bay for a while with their artillery, which was withdrawn as soon as ours came up. Turning off by the road to Summit Point, the enemy retreated to Winchester. After securing the small amount of supplies at Berryville, General Rodes, sending Jenkins in pursuit, followed with his infantry

to Summit Point, where he encamped. Jenkins failed, from some cause, to overtake the enemy. Late on the 14th General Rodes came to Martinsburg, before reaching which place Jenkins drove the enemy from some barricaded houses at Bunker Hill, capturing 75 or 100 prisoners. At Martinsburg General Rodes found the enemy's infantry and artillery in position before the town. He immediately sent Jenkins' command to the left and rear of the place, and putting some of Carter's artillery in position, drove off the opposing battery, which retreated towards Williamsport, so closely pursued by Jenkins' dismounted cavalry and two squadrons mounted, that they were forced to abandon five out of their six guns, and many prisoners were taken. The infantry fled by way of Shepherdstown, a fact not known for some hours, and which, together with the darkness, will account for their escape. The enemy destroyed many of the stores at Martinsburg, but about 6000 bushels of grain and a few quartermaster and commissary stores fell into our hands.

The results of this expedition were 5 pieces of artillery, 200 prisoners, and quartermaster and subsistence stores in some quantity. General Rodes mentions with commendation the conduct of Major Sweeny of Jenkins' brigade, wounded in charging the enemy's rear near the Opequon as they retreated from Berryville to Winchester.

Crossing the Potomac and March to Carlisle.

I sent notice to General Rodes of Milroy's escape, but he was not in a position to intercept him, Jenkins' cavalry being already (10 A. M. 15th June) on the Potomac near Williamsport. General Rodes crossed at Williamsport with three brigades, sending Jenkins forward to Chambersburg, and on the 19th his division moved by my orders to Hagerstown, where he encamped on the road to Boonsboro', while Johnson crossed to Sharpsburg, and Early moved to Shepherdstown to threaten Harper's Ferry.

In these positions we waited for the other two corps to close up until the 21st of June, on the afternoon of which day I received orders from the General commanding to take Harrisburg, and next morning Rodes and Johnson moved towards Greencastle, Pa.; Jenkins re-occupied Chambersburg, from which he had fallen back some days before, and Early marched by Boonsboro' to Cavetown, where the 17th Virginia cavalry (Colonel French) reported to him and remained with him till the battle of Gettysburg.

Continuing our march we reached Carlisle on the 27th, halting one day at Chambersburg to secure supplies.

The marching was as rapid as the weather and the detours made by Major-General Early and Brigadier-General Geo. H. Stuart would admit. Early, having marched parallel with us as far as Greenwood, there turned off towards Gettysburg and York. At Carlisle General Geo. H. Stuart, who had been detached to McConnellsburg from Greencastle, rejoined the corps, bringing some cattle and horses. At Carlisle, Chambersburg, and Shippensburg requisitions were made for supplies and the shops were searched, many valuable stores being secured. At Chambersburg a train was loaded with ordnance and

medical stores and sent back. Near 3000 head of cattle were collected and sent back by my corps ; and my chief commissary, Major Hawks, notified Colonel Cole of the location of 5000 barrels of flour along the route travelled by my command.

From Carlisle I sent forward my engineer, Captain Richardson, with General Jenkins' cavalry to reconnoitre the defences of Harrisburg, and was starting on the 29th for that place when ordered by the General commanding to join the main army at Cashtown near Gettysburg.

Agreeably to the views of the General commanding I did not burn Carlisle barracks.

Expedition to York and Wrightsville.

Colonel E. V. White's cavalry battalion reported to me at Chambersburg, and was sent to General Early, then at Greenwood. Arriving at Cashtown, General Early sent Gordon's brigade with White's cavalry direct to Gettysburg, taking the rest of the division by the Mummasburg road.

In front of Gettysburg White charged and routed the 26th regiment Pa. militia, of whom 175 were taken and paroled. From Gettysburg Gordon, with Tanner's battery and White's cavalry, was sent on the direct road to York. General Gordon met the Mayor and a deputation of citizens, who made a formal surrender of the place. Pushing on by order of General Early to Wrightsville on the Susquehanna, he found 1200 militia strongly entrenched but without artillery. A few shots drove them across the magnificent railroad bridge, a mile and a quarter long, which they burned as they retreated over it. The little town of Wrightsville caught fire from the bridge, and General Gordon setting his brigade to work, succeeded in extinguishing the flames. Yet he is accused by the Federal press of having set fire to the town.

General Early levied a contribution on the citizens of York, obtaining among other things \$28,600 in U. S. currency (the greater part of which was turned over to Colonel Corley, Chief Q. M. Army Northern Virginia), 1000 hats, 1200 shoes, etc.

Gettysburg.

On the night of June 30th, Rodes' division, which I accompanied, was at Heidlersburg, Early three miles off on the road to Berlin, and Johnson's division with Colonel Brown's reserve artillery between Green Village and Scotland. At Heidlersburg I received orders from the General commanding to proceed to Cashtown or Gettysburg, as circumstances might dictate, and a note from General A. P. Hill, saying he was at Cashtown. Next morning I moved with Rodes' division towards Cashtown, ordering Early to follow by Hunterstown. Before reaching Middletown I received notice from General Hill that he was advancing upon Gettysburg, and turned the head of Rodes' column towards that place by the Middletown road, sending word to Early to advance directly on the Heidlersburg road. I notified the General commanding of my movement, and was informed that in case

we found the enemy's force very large, he did not want a general engagement brought on till the rest of the army came up. By the time that this message reached me, General A. P. Hill had already been warmly engaged and had been repulsed, and Carter's artillery battalion of Rodes' division had opened on the flank of the enemy with fine effect. The enemy were rapidly preparing to attack me, while fresh masses were moving into position in my front. It was too late to avoid an engagement without abandoning the position already taken up. I determined to push the attack vigorously.

General Rodes had drawn up his division with Iverson's brigade on the right, Rodes' old brigade (Colonel O'Neil) in the centre (these two on the ridge leading to the west of Gettysburg), and Doles on the left in the plain. The 5th Alabama regiment was kept by General Rodes to guard the wide gap left between O'Neil and Doles. Daniel and Ramseur were in reserve.

He at once moved forward, and after advancing for some distance in line he came in sight of the enemy, and O'Neil and Iverson were ordered to attack, Daniel advancing in line 200 yards in rear of Iverson to protect that flank. At this time only desultory artillery firing was going on in Hill's front; Carter was warmly engaged. O'Neil's brigade, advancing in some disorder in a different direction from that indicated by Major-General Rodes in person to Colonel O'Neil, and with only three regiments (the 3d Alabama by some mistake being left with Daniel's brigade), was soon forced to fall back, although the 5th Alabama was sent to its support. Iverson's brigade was thus exposed, but the gallant troops obstinately stood their ground till the greater part of three regiments had fallen where they stood in line of battle. A few of them being entirely surrounded, were taken prisoners; a few escaped. The unfortunate mistake of General Iverson at this critical juncture in sending word to Major-General Rodes that one of his regiments had raised the white flag and gone over to the enemy, might have produced the most disastrous results. The 12th North Carolina, being on the right of his brigade, suffered least.

A slight change of Iverson's advance had uncovered the whole of Daniel's front, and he found himself opposed to heavy bodies of infantry, whom he attacked and drove before him till he reached a railroad cut extending diagonally across his front and past his right flank, which checked his advance. A battery of the enemy beyond this cut, near a barn, enfiladed his line, and fresh bodies of infantry poured across the cut a destructive fire, enfilade and reverse. Seeing some troops of the 3d Corps lying down beyond the railroad in front of the enemy, who were on his right flank, General Daniel sent an officer to get them to advance. As they would not, he was obliged (leaving the 45th North Carolina and 2d North Carolina battalion to hold his line) to change the front of the rest of his brigade to the rear and throw them across the railroad beyond the cut, where having formed line directly in front of the troops of Hill's corps already mentioned he ordered an advance of his whole brigade, and gallantly swept the field, capturing several hundred prisoners in the cut. About the time of his final charge, Ramseur, with his own and Rodes' brigades and remnants of Iverson's, under Captain D. P. Halsey, A. A. G. o. the

brigade (who had rallied the brigade and assumed command), had restored the line in the centre. Meantime, an attempt by the enemy to push a column into the interval between Doles and O'Neil had been handsomely repulsed by Doles, who changed front with his two right regiments and took them in flank, driving them in disorder towards the town.

All the troops of General Rodes were now engaged, the enemy were moving large bodies of troops from the town against his left, and affairs were in a very critical condition, when Major-General Early, coming up on the Heidlersburg road, opened a brisk artillery fire upon large columns moving against Doles' left, and ordered forward Gordon's brigade to the left of Doles, which, after an obstinate contest, broke Barlow's division, captured General Barlow and drove the whole back on a second line, when it was halted, and General Early ordered up Hays' and Hoke's brigades on Gordon's left, and then drove the enemy precipitately towards and through the town, just as Ramseur broke those in his front.

General Gordon mentions that 300 of the enemy's dead were left on the ground passed over by his brigade. The enemy had entirely abandoned the north end of the town, and Early entering by the York railroad at the same time that Rodes came in on the Cashtown road, they together captured over 4000 prisoners and three pieces of artillery, two of which fell into the hands of Early's division. As far as I can learn, no other troops than those of this corps entered the town at all.

The enemy had fallen back to a commanding position known as "Cemetery Hill," south of Gettysburg, and quickly showed a formidable front there. On entering the town I received a message from the commanding General to attack the hill, if I could do so to advantage. I could not bring artillery to bear on it; all the troops with me were jaded by twelve hours' marching and fighting, and I was notified that General Johnson was close to the town with his division, the only one of my corps that had not been engaged, Anderson's division of the 3d Corps having been halted to let them pass. Cemetery Hill was not assailable from the town, and I determined with Johnson's division to take possession of a wooded hill to my left, on a line with and commanding Cemetery Hill. Before Johnson got up, the enemy was reported moving to our left flank — our extreme left — and I could see what seemed to be his skirmishers in that direction. Before this report could be investigated by Lieutenant T. T. Turner of my staff and Lieutenant Robert Early, sent to investigate it, and Johnson placed in position, the night was far advanced.

I received orders soon after dark to draw my corps to the right in case it could not be used to advantage where it was, that the commanding General thought from the nature of the ground that the position for attack was a good one on that side. I represented to the commanding General that the hill above referred to was unoccupied by the enemy at dark, as reported by Lieutenants Turner and Early, who had gone upon it, and that it commanded their position and made it untenable, so far as I could judge. He decided to let me remain, and on my return to my headquarters after twelve o'clock at

night I sent orders to Johnson by Lieutenant and A. D. C. T. T. Turner to take possession of this hill, if he had not already done so. General Johnson stated in reply to this order that after forming his line of battle this side of the wooded hill in question he had sent a reconnoitering party to the hill, with orders to report as to the position of the enemy in reference to it. This party on nearing the summit was met by a superior force of the enemy, which succeeded in capturing a portion of the reconnoitering party, the rest of it making its escape. During this conversation with General Johnson a man arrived, bringing a despatch dated at 12 midnight, and taken from a Federal courier making his way from General Sykes to General Slocum, in which the former stated that his corps was then halted four miles from Gettysburg and would resume its march at 4 A. M. Lieutenant Turner brought this despatch to my headquarters, and at the same time stated that General Johnson would refrain from attacking the position until I had received notice of the fact that the enemy were in possession of the hill, and had sent him further orders. Day was now breaking, and it was too late for any change of place. Meantime orders had come from the General commanding for me to delay my attack until I heard General Longstreet's guns open on the right. Lieutenant Turner at once returned to General Johnson and delivered these instructions, directing him to be ready to attack; Early being already in line on the left and Rodes on the right of the main street of the town, Rodes' right extending out on the Fairfield road.

Early in the morning I received a communication from the General commanding, the tenor of which was that he intended the main attack to be made by the First Corps, on our right, and wished me, as soon as their guns opened, to make a diversion in their favor, to be converted into a real attack if an opportunity offered. I made the necessary arrangements preparatory, and about 5 P. M., when General Longstreet's guns opened, General Johnson commenced a heavy cannonade from Andrews' battalion and Graham's battery, the whole under Major Latimer, against the "Cemetery Hill," and got his infantry into position to assault the wooded hill. After an hour's firing, finding that his guns were overpowered by the greater number and superior position of the enemy's batteries, Major Latimer withdrew all but one battery, which he kept to repel any infantry advance. While with this battery, this gallant young officer received, from almost the last shell fired, the wound which has since resulted in his death. Colonel Brown says justly of that calamity: "No greater loss could have befallen the artillery of this corps." Major Latimer served with me from March 1862, to the second battle of Manassas (August 28th, 30th, 1862.) I was particularly struck at Winchester (25th May, 1862), his first warm engagement, by his coolness, self-possession and bravery under a very heavy artillery fire, showing, when most needed, the full possession of all his faculties. Though not twenty-one when he fell, his soldierly qualities had impressed me as deeply as those of any officer in my command.

Immediately after the artillery firing ceased, which was just before sundown, General Johnson ordered forward his division to attack the

wooded hill in his front, and about dusk the attack was made. The enemy were found strongly entrenched on the side of a very steep mountain, beyond a creek with steep banks, only passable here and there. Brigadier-General J. M. Jones was wounded soon after the attack began, and his brigade, which was on the right, with Nicholls' Louisiana brigade (under Colonel Williams), was forced back, but Stuart on the left took part of the enemy's breastworks, and held them until ordered out at noon next day.

As soon as information reached him that Johnson's attack had commenced, General Early, who held the centre of my corps, moved Hays' and Hoke's brigades forward against the "Cemetery Hill." Charging over a hill into a ravine, where they broke a line of the enemy's infantry posted behind a stone wall, up the steep face of another hill and over two lines of breastworks, these brigades captured several batteries of artillery, and held them until finding that no attack was made on the right, and that heavy masses of the enemy were advancing against their front and flank, they reluctantly fell back, bringing away seventy-five to one hundred prisoners, and four stands of captured colors.

Major-General Rodes did not advance for reasons given in his report. Before beginning my advance, I had sent a staff-officer to the division of the 3d Corps on my right, which proved to be General Pender's, to find out what they were to do. He reported the division under command of General Lane (who succeeded Pender, wounded), and who sent word back that the only order he had received from General Pender was to attack if a favorable opportunity presented. I then wrote to him that I was about attacking with my corps, and requesting that he would co-operate. To this I received no answer, nor do I believe that any advance was made. The want of co-operation on the right made it more difficult for Rodes' division to attack, though had it been otherwise I have every reason to believe from the eminent success attending the assault of Hays and Avery* that the enemy's lines would have been carried.

I was ordered to renew my attack at daylight Friday morning, and as Johnson's position was the only one affording hopes of doing this to advantage, he was reinforced by Smith's brigade of Early's division, and Daniel's and Rodes' (old) brigades of Rodes' division.

Half an hour after Johnson attacked (on Friday morning), and when too late to recall him, I received notice that General Longstreet would not attack until ten o'clock; but as it turned out, his attack was delayed till after two o'clock. Just before the time fixed for General Johnson's advance, the enemy attacked him to regain the works captured by Stuart the evening before. They were repulsed with very heavy loss, and he attacked in turn, pushing the enemy almost to the top of the mountain, where the precipitous nature of the hill and an abattis of logs and stones, with a very heavy work on the crest of the hill, stopped his further advance. In Johnson's attack the enemy abandoned a portion of their works in disorder, and as they ran across an open space to another work, were exposed to the fire of Daniel's brigade, at sixty or seventy yards. Our men were at

* Avery commanded Hoke's brigade.

this time under no fire of consequence, their aim was accurate, and General Daniel thinks that he killed here, in half an hour, more than in all the rest of the fighting.

Repeated reports from the cavalry on our left that the enemy was moving heavy columns of infantry to turn General Johnson's left, at last caused him, about one P. M., to evacuate the works already gained. These reports reached me also, and I sent Captain Brown, of my staff, with a party of cavalry to the left, to investigate them, who found them to be without foundation, and General Johnson finally took up a position about three hundred yards in rear of the works he had abandoned, which he held under a sharp fire of artillery and exposed to the enemy's sharpshooters until dark.

At midnight my corps fell back, as ordered, to the range of hills west of the town taken by us on Wednesday, where we remained until and during the fourth, unmolested.

The behavior of my troops throughout this campaign was beyond praise, whether the point considered be their alacrity and willing endurance of the long marches, their orderly and exemplary conduct in the enemy's country, their bearing in action, or their patient endurance of hunger, fatigue and exposure during our retreat. The lists of killed and wounded, as well as the results gained, will show the desperate character of the fighting.

In the infantry, Daniel's brigade of Rodes' division, and in the artillery, Andrews' battalion of Johnson's division, suffered most loss. The 2d North Carolina battalion of Daniel's brigade lost two hundred out of two hundred and forty men, killed and wounded, without yielding an inch of ground at any time.

Back to Darksville.

By order of the commanding General, the 3d Corps was to move at dark on July 4th, and the 1st Corps to follow with the prisoners — mine being the rear-guard. Next day, the 3d was to take the rear, etc. At ten A. M. on the 5th, the other corps were not all in the road, and consequently mine did not take up the march till near noon, and only reached Fairfield at 4 P. M. Here the enemy, who had been threatening our rear, and occasionally opening a fire of artillery on the rear-guard (Gordon's brigade of Early's division), showed more boldness in attacking, throwing out a line of skirmishers over a mile in length. They were repulsed, and a battery which was shelling our column driven off. We encamped for the night on a hill one and a half miles west of Fairfield; and next day, July 6th, the 3d Corps moving by another road, we were still in the rear; Rodes' division acting as rear-guard and repelling another attack of the enemy. The 45th North Carolina of Daniel's brigade being summoned to surrender, attacked the troops making the summons, and drove them out of a wood in which they were posted. The enemy did not follow much beyond Fairfield. The road was again blocked till noon. That night we encamped near Waynesboro', and reached Hagerstown about noon of the 7th of July.

On the 11th we were moved into line between Hagerstown and

Williamsport, our right joining the left of the 3d Corps, and began fortifying; and in a short time my men were well protected. Their spirits were never better than at this time, and the wish was universal that the enemy would attack. On the night of the 14th I was ordered with my infantry and artillery to ford at Williamsport, the ammunition chests going in the ferry-boat. I could find no ferry-boat nor any one in charge—it was dark and raining—the entrance to the river would have been impracticable for artillery in daylight; and as well as I could ascertain, the exit was worse. Everything was in confusion. Colonel Corley, Chief Quartermaster Army Northern Virginia, who had charge of the arrangements, recommended Colonel Brown, my chief of artillery, to cross by the pontoons, and sent to the same point my reserve train of ambulances with wounded, originally intended to cross by the ferry-boats. Just before midnight my advance (Rodes' division) commenced crossing. The men had directions to sling their cartridge-boxes over their shoulders, but many rounds of ammunition were necessarily lost, as the water was up to their armpits the whole way across, sometimes deeper. By eight o'clock my whole corps was over, all fording except Hays' brigade, which was sent with the artillery to the pontoons.

While in camp near Darksville, the enemy under Kelly were reported between Martinsburg and Hedgesville protecting the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and occasionally skirmishing with Johnson's division, which was destroying the track. General Lee directed on the 21st an effort to be made to capture this force, said to be 6000 strong. Sending Early's division to get in the rear through Mill's Gap and down North Creek, I joined Rodes to Johnson and marched against their front. Though these movements were made in the night of the 21st, the enemy heard of them through spies, and early on the 22d had retreated out of reach.

The other corps had already marched towards the Blue Ridge, and accordingly we followed and bivouacked near Winchester; and next day, on reaching Manassas Gap, found Wright's brigade of Anderson's division deployed to repel a large force of the enemy, who were advancing upon it through the Gap. The insignia of two corps could be seen in the Gap and a third was marching up. Over ten thousand men were in sight.

The enemy were so close to Wright's brigade that the line of battle had to be chosen some distance in the rear, and accordingly some two hundred and fifty sharpshooters of Rodes' division, under Major Blackford, were added to Wright's brigade to hold the enemy in check while the line was formed. Rodes' brigade (Colonel O'Neil), deployed as skirmishers, formed the first line; and the remainder of Rodes' division with Carter's battalion of artillery, the second line. These dispositions were made by General Rodes, with his usual promptness, skill and judgment. The enemy were held in check for some time by the line of Wright's brigade and the skirmishers under Major Blackford, which they at last drove back, with considerable loss to themselves, by flanking it.

These troops, in our full view, showed great gallantry, and though in very weak line and intended merely to make a show, held the

enemy back so long and inflicted such loss that they were satisfied not to come within reach of O'Neil, but remained at a safe distance, where they were leisurely shelled by Carter's artillery. Johnson's division was ordered to take position near the river, to prevent the enemy's cutting us off from the ford at Front Royal, and though not required in action, was promptly in place. Early's division, much jaded, was fifteen miles off near Winchester, and could not possibly reach me before the afternoon of the next day.

I had reason to believe that Meade's whole army was in our front, and having but two divisions to oppose him, I decided to send Early up the Valley to Strasburg and New Market, while I marched the other two divisions up the Page valley to Luray, the route pursued by Jackson in 1862 in his campaign against Banks. Johnson's and Rodes' divisions moved back two to four miles and encamped near Front Royal — the rear-guard under Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, of Johnson's division, leaving Front Royal after 10 o'clock next day — the enemy making only a slight advance, which was driven back by a few rounds of artillery.

Rodes' division, the only troops of my corps that I saw during this affair, showed great eagerness and alacrity to meet the enemy, and had he advanced, would have given him a severe lesson. I was indebted for correct and valuable information regarding the strength and movements of the enemy at this point, to Captain W. Randolph, commanding cavalry escort attached to my headquarters, and to Captain Wilbourn of the Signal Corps.

Summary.

In this campaign the loss of my corps was as follows: at Winchester and in the Valley, 47 killed, 219 wounded, and 3 missing — 269 aggregate.

At Gettysburg and in Pennsylvania, 883 killed, 3857 wounded, and 1347 missing — 6094 aggregate. Aggregate for the entire campaign, 930 killed, 4076 wounded, and 1350 missing — making in all 6356.

Before crossing the Potomac it captured 28 pieces of artillery, and about 4500 prisoners. About 200 prisoners were taken before reaching Gettysburg.

At that place over 4000 prisoners, 3 pieces of artillery and 4 stands of colors — memorable as having been brought off Cemetery Hill — were the spoils gained, making altogether nearly 9000 prisoners and 31 pieces of artillery. A large number of small arms, a large amount of quartermaster, ordnance and subsistence stores were taken in Pennsylvania and sent to the rear.

The 54th North Carolina regiment, of Hoke's brigade, and the 58th Virginia, of Smith's brigade, Early's division, sent to Winchester from Staunton with prisoners, returned in time to aid Gen. Imboden in repelling the enemy's attack on the wagon-train at Williamsport.

Iverson's brigade, sent back to guard my wagon-train from Fairfield, had a handsome affair with the enemy's cavalry at Hagerstown, in which they are reported by General Iverson as "killing, wounding and capturing a number equal to their whole force."

The conduct of Hays' Louisiana brigade and Hoke's North Carolina brigade, the latter under Colonel Avery, at "Cemetery Hill," Gettysburg, was worthy of the highest praise. Here and at Winchester the Louisiana brigade and their gallant commander gave new honor to the name already acquired on the old fields of Winchester and Port Republic, and wherever engaged.

Lieut.-Colonel Andrews of the artillery, not fully recovered from his serious wound at Cedar Run, was again wounded at Winchester, and while suffering from his wounds appeared on the field at Hagerstown and reported for duty.

The rapid and skilful advance of Gordon's brigade on the 13th of June near Winchester, with great spirit driving the enemy in confusion towards the town, was one of the finest movements I have witnessed during the war, and won for the troops and their gallant commander the highest commendation.

At Winchester the Maryland battalion was attached to General Steuart's brigade, and the Baltimore Light Artillery to Colonel Brown's battalion, with which they served with their usual gallantry throughout the campaign.

At Gettysburg, July 1st, I was much pleased with the conduct of Captain Carter's battery, which came under my immediate observation.

I beg leave to call attention to the gallantry of the following men and officers:—

At Winchester.

Lieutenant John Orr, Adjutant 6th Louisiana, was the first man to mount the enemy's breastworks on the 14th, receiving in the act a bayonet wound in the side. General Early recommends him for captain of cavalry, "he being desirous of entering that branch of the service, for which he is so eminently qualified."

Lieutenant C. S. Contee's section of Dement's battery was placed in short musket-range of the enemy on the 15th June, and maintained its position till thirteen of the sixteen men in the two detachments were killed or wounded, when Lieutenant John A. Morgan of the 1st North Carolina regiment, and Lieutenant R. H. McKim, A. D. C. to Brigadier-General George H. Steuart, volunteered and helped to work the guns till the surrender of the enemy. The following are the names of the gallant men belonging to the section: Lieutenant C. S. Contee, A. J. Albert, Jr., John Kester, William Hill, B. W. Owens, John Glascock, John Harris, William Wooden, — Rees, — Frayer, — Duvall, William Compton, John Yates, William Brown, — Gorman, Thos. Moor.* Colonel Brown, Chief of Artillery, recommends Lieut. Contee for promotion to the captaincy of the Chesapeake artillery, *vice* Captain W. D. Brown, a most gallant and valuable officer, killed at Gettysburg.

At Gettysburg.

Captain D. P. Halsey, A. A. G. of Iverson's brigade, displayed

* By the kindness of a surviving member of this section we are enabled to fill out the names of two of these gallant men. They are Frederick, Frayer and Wm. H. Gorman. "Rees," our informant says, should be C. C. Pease. Another member, not mentioned here, was Robert B. Chew, who was wounded.—Ed.

conspicuous gallantry and rendered important service in rallying the brigade, which he led in its final attack.

General Rodes speaks of the services rendered by Colonel D. H. Christie (mortally wounded July 1st) as having been especially valuable.

First Lieutenant T. M. Harney, 14th North Carolina, while in command of sharpshooters, defeated the 150th Pennsylvania regiment and took their colors with his own hands, falling mortally wounded soon after.

Captain A. H. Galloway, 45th North Carolina, recaptured the flag of the 20th North Carolina of Iverson's brigade. Lieutenant James W. Benton, 45th North Carolina (killed), showed as much or more gallantry than any man in the regiment, though but seventeen years of age.

Sergeant Thomas J. Betterton, Company A 37th Virginia, took a stand of colors and was dangerously wounded. Private W. H. Webb, orderly to General Johnson, remained on the field after being severely wounded. General Johnson says "his conduct entitles him to a commission."

The following non-commissioned officers and privates are mentioned for gallantry: Sergeant Grier, Company B, Sergeant Wills, Company D 43d North Carolina, Sergeant Neill and Private McAdoo, Company A 53d North Carolina, Sergeant Christ. Clark, 12th Ala., Private A. F. Senter, Company H 25th Va. (detailed in ambulance corps.)

Many officers, besides those named above, are distinguished by their commanders for gallant conduct. I have only space for the names of a few, whose acts of gallantry are specified.

I was fortunate in this campaign in the assistance of three division-commanders, Major-Generals J. A. Early, Ed. Johnson and R. E. Rodes, whose wise counsels, skilful handling of their men, and prompt obedience to orders are beyond praise—Generals whose scars bear testimony to the manner in which were won their laurels and rank. Colonel J. Thompson Brown, commanding artillery of this corps, showed himself competent to his position and gave me perfect satisfaction.

I have to express my thanks to the officers of my staff for their valuable services during the campaign: Major (now Lieutenant Colonel A. S. Pendleton), chief of staff, Major Campbell Brown, A. A. G., Lieutenant T. T. Turner, A. D. C., Lieutenant James P. Smith, A. D. C., Colonel A. Smead and Major B. H. Greene, Assistant Inspectors General; Surgeon Hunter McGuire, Medical Director; Major J. A. Harman, Chief Quartermaster; Major W. J. Hawks, Chief Commissary of Subsistence; Major Wm. Allen, Chief of Ordnance; Captain R. E. Wilbourn, Chief of Signals; Captain H. B. Richardson, Chief Engineer; Captain Jed. Hotchkiss, Topographical Engineer.

Colonel J. E. Johnson, formerly of the 9th Va. cavalry, Lieutenant Elliott Johnston of General Garnett's staff, and Lieutenant R. W. B. Elliott of General Lawton's staff, were with me as volunteer aides-de-camp.

Colonel Pendleton's knowledge of his duties, experience and activity relieved me of much hard work. I felt sure that the medical department under Surgeon McGuire, the Quartermaster's under Major Harman, and the Subsistence under Major Hawks, would be as well conducted as experience, energy and zeal could ensure. The labor and responsibility of providing the subsistence of the whole army during its advance rested in a great measure on Major Hawks, and could not have been more successfully accomplished. Colonel J. E. Johnson was placed in charge of the pickets on the Shenandoah, covering my flank and rear during the attack on Winchester, and I rested secure in that respect, trusting to his experience, judgment and coolness. Captain H. D. Richardson, Chief Engineer, was severely wounded at Gettysburg, and left, I regret to say, in the enemy's hands—a loss I have very severely felt ever since that engagement. The efficiency and value of Major Allen and Captain Wilbourn in their respective departments are well known.

The reports of the division commanders accompany this report; also those of the brigade commanders and the chief of artillery. To these I beg leave to refer for greater detail in their respective operations than is practicable in the report of the corps commander.

I have the pleasure to send you the accompanying maps of the campaign by Captain Jed. Hotchkiss, Topographical Engineer, being the map of routes to and from Gettysburg, map of the battlefield of Winchester, and map of the battlefield of Gettysburg.

Respectfully, &c.,

(Signed)

R. S. EWELL,

Lieut-Gen'l C. S. A. Comd'g 2d Corps A. N. Va.

OUR GOVERNESS.

I HAD never known Phil to be so outrageously idle as he was on that Thursday afternoon. He was often careless and inattentive to a degree that sorely tried our grandmother's patience—a quality of which the dear old lady did not possess a superabundant stock—and entailed upon him sundry mild penalties in the shape of an extra column of spelling, or a half-hour's imprisonment in the sitting-room after lessons were over; but an admonitory rap of Grandmother's ivory-headed stick on the floor, or a severe "Philip, attend immediately to what you are doing!" was usually sufficient to recall his wandering thoughts, and induce some show of attention for a few

minutes at any rate. But on this particular afternoon the very demon of idleness seemed to have taken possession of him. He stumbled through his spelling, yawned over his reading in a manner that reduced it to a mere jumble of unintelligible sounds, drew pictures all over his slate instead of doing his sums, entangled himself hopelessly in the mazes of the multiplication table, and finally, when the question was propounded to him, "What did Cortez first discover on entering the city of Mexico?" made answer in a vague tone, with his eyes fixed dreamily on the tempting prospect of waving woods and sunny fields visible from the open window, "Two red-birds and a hen-sparrow."

Then it was that the last remnant of Grandmother's patience ebbed away, and she gave utterance to that appalling determination which filled us with apprehension and dismay. "Forbearance," she cried, slapping the history book down on the table, "ceases sometimes to be a virtue. Mine has been taxed to its utmost limits, and I will endure such shameful trifling no longer. This very evening I shall write to engage a governess."

"A governess!" was echoed in dolorous unison from three pair of lips. "Oh, Grandma!"

"Philip," said Grandmother, without noticing our exclamation, "go at once to my dressing-room, and don't presume to come out of it again until you are called to dinner."

"Oh, Grandma!" said Phil piteously, "please do let me off this once! I do want to go out so dreadful bad."

"If you do not immediately obey me," said Grandma in a terrible tone, "I shall ring for Phillis to take you away and lock you up."

The threat of being delivered into the custody of Phillis, the maid, was an outrage on Phil's manliness almost too great to be borne; it had the effect, however, of hastening his movements, and he quickly retired from the field, screwing up his features in a curious manner to conceal the close proximity of tears, which he was beginning to think it incompatible with the dignity of eight years to shed in public.

I was sorry for Phil; he was such a merry, boisterous, fun-loving little scapegrace, and the weather was so delicious out of doors. So I crept up to Grandma after he was gone and whispered a plea in his behalf.

"Molly," said the old lady mildly, "discipline must be sometimes maintained, my dear. Phil has behaved shockingly to-day, and must suffer a little in consequence. An hour or two in my dressing-room can do him no harm."

As she did not forbid me to go to him, I went up shortly after to pay a visit of condolence to the prisoner, whom I found swinging his legs on a high-cushioned chair, and gazing out of the window in a very gloomy frame of mind.

"If it wasn't for my traps," he said tragically, "I wouldn't care so much. But I *know* they have caught, and the next thing is, the little niggers will steal the birds. I can't trust 'em, you know."

As setting bird-traps was a prohibited practice, I felt a little shocked at Phil's disregard of the parental injunction, and began to think that perhaps a brief sojourn in the dressing-room was not so bad for him after all.

There were five of us, all Lamberts, and orphans, but not all brothers and sisters. Prudy and I were the children of our grandmother's eldest son, and having lost both parents in infancy, remembered Fair Oaks as our earliest home. Laura, Phil, and little Ned were the children of uncle Edward, our father's younger brother, who had died about a twelvemonth before the time of which I am writing, leaving them to his mother's care.

I do not think Prudy and I gave much trouble ; at least we were very quiet, and never got into scrapes like the others. But those three ! — such a frisky, turbulent set as they were, especially Phil, who was forever playing pranks, and was a continual weight on Grandma's mind, because of his mischievous propensities. He was a good-hearted boy on the whole, however, and so merry and affectionate, and so funny even when he was naughty, that it was not easy to be angry with him very long. Grandma tried to be very strict with him, and to appear dreadfully shocked at his misdemeanors, but in her heart she was often amused, I am sure, when she seemed most angry, and I think the little culprit had a sly suspicion of the true state of affairs. Certain it was that he frequently contrived to elude punishment and to win her over to his side ; and on this very afternoon of which I write, I saw him in less than an hour after the sentence of incarceration had been pronounced upon him, scampering gaily off in the direction of the corn-fields.

Whether our grandmother was sensible of her weakness in this particular, and deemed it on that account especially advisable to place some one in authority over us who could better control the unruly spirits in our little band, I do not know ; but at all events she did not change her mind in regard to the governess, as we fondly hoped she would. Perhaps she was afraid her resolution might waver if she put off too long carrying it into effect, for she wrote that same evening to some friends in town to make inquiries on the subject. We felt as if a doom were hanging over our heads. Visions of angular-looking middle-aged ladies, with bespectacled noses and sharp voices, floated depressingly through my dreams by night and my thoughts by day ; and as for Laura and Phil, they were quite sobered by the anticipation, and became for once really good children.

How anxiously thenceforth did we watch for the return of old Daddy Cyrus from the post-office, how tremblingly did we look at the mail bag when he brought it in and presented it to Grandma, how relieved did we always feel when he made the announcement, "No letter to-day, Missus, the gentleman say !" But at last came a letter — yes, *the* letter that settled our fate ; and we learned the very day and hour at which we might expect our doom to descend upon us.

It came at the appointed time, in the shape of a quiet-looking, bright-eyed little lady, in a travelling suit of sober gray. A thorough lady, as we saw at once — no bespectacled, sharp-voiced schoolmarm such as my fancy had portrayed. She gave her little gloved hand to each of us as we were presented to her, after she had returned Grandmother's kind, cordial greeting, and I felt it tremble a little, as if from nervousness, when it clasped mine.

"This is Molly, Mrs. Herbert, my eldest grandchild — a staid little woman who will give you no trouble ; and this is her sister Prudy. Here are my younger flock, Laura and Ned — he's the baby, you see — and Phil — where are you, Phil?" for the urchin was hiding behind her skirts. "Come and shake hands with Mrs. Herbert directly, Sir! Of these three," said Grandma, with her benevolent smile, "I'll not say a great deal at present, but leave you to judge for yourself. Now will you come at once and have some lunch, or do you prefer going to your room first?"

Mrs. Herbert said she would go to her room for a little while, and I was deputed to show her the way. When we got there she laid aside her bonnet, and then taking my hand in both hers, stooped and kissed me on the cheek.

"Tell me, Molly," she said, with a wistful look, "do you think you will like me, dear? Can you learn to like me very much?"

I answered truthfully that I was sure of it; indeed I liked her very much already.

"And your grandmamma — do you think she will too? I want you all to be fond of me, dear."

Her tone was very earnest, so earnest that I was touched, especially when on looking up into her dark eyes I saw that there were tears in them. She smiled at me, however, and kissed me again, saying that I was a dear little girl, and had made her quite happy by my assurance that we would all love her.

Who could have helped loving her, I wonder! She had not been in the house twenty-four hours before she had won the heart of each of its inmates. Her brief sadness or nervousness having worn off, she showed herself to be a warm-hearted, sunshiny little woman, full of thought for the pleasure and comfort of others; equally ready to render Grandma some courteous little service, to entertain Ned with stories, to enter into Phil's frolics — tempering them by her own gentleness — and our quieter amusements; to read to us, talk to us, walk with us, play with us, as we most desired; at all times our companion and friend, yet maintaining in the schoolroom a gentle authority which none of us desired to dispute, and which won for her our greater respect and esteem. How surprising it seemed that we should ever have dreaded her coming! How grateful we were to Phil for having been so naughty and idle as to oblige Grandma to send for her! As to Phil, he yielded to her influence as if by magic; she was so patient, so kind, and yet so firm, so resolved that the obnoxious lessons must be faithfully performed, and so earnest in helping him to understand and overcome all difficulties, that he was incited to do his very best, and prompted by a sincere desire to win her approbation, soon evinced a decided improvement, not only in his studies, but in manners and morals as well. I do not mean to say that he became a youthful saint, or that there was not still a strong spice of mischief and impudence remaining in him; but that was only natural, and I do not think Mrs. Herbert liked him the less for it. On the contrary, it soon became apparent to us that of all her pupils the troublesome little scamp was her especial favorite. She was equally kind to the rest of us, but there was a certain softening

of her voice and manner, an almost wistful tenderness in her look sometimes when she regarded him, that made me fancy he must resemble some other child whom she had dearly loved, and who was perhaps dead. I think this fondness of hers for Phil was a strong bond between Grandmamma and herself; for somehow he was Grandma's pet too.

One circumstance seems a little odd to me now as I recall it, and that is, that we decided unhesitatingly on the fact of our governess being a widow. No mention had ever been made of a Mr. Herbert, either by her or by the friends who had written to Grandmother regarding her; and it was natural to suppose that had such an individual been in existence, his wife would not have gone away from him to earn a living among strangers. We were undeceived on this point, however, before she had been many weeks at Fair Oaks. We were sitting around the fire one evening, when by some means the conversation turned upon my grandfather, long since dead, whose handsome, stately-looking portrait hung over the mantel-piece. Grandmamma descanted upon his many excellences, ending with the remark so frequently made on such occasions, that none of us could possibly imagine the extent of the loss she had sustained in his death, or realise the depth of her grief.

"And yet I am wrong in saying so," she added, addressing Mrs. Herbert, who sat at a table close by, busily plying her needle by the light of the old-fashioned lamp which Grandmamma was conservative enough to prefer to more modern inventions. "We are all apt to think our own peculiar trials the heaviest; but you, my dear, have doubtless experienced the very feeling I have described to you, with this difference, that the severance of the tie in your case could not so completely have changed your whole life, so entirely have broken up all old associations, as it did in mine, your married life being necessarily so much shorter. I had been married thirty years when my husband died."

Mrs. Herbert hesitated a moment before replying.

"I — there has been some mistake," she said presently, in a low and somewhat hurried tone. "I thought you knew — at least, I did not know that you thought differently — that I was not a widow."

"Not a widow, my dear!" said Grandmamma mildly, but with evident surprise in her tone. "Then I am sure I beg your pardon — but there has been some mistake, as you say."

Mrs. Herbert bent over her work to avoid the curious glances involuntarily directed towards her, and I saw that she was all flushed and trembling in an instant.

"It was unintentional on my part," she said in a still lower tone than before. "I did not mean — I never thought of explaining. My husband is abroad."

There was a short silence, during which we sat looking a little awkwardly at the fire, until presently Grandmamma got up, and going round by the back of Mrs. Herbert's chair, put her hand kindly on her shoulder, and said something in a low voice, the import of which was inaudible to our ears, but which was probably an apology of some sort for having alluded to the subject in question, for Mrs. Her-

bert instantly clasped her hand in hers, and looking up with tearful eyes, answered fervently, "Not from *you*, my best, kindest friend ; some day you shall know all."

Well, here was a mystery. Of course I delighted in anything in the shape of mystery or romance — what school-girl of fourteen does not? — and my interest in our governess thenceforth increased tenfold. I immediately began to weave all sorts of probable and improbable fancies and conjectures, suggested by a naturally imaginative turn of mind, respecting Mr. Herbert's absence and Mrs. Herbert's singular reticence in regard to him. The facts of his being abroad and of her employing herself in teaching were in themselves simple enough ; but then it was so strange that she had never spoken of him, and still stranger that she should manifest such evident emotion when he was brought into question. Perhaps he had treated her badly, and she had been forced to leave him ; perhaps he had gone off and left her without any cause or explanation ; perhaps he was insane ; or perhaps he had committed some crime and been forced to leave the country. In any case I felt sure that she had not been to blame, but that the fault, if fault there was in the matter, lay altogether at the door of this unknown, mysterious, absent Mr. Herbert. *Les absents ont toujours tort*, says the proverb, and in this case it was certainly true, in my estimation at any rate.

For some days I kept hoping for an elucidation to the puzzle, but none presented itself, nor did Mrs. Herbert ever recur to the subject which had given rise to so much speculation, or betray in her manner any return of the agitation and distress it had evidently caused her. She received letters sometimes, but always carried them to her room to read, though without any show of concealment or mystery. I must confess to having had the somewhat impertinent curiosity to examine the envelope of one of these which she left once lying on her table ; but though it was directed in a masculine hand, it bore the postmark C——, and therefore shed no light on my inquisitive mind, for no possible latitude of speech could, by the widest stretch of the imagination, be construed into applying the term "abroad" to that respectable city.

Winter sped away unmarked by any event to break the even current of our daily life, and spring with flowery footstep and balmy breath came smiling on his track. We took long rambles through the woods, where the dry pine-trash rustled pleasantly beneath our tread, and the yellow jessamine, hanging in festoons from the trees, filled the air with fragrance. Sometimes on holidays we would stay out for hours at a time ; Mrs. Herbert often carrying some entertaining book, which she would read aloud to those of us who cared to listen, while the others roamed about at will, and the only sound to break the stillness around us was the soft sighing of the wind as it swayed the green boughs and gently waved the long gray moss above our heads. What bright tranquil days those were ! No other April days have ever seemed half as lovely to me since then, nor any skies as blue as those which bent above the Fair Oaks woods. When those days came to an end, as such days will, there were others equally pleasant in store for us. Our summer home was on an island, the

resort of most of the planters in our parish during the unhealth season, and we always hailed with acclamation the arrival of the time that was to witness our transit thither ; for blazing suns, scorching sand and mosquito-bites were of very light weight in the scales of our judgment when counterbalanced by the delights of sea-bathing, moonlight rambles on the beach, and boating-parties. Planters' Beach was a narrow strip of land at the edge of a pretty little bay, just beyond which the white breakers foamed and tossed, and from which ships coming in from sea were distinctly visible. Sometimes, indeed, they passed quite near the island, and it was our great delight to watch them sailing by, and to try to distinguish persons on board by means of the long spy-glass hanging up in the piazza. Mrs. Herbert had never been to the seaside before, and she seemed to appreciate its various attractions quite as much as we had desired she should.

One evening a party of us had strayed to quite a distance from home, when a black cloud suddenly came up, and the muttering of distant thunder warned us of an approaching storm. Fearful of not reaching shelter in time to escape it, and not anticipating with particular delight the drenching in store for us if we failed to do so, we retraced our steps with all possible speed ; but in spite of our efforts, we had just got in sight of the group of white-walled houses which composed our little settlement when the first large heavy drops began to fall, and had scarcely reached our respective homes before the storm came down with might and main. What a storm it was ! — no ordinary summer thunder-shower, raging with brief violence and then breaking away to leave the face of refreshed nature twice as fair and smiling as before ; but a fierce sea-born tempest, swelling and increasing in fury as night came on. The rain streamed down in torrents ; the wind howled and roared, and shook our frail houses to their very foundations, and mingling with its voice could be heard the ceaseless booming of the angry waves as they beat against the shore.

It had grown chilly, and we were glad to have a fire of pine-knots built up in the chimney, and to gather around it with a pleasant feeling of security from the storm without. We were none of us very mirthful however, for the conflict and tumult of the elements had a subduing effect, and even the little ones felt its influence. After lingering until Phil, sitting cross-legged like a little tailor on the rug, had nearly nodded himself into the fire, and Ned had fallen quite asleep on Grandmother's lap — for they all felt a little timid about going up-stairs — they finally yielded to the drowsiness that overcame their fears, and crept quietly off to bed, leaving only Grandmother, Mrs. Herbert and me together.

Mrs. Herbert presently rose, and commenced pacing up and down the room in a restless way ; and I saw that her face was pale and wore a troubled look.

"Does the storm frighten you ?" I asked.

"No ; but it is awful — terrible !" she replied. "I never heard one like it before. Listen !" she continued, stopping for a moment in her walk and holding up her hand, as a fresh blast of wind swept round the corner of the house with a loud, prolonged, unearthly wail, like

the perishing cry of a human voice. "Does it not make you think of men at sea, tossed about at the mercy of the cruel waves?"

"God help all such!" said Grandmother in a solemn tone. "It is good to remember that He holds them in His care."

Mrs. Herbert continued her restless walk, her eyes bent on the floor, and her slender fingers tightly interlaced, as if she were striving to control some powerful emotion that nearly overmastered her. I wondered what she was thinking of; perhaps of her absent husband, for in hours of gloom and danger our thoughts are apt to turn with a sorrowful yearning to those who are far away. Again I began to muse, as I watched her, upon this secret of her life which she had never explained to us, and the thought occurred to me how strange it would be if Mr. Herbert should at any time suddenly appear among us, and without any warning carry her away. "Rather than that," was my charitable reflection, "I am sure I should wish him never to come back at all."

She stopped walking after a time, and came and sat down in her former place. The storm seemed to rage louder than ever, and with its influence upon us we sat very silent for a long while, gazing into the fire that danced and sparkled cheerily upon the hearth. It was past our usual bed-hour, but none of us cared to move.

Grandmamma was the first to break the silence, by saying in a low, sad tone: "On nights like these I always think of just such a night, twelve years ago, when the greatest sorrow of my life fell upon me!"

"Twelve years ago!" I exclaimed. "Why, Grandma, it's surely much longer than that."

"I am not speaking of your grandfather's death, my dear," she rejoined, "though it is very natural you should think so. I had another trouble, many years afterwards, which was a harder one to bear than even that; a trouble, Molly, of which I have never spoken to you, and seldom to any one else. It may be wrong and useless to speak of it now; but my heart seems full to-night, and it is a comfort sometimes to put one's pent-up feelings into words."

I looked wonderingly at her, while Mrs. Herbert, drawing farther back into the shadow, seemed to listen intently, though I could not see her face.

"On the night of which I speak," Grandmamma continued, "my youngest and favorite child was lost to me. I have never seen him since; God knows if I ever shall see him again. I have almost schooled myself into the belief that in this world I never shall."

"Your youngest son!" I exclaimed. "Had you more than two?"

"I had three: your father, your uncle Edward, and Philip—my little Philip, as I think of him even now. He was six years younger than Edward."

"But is he not dead, Grandma?"

"I do not know, my child. He went away from home—left in anger, because of an unhappy quarrel with your father; and no tidings of him have ever reached me since. If he were living, surely, surely he must have come back to me ere now."

Her voice trembled, and in the firelight I could see one or two falling tears. I drew a footstool close to her, and fondled her dear old hand in mine.

"Tell us about it, Grandma, won't you?" I pleaded. "That is, if you don't mind."

"Yes, tell us about it," said Mrs. Herbert, in a tone that sounded strangely cold and unsympathising to my ears.

"It's but a sad story," said my grandmother sighing, "but if you care to hear it, you shall. All that by-gone time has come back into my mind to-night as freshly as if it were yesterday. Philip, as I told you just now, was my youngest son — the idol of my affections, and the pride of my heart. He was a noble, manly, beautiful boy, warm and ardent in his feelings, with a strong will and a passionate temper, but easily guided by love. Perhaps I thought too much of him; I tried not to show any partiality among my children, but he was so much the youngest, it seemed as if he had a right to be the pet, and I am afraid this made me indulge him more than was good for him. He was born, too, just after his father's death, and always seemed to me on that account to be a consoling gift of God, and therefore especially dear and precious to me. His brothers loved him, but of course could not be as indulgent to his faults as I was; and as he grew older, he would give way to outbreaks of temper which led to serious quarrels among them. John — your father, Molly — was a grave, resolute lad, very steady and sensible, and took his place as my chief stay and counsellor after his father's death; and this gave him a feeling of authority over the younger ones, particularly Philip, which he was apt to display a little too often. Edward was easy and good-tempered, and seldom disputed with either of them; but Phil, from the time he was a baby, rebelled against all control but mine. The older they grew the stronger these feelings became, and the more anxious and sorrowful they made me, for I could not bear that my dear boys should be wanting in brotherly love. I tried my best to soften John's asperity, and to persuade Philip to be more yielding; but John's answer invariably was, 'Mother, you spoil that boy, and you will repent it some day;' while Phil, when I scolded him, would throw his arms around my neck and kiss me in his loving way, and give me some bright merry answer that disarmed me at once and made me feel like taking his part. Headstrong as he was, I could not blame him very much for resenting John's dictatorial ways; and yet John, on the other hand, was such a good, dutiful son, that I found it hard to reproach him too."

"What difference was there in their ages?" I asked.

"Over ten years; so that your father was a man when Philip was still almost a child. But Philip always contended that one brother had no right to control another, no matter what disparity of years might be between them.

"Things went on this way getting worse and worse, until Philip's sixteenth year. Meanwhile John had married and brought his wife home to live. I loved her dearly; she was a sweet, gentle creature, devoted to John, whom she thought perfection, but very fond of Philip too, and always trying to make peace between them. But unfortunately her presence only made matters worse, for John would not give up his authoritative manner, and Philip, more resolutely wilful than ever, was irritated beyond measure at having a comparative stranger witness the conflicts between them.

"At last, one day, the final altercation took place. Philip was in one of his defiant moods, and was especially angered at some reproof John had given him in your mother's presence. He answered violently, scarcely knowing what he said; but he used some epithet so offensive to his brother that John got angry in his turn, and snatching up a little-riding-whip that lay on the table, struck him once with it, bidding him to be careful how he spoke in that way again. In a fury Philip struck him back, and then dashed out of the room and up to his own chamber, where I knocked soon afterwards for admittance, but in vain. Once I heard him sobbing . . . My poor, high-spirited lad! he could not forgive that blow. It was wrong, culpable in John to act as he did, and he felt that himself afterwards, but at the moment he was excited and did not think what mischief it might lead to; and somehow he never seemed to regard Philip as anything but a child, perhaps because he was so slight and youthful-looking for his age. Many times that evening I crept up to my boy's door and listened, and begged him, even commanded him to let me come in; but he gave no answer or any sign that he heard me, and but that I could hear him stirring now and then I should have been frightened at his silence. At last I went to bed, hoping and praying that in the lonely hours of night the angry feelings of both might pass away, and that morning would bring reconciliation between them. That night there was a terrible storm; it was here on this very island, and the house shook and rattled as it does now, the wind and rain raging as if the powers of darkness were let loose; and yet in spite of it all, when morning came we found Philip's room empty, and he was gone, no one knew whither."

"And did you never see him or hear of him again?" I asked in an awe-struck tone.

"Never again. On his little table in his room I found a note containing a few lines of farewell. He said that he had made up his mind to go away, because he could not forgive John, or endure his tyranny any longer, and it was best for them to be as far apart as possible; that he had not let me come into his room when I told him to, because he was afraid if he saw me his resolution might fail. He begged me to forgive him for his undutiful conduct in leaving me, and everything else wrong that he had ever done, and to love him still when he was far away. From that hour to this I have never obtained the slightest clue to his whereabouts. Of course every effort was made to trace him, but all in vain."

"And papa," I said slowly, "he must have felt dreadfully about it."

"He suffered keenly," said my grandmother, "and when I saw how deep his sorrow and self-reproach were, I could not but forgive him, though in the first bitterness of my grief I almost thought I could never call him my son again. Not long after that he fell into ill health; in a few months' time he died, and your mother soon followed him; then after a while Edward married and went away, and my household was indeed one of desolation and gloom. But I had you and your sister with me, two babies left in my charge, and for your sakes I struggled with my grief. In time strength was given me to bear it, and I learned to be resigned. But often still, in the hours

of night and at other times when I am alone, my heart aches for my poor lost boy, and I pray that God will let me see his face once more before I die."

There was a long pause, which no one cared to disturb. Mrs. Herbert was the first to speak. She had sat quite motionless during the recital of the story, but I saw now that she clasped and unclasped her hands nervously, and that her face wore a strange, eager look.

"Your story reminds me," she said in a faltering tone, "of one I heard lately, that was like it in many of the particulars; but it had a happy end. There was a younger son, a bold and high-spirited boy, like the boy you have described, who ran away from home because of some family quarrel, and was not heard of for many, many years. He went to sea and made several voyages as a common sailor, but the life was too hard for him, and after three years he gave it up. He settled in California, where he had a long struggle with penury and want, managing to earn a precarious livelihood from day to day, but often wholly destitute, and having no friend to whom he could apply for aid. All this time his heart yearned ceaselessly towards his former home; night and day it was present to his thoughts, and he felt that if he could see his mother once more and know that she loved him still, he would be willing to die. But he was too proud to write or seek to hold communication in any way with those he had left; since he had chosen his own path, he was determined to pursue it, no matter what it might cost him; and above all, he was resolved that if ever he sought his home again, it should not be in poverty, but as a rich and independent man. So he struggled on amid many difficulties and discouragements, until at last he was thrown in the way of a wealthy merchant, who took a fancy to him and gave him a situation in his business house. He won the confidence of his employers, was promoted to a higher position, and step by step rose to be a junior partner in the firm, and found himself at last fairly on the road to fortune."

"And did he go back?" I asked eagerly.

"Not yet. After a while he fell in love with a young lady, the daughter of the gentleman who had first befriended him, and married her. As soon as he told her his history, she counselled him to go home."

"And *then* he went?" I interrupted. "Was his mother alive?"

"He did not go quite yet — wait a minute, Molly, you shall hear all presently —"

I thought her manner was very odd, and I noticed that even when she spoke to me she kept her eyes fixed on Grandmamma's face, and that my grandmother looked at her intently in return.

"He had been away so long," pursued my governess, "that he was half afraid to seek his old home, not knowing what changes might have taken place there, and fearing too that he might be regarded as an alien and an outcast. At last a friend who loved him dearly offered to go and find out about his family, and if possible, see some of them, and pave the way for his return. Just at this time his business required him to make a visit to Europe, and the friend thought it was the best opportunity for carrying out the plan they had agreed upon. So she went —"

"Was it a lady?" I asked.

"Yes — she loved him so much that she braved the long journey, and all the difficulties she had to encounter, alone, for his sake."

"Why, Mrs. Herbert!" I cried, "I do believe it must have been his wife."

"Yes, it was his wife."

"Then why did you say a friend?"

"His wife went," she continued, without noticing the question, "to a city within a short distance of his home; and in a short time, through a fortunate circumstance, and by the help of some one whom she partially entrusted with her secret, got admission into his family — lived in the house under an assumed name — learned to love them dearly, and was loved by them in return — found out at last that the absent son was still cherished in his mother's memory, and then —"

"Stop," said my grandmother, leaning forward in her chair and laying a trembling hand on Mrs. Herbert's arm. "Come nearer — nearer to me yet, and let me look in your face. What story is this you are telling?"

Mrs. Herbert knelt at her feet and clasped her arms about her; and in an instant, before she answered, I had divined the truth.

"*Mother*," she said softly, "the story is a sequel to yours. I am Philip's wife."

We feared, at first, that the secret had been too suddenly revealed, in spite of Mrs. Herbert's precaution in preparing her for it. She was a strong and stately woman, calm and brave in adversity, but under the shock of this great joy she became as weak and powerless for a time as a little child. She could not be brought to realise it at first, it was so wonderful, so unexpected. Little by little, as Mrs. Herbert went over the particulars she had already related, dwelling on the minutest circumstances so as to impress her more fully with their reality, she was brought to comprehend that the story was true, and that her long-lost son would soon be restored to her arms.

Not many days after, a bronzed, bearded man, looking some years older than he really was, was in our midst, having safely accomplished a stormy and perilous voyage across the Atlantic, and another as hazardous from New York, amid the violent gale whose influence had been felt even along our peaceful coast.

Now I could understand why it was that Phil had always been the pet, for I think he must have been almost the exact counterpart of what Uncle Philip was as a boy.

"Suppose Grandma had never written to ask about you, but gone on teaching us herself," I said to "our governess" one day, amid the thousand and one questions and remarks elicited by the subject, to which we were never weary of recurring. "What would you have done then?"

"I should have found out some way of accomplishing my plan," she replied. "But Providence arranged it for me, don't you see?"

And so there was no Mr. Herbert after all.

A MORNING AT SUNNYSIDE WITH WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE *Crayon Miscellany* begins with the sentence: "I sit down to perform my promise of giving you an account of a visit made many years since to Abbotsford"—and the words may be used as a sort of preface to the following brief paper, in which I shall try to record, if my memory permits, a few reminiscences of a short visit made to "Sunnyside" during the last year of Mr. Irving's life. I am conscious that the subject may appear to many persons devoid of novelty, as this excellent and famous man was frequently visited in his bright little home by those far abler to describe him and his surroundings than myself, and who did publish such descriptions. But every new detail, however trivial in appearance, which relates to so good and great a man, is valuable; and perhaps the fact that at the time of my visit I was young, and a perfect stranger, from another part of the country, may have induced me to view things in a different light from that in which they were viewed by Mr. Willis and other friends, familiar with the locality and the author. I am not aware that I have any details of great interest to give; but the memory of the few hours spent at Sunnyside on that bright summer day is so vivid and delightful that, if I can convey a tolerably correct impression of my own feelings during the visit, I shall be able, I hope, to interest the reader.

A very few words will appropriately introduce my brief sketch. I looked forward to this interview, which I had long desired, very much with the feeling, I suppose, of any other young person of the "rising generation"—that is to say, with a natural respect for the oldest and most distinguished American author then living, and with some curiosity to see face to face a person whose great literary reputation, both in this country and in Europe, had been firmly established before I was born. But with this natural sentiment, other feelings mingled. I was at that time venturing forth a youthful novice on the wide ocean of literature—a fact which made me desirous of meeting with one who had made so many long and prosperous voyages; and in addition to this, I had what I may almost call a private and personal affection for Washington Irving as an individual, which was the result of having pored over his books in my childhood. It would be difficult to convey to the reader an idea of the degree to which they had fixed themselves in my imagination, and I may add, shaped my earliest literary tastes. I spent my childhood in an old country-house in Virginia, far away from the bustle and noise of cities, and nothing occurred to distract my attention from the first books which fell in my way, after the ordinary "story books" of children. It thus happened that I opened the "Sketch Book," the "Tales of a Traveller," and the "History of New York," with my mind a *tabula*

rasa, ready to take any new impression — and the impression made by Irving was like that of a magician. I can look back now, more than thirty years, and remember as though it were yesterday, the happy and excited hours spent in reading about the Devil and Tom Walker, the Adventure of the Mysterious Picture, the Adventure of the Mysterious Stranger, and the Wife, and Christmas Sketches in the Sketch Book. The Mysterious Picture and Tom Walker were my earliest favorites, and haunted me; but as I grew a little older the humor and pathos of the Sketch Book and Knickerbocker's New York made them my chief treasure; Mr. Knickerbocker having completely "taken me in" by his grave and serious beginning of his history, which made the sudden discovery of the burlesque design one of those revelations which a reader is not apt to forget.

These trivial details of my first acquaintance with the works of Washington Irving may perhaps seem uninteresting, but I go back in memory with real delight to that early period of my life, and congratulate myself upon having been introduced into the great domain of story-telling by a writer so pure and sweet in his feelings, and so natural and healthy in his style and treatment. I am old-fashioned enough, indeed, to prefer still the writings of Irving to those of any other author in moments of healthful leisure, when the mind is open to pictures of gentle humor and pathos. It may be that other writers are more "exciting," and are able by their rapid and startling scenes and incidents to produce a more intense and feverish interest for the moment; but the effect left on the mind by the pages of good "Geoffrey Crayon" is far deeper and more healthful, and may be compared, without intending any reflection on other authors, to the effect of old and mellow wine as contrasted with that of new and fiery spirit.

I have been anxious to show with what feelings and from what "point of view" I looked forward to a personal interview with this "good magician" of my childhood at his own home. I will add that but for peculiar circumstances I should not have ventured to intrude upon Mr. Irving's privacy. These circumstances were his friendly intimacy with some relations of my own in Virginia and Maryland, and more particularly the fact that I would be accompanied by a friend of his own from New York, one who had enjoyed with him a long and affectionate intimacy. This gentleman, to whom I was indebted at that time and afterwards for many pleasant hours and a thousand kindnesses, was Mr. E. A. D——, of the city of New York, and I cannot forbear from alluding here to his friendly attentions. From the moment of my arrival, an almost perfect stranger in the great city, I had owed everything to the kindness of Mr. D—— and his friends. They seemed never to be weary in the work of making my visit delightful, and showed me day after day the places and persons of interest, the beautiful environs from Staten Island to High Bridge, the picture-galleries both public and private, the great libraries, the Century Club with its noted authors and artists, among whom were Mr. Durand, Mr. Church, Mr. Leutze, Mr. Kensett and others, and from this most kind and assiduous attention it resulted that one day my friend said to me with a smile:

"You have now seen everything and everybody worth seeing in New York."

"I have not seen Washington Irving," I replied, "and I cannot go back to Virginia without seeing him, especially as he is so old that I suppose if I lose this opportunity I shall never have another."

I found that it was entirely unnecessary to urge further reasons for my visit to Sunnyside, as my friend Mr. D—— caught at it with ardor. I have no doubt that it gratified his own feelings to make the visit — I have alluded to the intimacy existing between himself and Mr. Irving — and on the morning after this conversation we took the railroad for Irvington, where we got out and walked toward Sunnyside, which was but a short distance from the station.

It was a pleasant summer day, and as we walked along the bank of the Hudson, which is here very broad and beautiful, my friend gave me a humorous account of the extent to which Mr. Irving was trespassed upon by visitors personally unknown to him and wholly unintroduced, whose visits were prompted by no other sentiment than idle curiosity, and the desire perhaps to say afterwards that they had seen Washington Irving at Sunnyside.

"My brother was in a bookstore one day," said Mr. D——, "and a stranger was turning over the leaves of the new books, and came to one of the works of Irving. 'This is a very great writer,' the stranger said to my brother, 'a very great writer indeed, an honor to his country, and I look upon him as public property, so that as I was near Sunnyside lately I called on Mr. Irving *to get my dividends!*'"

I had some apprehension upon hearing this anecdote that Mr. Irving might look upon me in the same light, as one who had called upon him to get *my dividends*, and my friend's further anecdotes did not remove this uneasiness.

"All sorts of persons come without ceremony to Sunnyside," continued Mr. D——, "and Mr. Irving told me one day, with a resigned smile, that the very hackmen at Tarrytown would assault strangers who got out of the cars with, 'Hack to Sunnyside, Sir? Residence of the celebrated Washington Irving! Take you cheap, Sir!' Perfect strangers come," my friend went on, "and Mr. Irving is very much embarrassed by such visits. He said to me once, 'When I am at work in my study I am told that Mr. Smith, of Texas, has called to pay his respects to me, and I must see him. The worst part of it is that Mr. Smith, of Texas, expects that I should say something brilliant, and when I am unable to do so, he goes away with a feeling that I have defrauded him out of his just dues.'"

I do not know whether I said as much to my friendly introducer, but I began to have some apprehensions that I might be regarded as another Mr. Smith, of Texas. Fortifying myself, however, with the reflection that I should be able to give Mr. Irving "home news" of some persons in Virginia for whom I knew he had a great affection, I walked in with my friend, and we soon found ourselves inside the magic domain of the author of *Rip Van Winkle* and *Sleepy Hollow* — a verdurous little paradise, lost like a bird's nest in foliage, and looking down upon the Hudson.

I had never before seen a house at all similar to this, and a single

glance at it seemed to take me back to the epoch of the Dutch Governors of New Amsterdam, when the characters of the original settlers of the island were reflected in their mansions. All about the building was queer and original. There were gables and odd roofs, and a quaint old weathercock which, I afterwards heard, had been brought from Albany, where it had surmounted the Vanderhayden mansion; and all around this small Dutch paradise of a farm-house were green slopes, flowers, verdurous trees, gravel walks winding in and out, and seats beneath the trees from which you caught a glimpse through a well-arranged vista of the "Tappan Zee" with its snowy sails. I think you could see from the grounds, or even from the cozy piazza where the amiable proprietor of this little domain dozed in the summer afternoons, the far faint line of the Catskills, where Rip Van Winkle played at ten-pins with the "old men of the mountain," and plays still in every thunderstorm; and only a step beyond the limits of the grounds was the famous Sleepy Hollow, where Ichabod Crane courted the heiress of the Van Tassels, and Brom Bones hurled the spectral pumpkin at his rival as he fled. It was strange to me, and deeply interesting too, thus to visit the very scenes of these famous stories, so dear to me from my early childhood; and I could scarcely realise the fact that I was now to see, in the actual flesh, the magician who had created all these wonders by a wave of his pen.

We walked up the little slope toward the house, and were speedily in presence of the magician, without having had recourse to the commonplace and prosaic proceeding of ringing a bell or knocking—which, I think, would have broken the charm. I saw standing on a knoll to the left of the house, a gentleman of low stature, clad in black; and at the moment when my attention was called to him, he had his back turned and was gazing toward the Hudson, entirely unaware, it seemed, of our presence. It will soon be seen that this was not the fact—that the long-suffering master of Sunnyside had promptly discovered our approach, and was lamenting internally the impending interview, which he vainly sought to avoid by looking in an opposite direction. I am glad to say that this indisposition to receive us disappeared in a moment, when he had recognised my friend.

"How do you do, Mr. Irving?"

"Why, Mr. D——! I am very glad to see you!"

With these words, uttered in the most cordial and *relieved* tone, the small gentleman in black shook my friend's hand warmly,—met me in the same friendly manner, as I was introduced to him—and displayed real pleasure at thus finding that an old friend had appeared, instead of a mere lion-hunting stranger.

"I saw you," he said laughing, "but I thought you were some of those people from New York. So many of them come up."

"I brought my friend Mr. —— to see you, Mr. Irving, as he is about to return to Virginia, and was anxious to pay you a visit. He is a brother of ——, and —— is his uncle."

The two persons whose names are replaced here by blanks were both well known to and cordially regarded—I might say beloved—by Mr. Irving. It was plain, from the quick cordiality of his smile, that

I was fortunate in being thus introduced. His eyes beamed, and as some young ladies made their appearance he exclaimed, addressing them by name :

"Here is Mr. — from Virginia. He is —'s brother."

He then turned to me and said cordially :

"I know your uncle very well — a fine old cavalier."

A stroll through the small but well arranged and very attractive grounds, succeeded ; and during the walk Mr. Irving talked in an easy, humorous and cordial manner on every subject. It was his nature to look at life on this tranquil, sunshiny side, as any one could see at a glance ; but on this morning he had two causes of special enjoyment and good humor.

"My gardener's children have just been here," he said with his amiable smile ; "they have a little *fête* to-day, and were covered with wreaths and garlands of flowers. You don't know my gardener, Mr. D——? He is a worthy man. I heard lately that his wife had been confined and congratulated him upon it. But he looked very rueful, and all that he said was, 'It was *twins*, Mr. Irving!'"

A short shy laugh followed this anecdote, which seemed to afford him great enjoyment. Indeed, everything appeared to present itself to his mind in a comic light, and his conversation bore a very close resemblance to the humorous writing in the Sketch Book, the Tales of a Traveller, and Bracebridge Hall. It was a sly, lurking, evanescent species of fun, arising plainly, as I have said, from his habit of looking at the humorous side of life, even in trifles. This tendency was the trait which I suppose impressed everybody as the main characteristic of Mr. Irving. I may say that he impressed me as a quiet, pleasant gentleman, simply ; and the statement involves a high compliment. There was nothing whatever of the "great author" in his bearing ; and his address was simple, easy, friendly and unceremonious — the perfection, it seemed to me, of good breeding. This had doubtless resulted from his long association with the really best society of Europe and America. His "life" indicates that in England and on the Continent he was always warmly welcomed by the most intelligent and agreeable classes, from Kings and Queens to the simplest ; and that his friendship was regarded as an honor by the first men of the old world, and of his own country. The result was ease and simplicity ; and any one could see in a few minutes that Mr. Irving was "a perfect gentleman," as well as a man of attractive humor and powers of conversation.

We were very fortunate, my friend afterwards said, in finding him so well. As his "life" shows, he had been laboring all through the early months of the year under prolonged and most distressing nervous agitation, which prevented him from sleeping, filled him with a "great horror" of being alone at night, and utterly unfitted him for society. This continuous nervous excitement was destined to bring his life to a close before the end of the year ; and it was our good fortune to make our visit during one of the few brief intervals in which he felt well and was able to receive his friends. I did not even suspect the presence of this persistent and soon to be mortal disease at the time. Mr. Irving's voice was firm and cordial, his

smile bright, his walk easy and unlabored, and he resembled any elderly gentleman strolling quietly through his grounds, admiring the flowers, smiling, chatting with a friend, and enjoying life in the tranquil fashion of old gentlemen who have learned to value quiet pleasures.

I have only a faint recollection of the desultory conversation which took place on this bright summer day, and am sometimes disposed to regret that I did not direct the colloquy to certain subjects, and ask Mr. Irving some questions. This I did not do, and only recall the general tenor of his talk. He spoke at some length of Sir Walter Scott, and of the artist Leslie, his friend in London. Scott, he said, was delightful company — always ready for a ramble about the country — and a very rapid writer ; indeed, it seemed impossible that, with all the company at Abbotsford, he could find time to compose ; the secret was that he wrote before breakfast.

With Leslie, of whom he spoke warmly, he had travelled once, he said, to Stratford-on-Avon, to visit the home of Shakspeare. The journey was charming, and he had urged Leslie to paint “Shakspeare before Sir Thomas Lucy.” The artist however could not catch the inspiration, and had not done so.

A reference to the late Emperor of France directed the conversation toward him, and Mr. Irving said :

“Yes, he is a remarkable man. When he was in America he came to see me one morning on his way to West Point, which seemed to interest him. He breakfasted with us, and sat just where you are sitting now, Mr. — (this was related whilst we were at dinner.) He was grave and silent, scarcely opening his lips while here. A young French Count who was with him was more agreeable, and a much greater favorite with the ladies.”

Of the Empress Eugénie he said :

“I knew her very well in Spain, when she was little Eugénie de Montijo, daughter of the Count de Téba. She was a fine buxom girl — a beautiful figure ; and at the balls appeared as a female mousquetaire. I often held her on my knee when she was a child, and now to think she is an Empress ! I saw old Calderon, the Spanish Minister, when I was in Washington lately, and he said to me : ‘Good heavens, Irving, just to think ! Little Eugénie de Montijo Empress of France ! Hum ! — hum ! — hum !’”

In the evening we bade Mr. Irving and his hospitable household farewell, and returned to New York — not dreaming that his peaceful and happy life was rapidly drawing to a close, and that before the first snows of winter he would have passed away. In view of this I have always considered my visit truly fortunate. I saw this good and kind gentleman just as the last bright rays of the sunset of his life fell upon him — in the midst of the home scenes which his writings had rendered so attractive — and on a summer’s day, when all the world around him was bright, beautiful, and in accord with his own sweet character and long and happy career.

I shall add to this brief sketch a letter which I received from Mr. Irving a few days afterwards. This letter will not be found of peculiar interest, but it will show his ready and kindly courtesy to a

stranger, and — it would appear from his “Life and Letters” — was, with a single exception, the last that he wrote. He was then laboring under his nervous disorder, which made it almost impossible for him to hold a pen, and the chirography is somewhat hurried and uncertain, but perfectly legible. The note, as will be seen, was written as an acknowledgment of the receipt of a book sent him. The following is a copy, with a few words left blank :

“SUNNYSIDE, *June 24, 1859.*

“MY DEAR MR. — : — I beg you to excuse my tardiness in replying to your very obliging letter, and acknowledging the receipt of the very entertaining volume which you have had the kindness to send me ; but in truth I have had a temporary attack of my nervous complaint, which obliges me to forego, as much as possible, the exercise of the pen.

“I had already read your volume, some time since, when it first came out, and had been greatly pleased with the pictures it gave of Virginian life and Virginian characters, both of the — and the — order. I delight in everything that brings scenes before me of the Ancient Dominion, which to me is a region full of social and romantic associations ; and I have re-read your work with additional interest, now that I have become personally acquainted with the author.

“I look back with great pleasure to the visit of yourself and Mr. D—— as giving me a most agreeable day of social chat, which is quite a godsend to an invalid in the country, and I shall be very happy if you will favor me with a treat of the kind whenever it may suit your convenience.

“In the meantime believe me, with great regard,

“Yours very truly,

“WASHINGTON IRVING.”

Painfully soon after the receipt of this kind note, came the intelligence that the hand of the good man who wrote it was cold in death.

J. ESTEN COOKE.

OLD MR. WEIL, THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

IN a little graveyard in the beautiful town of Santa Clara, California, there is a grave without headstone or ought to show the name of him who lies beneath, yet the flowers are the sweetest and brightest, the green grass above it ever the greenest, never fading from the beauty of spring during the whole year, even when the long droughts of that State have dried and shrivelled up every particle of sward or greenness elsewhere. There is simply the evidence of one departed, yet whose memory lingers, not yet faded, among the living. Many who visit the graveyard linger at this grave, half-fascinated with the green beauty gleaming like an emerald in the yellow band that circles it; for in its loneliness, its want of other features that attract the eye in such a place, there is an undefined sense of mystery — and mystery is always attractive. Once standing in the graveyard with the venerable Dr. M., the rector of the church in Santa Clara Valley, I asked him who was lying in this grave. He replied, "It is the grave of one of the very lowly of this earth; yet around his life there hangs a tale of pathos and humor which perhaps will repay you for taking some pains to learn. I know very little about the case, except that I was summoned by some kind-hearted people to see a poor old man who had crawled into a deserted house and had laid himself down to die. When I arrived, some children had placed under him some hay and straw, and a lady in the neighborhood had thrown over him a sheet and blanket and placed by him something to eat. He was delirious at the time, and so frequently mentioned the name of a brother-rector in San Francisco that I sent word to him, and he came down to administer to his needs, and told me the story of a life lowly but not devoid of poetry." I asked the doctor to tell me the story; instead of doing which he directed me to his brother-rector. Subsequently, on a visit to San Francisco, I visited the rector of — Church there, and, after introducing myself and giving my letters, I spoke of the interest the grave had excited, heightened by the little I had learned from Dr. M., and asked him to tell me the history which had ended so sadly in Santa Clara.

"We are just going to dinner, and if you will permit me to be your host for the remainder of the evening, after dinner I will take great pleasure in satisfying your wish," he replied.

After dinner we retired to the rector's study, and I learned the story of —

OLD MR. WEIL, THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

Several years ago I was visited by a young girl about to be married. This marriage met with the violent opposition of her father, and she desired me to perform it secretly. I sought to convince her how wrong such a course would be; that as a professing Christian she should show that regard to her parent's wishes which would at

least defer the ceremony until his consent should be gained, and make the future a subject of earnest prayer. To this she demurred ; and when I simply repeated the commandment with promise, she left with an expression on her features that convinced me my advice had been without effect. Soon after I learned she was married. She was a simple-minded girl : her mother had died when she was but a child, and her father's teaching and home had not been the most favorable to develop obedience and filial respect.

From that time for several years I entirely lost sight of them all. Five or six years after, at a very late hour one night, when the rain was pouring down as it only can or does pour in California at times, I was going home from the bedside of one of my communicants, when a short distance in front of me I saw the bent form of an old man slowly shuffling along, apparently with great pain. I could see by the flickering glare of the gas-lamp that his clothes were in rags, and as he approached the lamp-post he was forced to stop and lean against it with a heavy sigh of pain and weariness. I stopped and spoke to the old man with as cheery a voice as possible :—"Why, my good fellow, this is a bad night for you to be out. Where is your home?" He looked at me with a half-stupid, half-indifferent look, and replied, "I live on the corner of — and — streets. I have been to my daughter's to get something to eat ; but the rain kept me, and I've got the rumatiz so bad I can hardly walk." After getting him to his wretched abode, getting his wet clothes off and him to bed, and building a fire in his rickety stove in such a way that the tears stood in his eyes as he begged me to desist, for it was all the fuel he had, I left him, promising to return in the morning and see that his wants were supplied.

The medical purveyor of the U. S. A. in California, Dr. —, is one of the noblest men heaven's sun ever shone upon. He is a Christian gentleman without reproach. His skill and his means have never been refused to those who needed them ; so, learning the state of old Mr. Weil — for it was he, the father of the girl whom I had not married — he visited him, giving his attendance and furnishing him with medicines. The old man was very ill. His nurses, a few Christian women who took their turns watching at his bed, sometimes despaired of his life. His daughter visited him often ; but for a long time it was impossible for me to catch a glimpse of her — she avoided me carefully. At length when the approach of death seemed near, and she could not leave her father's side, we watched one night together. She soon opened her heart to me. Her married life had been unhappy. Her husband was not unkind, but rough. He had never forgiven the opposition of her father, and had never allowed him to enter his door. Even when sick, he would not assist the old man in any way. She was poor, with an increasing family, had not much at her command, and whatever she did for her father was done surreptitiously. I soon saw her own mental malady had increased, and there were at times a wildness and incoherency in her conversation, if it could be called such, that caused me to fear for her reason. She had three children, the eldest of whom, a bright, beautiful girl of five years of age, is the only one that has to do with this story.

Slow and painful indeed was the old man's recovery ; and when he was able to go out again, he was but the broken, fragmentary part of a human being, old, care-broken, decrepit. His simple wants were provided for by the church of which I was rector. His mind grew very dim. It was rather a confirmed weakness — inadequacy to take in more than one thought at a time, and that one must be very simple indeed. His little grand-daughter became his idol. There were times when he seemed to be hardly able to distinguish her from the ideal visitors which surrounded his bedside ; for there were bright beings moving around his pathway, and this little grand-daughter was one of them. As he grew physically stronger his mind assumed a more even tone, and he soon began to become desirous of doing something for himself. Experience soon teaches us that the best charity in the world is that which enables the object of charity to provide for his wants by his own industry and labor. His friends thought his desire should be gratified, and bought a stock of twenty-five dollars' worth of candies, nuts, etc., and rented him a little room near a public-school. The genial, kindly disposition of the old man gained the good-will of the children, and his little store became quite a rendezvous for them. The parents too joined in with helping hand, and his business was prosperous and thriving. Gradually he became ambitious in his business. One day a gentleman, in order to assist him, gave him an order for five boxes of apples. Soon after, a lady about to put up her canned vegetables, gave an order for several boxes of vegetables. The old man saw visions of wealth before him. He began to dream of his business. It made him restless and dissatisfied. He felt that he must launch out. The speculative mania seized him. His brain was not able to hold and organise his conceptions, and he did what many other merchants, on a grander scale to be sure, do — began to push his business beyond its legitimate channels. His little shop was packed with boxes of apples and vegetables. The old man grew active in housing and exhibiting them, but his business operations stopped. He had stock on hand, but the customers came not. Soon the perishable articles on hand were destroyed, and the poor old man not only saw his stock go, but the money he had saved went also, and he was in debt. It was a financial crash with him. Joined to this was another event, common in business, yet one for which old Mr. Weil had not provided — I mean competition. A well-to-do butcher who kept his stall near this humble store, saw the apparent signs of prosperity in the increase of stock, and grudging the few cents which were between the old man and starvation, commenced opposition. With a malignity worthy of a millionaire, this butcher grew passionate at the few cents earned by his humbler neighbor, and determined to crush him out of business. He and circumstances were successful. If it is any gratification to know that you have crowded out of business those poorer than yourself, taken from them the means of subsistence for their families, and reduced men, women and children to wretchedness, then some men will be greatly gratified when they meet their victims before the great white throne. "But excuse me," said the Doctor, "I don't mean to preach you a sermon."

When old Weil was sent the bill for his fruit and vegetables, he went to his till and found but a few cents there. He looked in his pocket-book; found but little more. He looked at his boxes of fruit; their contents had decayed. He was perplexed. He did not understand the nature of his position, and, as he always did, he came to me for advice in his perplexity. I visited his little shop, compared his bills, and satisfied myself that his head could not contain his business. At last the old man comprehended one thing: he was, to use his own expression, "a ruined bankrupt." He sat and gazed in bewildered surprise at the boxes around him. He would carefully examine his till, fumble and fumble his pocket-book, stare for hours at his bills, and then with a sigh turn to his little grand-daughter, who with a wisdom far beyond her age would get him to take a walk and endeavor to divert his mind.

He never recovered from that failure. His feeble mind sank under it almost entirely, and it was a year or two after that before we could get him to take any interest in anything. His grand-daughter was the only one who could arouse him to exertion of any kind. She would very often visit the house in which he was living with some kind people who for a slight compensation took care of him, and together they would wander hand in hand in the spring out to the green hills and flowery valleys that lie around San Francisco. It was his delight to gather the beautiful flowers and adorn the bonnet of his little companion, and that not without taste, and bring her in with childish glee to exhibit his handiwork.

It was about three years after his failure that his little grand-daughter came to me one day and said she thought her grandfather was better; and in reply to my question "How?" she pointed to her head and said: "In his head." He visited me a day or so after, and I found that really his mind seemed to have broken through its entanglement, and there was reason to hope for the better. It was still confused and dim, however. He had been during all this time a constant visitor at church. He had lately heard a sermon on the talents: that God required the holder of even one poor talent to make use of it. It impressed him so greatly that he visited the preacher often in order to tell him how much it had taught him. He began to grow cheerful again. He was seen with books in his hand, seemingly engaged in profound study of their contents. He visited every church in the city, and on his return was seen busy with pencil and paper. If he heard of any elocutionist in the city, he was sure to be on hand. His form became more upright; he began to pay more attention to his dress. His grand-daughter told me he often in their rambles "made speeches"; yet there was a calm quietness about him which was far removed from any symptom of mania.

He continued thus for over a year, when one evening he made his appearance at my house, and leaving a note in the hands of the servant who answered the bell, suddenly left. The note was simply a request that the next evening I would meet him at the church at a certain hour, or give him a private interview at my house; his grand-daughter would come for an answer during the day. I asked him to the house. At the hour appointed there was a timid ring at the

bell ; I answered it myself. Mr. Weil was there, but evidently disguised. He entered the house on tiptoe, shut the door carefully behind him, and examining the room, satisfied himself that no one could hear him. Then he came to me with a look of such intense satisfaction, and smiling so pleasantly, that notwithstanding his mysteriousness I found his smile infectious, and we shook hands heartily before he had said a word.

"Doctor," he began, "I have got a talent. Yes, a talent, Doctor ; and that talent I want to bring to the Lord's service. I have been a long time finding out what my talent is ; but I have found it out at last, and I am going to devote it to the Lord."

I remained quiet that he might proceed. He expected me to say something, but as I did not, he continued :

"I have a talent for oratory"—then raising his hands and eyes toward heaven, he exclaimed with a most touching fervor: "I thank thee, O Lord of heaven and earth, I am an orator ! And now I am going to deliver lectures on oratory ; I am going to establish a school of oratory for young men ; and the whole of the proceeds, except what is absolutely necessary for me to live on — and see," said he drawing out some paper from his pocket, "I have carefully computed my expenses, travelling and otherwise, and the remainder I will devote to God's people — first of all to the Old Women's Home."

There was an eager excitement about the old man, a hopefulness in his voice, and a genial pleasure in the way he announced himself, together with a disposition for such perfect self-sacrifice if his desires and hopes were successful, that I was silent, hardly knowing what to do or say.

"Now, Doctor," he continued, "all I want is enough to hire Platt's Hall the first night, which I will instantly repay, and then my talent is God's."

I felt that I must be cautious ; I knew the man's whole physical and mental being was wrapped up in this project. A false move or step might plunge him into hopeless mental imbecility, deprive him of the very help on which I relied to bring him back to an interest in life.

"Mr. Weil, you know it would require at least seventy-five dollars to get Platt's Hall for one night," I said ; "you are not known as a lecturer, and you know it is hard at the best to get an audience in San Francisco. If you get in debt you may not be able to repay it, and I know you do not want to involve your friends."

There was a shade of disappointment passed over his face as he replied : "But if not here, why not in Santa Clara ? I have friends there, and I could get a hall for ten dollars."

"That is true ; but then the audiences in our country towns are worse in proportion than in the city."

A half sob broke from the old man : my sympathies were deeply moved, and I said : "However, Mr. Weil, I think it will do you good anyhow to go to the country for a little while. I will give you enough to go to Santa Clara and rent your hall ; and if you fail, remember that any earnest will to work for God is just as acceptable as the act itself, if only true and earnest. Often our strength lies in failures."

The old man thought a moment or so and replied: "Doctor, won't you hear me? Two lectures only, each not more than two hours long. I can give you them any time at the church. Do please, dear Doctor. Only four hours to-morrow afternoon. Do, please — please, dear, dear Doctor!"

I shuddered at the thought — four hours! But if the man had been pleading for his life he could not have been more importunate. His face was the picture of eager expectation, his hands held out imploringly to me, his whole frame trembling with excitement. I felt it would be more cruel to him to refuse than to myself to listen; and a half reproachful feeling sprang against myself for the many hours, but by instalments of half an hour at a time, I had held my congregation listening, when as tedious as Mr. Weil might prove to me; so I consented.

At two o'clock the next day we went to the church. I was audience. Mr. Weil suggested that a church was an improper place to applaud in; so we agreed that when I observed anything striking, I was to bring my hands softly together, so that he might gather the encouragement of applause. The preliminaries were arranged — a table placed in the proper place, with a pitcher of water and a glass. The audience took his seat at the lower end of the room so as to judge of the volume of sound.

The orator appeared. He was evidently somewhat nervous, and sipped the water frequently. At length he began:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: — My object is to revive the oratory of ancient times. Oratory has decayed. What is oratory? Oratory is — is — oratory is a power. It is heard in the peal of thunder as it reverberates from crag to crag. It flashes like lightning over a sea of upturned faces, and strikes with conviction each individual head. It comes silently like the dew, and falls unconsciously on God's creation. It walks abroad in the splendor of the nocturnal sky, and in the beauty of the day as its light plays among the flowers. I will give you specimens of true oratory." Then followed a hodge-podge, a salmagundi, and jumbling together of things that for a quarter of an hour made my head ache.

His voice, at first round, full, and sonorous, began to crack. He had wrought himself up, and his voice was on its highest note, when suddenly without warning it wavered, cracked, and was hushed in silence. The old man was the picture of despair. His face turned deadly pale. In the effort to speak his eyes protruded, and great drops of perspiration started and ran down his face. Again and again he tried; it was of no avail; and sitting down he threw his head in his hands and burst into tears. I was deeply moved and approached him to say some word of comfort; but before I did so he raised his head from his hands, and in a broken voice exclaimed: "It is God's will, it is God's will! I submit. I am useless; I am heart-broken — heart-broken! Oh God, forgive me!"

From that moment his health failed rapidly, and as he was drawing near the close of life, his thoughts turned toward his first home in California. He was supplied with money to go to Santa Clara, and when it was exhausted he was to write and let me know. From

some cause his letter was delayed on the way up, and he was a week without the means of returning. Too proud to beg, sick and weary, he had crawled into an old hovel to die, where Dr. M. found him. When I went he was fast asleep. On awakening he recognised me, and with a sweet smile said: "God will have some use for me in heaven," and soon found out the cause of life's failures. A tender little maiden's hands keep the grave and memory of her grandfather green and beautiful still.

B. R.

AN INVITATION.

COME on the swan-down plumes of the storm,
Wrapping the strength of the oak's old form,
When pale boughs bend,
And walls defend,
And the fleecy hurricane shrieks with woe,
Cold as the heart of the sepulchred snow.

Come with the sun, in thy diamond mail,
With glancing spears and silvery vail;
In scarf of gold
Thy brown limbs fold;
Weighty with orient gem and pearl,
Down to the ground thy baldric hurl.

Come when the night is still and grand,
And the chill stars shine in Orion's band;
When the lake below
Reflects the bow
Of the Milky Way in its icy sheen,
And the rosy skaters' shadows keen.

Come when the sleepless moon grows round,
And mute the articulate torrent's sound;
When the phantom night
Is ghostly white,
And cold in her glimmering winding-sheet,
Where the tall trees and the faint stars meet.

Come in the path of the soft false dawn,
 Kindling fires on the dewy lawn :
 The bird, blithe comer,
 Can make a summer
 For one brief day ; on a flattened world
 The glooms of the evening soon are furled.

Come when the mighty log is flame,
 And crackling hearths the wild winds blame :
 Now do not fear
 To take good cheer ;
 Let the winds blow : for the pinched wretch pray,
 Sunk in the drift in the cañon gray.

A. C. HARRINGTON.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A COMEDY BY TITUS MACCUS PLAUTUS.

LEARNED readers, quotquot adestis, be pleased to pass on to the next article : these pages are not for you. And you especially, Professor, in whose undisputed domain I am timidly poaching, crawling under the hedge, dilate not the nostril of scorn, invoke no Furies or Vejoves, perform no frenzied eclactisma of disgust ;—in the words of your favorite author, molestus ne sis : abi istinc : abi dierecte atque extempulo !

Having cleared the coast of all formidable critics by this effective exorcism, I can now proceed, much at my ease.

It has occurred to me, as an imperfectly informed person, that there may be many other imperfectly informed persons, to whose minds the ancient Romans invariably present themselves as a solemn stiff sort of fellows, always talking in long Latin sentences with the verb at the end, marching behind the eagles, going in procession to the Capitol, leaping into chasms, swimming in armor over rivers, falling on their swords, and doing other grim and aquiline things, quite incompatible with anything like fun. To such persons, if such there be, it has struck me as aforesaid that a specimen of Roman fun, or the

kind of fun Romans loved and laughed at in the rough old republican days when they were fighting Hannibal, would not be displeasing; and for this purpose I have thrown into such English as I can command, a comedy of Plautus — the *Mostellaria*, or, as I shall call it, “The Haunted House.” In doing this I have used the freest license throughout, and cut away whole scenes where they did not suit my purpose.

I am not going to venture beyond my depth into any disquisition on Roman theatres in the time of the Punic wars: I never saw one, nor has anybody else for the last two thousand years. It will be sufficient if the reader pictures to himself a semicircular wooden structure, probably little better than a temporary scaffolding, and much like the arrangement of a modern circus. The spectators are seated on rows of benches, which rise as they go back from the orchestra — that is, the level semicircle in front — with gangways running parallel with the benches, crossed by others running down toward the stage. If the reader have an ambitious imagination, he can take his seat in the orchestra with the consuls and senators, or in one of the fourteen rows behind these, the reserved seats of the equestrian order, or he can mingle, if he prefers it, with the commonalty.

Before him, and forming the rear of the orchestra, he will see a raised stage, with no side-scenes, and closed at the back by a drop-curtain. This being drawn down under the platform, the solitary scene is disclosed, which shuts in the back of the stage. It represents a street in Athens. Two houses, with vestibules, an altar before each, and a practicable front door at the back of the vestibule, face the spectator. In the street before the vestibules, or in the vestibules themselves, the whole action passes.

There being no printed or written play-bills, an actor comes forward by way of prologue, and tells the audience the name of the play they are to see, and who is its author. He further explains that the scene is laid in Athens; that one of the houses they see belongs to Simo, and the other to Theuropides, two old gentlemen, the latter of whom has been voyaging on business for about three years, and whose son, young Philolaches, abetted by the slave Tranio, has been having high jinks in the old man’s absence, dicing, feasting, and carousing with other young bloods, but especially with his crony, Callidamates, and Philematium and Delphium, two young ladies “with no bigodd nonsense about them,” as Mr. Sparkler says.

And now he retires — whether with a bow or not, I am unable to say — and the play begins.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THEUROPIDES, <i>an old Gentleman of Athens.</i>	DELPHIUM, <i>his sweetheart.</i>
SIMO, <i>another.</i>	A MONEY-LENDER, <i>or Banker.</i>
PHILOLACHES, <i>son of Theuropides.</i>	TRANIO,
PHILEMATIUM, <i>his sweetheart.</i>	GRUMIO, } <i>servants of Theuropides.</i>
CALLIDAMATES, <i>friend of Philolaches.</i>	PHANISCUS, <i>servant of Callidamates.</i>

ACT I.—SCENE I.

GRUMIO.

Grumio. Come out of that kitchen, you rascal, you that can chop logic so finely over the dishes and pans. Come out of the house, I say! Ah, my fine fellow, if I live to get you on the farm once, won't I take it out of you, that's all! Come out of the kitchen!

[*Enter Tranio from house.*]

Tranio. What upon earth are you bawling about in the street there? Do you think you're on the farm? Get away from the house. Go back to your farm: clear out from the door there! Be off, I say! [*Hits him.*] Were you waiting for that?

Grum. What do you strike me for, you scoundrel?

Tran. I thought that was what you were waiting for.

Grum. Never mind. Only just let the old man come home. Just let him come home, and see how you eat him up while he's away, that's all!

Tran. Clodhopper, be rational: don't tell lies. How can anybody eat a man up while he's away?

Grum. And so you cast up the farm to me, my fine town-spark? No wonder you don't like it, Tranio, my boy: you know you'll go before very long to the treadmill there. Before many days are over you'll be a clodhopper yourself, with a nice bracelet on your wrist and an anklet on your leg, Tranio, my boy. Go it while you can: swill, squander money, carouse night and day, corrupt our master's son, who used to be, though I say it, the finest, and modestest, and savingest young man in all Attica—and what is he now? Was it for this old master placed him in your charge when he went away?

Tran. Confound you, what business have you to concern yourself about me or what I do? He didn't put me in your charge, did he? Haven't you oxen on the farm to look after? As for me, I like to eat and drink and flirt with the girls; but I do it at the risk of my own back, not yours.

Grum. Isn't this an impudent rascal, now?

Tran. Faugh! Keep away! You smell of garlic, old pig-sty.

Grum. Ay, ay; I dare say. We can't all smell of musk and patchouli like you; nor feed on partridges and pheasants. Some of us are glad enough of a dish of boiled onions. Well, well; you're having your good time now; but never mind; wait a bit. My good time and your bad time are both to come.

Tran. Hark ye, Grumio, you're only envious because you have to work while I enjoy myself. Bless you, old fellow, that's just as it ought to be. I was made to flirt with the girls, and you to go clumping through the mud, poking up your old oxen. There's a natural difference in fellows, you know.

Grum. O you precious rascal! When the old man comes, if he don't poke you up and punch you as full of holes as a sieve—

Tran. Come now, I've had about enough of that. If you have come for anything, say what it is and begone.

Grum. Are you ever going to give me the feed for my oxen? If you're not, give me the money to buy it, if you have any left from your—

Tran. Shut up and be off to your farm. I am going to the wharf to get some fish for dinner. I'll send you out the feed to-morrow. Now clear out: I'm off. [*Exit Tranio.*]

Grum. He no more cares what I say, than — Ah, lord, if the old man would only come back before house and lands and all are gone! He won't find them, if he stays much longer. Well, I'm off. What troubles me most, is my young master. They've ruined him — ruined him! and there wasn't a finer young man in all Attica! [*Exit, crying.*]

SCENE II.

[Philolaches enters and moralises to the effect that he is going to the bad. Compares himself to a house well built, but ruined by bad tenants.]

SCENE III.

[Philematium and her maid Scapha have a long dialogue, in which the former avows that she cares for no one but Philolaches. Philolaches, concealed, listens to it; then appears, and proposes to Philematium that they should take lunch. A table is placed in the vestibule and wine is brought, when Callidamates and his sweetheart are seen approaching. The young fellow has been taking too much wine already.]

SCENE IV.

CALLIDAMATES, DELPHIUM, PHILOLACHES, PHILEMATIUM.

Callid. I'm going to see Philolaches; that's where I'm going: now you know. At — other place — lunch was beastly, an' people were bores. I'm going to see Philolaches — know he'll be glad to see me. Look here — am I at all — ti-ti-tipsy, do you think? *

Delph. Not a bit: just a little lively.

Callid. You're the nicest girl I know. I wish you'd just steady me a bit.

Delph. Take care — don't you fall, for goodness' sake!

Callid. O, you are just a darling and a lump of sugar, that's what you are. Won't you just let me lie down here?

Delph. If you must, you must, I suppose. You're awfully tipsy.

Callid. Do you think I'm ti-ti-tipsy? Come on then. Do you know where I'm going? I just remember: I'm going home. Now you know.

Delph. No you're not.

Philol. I will go and meet them.

Callid. Anybody here?

Philol. I'm here.

Callid. You dear old fellow — don't know how glad am to see you. Best friend 've got in the world.

Philol. Come in, both of you, and sit down.

Callid. If no objection — think I'll take a nap.

Philol. All right. Bring some wine here for Delphium.

* *Ecquid tibi videor ma—ma—madere?*

ACT. II.—SCENE I.

The rest as before. Enter TRANIO.

Tranio. Jupiter has certainly laid himself out to ruin me and my young master. It's all up with us. I go down to the wharf: what do I see there? A ship in, and my old master coming ashore. And now if there is anybody with bones of iron and skin of sole-leather that can be hired to take the beatings and the torments that are in store for me, let him come forward and name his price — I'm his man.

Philol. Here comes the dinner: *Tranio* is back.

Tranio [*aside to Philol.*] *Philolaches* —

Philol. Well?

Tranio. You and I —

Philol. What?

Tranio. Are done for!

Philol. What do you mean?

Tranio. Your father has come back.

Philol. You don't tell me!

Tranio. It's all up with us.

Philol. Where is he?

Tranio. Close at hand.

Philol. Who saw him?

Tranio. I did, with my own eyes.

Philol. Whew! What shall I do?

Tranio. You ask that? Have all these things cleared away at once! Who's this asleep?

Philol. *Callidamates*.

Tranio. Wake him up, *Delphium*.

Delph. *Callidamates*! Wake up!

Callid. Am awake. Give me something — drink.

Delph. Wake up! *Philolaches'* father has come home!

Callid. Hope old genl'mn's well.

Philol. Oh, he's well enough; but it's all up with me.

Callid. What's matter wi' you?

Philol. For heaven's sake get up, man: my father's come back, I tell you.

Callid. Father come back? Tell him go 'way again. What come back for, anyhow?

Philol. What upon earth shall I do?

Tranio. Down goes his head, and he's off again. Wake him up again, somebody.

Philol. Wake up, I tell you. My father will be here directly.

Callid. Give me my shoes. I'll go and get my sword — kill your father.

Philol. Hold your tongue. Pick him up, some of you, and carry him off.

Tranio. Never mind: I can help the matter. What if I manage things so that your father not only will not enter the house, but will keep far away from it? You all go in and have these things cleared up at once.

Delph. I suppose we had better be going.

Tranio. O, you needn't go far. You may make yourselves comfortable inside. But now listen, all of you. First thing you do, shut the house up; don't you make the least whisper of noise inside, any more than if no living creature was in the house.

Philol. All right.

Tranio. And mind that nobody answers, let the old man pound away at the door as much as he likes. And send me the key that I may lock the front door.

Philol. I leave everything to you, *Tranio*. [*Exeunt all but Tranio.*]

[*Enter Boy with key.*]

Boy. Master says please try and frighten old master some way, to keep him from trying to come in. He's coming, he says.

Tranio. Tell him I say he won't venture even to look at the house: he will wrap his cloak round his head and flee incontinently. Give me the key. Go in and shut the door: I'll lock it. So: now let the old man come when he likes.

SCENE II.

THEUROPIDES. TRANIO.

[*Theuropides advances to the altar that stands by the door. Tranio hides in the vestibule.*]

Theur. I am very heartily thankful to you, Neptune, that you let me escape alive, though it was but with the skin of my teeth. And now, if ever you catch me putting foot on shipboard again, you may do your worst and welcome. From this day out I stick to dry land.

Tranio [*aside*]. Neptune, old fellow, you missed it when you let that chance slip.

Theur. And now here am I at home again, after three years' absence. I dare say they will be glad to see me. Heigh! What's this? The house shut up in broad daylight? Let's knock. Hallo! will anybody open the door?

Tranio. Who is this at our door?

Theur. Ah, there's *Tranio*.

Tranio. O *Theuropides*! Welcome, master, welcome back. I'm so glad you've got home safe. And are you quite well?

Theur. Quite well, thank you, *Tranio*. But have you folks all lost your senses?

Tranio. Lost our senses! Why?

Theur. That you keep outside the house. Nobody seems to be within: at least nobody opened nor answered, though I nearly kicked the door down.

Tranio. What! You don't mean to say you touched the house?

Theur. Touch it? Of course I did. Don't I tell you I nearly kicked the door down? Why shouldn't I touch it?

Tranio. You touched it?

Theur. I touched it, and I kicked it.

Tranio. Whew!

Theur. What's the matter?

Tranio. Bad job.

Theur. What do you mean?

Tranio. You don't know what you've done — it's awful. Come — come away from the house — come over here to me. You are sure you touched the door?

Theur. How in the deuce could I kick it and not touch it?

Tranio. Well, you've done the worst day's work you ever did in your life! I shouldn't wonder if it ruins you and the whole family. I don't believe you will be able to expiate such a thing.

Theur. What upon the face of the earth *do* you mean?

Tranio. It has been seven months since we moved out, and from that time to this no living mortal has set foot in the house.

Theur. But why?

Tranio. Look round — see if anybody can overhear us.

Theur. There is no one: go on — speak.

Tranio. An awful murder has been committed here.

Theur. A murder? How? Who was murdered?

Tranio. It was done a long time ago; but we knew nothing of it till then.

Theur. Tell me all about it at once, and don't dilly-dally so.

Tranio. It was a man — I think the man that sold you the house — murdered a guest of his with his own hand.

Theur. Murdered him?

Tranio. Murdered him: took his money, and then buried him in this very house.

Theur. How did you ever come to find it out?

Tranio. Listen, and I'll tell you. You see one night — your son had been out to supper and came home late. So he went to bed at once, and we all went to bed; but I forgot to put out the light in his room. In the night he gave a most awful screech —

Theur. Who did? My son?

Tranio. 'Sh! 'sh! listen. He said a dead man came to his bedside in his sleep —

Theur. In his sleep?

Tranio. 'Sh! 'sh! listen — and told him, the dead man did —

Theur. In his sleep?

Tranio. It would have been hard to tell him when he was awake, when the man had been dead sixty years and more. How can you ask such a question?

Theur. Proceed.

Tranio. And this is what he said: — "I came over the sea. My name is Diapontius. I dwell here: this is given me as my habitation. Into the lower world I can not enter, as I was bereft of life before the due time. I trusted to faith and was slain by treachery. My wicked host slew me for lust of gold, and buried me, without funeral rites, in this house. Depart thou from hence. Impious is this house, and accursed this habitation!"

— And oh! the sights that are seen here, no tongue can tell! — 'sh! 'sh!

Theur. What is it?

Tranio. The door creaked. Didn't you hear a kind of a —?

Theur. There's hardly a drop of blood in my veins. The ghosts might carry me off bodily!

Tranio [*aside*]. Plague take them, if they don't keep quiet in there, they'll spoil all.

Theur. What are you saying?

Tranio. Come away from the door. Go far away, I beg you.

Theur. Which way shall I go? Are you going?

Tranio. Oh, I'm not afraid. I'm on good terms with the ghosts.

Theur. Tranio!

Tranio. Call me not. I have not offended: it was not I that knocked at the door.

Theur. To whom are you speaking? What's the matter with you?

Tranio. Oh, was it you called me? I wish I may never if I didn't think it was the ghost calling me because you knocked at the door. But why do you stand here? Why don't you do as I tell you?

Theur. What am I to do?

Tranio. Fly! fly! don't look behind you: cover your head with your cloak.

Theur. Why don't you fly?

Tranio. Oh, I'm on good terms with the ghosts.

Theur. Oh yes: I forgot. But why are you so frightened then?

Tranio. Never do you mind me. I'll take care of myself. But fly! run! as fast and as far as you can, and as you run, invoke Hercules.

Theur. Hercules, I invoke thee! [*Exit. running.*]

Tranio. Whew! Jupiter and the rest of the gods! Haven't I got into it now! By jingo! what a lie!

ACT III.—SCENE I.

TRANIO. A BANKER.

Banker. A worse year for lending money I never knew. I spend the whole day on 'Change, but nobody seems to want any.

Tranio. Now I am in for it. This is the fellow that lent us the money we've been spending. I must get rid of him in some way before he falls in with the old man. And by the powers, here comes the old man back! What can he be after? I wonder if he has heard anything? I must get him away somehow; but it is a most fatal go. [*To Theuropides, who enters.*] Which way are you going?

Theur. Why I happened to meet the man that sold me the house.

Tranio. You didn't say anything to him about what I told you, did you?

Theur. To be sure I did: I told him the whole story.

Tranio [*aside*]. Now I'm in for it, worse than ever.—Did he confess?

Theur. Confess? Not a word. Says it's all a lie.

Tranio [*aside*]. All up, as I feared.

Theur. What are you saying?

Tranio. Nothing—nothing. Tell me: did you tell him all?

Theur. Every word.

Tranio. And don't he confess it?

Theur. Confess? Not a word. Swears it's an infamous lie.

Tranio. Doesn't he confess the least bit?

Theur. Not a fragment. What's to be done now?

Tranio. Summon him to court. Find a judge that will believe me, and we'll make short work of him.

Banker. Ah, there's *Tranio*, servant of that *Philolaches* who will neither pay me principal nor interest.

Theur. [*to Tranio*]. Where are you going?

Tranio. I'm not going. [*Aside*]. All the gods and goddesses have conspired to ruin me. He'll speak to the old man presently, and what am I to do then? I had best speak to him first.

Banker [*aside*]. He is coming to me: looks as if there were some chance of my getting my money.

Tranio [*aside*]. He looks hopeful; but if he thinks I have any money for him, he's much mistaken.—Good morning, Moneytrap.

Banker. Good morning. How about my money?

Tranio. Out upon you, land-shark! What, stick a pike into me the very first thing!

Banker. This fellow has brought no money.

Tranio. This fellow must be a wizard.

Banker. Where is *Philolaches*?

Tranio. You could not possibly have come at a better time.

Banker. How so?

Tranio. Come this way.

Banker. Why don't you pay me my money?

Tranio. You need not bawl so loud: I know you have a good voice.

Banker. I shall bawl as loud as ever I please.

Tranio. You might do me one favor, anyhow.

Banker. What favor?

Tranio. Please go home at once.

Banker. Go home, eh?

Tranio. Yes, and come back at noon.

Banker. Will you pay me my interest?

Tranio. Every penny of it: now be off.

Banker. And why should I be off, and have the trouble of coming back again? Why shouldn't I stay here till noon?

Tranio. No, no; you go home. Come, I'm not deceiving you. You just go home.

Banker. You just pay me my interest. What's all this trifling about?

Tranio. O go, man, go, I tell you! Just you do what I say.

Banker. I shall call him out by name. *Philolaches*!

Tranio. That's right: bawl away: much good it will do you.

Banker. I only ask my own. I've been put off long enough with your tricks and your shufflings. If I'm troublesome, pay me my money: I'll go, fast enough, I promise you.

Tranio. You shall have your principal back.

Banker. No, my interest; it's my interest I want.

Tranio. Why, you miserable harpy and intolerable muck-worm,

what will you do? Do your worst and be hanged to you! He'll pay you nothing, and he owes you nothing.

Banker. What? owes me nothing?

Tranio. Not a farthing. Is that enough for you? Do you expect him to quit the country on your account? I offered you the principal.

Banker. I don't want the principal, I tell you.

Theur. You, Tranio! come here.

Tranio. I am coming. [*To Banker.*] Now don't you be a nuisance: nobody is going to pay you: do what you like in the matter.

Banker. I want my interest: give me my interest: pay me my interest at once, you rascal!

Tranio. Your interest and your interest! The miserable skinflint can't speak of anything but his interest and his interest. I think I never saw a more thorough curmudgeon, a greedier shark, in all my days.

Theur. What is this interest the man is making such a fuss about?

Tranio [*to Banker*]. This is his father just home from a voyage. He'll pay you, principal and interest both. Now don't you be a nuisance, I tell you once more. Are you going?

Banker. If he's going to pay me, why not now?

Theur. What is it, Tranio?

Tranio. What?

Theur. Who is this man? What does he want? What does he mean by bawling about my son and quarrelling with you? Is anything owing to him?

Tranio. Philolaches owes him a little money.

Theur. How little?

Tranio. About forty minæ.

Banker. You don't think that much, I hope? It's little enough, in all conscience.

Tranio. Do you hear him? Isn't he a precious specimen of a cormorant?

Theur. I don't care what he is or who he is. I want to understand this matter. What is this interest he is talking about?

Tranio. Forty-four minæ is the whole amount. Say you will pay him, and he'll be off.

Theur. I'm to say I'll pay him, am I?

Tranio. That's it. You just promise him that.

Theur. Hark ye, Tranio, I want to know what's been done with this money.

Tranio. Oh, it's all safe enough.

Theur. Then if it is safe, pay the man yourselves.

Tranio. But, you see, your son has bought a house.

Theur. A house?

Tranio. Certainly: a house.

Theur. Good! The boy takes after his father. So he's going into business, is he? A house, did you say?

Tranio. A house? To be sure; a house. But do you know what kind of a house?

Theur. How could I know?

Tranio. Oh, it is a house among houses; a very jewel of a house.

Theur. I am glad to hear it, with all my heart and soul. And what is this jewel going to cost altogether?

Tranio. Two talents. He has paid forty minæ as earnest-money already. Now do you understand? You can see for yourself we couldn't live in a house swarming with ghosts, and with a murdered corpse under the parlor floor: so he bought another house.

Theur. Small blame to him.

Banker. Look here, it's about noon, I take it.

Tranio. Please despatch this garbage and let us be rid of him. Forty-four minæ are all that we owe him, principal and interest.

Banker. That is right: I ask not a penny more.

Tranio. Yes; I should like to see you ask a penny more.

Theur. Young man, I will attend to this matter.

Banker. Am I to look to you for the money?

Theur. Come for it to-morrow.

Banker. All right: I'm off: to-morrow will suit me as well as to-day.

[*Exit.*
Tranio *aside*]. Bad luck go with you, wherever you go! A nice pickle you had nearly got me into! I don't believe there is a greater set of scoundrels upon earth than these Bankers.

Theur. In what part of the city is the house my son has bought?

Tranio *aside*]. Now I'm caught again!

Theur. Why don't you answer me?

Tranio. I will in a moment. I am trying to remember the name of the man he bought it from.

Theur. Can't you think of it?

Tranio. Yes; now I have it. The house your son bought — here it is — just across the street here.

Theur. In good faith?

Tranio. In good faith, if you mean to pay the money: in bad faith, I should say, if you won't.

Theur. I can't say I admire the situation much.

Tranio. What? My dear sir, it's the finest situation in all Athens.

Theur. I should like to take a look at it. Knock at the door, *Tranio*.

Tranio *aside*]. What's to be done now? I no sooner get off one rock than I'm stranded on another.

Theur. Call somebody: get them to show us the house.

Tranio. Hallo here! But there are ladies in the house: had we not better first inquire if it be convenient?

Theur. Certainly: by all means. Knock and inquire. I will wait outside here till you come back.

Tranio *aside*]. Plague take you, old man, you hamper me at every turn. Ah — here comes out the proprietor, just in good time.

SCENE II.

[Simo comes out of his house, and soliloquises on the misery of having married a rich wife and being hen-pecked in consequence. *Tranio* then accosts him.]

Tranio. Good day, and good luck to you, *Simo*.

Simo. Thank you, friend *Tranio*.

Tranio. Are you quite well to-day?

Simo. Pretty much as usual. How are you getting along?

Tranio. Well, when I am in such good company.

Simo. Quite a neat compliment — much obliged. But I'm sorry I can't return it.

Tranio. Why so?

Simo. I'll tell you: you have a smooth tongue enough, and know how to get on the blind side of folks; but it would be better if you reflected a little more on the shortness of life. You know what goes on at your house.

Tranio. You astonish me; I never heard you speak of us in that way before.

Simo. O, you lead a gay life with your feastings and carousings.

Tranio. We did, Simo, we did, I own; but that is over now.

Simo. How so?

Tranio. We are all ruined.

Simo. How is that? I thought you were taking your full swing, with nobody to hinder.

Tranio. We were, Simo, we were; but the wind has chopped round and our ship's on the breakers.

Simo. So! I thought you were safe in port.

Tranio. No such luck. Another ship came athwart our course and stove our bows in.

Simo. Not so bad, I hope. But tell me what the matter really is.

Tranio. My old master has come home.

Simo. Oho! Now the ropes are getting ready for you: first the thong, then the dungeon, then the cross.

Tranio. Oh, at your knees I entreat you, Simo, don't, don't tell him anything!

Simo. O I shan't tell him: you may make your mind easy as far as I'm concerned.

Tranio. Thanks, thanks, my kind patron! And now know, my master has sent me to you.

Simo. Tell me this first: what does he say to your goings-on?

Tranio. Not a word so far.

Simo. Hasn't he been pitching into his son?

Tranio. Bless you, he's as mild as a summer day: quite balmy, in fact. And he told me to ask you, will you allow him to examine your house?

Simo. Why, it is not for sale.

Tranio. I know that. But the old man wants to build an addition to his: ladies' apartments, bath-rooms, and a promenade and a portico.

Simo. Why what on earth has he got into his head?

Tranio. I'll tell you. He is all agog now to marry his son; and this is the reason he wants to enlarge his house. And he heard some architect — I forget his name — say that the arrangement of your house was uncommonly convenient; so he wants to take pattern by it, if you have no objection.

Simo. A poor pattern, according to my notion.

Tranio. He heard that your house was particularly pleasant in summer: that one could be in the open air and yet have the shade all day long.

Simo. Egad, wherever else there may be shade, we have the sun here from morning to night: it sticks to us like a dun. I suppose there's some shade down in the well; but where else to find it, I don't know.

Tranio. Well, he wants to look at it, anyhow.

Simo. O he may look and welcome. If he sees anything he likes, he is welcome to copy it.

Tranio. Shall I call him?

Simo. Certainly.

Tranio [*aside*]. They say Alexander the Great and Agathocles performed in their day prodigious exploits: I want to know if I can't take my place as third. These two old gentlemen are just my pack-mules: I put the saddle on this one, and then on that one; whatever I lay on them they carry. Now it's old master's turn again.—Theuropides!

Theur. Why did you stay so long?

Tranio. The old man was busy and kept me waiting.

Theur. Well, what does he say?

Tranio. Go in, examine as much as you like.

Theur. Come on then.

Tranio. Ah, there he is himself at the door. He is sorry enough he sold his house, I can tell you.

Theur. He is, is he?

Tranio. He asked me to see if I could persuade Philolaches to cancel the bargain.

Theur. Not a bit of it. A bargain is a bargain. If we had paid too dear, do you suppose he would take it back? When you've made a good bargain, hold on to it: it is your duty. Business has nothing to do with sentiment.

Tranio. Come on. [*To Simo.*] This is the gentleman.

Simo. I am glad to see you safely home again, Theuropides.

Theur. Thank you.

Simo. You want to look at the house, your boy tells me.

Theur. If you have no objection.

Simo. Not the least in the world. Enter and welcome.

Tranio. But perhaps there are ladies—

Simo. Don't you trouble yourself about ladies, young man. [*To Theurop.*] Go over the house as if it were your own.

Theur. "As if"?

Tranio [*aside to Theur.*] 'Sh! 'sh! Don't allude to your having bought it. You can see how badly the old man feels about it from the way he looks.

Theur. Yes, I notice he looks rather cut up.

Tranio. And if you talk of the house as yours, he will think you want to crow over him, or at least have no consideration for his feelings.

Theur. You're right. You're a very thoughtful and good-hearted fellow, Tranio.

Simo. Go in and examine the house thoroughly and at your leisure.

Theur. Thanks: you are very obliging.

Simo. Not at all.

Tranio. Do you notice what a fine vestibule this is, and what a delightful promenade before the house?

Theur. It is well lighted and airy.

Tranio. Just look at these door-posts. Do you observe how thick they are, and how firmly set?

Theur. I think I never saw finer posts.

Simo. Egad, I paid enough for them in my time.

Tranio [*To Theur.*] Do you notice?—"in his time." He can hardly keep from crying, I believe.

Theur. What did you give for them?

Simo. Three minæ for the pair, beside the cost of hauling.

Theur. Tranio, now I come to look, they're not so good as I first thought.

Tranio. What's the matter with them?

Theur. The worms have got into the lower part of both of them.

Tranio. I suspect they were cut in the wrong quarter of the moon. But they will be good enough if you give them a coat of pitch. Do you notice how well the doors are made?—do you see how firmly they're braced?

Theur. The more I look, the better satisfied I am.

Tranio. Do you see that fresco representing a crow teasing two vultures, and mocking first one and then the other? Look this way—right towards me—and you will see the crow. Can't you make it out?

Theur. I don't see any crow.

Tranio. If you don't see the crow, look over on your side—there, just where you two are—don't you see the vultures?

Theur. I give you my word, I can't distinguish any bird whatever.

Tranio. Never mind: it does take rather a sharp sight.

Theur. I am very well pleased with all I have seen so far.

Simo. Now go inside. Boy! show this gentleman over the house, and let him see all the rooms. I would go with you myself, but I have an appointment at the forum.

Theur. O, I shan't need any one to show me. I'd rather look around by myself

Simo. Certainly, if you prefer it.

Theur. Come on, Tranio.

Tranio. Stop! stop! see that dog there?

Theur. Where?

Tranio. Get out! Be off! Shoo! Clear out of this!

Simo. Pooh! she won't hurt you: she's as gentle as a lamb. Go on: never mind her. Sorry I must leave you.

Theur. Thank you: you are very obliging. [*Exit Simo.*
Tranio, get that dog out of the way, gentle or not.

Tranio. Oh, she won't hurt. Just look how quietly she lies.

Theur. Come on then. [*They enter the house.*]

SCENE III.

TRANIO. THEUROPIDES. *Coming out of the house.*

Tranio. Well, how do you like your bargain?

Theur. I am perfectly delighted with it.

Tranio. You don't think it too dear, do you?

Theur. Cheap as dirt.

Tranio. How about the ladies' rooms? How did you like the portico.

Theur. It is perfectly splendid. I don't believe there is a handsomer one in the whole city.

Tranio. Do you know Philolaches and I measured pretty well all the porticos in town.

Theur. Well?

Tranio. This is a good deal longer than any of them.

Theur. It is a splendid bargain, and no mistake. I give you my word, *Tranio*, I would not to-day take six talents for it, cash in hand.

Tranio. Why, sir, if you would, I would not let you.

Theur. I consider it a first-rate investment.

Tranio. Come now, give me a little credit for it. I persuaded him to get the money from the banker, so as to close the bargain out of hand.

Theur. You did a good day's work then. How much do we still owe on it? Eighty minæ, isn't it?

Tranio. Not a penny more.

Theur. I'll pay it this very day.

Tranio. Do: and by the way, if you'll give me the money, I'll go after him and pay him at once.

Theur. Look here: I doubt if it is quite safe to trust you with the money.

Tranio. What! do you suppose I would dare to deceive you, in word or deed, even in jest?

Theur. Do you suppose I am going to give you a chance to do it?

Tranio. Now have I ever played you any tricks?

Theur. I always took good care you shouldn't. It is but prudence to keep a sharp eye on you.

Tranio. Well, I dare say you are right.

Theur. Now you go off to the farm and tell my son I have returned. Make haste; and bring him back with you to town.

Tranio. Very good, sir. [*Aside.*] Now I'll slip in through the back door to our friends in hiding: tell them that all is safe so far, and I'll manage to get the old man away.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

PHANISCUS. THEUROPIDES.

Phan. [*knocking.*] Hallo! Is anybody here? Will anybody open the door? Nobody apparently. Queer: I hear no clatter and noise of guests inside, nor music playing and singing as there used to be. What has got into them? [*Tries to peep in.*]

Theur. Who is this fellow at my door? What's he peeping and prying after?

Phan. I'll knock again. Hallo! open, somebody. You, *Tranio*, why don't you open the door?

Theur. [*aside.*] What is the meaning of all this?

Phan. Won't you open the door? I have come for Callidamates.

Theur. You, boy, what do you want? Are you going to break my door down?

Phan. My master is in here, drinking.

Theur. Your master is in here drinking, is he?

Phan. Precisely so.

Theur. You are a nice young man, upon my word.

Phan. I have come for him.

Theur. For whom?

Phan. My master, I tell you. How often do you want me to say it?

Theur. Boy, you're mistaken: no one lives here.

Phan. What, you mean to say young Philolaches does not live here? Your wits must be wool-gathering, old gentleman. If he has moved, it must be since yesterday.

Theur. I tell you, boy, nobody has lived in this house for six months.

Phan. What, nobody live here? Old gentleman, you must be a little touched in the upper story.

Theur. I tell you, sauce-box, the house has been vacant half a year.

Phan. And I tell you that since his father went away, there have not been three days together without a house-full of company here, carousing and drinking and having a jolly time — fiddles going, too.

Theur. Who had the company?

Phan. Philolaches.

Theur. What Philolaches?

Phan. His father's name is Theuropides, I think.

Theur. [*aside.*] Aha! Oho! I begin to smell a rat.— And you say this Philolaches, or whatever you call him, has a jolly time here with your master, in this house?

Phan. In this very house.

Theur. Boy, you're a bigger fool than you look. Don't you stop anywhere to eat a bit, and drink a glass with it.

Phan. Why?

Theur. You'll be banging at some other house, next.

Phan. I know where I have to bang, and I know the house I'm banging at. I tell you this is where Philolaches lives, the son of Theuropides.

Theur. And you say this young man spends his time carousing with your master since his father has been abroad?

Phan. I have told you so, over and over.

Theur. He has bought the house over the way, hasn't he?

Phan. Not to my knowledge.

Theur. Didn't he pay forty minæ on account of the purchase?

Phan. I never heard of it.

Theur. This is a precious piece of business!

Phan. A friend of his father, I presume?

Theur. This will be a sore piece of news for his father.

Phan. O, he's ruined the old man, squandered everything. It's

all the fault of that villain Tranio — a precious rascal! I am downright sorry for the old gentleman. When he finds it out it will break his heart.

Theur. If you have been telling me the truth.

Phan. What should I make by telling you a lie?—Hallo! will nobody come to the door?

Theur. What is the use of your knocking when there's nobody within?

Phan. All gone to frolic somewhere else, I suppose.

[*Exit Phaniscus.*]

SCENE III.

Theur. I don't know what to think. I begin to doubt if I really have come home. But I will find out the truth.—Ah, here comes the old gentleman that my son bought the house from. [*Enter Simo.*] Well, how are you now?

Simo. I have just come from the forum.

Theur. Anything new going on in town?

Simo. Why, yes.

Theur. What?

Simo. I saw a funeral.

Theur. A remarkable piece of news, upon my word!

Simo. Yes. The funeral was that of a dead man. They said he was alive not long ago.

Theur. My friend, you are witty beyond your years.

Simo. Why do you ask the news — have you nothing else to do?

Theur. I have just come back from foreign parts to-day.

Simo. Oh! ah—I have an engagement out. You must not expect me to ask you to dinner.

Theur. I had no such idea.

Simo. But I'll tell you what: to-morrow, if nobody else invites me, I'll dine with you.

Theur. I have no such idea. But to be serious, if you can spare a moment, I'd be glad if you would attend to me.

Simo. With the greatest pleasure.

Theur. I learn that Philolaches has paid you forty minæ.

Simo. Not to my knowledge.

Theur. What, did you not receive them from his servant Tranio?

Simo. Never a penny.

Theur. Come now — the earnest-money he paid you, you know.

Simo. Are you dreaming?

Theur. I? It's you that are dreaming; unless you fancy that in this way you can back out of a bargain and keep the money.

Simo. What bargain are you talking of?

Theur. That my son made with you in my absence.

Simo. We made a bargain in your absence? When? What about?

Theur. Ay; I owe you eighty silver minæ, you know.

Simo. I am delighted to hear it. Pay up: pay your debts, always. Don't pretend to deny it.

Theur. I don't pretend to deny it, and of course I'll pay. But mind you remember that you have had forty on account already.

Simo. Look here—look at me. He said you were going to marry your son, and wanted to build an addition to your house, on the plan of mine.

Theur. To build one on the plan of yours?

Simo. So he told me.

Theur. Oh that unfathomable villain Tranio!

Simo. What has Tranio been doing?

Theur. Made a fool of me and you too. O, we shall be laughing-stocks for ever! Now I beg and implore you, help me all you can.

Simo. How?

Theur. Just come along with me.

Simo. Very good.

Theur. And lend me the help of your servants, and some ropes.

Simo. At your service.

Theur. I will tell you how the rascal has served me.

[*Exeunt into Simo's house.*]

ACT V.—SCENE I.

TRANIO.

Tranio. A man who hesitates in critical emergencies, is a man of no account. No sooner had my master despatched me to the farm, than I whip round through an alley to the rear of our garden, go in by the back garden-gate, bring out our whole garrison, males and females, and get them off safe. And now what am I to do next?—for I know the old man must have found out everything by this time.—Eh? somebody coming out of neighbor Simo's house? My master, as I live! I must try get an inkling of what he is saying.

[*Enter THEUROPIDES. TRANIO hides behind a pillar.*]

Theur. [*To servants within.*] You stand there, and the moment I call, rush out and clap the handcuffs on him. I'll teach him to play his pranks with me: he shall laugh on the wrong side of his mouth before I am done with him, I promise him.

Tranio. He has found all out, that's clear. Now Tranio, my lad, look out for yourself.

Theur. When he comes, I'll go to work cunningly with him: I won't let him see what I'm at. I'll give him line—pretend not to have found out his lies.

Tranio [*aside*]. Oh the deceitful old monster!

Theur. I only just wish he would come!

Tranio [*Coming forward*]. Here I am, sir, if you are looking for me.

Theur. Ah, Tranio. Well, what's the news?

Tranio. The country-folks are coming to town. Philolaches will be here directly.

Theur. I am glad he's coming.—Do you know I believe this neighbor of ours to be a rascal?

Tranio. You don't say so! Why?

Theur. He says he don't know you.

Tranio. He don't know me?

Theur. Says you never paid him a penny of money.

Tranio. Go away: you're joking: he says nothing of the sort.

Theur. But I tell you he does: says he never sold the house.

Tranio. What, does he dare to deny that he received the money?

Theur. Says he is ready to swear he never sold the house and never received the money. I maintained that he had.

Tranio. What did he say then?

Theur. Offered to let me examine his servants by torture, if I like.

Tranio. Nonsense! He won't do that.

Theur. But he will, though.

Tranio. Summon him to court.

Theur. No; I think I will try what can be got out of the servants.

Tranio. A good idea. In the mean time I will post myself on this altar. [*Mounts the altar and takes a seat on it.*]

Theur. Why do you do that?

Tranio. Don't you see if the servants fly here for refuge, I shall be here to keep them off.

Theur. No; you get up from there.

Tranio. No, no; I had better be here.

Theur. Tranio, don't sit on that altar, I beg you.

Tranio. Why?

Theur. Because I want them to take refuge there. Let them: I shall the easier gain my cause before the judge.*

Tranio. Very good. But why will you carry the thing so far? Don't you know a charge of that kind is a ticklish matter?

Theur. Come here: there is something I want to consult you privately about.

Tranio. Oh, I can advise you from here: I am always wiser when I am sitting down. Then besides, counsels given from consecrated places are worth two of any other kind.

Theur. Get up: don't be foolish.

Tranio. If there were any third man here, he would starve.

Theur. How so?

Tranio. Because there's nothing to be made out of either of us.

Theur. O you precious villain!

Tranio. What's the matter now?

Theur. A pretty trick you've played me!

Tranio. Have I? You don't say so?

Theur. I have found out all your goings-on — I've got to the bottom of your villainies, and it's my turn now. I will roast you alive, you scoundrel!

Tranio. Don't! don't! I'm a great deal nicer boiled than roasted.

Theur. I'll make an example of you!

Tranio. You flatter me: I shall be proud to be an example.

* This altar "business" needs a little explanation. Tranio gets on the altar because it was a sanctuary where his master could not touch him. Now under Athenian law a litigant had the right to demand that his adversary's slaves should be examined by torture; and the refusal to allow this was considered tantamount to an admission of the charge. Theuropides (whose real object is to wheedle Tranio away from the altar) means that he would rather Simo's slaves should take refuge there than not, as he would allege that they did it by their master's instigation.

Theur. Impudent rascal! What sort of youth was my son when I left him in your charge, vermin?

Tranio. He had head and members, ears and fingers, all complete, I believe.

Theur. You mock me, do you?

Tranio. Well it does look something like it, I admit.—But here comes Callidamates, your son's particular friend. Let us hear what he will say in the matter.

SCENE II.

The above. Enter CALLIDAMATES.

Callid. When I had slept a little, and got the wine out of my head, Philolaches tells me the whole story of his father's return and Tranio's knavery; says he is afraid to venture in his sight, and begs me to try and smooth matters over with the old gentleman. And there he is now.—Theuropides, welcome home! I am glad to see you back safe and sound, and looking so well. You must dine with me to-day.

Theur. Thank you heartily, Callidamates. I am very glad to see you again; but you must excuse me to-day.

Callid. Why can't you come?

Tranio. Accept the invitation by all means: let me go in your place.

Theur. Yes, scoundrel, you shall go—straight to the cross.

Callid. What is the matter? Let the fellow go, and come dine with me.

Tranio. Good counsel: take it by all means.

Callid. And you, fellow, what upon earth have you taken to an altar for?

Tranio. He came on me suddenly and frightened me. Now say what I have done. Here's the counsel on both sides: argue the case, gentlemen; I'll sit here and listen.

Theur. I say you have corrupted my son—

Tranio. You listen: I own we borrowed money, and I own we spent it. What is there so dreadful in that? Don't other young men of tip-top families do the same?

Callid. You get up, Tranio, and let me sit there. I'll be the judge.

Theur. I am willing to leave it to you. It is not the money I care about so much as the rascally way the scoundrel humbugged me.

Tranio. Now do you know that I consider that just the best part of the whole affair? Serves you right: gray heads ought to have more sense.

Callid. You hold your tongue. Listen to me, Theuropides.

Theur. Say on.

Callid. You know I am your son's most intimate friend. Well he begged me to intercede with you, because he was ashamed to look you in the face. And now, since he is your son, I beg you to overlook these youthful follies: young men will be young men you know. In truth I am as much to blame as he was; it was partly my doing; and I am willing to make the loss good out of my own pocket.

Theur. He could not have chosen a more eloquent advocate. Well — I forgive him: if he is thoroughly ashamed of what he has done.

Callid. He is most abjectly ashamed.

Tranio. So much for him: now how about me?

Theur. I'll string you up, rascal, and take the hide off you.

Tranio. What? if I am thoroughly ashamed?

Theur. I'll settle with you, before this day is over.

Callid. Ah, let him off, let him off. Make it a general pardon, while you are about it. Come now, forgive him for my sake.

Theur. Ask me anything else, and I will grant it cheerfully; but I must pay off this rascal. Don't you see how he grins?

Callid. Tranio, if you are wise, keep quiet.

Theur. I'll quiet him.

Callid. Oh, no; don't say that. Come now, let me have his pardon.

Theur. Don't ask it of me.

Callid. Ah, now, Theuropides, come — forgive him just this once — just this once, for my sake now.

Tranio. Now do: don't be stubborn. You know I'll do some other mischief to-morrow, and then you can pay me for both at once.

Callid. I did not think you would refuse me such a trifle, Theuropides.

Theur. Well — get away, be off, you villain! I forgive you this time; but you must thank this gentleman. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

MARGARET BRENT.

THE early records of Maryland preserve a few incidents in the life of a woman of that Province, whose strong masculine character and keen executive abilities warrant the assertion that she "the rod of empire might have swayed," save only for the opportunity.

Margaret Brent, to whom allusion is made, reached Maryland, Nov. 22, 1638, about four years after Lord Baltimore's colonists had made their settlement at St. Mary's. According to the conditions of plantations instituted by Lord Baltimore, those who brought over settlers were allowed for women servants (white persons, whose passage-money to the Province was advanced, and who repaid the advance by

a stipulated term of service) fifty acres for each one, and a larger allotment for men servants brought over. The very first year this lady came into the Province, she and her sister, Mary Brent, imported no less than nine persons — five men and four women, named respectively Thomas Tod or Tidd, Samuall Pursall, Francis Tower, John Stephans and John de la Hay; Mary Taylor, Elizabeth Gueste, Mary Lawn and Elizabeth Brooks. In such favor were these ladies held by the Proprietary for their energetic business habits, which were resulting in a settlement of his lordship's province, that he wrote a letter to his brother, Leonard Calvert, then Governor of Maryland, directing him to give them their lands "with as large privileges" as were accorded to the very first adventurers in the colony. In April, 1642, she and her sister demanded one thousand acres of land for transporting into the province five men. Indeed her land transactions and her sister's run not unfrequently into thousands of acres. By one who was well acquainted with the subject, she is said to have been besides "very actively employed in taking up lands," energetically engaged "in affairs of all kinds relating to property." This lady, however, was not destined to remain in the private walks of life, pursuing "the even tenor" of her way, in importing servants, taking up land, and engaging in various pursuits. One of the latter was a lawsuit with Governor Stone relative to the sale of a house and farm in St. Mary's, in which the lady was worsted.

In 1648 Governor Calvert died, and the lady was appointed "administrator" (language of the records) of the deceased executive, and as such, she had the entire control of the personal estate of the Lord Proprietary himself in the province. The question then arose in court, if the "administrator" of the late Governor Calvert was to be the Lord Proprietary's attorney. Governor Greene, who had been termed the "Green Governor," and brought the use of that opprobrious epithet as one of the charges against Capt. Vaughn of the Isle of Kent, in an action against him, demanded the opinion of Mr. Giles Brent on the subject. This gentleman, who was the lady's brother, and the oldest member of the council, answered "that he did conceive that the administrator ought to be looked upon as attorney, both for recovery of rights into the estate, and paying debts due out of the estate, and taking care of the estate's preservation, but not further until his lordship shall substitute some other." The Governor confirmed the lady to act as the attorney of the Lord Proprietary, in so far as Mr. Brent conceived the administrator "ought to be." The musty records of this period show that the lady was not slow in using her authority as the attorney of the Lord Proprietary, her name frequently occurring in the court proceedings with the title of attorney to Lord Baltimore. It is recorded in other ways besides. In one place it is "I, Margaret Brent," and another, "Margaret Brent, gentlewoman." She evidently pursued the business entrusted to her care. On the 7th of December 1647, she came into court, "and required the opinion of the court concerning the pattent of Mr. Leonard Calvert in the case of the tenements appertaining to the rebels within his manors, whether, or not, their forfeitures belonged to the Lord of the Manors." The court decided "these forfeitures did of right belong to the Lord of the Manor."

As attorney of the Proprietary the lady seemed in nowise disposed to relinquish any rights that belonged to the office. The proceedings of the lower house of Assembly, of Friday, January 21st, 1648, say :

"Came Mrs. Margaret Brent and requested to have vote in the house for herself, and voice also, for that at the last court, 3d January, it was ordered that the said Mrs. Brent was to be looked upon and received as his Lord Proprietary's attorney.

"The Governor denyed that the said Mrs. Brent should have any vote in the house. And the said Mrs. Brent protested against all proceedings in this Present Assembly, unless she may be present and have vote as aforesaid." In accordance with a custom of those times, although a maiden, this lady was known as Mrs. Margaret Brent ; but we have other evidence that by this time she had reached that period of life where woman in the single state finds herself denominated an "old maid."

She did not escape the usual oppositions of life in her public or private career. In a deposition made the 18th of March, 1651, she was charged with killing on the Isle of Kent two bulls and one ox, only one of which belonged to her, and further with the expression of the "desire to kill all the unmarked bulls upon the island, if that she could." Her mark, and one sworn to as on one of the cattle killed, however, were similar, if not identical. The case seems to have reached no further than this deposition.

It appears — and this is the last public act in which we find this lady — that Governor Calvert, while in Virginia securing the recovery of the Province which had been wrested from him, had promised that the soldiers should be paid out of the personal property of Lord Baltimore on his plantation. After the Governor's death, it is probable Miss Brent proceeded to pay the soldiers in accordance with the terms of Mr. Calvert's agreement, the Proprietary being the loser, in the language of the General Assembly, "of a few cattle, not above eleven or twelve cows, at the most, of" his "lordship's clear stock, and those conquered again to" his "lordship and taken from the unlawful possessor." Lord Baltimore had disliked Miss Brent's appointment as his attorney, and her conduct regarding the distribution of the cattle was exceedingly displeasing to him, and he used harsh words about her. His anger against the lady was heeded only so far by the chivalrous and high-spirited Marylanders, as to provoke a generous defence of her, with the expressed belief "that the soldiers would never have treated any other with that civility and respect ; and, though they were even ready at several times to run into mutiny, *yet she still pacified them.*" The Assembly further wondered why his "lordship could suppose it fit and necessary, that those your loyal friends should be deprived by law of their dues for so great and good a service done and effected by them, and that it should be required at their hands, *to pay themselves [by?] a levy upon themselves.*"

It is to be regretted that we have such meagre data of this remarkable woman's career. Her age, birth and death are nowhere recorded, so far as we have been able to discover ; and what appears on record are but the points in which her manifold and energetic activities touched the plane of public business. But these all show a woman of

remarkable vigor of mind and administrative ability ; and in fancy we can picture Dame Margaret Brent a fine stately old lady, every inch the gentlewoman, very masterful, and sometimes a little high-handed in her ways, ruling with firm will the little world around her, the pride, and perhaps slightly the terror, of admiring friends and kinsmen.

E. S. RILEY, JR.

GENERAL LEE AT APPOMATTOX.

A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE BY A CONFEDERATE ARTILLERY OFFICER.

COLONEL FREMANTLE, of the British army, who was with the Confederate forces in the Gettysburg campaign, was one of the first to give the world an idea of the magnanimity and unselfishness which so adorned the other noble qualities of heart and head by which the name of General Lee had within twelve months before become world-renowned. In an article in *Blackwood's Magazine* for September 1863, he describes a scene of which the present writer was a witness, and which is here given in full, not only for its own intrinsic interest, but as a preface to another personal reminiscence of General Lee at the surrender at Appomattox C. H., illustrating in perhaps even a stronger light the same calm and high spirit, unruffled by any disaster, ever forgetful of self and ever mindful of others and of duty.

Colonel Fremantle, speaking of the charge of Pickett's division at Gettysburg, writes :—

“Soon afterwards I joined General Lee, who in the meanwhile came to the front on being informed of the extent of the disaster. If Longstreet's conduct was admirable, that of General Lee was perfectly sublime. He was engaged in rallying and in encouraging the broken troops, and was riding about a little in front of the wood quite alone, the whole of his staff being engaged in a similar manner further to the rear. His face, which is always placid and cheerful, did not show signs of the slightest disappointment, care or annoyance, and he was addressing to every soldier he met a few words of encouragement, such as, ‘All will come right in the end ; we will talk it over afterwards, but in the meantime all good men must rally. We want all good and true men just now,’ etc. He spoke to all the wounded men that passed him, and the slightly wounded he exhorted ‘to bind up their hurts and take a musket’ in this emergency. Very few failed to answer this appeal, and I saw many badly wounded men take off their hats and cheer him.

"He said to me, 'This has been a sad day for us, Colonel, a sad day; but we can't expect always to gain victories.' He was also kind enough to advise me to get into some more sheltered position.

"Notwithstanding the misfortune which had so suddenly befallen him, General Lee seemed to observe everything, however trivial. When a mounted officer began licking his horse for shying at the bursting of a shell, he called out, 'Don't whip him, Captain, don't whip him. I've got just such another foolish horse myself, and whipping does no good.'*

"I happened to see a man lying flat on his face in a small ditch, and I remarked that I did not think he seemed dead. This drew General Lee's attention to the man, who commenced groaning dismally. Finding appeals to his patriotism of no avail, General Lee had him ignominiously set on his legs by some neighboring gunners.

"I saw General Wilcox (an officer who wears a short round jacket and a battered straw hat) come up to him and explain, almost crying, the state of his brigade. General Lee immediately shook hands with him, and said cheerfully: 'Never mind, General, *all this has been my fault*. It is *I* that have lost this fight, and you must help me out of it the best way you can.'

"In this manner I saw General Lee encourage and reanimate his somewhat dispirited troops, and magnanimously take upon his own shoulders the whole weight of the repulse. It was impossible to look at him or to listen to him without feeling the strongest admiration, and I never saw any man fail him except the man in the ditch."

The morning of the 9th of April, 1865, found the Confederate army in a position in which its inevitable fate was apparent to every man in it. The skirmishing which had begun in its front as its advance guard reached Appomattox C. H. the night before, had developed into a sharp fight, in which the continuous firing of the artillery and the steady increase of the musketry told to all that a heavy force had been thrown across our line of march, and that reinforcements to it were steadily arriving. The long trains of wagons and artillery were at first halted in the road, and then parked in the adjoining fields, allowing the rear of the column to close up and additional troops to pass to the front to reinforce the advanced guard, and to form a reserve line of battle in their rear under cover of which they might retire when necessary. While these dispositions were taking place, General Lee, who had dismounted and was standing near a fire on a hill about two miles from the Court-house, called the writer to him, and inviting him to a seat on a log near by, referred to the situation and asked, "What shall we do this morning?" Although this opportunity of expressing my views was unexpected, the situation itself was not; for two days before, while near Farmville in a consultation with General Lee over his map, the fact of the enemy's having the shortest road to Appomattox C. H. had been noted and the probability of serious difficulty there anticipated, and in the meantime there had been ample opportunity for reflection on all of the emergencies

* This officer was Lieutenant F. M. Colston of Alexander's battalion of artillery, some of whose guns had followed Pickett's division out into the fields.

that might arise. Without replying directly to the question, however, I answered first that it was due to my command (of artillery) that I should tell him that they were in as good spirits, though short of ammunition and with poor teams, as they had ever been, and had begged if it came to a surrender to be allowed to expend first every round of ammunition on the enemy, and surrender only the empty ammunition chests. To this General Lee replied that there were only remaining two divisions of infantry sufficiently well-organised and strong to be fully relied upon (Fields' and Mahone's), and that they did not number eight thousand muskets together; and that that force was not sufficient to warrant him in undertaking a pitched battle. "Then," I answered, "General, there are but two alternatives: to surrender, or to order the army to abandon its trains and disperse in the woods and bushes, every man for himself, and each to make his best way with his arms either to the army of General Johnston in North Carolina, or home to the Governor of his State. We have all foreseen the probability of such an alternative for two days, and I am sure I speak the sentiments of many others besides my own in urging that rather than surrender the army you should allow us to disperse in the woods and go, every man for himself."

"What would you hope," he asked, "to accomplish by this?"

I answered, "If there is any hope at all for the Confederacy, or for the separate States to make terms with the United States, or for any foreign assistance, this course stands the chances, whatever they may be; while if this army surrenders this morning the Confederacy is dead from that moment, Grant will turn 150,000 fresh men against Johnston, and with the moral effect of our surrender he will go, and Dick Taylor and Kirby Smith will have to follow like a row of bricks; while if we all take to dispersing in the woods we inaugurate a new phase of the war, which may be indefinitely prolonged, and it will at least have great moral effect in showing that in our pledges to fight it out to the last we meant what we said. And even, General, if there is no hope at all in this course or in any other, and if the fate of the Confederacy is sealed whatever we do, there is one other consideration which your soldiers have a right to urge on you, and that is your own military reputation, in which every man in this army, officer or private, feels the utmost personal pride, and has a personal property that his children will prize after him. The Yankees brought Grant here from the West, after the failure of all their other generals, as one who had whipped everybody he had ever fought against, and they call him 'Unconditional Surrender Grant,' and have been bragging in advance that you would have to surrender too. Now, General, I think you ought to spare us all the mortification of having you to ask Grant for terms, and have him answer that he had no terms to offer you."

I still remember most vividly the emotion with which I made this appeal, increasing as I went on until my whole heart was in it; and it seemed to me at the moment one which no soldier could resist and against which no consideration whatever could be urged; and when I closed, after urging my suggestions at greater length than it is necessary to repeat, looking him in the face and speaking with more

boldness than I usually found in his presence, I had not a doubt that he must adopt some such course as I had urged.

He heard me entirely through, however, very calmly, and then asked, "How many men do you estimate would escape if I were to order the army to disperse?"

I replied, "I suppose two-thirds of us could get away, for the enemy could not disperse to follow us through the woods."

He said: "We have here only about 16,000 men with arms, and not all of those who could get away would join General Johnston, but most of them would try and make their way to their homes and families, and their numbers would be too small to be of any material service either to General Johnston or to the Governors of the States. I recognise fully that the surrender of this army is the end of the Confederacy, but no course we can take can prevent or even delay that result. I have never believed that we would receive foreign assistance, or get our liberty otherwise than by our own arms. The end is now upon us, and it only remains to decide how we shall close the struggle. But in deciding this question we are to approach it not only as soldiers, but as Christian men deciding on matters which involve a great deal else besides their own feelings. If I should order this army to disperse, the men with their arms, but without organisation or control, and without provisions or money, would soon be wandering through every State in the Confederacy, some seeking to get to their homes and some with no homes to go to. Many would be compelled to rob and plunder as they went to save themselves from starvation, and the enemy's cavalry would pursue in small detachments, particularly in efforts to catch the general officers, and raid and burn over large districts which they will otherwise never reach; and the result would be the inauguration of lawlessness and terror and of organised bands of robbers all over the South. Now, as Christian men we have not the right to bring this state of affairs upon the country, whatever the sacrifice of personal pride involved. And as for myself, you young men might go to bushwhacking, but I am too old; and even if it were right for me to disperse the army, I should surrender myself to General Grant, as the only proper course for one of my years and position. But I am glad to be able to tell you one thing for your comfort. General Grant will not demand an unconditional surrender, but offers us most liberal terms, the paroling of the whole army not to fight until exchanged." He then went on to speak of the probable details of the terms of surrender, and to say that about 10 A. M. he was to meet General Grant in the rear of the army and would then accept the terms offered.

Sanguine as I had been when he commenced that he *must* acquiesce in my views, I had not one word to reply when he had finished. He spoke slowly and deliberately and with some feeling, and the completeness of the considerations he advanced, and which he dwelt on with more detail than I can now fully recall, speaking particularly of the women and children as the greatest sufferers in the state of anarchy which a dispersion of the army would bring about, and his reference to what would be his personal course if he did order such dispersion, all indicated that the question was not then presented to his mind for the first time.

A short time after this conversation General Lee rode to the rear of the army to meet General Grant and arrange the details of the surrender. He had started about a half-hour when General Fitz Lee sent word to General Longstreet that he had broken through a portion of the enemy's line, and that the whole army might make its way through. General Longstreet on hearing this directed Colonel John C. Haskell of the artillery, who was very finely mounted, to ride after General Lee at utmost speed, killing his horse if necessary, and recall him before he could reach General Grant. Colonel Haskell rode as directed, and a short distance in rear of the army found Gen. Lee and some of his staff dismounted by the roadside. As he with difficulty checked his horse, General Lee came up quickly, asking what was the matter, but without waiting for a reply, said: "Oh, I'm afraid you have killed your beautiful mare. What did you ride her so hard for?" On hearing General Longstreet's message, he asked some questions about the situation, and sent word to General Longstreet to use his own discretion in making any movements; but he did not himself return, and in a short while another message was received that the success of the cavalry under General Fitz Lee was but temporary, and that there was no such gap in the enemy's line as had been supposed. Soon afterwards a message was brought from the enemy's picket that General Grant had passed around to the front and would meet General Lee at Appomattox C. H., and General Lee accordingly returned.

Meanwhile, as the Confederate line under General Gordon was slowly falling back from Appomattox C. H. after as gallant a fight against overwhelming odds as it had ever made, capturing and bringing safely off with it an entire battery of the enemy's, General Custar, commanding a division of Federal cavalry, rode forward with a flag of truce, and the firing having ceased on both sides, was conducted to General Longstreet as commanding temporarily in General Lee's absence. Custar demanded the surrender of the army to himself and General Sheridan, to which General Longstreet replied that General Lee was in communication with General Grant upon that subject, and that the issue would be determined between them. Custar replied that he and Sheridan were independent of Grant, and unless the surrender was made to them they would "pitch in" at once. Longstreet's answer was a peremptory order to return at once to his own lines and "try it if he liked." Custar was accordingly escorted back, but fire was not re-opened, and both lines remained halted, the Confederate about a half-mile east of the Court-house.

General Lee returning from the rear shortly afterwards, halted in a small field adjoining Sweeny's house, a little in rear of his skirmish line, and awaited a message from General Grant, seated on some rails under an apple-tree. This apple-tree was not only entirely cut up for mementoes within two days afterwards, but its very roots were dug up and carried away under the false impression that the surrender took place under it. About noon a Federal staff-officer rode up and announced that General Grant was at the Court-house, and General Lee with one of his staff accompanied him back. As he left the apple-tree General Longstreet's last words to him were: "Unless he offers you liberal terms, General, let us fight it out."

It would be a difficult task to convey to one who was not present an idea of the feeling of the Confederate army during the few hours which so suddenly, and so unexpectedly to it, terminated its existence, and with it all hopes of the Confederacy. Having been sharply engaged that very morning, and its movements arrested by the flag of truce while one portion of it was actually fighting and nearly all the rest, infantry and artillery, had just been formed in line of battle in sight and range of the enemy, and with guns unlimbered, it was impossible to realise fully that the war, with all its hopes, its ambitions and its hardships, was thus ended. There was comparatively very little conversation, and men stood in groups looking over the scene; but the groups were unusually silent. It was not at first generally known that a surrender was inevitable, but there was a remarkable pre-acquiescence in whatever General Lee should determine, and the warmest expressions of confidence in his judgment. Ranks and discipline were maintained as usual, and there is little doubt that had General Lee decided to fight that afternoon the troops would not have disappointed him. About 4 P. M. he returned from the Court-house, and after informing the principal officers of the terms of the surrender, started to ride back to his camp.

The universal desire to express to him the unabated love and confidence of the army had led to the formation of the gunners of a few battalions of artillery along the roadside, with orders to take off their hats in silence as he rode by. When he approached, however, the men could not be restrained, but burst into the wildest cheering, which the adjacent infantry lines took up, and breaking ranks, they all crowded around him cheering at the tops of their voices. Gen. Lee stopped his horse, and after gaining silence, made the only speech to his men that he ever made. He was very brief, and gave no excuses or apologies for his surrender, but said he had done all in his power for his men, and urged them to go as quickly and quietly to their homes as possible, to resume peaceful avocations, and to be as good citizens as they had been soldiers; and this advice marked the course which he himself pursued so faithfully to the end.

E. P. A.

REVIEWS.

Joshua Davidson, Communist. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THIS book will probably attract considerable attention among those who are interested in social problems—a class of people who, though having very honest and praiseworthy intentions, are not uniformly distinguished for sound practical wisdom or agreeable personal characteristics. It may also fall into the hands of many of the artisan class, and some of the lower grades of society, who are sufficiently awake to catch at anything that has a bearing on the contest they are waging with Capital. And in view of such chances, it cannot but be considered on the whole a dangerous book. That the purpose of the author is a noble one we freely acknowledge; and surely there is enough in the lukewarmness and indifference with which the Church and Society look upon the wretched condition of the masses, to excuse extravagance of method or of teaching in an effort to arouse them to their duty. While, therefore, the views of life here inculcated are not likely to improve the temper of the poor and criminal classes, or to help them in forming a more rational and restrained purpose in their struggles after improved conditions of life, they may, as they should, do something to prick the conscience of Christians, and stimulate the philanthropic action of society by working upon its selfish fears. This book is only another of the many indications of coming social convulsion that fill the air. In Europe, and especially in England, where the population is unwholesomely crowded, and the political institutions are encumbered with many anomalies and abuses which have been the growth of ages, the rulers are brought face to face with the danger of a popular uprising, which, it would seem, cannot be much longer delayed. For the present, in America, the expanse of unoccupied territory furnishes a vent for the dangerous passions of the proletariat; but the day of evil will only be postponed, not prevented, unless we bring the proper remedy to bear with sufficient energy in the meantime. But the proper remedy is not that, we think, shadowed forth by the author of *Joshua Davidson*, in the sketch of his hero's life. His theory, which is rather vaguely put, is a perversion of the truth, which is usually more dangerous than the baldest falsehood. Professedly he takes Christ as his ideal; but with an arrogance which unfortunately is not unusual in this age of disordered thought, instead of the historic Christ he assumes a new Christ, modelled after his own conceptions of what He would and ought to be if He were dwelling on earth to-day. Finding that many of the facts of the New Testament history are inconvenient for his purpose; that Christ, though he extended his tender love and gracious sympathy to the outcast and despised, was in no sense a political agitator, nor the partisan of one class of society against another, but the rebuker of sin wherever He found it; the

author of this book, though using the figure of Christ to fortify his theories, at the same time is guilty of the most daring assault upon His work and character when they cannot be made to harmonise with his latest evangel.

The book professes to be the biography of a Cornish journeyman carpenter, written by a friend and lifelong companion. An imitation of the workman's style and dialect is attempted, but is so slight as not to deceive at all; while the vigor and educated character of the thought, and the literary facility, clearly betray a skilled writer. The author, however, appears to have fully familiarised himself with the modes of thought and feeling of the class of which he writes, so that his book may perhaps be taken as a fair exponent of the discontent and undefined aspiration of the dumb masses. And if so, it should have a value as helping to a better understanding between the extremes of society, between whom a great gulf now yawns.

Like many other heroes, Joshua Davidson is the son of "poor but worthy" parents, and by an inconsistency which is quite frequent among writers of agrarian tendencies, our author has given his *protégé* something more than a suspicion of noble blood.

There was nothing remarkable about Joshua's childhood; he was a quiet, thoughtful boy and noticeably pious; given to the inconvenient habit of most children of asking "why?" His first exploit, prognostic of his future career, was his overthrow of the Vicar in the matter of catechising. One Sunday afternoon his class was being questioned before a number of ladies and gentlemen:

"After catechism was over he stood out before the rest, just in his rough country clothes as he was, and said very respectfully to the Vicar, Mr. Grand: 'If you please, sir, I would like to ask you a few questions.' 'Certainly, my lad, what have you to say?' said Mr. Grand rather shortly. He did not seem over well pleased at the boy's addressing him; but he could not well refuse to hear him because of the ladies and gentlemen with him; and especially Mr. Freeman, a very good old man who thought well of everybody, and let everybody do pretty much as they liked.

"'If we say, sir, that Jesus Christ was God,' said Joshua, 'surely all that He said and did must be the real right? There cannot be a better way than His?' 'Surely not, my lad,' Mr. Grand made answer, 'what else have you been taught all your life? what else have you been saying in your catechism just now?' 'And His apostles and disciples, they showed the way too?' said Joshua. 'And they showed the way too, as you say; and if you come up to half they taught, you'll do well, Joshua.' The Vicar laughed a little laugh as he said this; but it was a laugh, Joshua's mother said, that seemed to mean the same thing as a 'scat'—our Cornish word for a blow—only the boy didn't seem to see it. 'Yes; but, sir, it is not of myself I am thinking, it is of the world,' said Joshua. 'If we are Christians, why don't we live as Christians?' 'Ah, indeed! why don't we?' said Mr. Grand. 'Because of the wickedness of the human heart; because of the world, the flesh, and the devil!' 'Then, sir, if you feel this, why don't you and all the clergy live like the apostles and give what you have to the poor?' cried Joshua, clasping his hands

and making a step forward, the tears in his eyes. 'Why, when you read that verse, "Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" do you live in a fine house, and have grand dinners, and let Peggy Bray nearly starve in that old mud-hut of hers, and widow Tregellis there, with her six children and no fire or clothing for them? I can't make it out, sir! Christ was God; and we are Christians; yet we don't do as He ordered, though you tell us it is a sin that can never be forgiven if we dispute what the Bible says.' 'And so it is,' said Mr. Grand sternly. 'Who has been putting these bad thoughts into your head?' 'No one, sir. I have been thinking for myself. Michael, out by Lion's Den, is called an infidel; he calls himself one; and you preached last Sunday that no infidel can be saved; but Michael helped Peggy and her base child when the Orphan Fund people took away her pension, because, as you yourself told her, she was a bad woman, and it was encouraging wickedness; and he worked early and late for widow Tregellis and her children, and shared with them all he had, going short for them many a time. And I can't help thinking, sir, that Christ, who forgave all manner of sinners, would have helped Peggy with her base child, and that Michael, being an infidel and such a good man, is something like that second son in the parable who said he would not do his Lord's will when he was ordered, but who went all the same —' 'And that your Vicar is like the first?' interrupted Mr. Grand angrily. 'Well, yes, sir, if you please,' said Joshua quite modestly, but very fervently."

This colloquy proceeds to greater length, and it must be confessed contains some awkward questions, and home-thrusts which the Vicar can only parry by indignant reproof. But one gross unfairness of the book is that all through it represents the attitude of the Church towards the poor and vicious, by the person of Mr. Grand, a worldly, well-fed and self-indulgent member of the rich Establishment, who though truly typical of a number of men who are a scandal to the body to which they belong, by no means represents the spirit and action of the whole Christian church. In his person, the Church is made to appear as the enemy of the poor, the advocate of political and spiritual despotism, the foe of social progress and amelioration. While in truth the position of the Church is one of shortcoming in its duty to the masses, not in any degree of antagonism. Within the scope of its present philanthropic agencies the Church embraces every rank and condition of men — even the vilest and most hopelessly depraved. And in her membership she includes thousands of noble spirits who are emulating their Master in their ministry of love to the outcast and forsaken. What the Church needs, and what Society needs, is that the example of these truly devoted ones should be followed by all her members. But the Church does not contemplate, nor did Christ, we believe, ever contemplate any such system of Communism as that countenanced by this author, where the pure and the vicious should associate in the closest intimacy; and any effort at reform would be very justly scandalised by the associations of Joshua Davidson in London. That Christian charity is to go the extent of compelling a young unmarried man to attempt the reforma-

tion of a fallen woman by supporting her *in his own house* is, it seems to us, an impious travesty upon the life and conduct of the pure and holy One.

This new reformer commences life by accepting Scripture in its literal import with the most implicit faith ; going to the extent of praying that a certain large rock might be removed, and taking up vipers in his hand, preaching against the sins of Christians, and practising the greatest simplicity, pureness, and charity in his own life. His aim was "to bring back the world to the simplicity and broad humanity of Christ's acted life." His failure to obtain an answer to his special prayers greatly perplexed him, and his perplexity finally issues in an interpretation of Scripture and Christ's character which will probably be considered liberal enough to please the most advanced of modern biographers of the Sacred Life. Urged by the restlessness which characterises his class, he leaves his quiet country home and goes up to London ; soon after which he announces his creed thus : "Friends," he said, "I have at last cleared my mind and come to a belief. I have proved to myself the sole meaning of Christ : it is Humanity. I relinquish the miracles, the doctrine of the Atonement, the doctrine of the Divinity of Jesus, and the unelastic finality of His knowledge. He was the product of His time ; and if He went beyond it in some things, He was only abreast of it in others. His views of human life were Oriental ; His images were drawn from the autocratic despotism of the great and the slavish submission of the humble ; and there is never a word of reprobation of these conditions as conditions, only of the individuals according to their desert. He did His best to remedy that injustice, so far as there might be solace in the thought, by proclaiming the spiritual equality of all men, and the greater value of worth than status ; but He left the social question where He found it — paying tribute to Cæsar without reluctance — His mind not being ripe to accept the idea of a radical revolution, and His hands not strong enough to accomplish it, if ever He had imagined it. But neither He nor His disciples imagined more than the communism of their own sect ; they did not touch the throne of Cæsar, or the power of the hereditary irresponsible lord. Their communism never aimed at the equalisation of classes throughout all society. Hence, I cannot accept the beginning of Christian politics as final ; but hold that we have to carry on the work under different forms. The modern Christ would be a politician. His aim would be to raise the whole platform of society ; He would not try to make the poor contented with a lot in which they cannot be much better than savages or brutes. He would work at the destruction of caste, which is the vice at the root of all our creeds and institutions. He would not content himself with denouncing sin as merely spiritual evil ; He would go into its economic causes and destroy the flower by cutting at the roots — poverty and ignorance. He would accept the truths of science, and He would teach that a man saves his own soul best by helping his neighbor. That, indeed, He did teach ; and that is the one solid foothold I have. Friends, Christianity according to Christ is the creed of human progress, not that of resignation to the avoidable miseries of class ; it is the confession that society is elastic,

and that no social arrangements are final ; that morals themselves are only experimental, and that no laws are divine — that is, absolute and unchangeable by circumstance. It is the doctrine of evolution, of growth ; and just as Christ was the starting-point of a new era of theological thought, so is the present the starting-point of a new era of social fact. Let us then strip our Christianity of all the mythology, the fetichism that has grown about it. Let us abandon the idolatry with which we have obscured the meaning of the Life ; let us go back to the MAN, and carry on His work in its essential spirit in the direction suited to our times and social conditions. Those of you who still cling to the mystical aspect of the creed, and who prefer to worship the God rather than imitate the Man, must here part company with me. You know that, as a youth, I went deep into the life of prayer and faith ; as a man, I have come out into the upper air of action ; into the understanding that Christianity is not a creed as dogmatised by churches, but an organisation having politics for its means and the equalisation of classes as its end. It is Communism. Friends, the doctrine I have chosen for myself is Christian Communism, and my aim will be, the Life after Christ in the service of humanity, without distinction of persons or morals. The Man Jesus is my master, and by His example I will walk."

Even Mr. John Stuart Mill, and those who believe with him that the Christian system partakes of the nature of a reaction, would have little fault to find with such a confession of faith. But why should a man profess to follow in the footsteps of Christ, and yet repudiate His course of action ? If a new Christ is to be constructed, why should not the *whole* character be evolved out of Mr. Davidson's consciousness, and not marred with patches from the Evangelists ? Such a proceeding would be more consistent, and no more audacious.

Joshua Davidson's life after this harmonises entirely with his creed. He joins the International Society of course ; in fact it was he who helped mainly to establish it. But he is represented as discountenancing all the extravagances which have disgraced it before the world ; he endeavored to moderate the ferocity of the great body of its members, and to direct and use their energies to the accomplishment of his own scheme of reform. His own conduct was blameless, or rather highly praiseworthy in most respects. He established a night-school for the improvement of the idle and vicious of his neighborhood, was unremitting in his efforts to help up the fallen, pursued his trade of carpenter with the greatest industry all the while, controlled his passions under most trying circumstances and was respectful and charitable to all ; and with the exception that in one instance his associations were of such a character as would justly excite scandal, and that he was a very active propagandist of his own distorted views of Christianity, he was a model of propriety and noble living. When the Commune declared itself in Paris, he left for that city and shared its fortunes, while deprecating all the horrors that stained its record. He even risked his life to save those of the Archbishop and the other hostages. When the Versaillists finally triumphed he escaped into England, but did not long survive his

return. Abandoning his trade of carpenter he became a political lecturer, and made a tour through the country preaching his doctrine of Christian communism. Finally he announced that he would deliver a lecture at Lowbridge, and gave as his usual programme, "that he would show how Christ and His apostles were Communists, and how they preached the same doctrines which the Commune of Paris strove to embody." When the evening came there was a boisterous crowd in attendance, and among them his old friend Mr. Grand, the vicar. At the first word he spoke they sent up a great yell, and wrought to frenzy by a speech from Mr. Grand, they beset poor Joshua and beat him to death, who died thus a martyr to his faith.

Such is the story of this life, told most effectively by a skilled narrator, a book we doubt not that will do much harm by its speciousness. It appeals continually to the nobler instincts of our nature, espousing as it does the cause of the poor and wretched; but it instils vain hopes among these classes, and preaches a false and shallow social philosophy. Christianity does not contemplate as its object the "equalisation of all classes" any more than it intends the reduction of all external nature to a barren plain. It seeks to clothe every hill and valley of human society with the mantle of charity and mutual understanding and helpfulness; it countenances the healthful development of the social body, by giving to every man the opportunity to rise according to his ability. It aims to remove the hard and dangerous circumstances of life among the lowly. But it does not set itself against the ordinances of natural law, nor blind itself to the fact that poverty is not the essential cause of crime. The selfishness and indifference of the rich may do much to aggravate and prolong the sufferings of the outcast; but primarily it is their own sin, and the sin of their fathers visiting itself upon the children that causes their misery. When will we learn that it is not a dilution of Christianity, nor a distortion of Christianity that is to cure the ills of human life, but pure, unalloyed Christianity as Christ preached it by His life and words, applied more broadly and more persistently to every class and condition of men? The Gospel according to Joshua Davidson, is not an improvement upon the Gospel according to St. John.

LAWRENCE TURNBULL.

Eunice Earld. A Poem. By Fred. Williams. Augusta, Ga. 1873.

WHEN we say that this poem is, in our opinion, an utter mistake in conception, and grievously faulty in every point of execution—that perhaps a third part of it has nothing whatever to do with poetry, that the measure chosen, an unmanageable one at the best, is so awkwardly handled that it would have been much better had the form of verse-division been altogether omitted; that the expression is often clumsy, sometimes obscure, and the syntax not always accurate—we shall seem to pass sentence of condemnation upon *Eunice Earld* altogether. Yet such is by no means our thought. There is very much highly finished, lucid, grammatical verse which we see in print and MS. that has not, to our mind, the promise of this extremely imperfect piece.

For, unless we are greatly mistaken, this is the work of a man who has something, both in heart and brain, of different stuff than belongs to the graceful faint echoers of the masters' tones. It is the bungling work of an apprentice who bids fair to be a craftsman one day. Just now he is engaged in a threefold wrestle, with his ideas, his form, and his expression; when he has mastered them, we shall see what he can do.

We give an extract, which will illustrate our meaning.

Eunice slept; the day had passed in alternated wakings, sleep,
 A quiet sleep, a dreamless sleep, or, if she dreamt, 'twere dreams that creep
 Still-footed through the brain, nor rouse it into those convulsive starts,
 And murmurous, broken words, that half reveal the deep, sad, breaking heart's
 Low bed of sorrows, o'er which flows, by day, the quiet, smooth-faced stream
 Of earth's conventionalities, but parcel pierced, e'en in our dream.
 The pearly twilight, elbowing the sun's last rays athwart the low,
 Broad window seat, filled all the west room with a genial, pleasant glow
 Of mingled light and shade; a softened radiance, that flowed upon
 Her couch, and rolled its silver wheels up to her out-stretched hand, pale, drawn,
 Through all its tender muscles, with long, pangful days; and to her breast,
 Soft, fair, and gently moving, as the sighing, palpitating crest
 Of a white, foam-tipped tide might move, upon a calm, sweet, summer's day,
 About a low, enchanted isle; so did her gentle being sway
 Its tide about the dark and gloomy shores of death; and, last, her face,
 Still, passionless with weakness and with sleep, yet full of quiet grace,
 As smoothed and beautified by some dreamt vision of the coming stars,
 The twilight glory fell upon; and yet, no more than first it was,
 Did glorify her countenance, so utterly brimmed o'er with peace;
 As a still lake doth shape its banks in shades, nor yet, doth once increase,
 Nor mix confused two leaves, or ferns, but giveth each its order due,
 So in her soul, that rippled 'neath Heaven's shore, Heaven's vision perfect grew.

Two or three shorter poems follow, and in these we find higher finish, and more developed power. We append an extract or two from one of these, which seems to us to be poetry of no mean order.

O! purple, gorgeous Love, what hast thou which
 Should sit within my squalid soul, and fling
 The level glories of thy sun-orbed eyes
 Athwart its casements, patched and dark, to bring
 Th' aroma of thy flower-breathed nostrils, rich
 With thick camellias from kings' gardens gleans, [?]
 Into this poor low level? Wilt thou sing
 An even strain with that thou sang for queens,
 In all their velvet, holiday attire?
 Dost mark I am low-down, and 'tis a fire
 But homely hangs upon my lip, and weans
 Its early ripeness from the breast of youth.
 And wilt thou come? and wilt thou stay? In truth
 I would lift up my hands, but they are weak;
 I would lift up my voice, but that would break;
 I will lift up my heart and say I gave
 My best—for it is first and last I have.

I know not, Love, what first thou found'st in me
 To fit thy condescension on; to come
 Down to my footstool from thy raised-up throne,
 To which I scarcely dared slant up my dumb
 Lips, rounded in a prayer; but, bent, my eyes
 Locked up their glances in the footed dust,
 That, beat from off a passing heel, in curves
 Lay, building up its tiny bastions: lies

Should I have deemed the prophecies of truth,
That would have vouched for steady pulses, nerves,
To bear the full placed pressure of thy touch,
As thus I do, not shaking overmuch.

And yet, methinks, thou comest not to us
Always for what we are, or have, or give;
But come because we need thee, not thou us,
And, probing deepward where we inner live —
As dewdrops in a dusty lily's mouth,
To find its heart out, and to gentle south
Give it for sweetest nourishment — thus thou
Dost gather up our sun-cracked seeds to sow
Them elsewhere than on flinty ribs of rock,
So they may grow and slant up bended stalk
Beneath its sloping shocks of bearded grain,
That, o'er run, ever droppeth out again.

All darkened, chill, and lone, I floated on
Within the near-lipped shell of my small sphere —
On o'er the sombre billows, scanty cleft,
Before my prow and in my wake, with drear,
Thin flames, lit up and speedy quenched again.
The gathering night had shed my soul with pain —
As one, who coucheth 'neath an autumn tree,
Hath felt its sere leaves fluttered on his head,
And down his shoulders, till his feet were 'bed
In flame-shot, satin-rustling tapestry,
And, then, a sudden, there burst over me
A flooded light, that was a second sea;
And thou camest sailing by, and put around
My bruised heart thy balmy arms, and wound
Thyself into my being, till I merged
My pains in thee and lost them evermore,
And they are fallen in a bedded sea
Whereof I know not, of its wave or shore.

Johannes Olaf. A Novel. By Elizabeth de Wille. Translated from the German by F. E. Bunnëtt. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1873.

WE are not sufficiently familiar with contemporary German literature to say whether there has arisen a school of imitators of Spielhagen. *A priori*, the thing would seem likely; for there were not only remarkable originality and power in the author last mentioned, but a firm grasp of essentials, and an insight into the very heart of the agitating questions of the time which could not fail powerfully to influence younger minds. But be this as it may, there can be no doubt of the discipleship of the author of this story. The idea of "problematical characters," caught by Spielhagen from Goethe, she has seized, and more truly than her predecessor. Spielhagen has drawn us characters of this kind whose lives are confused and frustrated by impotence of will: this author, more truly seizing Goethe's idea, shows us a character of noble physical and spiritual gifts, whose life is strangely perverted and made enigmatical by intense overmastering power of will.

There is, in persons and incidents, a singular resemblance between this story and *Hammer and Anvil*; so remarkable indeed that it has the effect of a child's picture-puzzle confusedly put together. The

chief characters in that remarkable novel have here their counterparts, but with a difference in their spheres of action ; and the principal events are imitated, but adjusted in a different relation to the persons and circumstances.

Were we however to consider this work only as an imitation, we should do it great injustice. The principal character is a very striking conception. Sprung on the one side from the descendant of a line of old Vikings, and on the other from an artist whose genius could not blossom in the cold northern climate and amid the rugged realities of a life of poverty on a Friesland island, the hero combines the adamant will, the deep elemental passions and stern self-restraint of the one, with the love of beauty, the depths of unspoken feeling and the undemonstrative tenderness of the other. From the conflict of these forces come all his trials, and yet this conflicting action makes him the man he is — a strange, deep, disturbing force that draws out of their ordinary channels all with whom he comes into contact.

The story is indeed too much subordinated to the hero. The other characters seem scarcely to exist, except so far as they are influenced by him ; and he moves among them, strange, sad, fulfilling his own destiny and perturbing theirs. The whole book is pervaded by that singular and profound melancholy which seems at present to tinge the whole German mind, perhaps as a reaction from that irrational elation which possessed them two years ago, when in accomplishing "German unity" they seemed to have realised the chief desire of life. Such illusions are not parted with without a sore pang.

W. H. B.

THE GREEN TABLE.

MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS has delivered his promised panegyric upon Mr. Seward, before that pure and philosophic body, the Legislature of New York. The discourse is quite worthy of the subject and the audience, though we could have wished, for the sake of the country and the orator, that the latter had made it more worthy of his own reputation and character. Mr. Adams is one of the best representatives of the section to which he belongs. He is not altogether an agreeable one to outside barbarians, for he is arrogant, cold, intolerant, and hard, and has in him that mixture of the prig and the Puritan which is not regarded as a pleasant combination, except in the favored region where it is indigenous. Coming, too, from a wrong-headed and not very right-hearted family, he has traits, both intellectual and moral, which are more characteristic than attractive. It is needless to add that he has inherited what doubtless he believes to be a

just appreciation of Southern inferiority, but what in reality is only a bitter remembrance and resentment of Southern opposition to the Presidents whose name he bears. On the other hand, Mr. Adams has many and just claims to consideration. He is a gentleman beyond all doubt—a man of ability, culture, and refinement, without a stain upon his personal or political integrity. There is no public man of either party who is less a demagogue, or, in the vulgar sense, a politician; and but for the levity of some trifling letters which he wrote last summer, when he was talked of for the Presidency, there was nothing to lower the dignity of his position before the country until he consented to become the eulogist of Mr. Seward. If not a statesman in the highest acceptance of the word, he is full of the knowledge and has carefully studied the lessons which make statesmen, so that if he had not been a Massachusetts man and an Adams, and had never heard of a negro, he would worthily have been among the foremost of those who fill the places of great men to-day in the Republic. As contradistinguished from, and as compared with the people for and with whom he acts, he is a statesman, undoubtedly, with all his drawbacks, and it was the popular conviction of this, and the public respect for his purity of character, which were so near securing his nomination at Cincinnati, notwithstanding the little hold which he has on the affections or even the sympathies of his countrymen. It would be unjust not to add that as a member of Congress, in 1860-61, he manifested a praiseworthy disposition to avert by compromise the horrors which were impending; and although the concessions which he was disposed to offer were neither large nor gracious, they were nevertheless real and honest, and prompted by motives which a man like Mr. Seward was wholly incapable of understanding.

Entertaining these opinions in regard to Mr. Adams, we are very sincere in the expression of our regret that he should have condescended to undertake the canonization of Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of State. The average character of our public men for truthfulness and honesty is now so very low, that the country cannot afford to lose, in whole or in part, the prestige of even one good name. The reputation of Mr. Adams was too valuable in that respect to be parted with, but it is impossible now to say, with candor, that it stands as it stood before he addressed the bribe-mongers at Albany.

If there was ever a man prominent in the government of this country, whom it was difficult for an impartial person, knowing him well, to praise without loss of self-respect, it was William H. Seward. He had a long and large career, and was associated notably with many great events, but it was a conspicuous feature of his public life that no one ever trusted him much or revered him at all. The obscurity to which he was finally relegated by the party to which he belonged—and which at one time had almost belonged to him—was in nowise an evidence of the ingratitude of republics, as Mr. Adams would have us to believe, but was simply the natural result of the public acquaintance with his real character and deserts. He was regarded as a schemer who had got to the end of his schemes, and he was accordingly left to his devices. In fact the whole country knew that he had always had but one object in life, which was success. He had cared but for one sort of success, and that was his own. His only criterion of means was their adaptation to his ends. He knew and used men only through their weakness or corruption, and he understood and addressed himself chiefly to those motives which were base. If he appealed to the higher sentiments or nobler impulses, it was but to abuse them. The patriotism and enthusiasm of the masses were but strings for him to play on. They gave him the material for a flourish, a hypocrisy or a clap-trap, which he liked and understood far better than a truth or a reality. Truth was to him, in fact, whatever he could get people to believe, and he stopped at no untruth which audacity and iteration could make current and effective. Whatever he wanted to do and could do, he thought it right to do and did. The highest reach of his

sagacity — and sometimes it reached marvellously far in this — was to find out what tricks and falsehoods would turn the public feeling in the direction that he wished it to pursue. For this, he fathomed the depths of popular credulity and ignorance, and built up, systematically, what he called the opinion of the nation, upon a wretched foundation of lies. Pope Pius used to describe the first Napoleon as “a great comedian,” and an equally just criticism might ascribe to Mr. Seward the honors of a great juggler or mountebank, for he always played to the pit, and his art went no higher than to know what his groundlings were fond of and would applaud. This peculiar gift of his Mr. Adams admiringly magnifies and pleasantly calls “his power to direct the popular sense.” One of the most conspicuous instances of the mode in which he exercised it, before the war, was the monstrous and impudent falsehood — now everywhere conceded to have been such — which he deliberately uttered in the Senate in a written speech, imputing to President Buchanan and Chief Justice Taney a corrupt bargain for the judgment in the Dred Scott case. He knew it to be a libel when he uttered it — for it was a sheer invention of his own — and every Senator who heard it and every public man (including Mr. Adams) who read it, likewise knew it to be a shameless and wicked fabrication. Yet he knew that there were fools and fanatics who would believe it, and unprincipled partisans who would scatter it abroad and assert it to be true on his authority. He therefore not only uttered it, but caused the speech which contained it to be circulated far and wide. He knew it would produce its effect, and that was all he cared for. To be conscious of the falsehood and to know that all whose good opinion was worth having despised him for it, did not affect him in the least. He was what is called “a live man,” and results were his sufficient compensation.

In saying all this we are not using the language or speaking in the spirit of partisanship, nor do we merely repeat the judgment of Mr. Seward's opponents or his enemies. We say what his own party associates knew of him, and what the New York politicians who listened to Mr. Adams at Albany knew as well as he, all the while that he was painting Mr. Seward for their admiration as a “philosopher statesman,” whose prototype was Pericles, Gregory the First, or Cardinal Richelieu, but especially Pericles! And it is because Mr. Adams, knowing this and knowing Mr. Seward, has gone deliberately to work to make a great and noble career out of a life which was a perpetual and mere imposture from beginning to end, that we think he has abused the public confidence and painfully damaged his own reputation. If he could make history out of no better stuff than the philosophical statesmanship and “moral superiority” of William H. Seward, and the “singularly disinterested labor” of Thurlow Weed, he had better have confined himself to the more authentic annals of Miles Standish and Sinbad the Sailor. It is bad enough sorely that men like Mr. Seward should debauch the country by their practices and their example, but the evil is tenfold more hopeless and demoralizing when respectable men like Mr. Adams can be induced to become their panegyrists.

We should be less disposed to speak thus harshly, if there were any signs in Mr. Adams' discourse of the blindness which comes from enthusiasm or affection. But whatever be his faults, he certainly does not err in the direction of impulsiveness. His speech is an elaborate effort to make out his own case by making out Mr. Seward's — nay, to establish his father's case as well as his own. It is a sort of apotheosis of political abolitionism — a glorification of the few far-seeing patriots and statesmen who began early to wrestle with “the slave-holding power,” and through whose influence and teachings that hated “oligarchy” was so grandly and nobly disposed of at last. One would think, from reading it — if he knew no better — that all the Presidents, from Washington to Lincoln inclusive, had been dolts and imbeciles, except two whose name begins with the first letter of the alpha-

bet, and that (confidentially speaking) things are not likely to go right now, until that same alphabetical sign shall again rule in the political zodiac. We are led to believe that during the last forty years, while Clay, Calhoun and Webster, with the rest of the incapables, imagined themselves to be influencing the destiny of the nation, but were really working with weak hands and knew not what they did, Mr. Seward and the Adamses, and a few like them, were serenely breathing the upper air of statesmanship and love of country, and were really steering the bark which its blind pilots would have shipwrecked !

It is hard to fathom the depths of celestial minds, and yet it seems to us that standing by the grave of Seward, even an Adams, or any other superior being, might have seen things rise before him which did not, altogether, warrant exultation. When the band of patriots and seers whom Seward led so long began their labors of deliverance, no purer, happier or more united people than our own had ever thanked God for his mercies. What are we now ? Through seas of fraternal blood we have waded to discord, hatred and corruption. One section is the tyrant of the other, and oppresses it chiefly to plunder. Great commonwealths have been crushed into ruined and wretched dependencies. State governments are overturned by the drunken rescripts of Federal judges and kept down by the bayonets of Federal soldiers. The old landmarks of the Constitution have been swept away by violence or fraudulent construction ; the *Habeas Corpus* has passed into contempt ; the Executive has been lifted above the law ; the Judiciary has become in turns the tool of power and the echo of the mob ; the Legislature has sunk down into the pit, a despicable, unclean thing. Every aspiration of the people and their rulers has been lowered, and their very springs of thought and action seem nearer and nearer, every day, to the sources of shame. In the eyes of the world abroad the typical American citizen is little better than a swindler, and the national type is a compound of giant and pick-pocket. And what have the Seward and Adamses given us in exchange for what they have taken away — for the peace and good will, the good name, the mutual confidence and affection we have lost — for the homes they have made desolate and the bloody graves they have filled ? Is it power and wealth — if these, indeed, were any compensation ? Is it population, trade, empire ? Not so. These have come in spite of them, from ordinary causes, and under all the depressing and repressive influences of war and debt and iniquitous, purchased legislation. Their only glory is that they have “enlarged the area of human freedom” and “stricken the manacles, etc., etc., from the slave.” But what does this really mean — fustian and cant apart ? It means that they have emancipated the slaves and set them above their masters, to do the work of their deliverers. It means that they have humiliated the Southern white man and subordinated him to the black, in order to get money and keep power through his disgrace. It means that they have made the negro their own tool and victim instead of the servant that he was of others. It means that in their judgment they have elevated republican institutions to their utmost height and developed them in their utmost splendor, by giving the dominant suffrage of the Republic to the most ignorant, most brutal and most degraded of its population. It means that they have dragged their country through the most fearful strife which history records, in order that the negro may constitutionally elbow the white man in the street-cars and hotels, and grin in the galleries of Congress, while his patrons are twining round their brows the garlands of the *Crédit Mobilier*.

For aught we know, people of the turn of mind of Mr. Adams may be proud of this, and may think — in their high planes of thought — that they have consecrated the monument and memory of Mr. Seward by telling of his near relation to it all. And yet it seems to us it might have been a lesson and a warning to the orator, had he remembered, that after doing these wonderful and glorious things, his Pericles had died, a melancholy

exile from the power he loved, while the drones of his hive were rioting in the honey he had gathered for his winter's store. There is hardly to be found a moral more impressive than that of Mr. Seward's latter days, neglected and deserted as he was in his old age, and forced to seek in travel and excitement, almost till his dying hour, a refuge from the bitterness of isolation, and food for the hunger of his restless vanity and his distempered and disappointed ambition. It would require more than the rhetoric of Mr. Adams to satisfy the world, that in the weary moments of that enforced and repining banishment, his hero had no tormenting memories. It is hard to believe that his years of prostituted power; his "higher law"; his "little bell"; his wholesale usurpations and petty tyrannies; his mean revenges; his spies and his bastilles—"the primal eldest curse" upon his head—came never back to startle him. But whether Mr. Adams thought of this or not—and in the atmosphere of the State House at Albany he might well have forgotten there was such a thing as conscience—he certainly did not forget that the reward of the labors of Seward was the nomination of Lincoln and Grant, and the reward of his own was the nomination of Grant and Greeley. These two irrepressible facts might have suggested to him the necessity of modifying some of his conclusions. Either the party which he glorifies was not, as he makes it, the concrete wisdom and patriotism of the nation, or the discarded "statesmen" we have mentioned did not embody, as he thinks, the patriotism and wisdom of their party. There was or is, obviously, a mistake somewhere. With the abiding confidence in the people which Mr. Adams shared with Mr. Seward, we are surprised that he did not accept their verdict for himself and his hero, and stay at home with his panegyric. For our own part, we agree with the Republican party that Lincoln, not Seward, was its appropriate Pericles. If, however, Mr. Adams, being classical, feels bound to have a Greek name, we suggest Dionysius the younger, of Syracuse, in the stead of the great Athenian. Dionysius, like Seward, was both tyrant and pedagogue. The parallel would have been a little closer perhaps, if, like Seward, he had had the advantage of being pedagogue first. There is no knowing how it might have developed his capabilities to have begun with small boys.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE EDUCATION OF SOUTHERN GIRLS.

'Twas not in the storm of the battle,
'Twas not 'mid the smoke of the guns,
Nor where the sharp musketry's rattle
Dealt death to the best of our sons.

'Twas not when the pride and the glory
Of victory fired each eye:
'Twas when all that is bright in our story
Was furled with our banner, to die.

Then the voices of women revealing
Truth, tenderness, pity, and love,
Through the darkness which veiled us came stealing,
Like an anthem from angels above.

Bringing hope to those bowed by disaster,
When nor compass, nor guide, we could see;
Ringing out the sweet words of the Master:
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

J. B. A.

It is a question whether Secretary Fish's silver-service tribute to the Geneva arbitrators, graceful and gracious as it certainly is, will quite suffice to save our good name from the aspersions it is become familiar with just now in Europe. We are happy indeed in being able to show that we have not a monopoly of the rogues and rascals—official and other—who are making such commotion in the financial pot; but we are not so happy in creating the belief that we have a majority of those honest and decorous representatives who really embellish a nation. This is partly our misfortune, but a good deal of it nevertheless is distinctly our fault. We cannot conceal from ourselves, and *à fortiori* are unable to conceal from our censorious critics in Europe, that it is our national foible to make complete divorce between a man's public and private character, so that, if he be smart, shrewd, politic, prominent, and "sound on the goose," we do not concern ourselves whether he is angel or devil in other respects. Thus we sometimes seem to choose rogues rather than honest folk for our patronage, and are supposed to found the preference upon the instincts of hearts and manners naturally depraved. This works us incalculable hurt with the good people abroad, who have come to look upon us as a nation of swindlers among whom honest men are diamonds that do not shine, having no light to reflect. The absurdity of any such notion (in view of our enormously ramified business relations, nearly all of it on credit, the basis of which is good faith and mutual confidence) does not strike the European mind quite so forcibly as it does ours, for the reason that our friends and cousins abroad have a muddle-headed sort of idea that dog has no appetite for dog, and, where all are sharpers together, the knavery of one neutralises the knavery of another, and so another guess sort of business is built up, in which the rogues, mutually consenting to abstain from plundering each other, unite to plunder the foreigner. It is certain that our late history has helped to induce our beery-brained British cousins to suppose that the Warren-Horton-Bidwell forgeries were no more than an outcrop of the national propensity. They knew—as the Briton knows most keenly, in the pocket—about Schenck and the "Emma" mine; they had heard of our *Crédit Mobilier*, of Caldwell and Pomeroy and the Pattersons—*Arcades ambo*—and Cameron; they had read of perjury à la Colfax, and gerrymandering à la Morton, and brother-in-lawing à la Louisiana and Casey; and we can scarcely find fault with them if they jumped to the conclusion that the Bidwell-Warren party were simply attachés of the railroad, or the stock-board, or "ring" swindlers, who to keep their hands in while Gould or Fish found successors, or during the interregnum between Boss Tweed and Boss Murphy, had come over to teach the Londoners how we do business here in New York.

It is very certain that Monsieur Gauldrée Boilleau's exceedingly lame plea in the Memphis and El Paso Railroad case before the Court in Paris lately, was heard with patience chiefly upon the ground that his moral notions had become confused and obfuscated by his long residence in this country; and that Messieurs Paradis, Lissignol, Poupinel and Crampon were rather pitied than blamed because their confederacy with General Fremont had got them into such a deplorable scrape. Nobody in Paris believes that these poor devils would have turned forgers and rogues had not the job been put up for them and the tempting bait dangled before their eyes by those professional swindlers, the Americans. The applause with which Lissignol's explanation was received was very significant, and we must confess, utterly humiliating to us. "I have ascertained," said he, "that there is none, not the least species of morality in America"; and thereupon all the court and spectators laughed approvingly. "This affair," he continued, "must not be examined as if it were a French business; we are in America, and unfortunately—I confess it now—Americans in general must be extremely distrusted, even members of the Congress and the most eminent men of the

country." This, it must be remembered, was a shrewd rogue's plea on the eve of conviction, in arrest of judgment and extenuation of criminality. The French people, as they heard it, remembered the French arms scandal, in which "even members of Congress and the most eminent men of the country" were compromised, and it is not to be wondered at that they wagged their heads approvingly.

Mr. Gathorne Hardy's motion in the British House of Commons is a fitting sequel to and commentary upon the patience if not complacency with which we heard Butler's magniloquent boasts of the way we came it over John Bull in the Geneva settlement of the Alabama Treaty. When nobody trusts us either nationally or individually, it is natural for those who deal with us to suspect saving clauses and loopholes in our most innocent contracts, and *doubles entendres* in our most simple treaties. This sort of thing makes effectual diplomacy more difficult for us than for any other people in the world, except the Chinese; and they have more trouble than we simply and solely because they are supposed to have added something of our occidental subtlety to their original oriental guile.

A few more such speeches in high quarters as President Grant's recent inaugural, and we shall come to be the Ishmaelites of the world. Of course we who know that the President did not comprehend the meaning of the words he used, do not dream of such a thing as utterly disregarding the comity of nations and adopting a policy of wholesale annexation and State-grabbing whenever the popular voice calls for it. But in Europe a President's inaugural is thought to signify as much as a Queen's speech or an Emperor's address, and the language in which President Grant spoke of his manifest-destiny programme, and absolutely ignored the notion that anybody was to be consulted in the premises outside of the American people and their controlling majority, has caused a deeper disgust for our government among foreign powers than perhaps any other single expression that ever emanated from an official source. If anything could check the spread of Republicanism, it would be faith in the opinion of President Grant that under that dispensation all the world will finally come to speak "Americanese" and to be ruled by Radical majorities such as that which gave power to the C. M. Forty-Second Congress.

It is well known that in many localities throughout the Southern and Middle States (notably near Camden, South Carolina), great numbers of Indian arrow-heads, tomahawks, etc., are, or were, found lying loosely upon the surface, or thrown up by the ploughshare from the light sandy soil of river-bottom lands. During the writer's childhood — *i. e.* some twenty years ago — immense numbers of these relics were picked up by the negro children, following the plough like a flock of blackbirds in "Osnaburg" shirts, the *togae pickaninnium* of "the days that are no more" — on his maternal grandfather's estate, on the left bank of the Rapid Ann River, just below the village of Germanna — a place rendered trebly historic by the blood spilled there in the wars of three successive centuries. The pickaninnies would bring their "Injun bonarrer-heads" (bow and arrow heads) and tomahawks to the great house, receive some trifling reward therefor, and away to look for more. Many of these relics were of great beauty, the tomahawks being, in some instances, exquisitely polished, while the arrow-heads were often of a most crystalline quartz, or white flint, transparent as the pellucid water of "Old Indian Spring" that flows hard by, and beautifully reflecting the prismatic colors. Many diverse theories of battles, cities, favorite hunting-grounds, and the like, were put forward to account for their presence there in such immense numbers, Mr. Wm. B. Rogers, then the distinguished Professor of Mineralogy and Geology at the University of Virginia, even deigning to interest himself in the matter. Howbeit, these hypotheses were all felt to be unsatisfactory; until, while seeking the relics one day, a certain

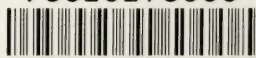
person — whom, as the immortal Marshall Baylis, of *humptious* memory, would say, “modesty forbids me to name” — was struck by two notable facts, which being put together, in the style of the antiquarians, “threw a flood of light” upon the whole matter, and solved the problem. The first fact was, that precisely the same kinds of stone from which the weapons were wrought, abounded, in pieces of every size from a boulder to a grain of sand, exactly where the weapons were found. The second fact was, that among the hundreds, nay, thousands of such relics, *not a single perfect, unbroken one, fit for use, was ever discovered*: some essential part was always wanting; from shoulder, point or edge, neck or socket, a fragment had been broken off. Can any one fail to catch the inference? It was *here*, where the material abounded, the Indian armorers came to *make* their rude weapons of stone. Laboriously, but deftly handling the poor tools that nature gave him, patiently smiting one stone with another, the poor fellow would look, at last, with pride and exultation on the beautiful, keen and taper weapon — result of many days of painful labor. ’Tis nearly finished: only a stroke or two, and it will be complete — perfect as skill can make it. Crack! the last stone falls, — the work is spoiled! Maybe there are some aboriginal “cuss words” of agglutinative construction thrown about promiscuously on this occasion; but at any rate, he casts aside the now useless bit of flint, and with the stoical patience of his race, “goes for” another.

THOSE doleful philosophers who see nothing good in the present age, do not give due attention to the growth of brotherly feeling, especially in the marts of commerce. There no man loses sight of his fellow-man (if the latter is a customer), and no man is indifferent to the general welfare of society; because society contains any quantity of customers, either existent or in embryo. The most expensive agencies are employed to keep the traders in the great centres informed, or as they say “posted,” concerning the status, financial, moral (as affecting the financial), and intellectual (ditto), of all their brother traders within the circumference. A careful history of the possible buyer is made up, and the one fact evolved — if he is to be an actual buyer — relates to the quantity of money he may have in possession or prospect. Then the possible seller, with gushing affection, propounds to himself the important question: “How can I get it?” Here we have, at once, the fulfilment of the requirement of the second table of the moral law: that tender solicitude wherewith one is enjoined to watch over the interests of one’s neighbor, is immediately manifested; because the anxiety with which we may conserve another’s welfare is measured by the care one bestows upon one’s own. If my neighbor possesses property which may one day be legally mine, how earnestly do I watch lest some (other) one should break through and steal!





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